

Part Two: Orgasm

I first learned how to circulate my internal energy in a shopping mall when I was a young teenager. After this learning occurred, my relationships to sexuality, to women, and specifically to orgasm changed drastically.

I was about twelve years old, an uncoordinated, toothpick-thin bookworm. One day my parents dropped my best friend and me off at the local mall, where we spent many of our after-school hours in the bookstore, devouring everything we could find on psychic phenomena, esoteric religions, and spiritual practices from other cultures.

On this particular bookstore visit, I began looking through some paperbacks about Tibetan lamas living in the Himalayas who had exceptional control over their bodies and minds. These Tibetan holy men would sit motionless in the snowy mountains with a wet sheet—which quickly froze—wrapped around their otherwise naked bodies. Then they would proceed to melt the frozen sheet by generating heat through the flow of their internal energy. They would spend years alone in caves, silently contemplating their true nature of pristine awareness. They would practice maintaining clear consciousness all night through their sleep and dreams. They were my heroes.

As I was staring into one of these books, I felt the presence of someone standing nearby. Too nearby. I turned to see a huge fat

man, mostly bald, his belly straining against a dirty T-shirt. I immediately had visions of the child molesters and kidnappers my parents had warned me about. My heart started beating hard.

“Do you like those kinds of books?” the child molester asked me.

I swallowed. “Yes,” I said, too frightened to run, too embarrassed to call for help.

“I can see that you like them. Put your hand on my shoulder,” he ordered me.

By now, my best friend had put down his book and come over to where I stood facing this weird man, who seemed like an overweight sixty-five-year-old bum. Definitely a pervert, I thought.

“Go ahead,” he repeated, “put your hand on my shoulder.”

I felt queasy. I wanted to walk away but my legs were rubbery. I just stood there, looking at this guy, sure he was about to kidnap or hurt me. I felt helpless.

He grabbed my hand and put it on his shoulder. I felt very strange and suddenly self-conscious to be in this mall, in this bookstore, standing paralyzed with my hand on this weirdo’s shoulder, while all the supposedly normal people walked about in their shopping trance, not even noticing us. The whole situation felt very unreal and dreamlike.

“Now,” the big-bellied old man said, more quietly, “push.”

I finally spoke up. “What do you mean?”

“Try to push me backward.”

I was too scared to move. I was not about to push on a total stranger whom I didn’t even want to be touching.

He grabbed my arm and pulled it toward him, as if to demonstrate what I was supposed to do. Okay, I decided. I guess there is no harm in a little push. If this guy tried anything strange, I could

yell out; the mall was filled with people who would come to my rescue. Or so I hoped.

I pushed.

“Harder,” he said.

So I pushed harder. He didn’t budge.

“Push as hard as you can,” he said.

I pushed. I really pushed. As hard as I could. He didn’t move an inch. He didn’t move an eighth of an inch.

“Now I’m going to stand on one leg. Push as hard as you can.”

Bending his knee, he lifted one leg off the ground, my hand still on his shoulder. I didn’t want to push this guy over and hurt him, even if he was a pervert. So I gave just a little nudge. And then a harder nudge. Finally I pushed him with all my teenage might. His body didn’t even wobble.

He smiled and looked deep into my eyes. I realized something funny was going on.

Still looking into my eyes, he took my other arm by the wrist and placed my free hand on his other shoulder. Now I had a hand on both shoulders as he continued to stand on one leg. Again, he asked me to try to push him over.

By now I was less frightened, though still wary, and damned if I wasn’t going to push this guy over. I planted my feet firmly on the floor, steadied myself, leaned into him, and pushed as hard as I could. It felt like pressing against a marble wall. I finally gave up and took my hands off his shoulders. After my friend tried pushing him over with the same results, the old man put both feet back on the ground and spoke to us matter-of-factly.

“A few years ago, I had a heart attack and a stroke, and I lay paralyzed in a hospital bed. The doctors told me I would never walk again. But I was determined to recover. A friend of mine left

me a book on yoga at the hospital. It was the kind of book you boys have probably seen in this very bookstore. I had the nurse open the book and show me the pictures of yoga postures inside. Even though I couldn't move, I would imagine myself doing the exercises in the book. All day, every day, instead of watching TV or worrying about my recovery, I visualized myself practicing these exercises. Lying paralyzed in that hospital bed, I didn't have much else to do.

"Eventually, after weeks of visualization, I could move an inch. Then two inches. Six months later, I was able to sit up by myself. Now, I can stand on one leg and you boys can't even push me over. It's all about knowing how to use your internal energy. You can do it too."

Right there, in the bookstore, he taught my friend and me some basic exercises to direct our internal energy. Within ten minutes, I was able to move so much energy through my arm that my friend couldn't bend it. Nor could I bend his. With a few more minutes of practice, we even gained a modicum of proficiency at the one-leg trick. It was all a matter of circulating internal energy correctly, something I had read about in books, but had never seen or felt directly. Now this strange man, whom I had taken for a pervert, had shown us how to consciously direct our internal energy. For real. And it worked.

He smiled as my friend and I practiced what he had taught us, testing our newfound skills. Then I looked up to thank him, but he was gone. Neither of us ever saw him again.

The practices this man taught us became a part of my daily life, like brushing my teeth. In the few years following the bookstore experience, I learned to play with the flow of my own internal energy, telling my friends to try to push me over, balancing for

long periods on one leg, practicing various breathing exercises while sitting alone in my room, and even trying to generate heat in my body like the Tibetans I had read about.

Eventually, other aspects of adolescent life came to dominate my consciousness. Hormones started coursing through my body and my mind became preoccupied with girls. Confusion ruled the day and fantasy ruled the night.

As a pimply teenager, I found women totally confusing. I had no idea why they did what they did. There were times when I was busy doing homework and my girlfriend pounced on me, pressing her wet mouth all over me, grabbing my crotch, humping my thigh, and moaning. Naively, I assumed she wanted sex. However, when I dropped what I was doing and returned her fervor, she suddenly seemed less interested. I would be throbbing and on fire; she would coolly walk away. Angry and frustrated, I wondered why she jumped on me in the first place. I had no idea what was going on.

Occasionally, we would actually have sex.

As I lay on top of her, meekly thrusting, she would often push against my naked chest with her hands, seeming to resist me. So, naturally, I would pull back. “No, you idiot,” she conveyed with the exasperated look on her face, “when I push you away, I want to feel you taking me deeper.” So I would force myself into her, ravish her hard and deep, and she would love it. And then, a few seconds later, I would notice that she was not loving it anymore. What was I supposed to do? Harder? More gentle? Give her space? Overpower her? What did she want?

If I was too careful, she’d complain that I needed to be more passionate and sexually aggressive. If I was too forceful, she’d complain that I wasn’t sensitive enough. When I finally figured

out what she wanted, I'd do it, and she'd hate it. When I gave up all hope and just had sex with her without trying, she would suddenly plead my name and convulse in waves of orgasm. I was totally lost. Masturbation was a lot easier than this.

By myself, I could lie in bed at night and masturbate, fantasizing about a woman who gave me exactly what I wanted. I would imagine being with her, stroke myself, spurt, and go to sleep.

Eventually, my girlfriend and I broke up. One night a few weeks later, after my family went to sleep, I made a selection from my cherished stash of girlie magazines, lay on the bed, and began masturbating. But instead of fantasizing about the women in the magazine, I suddenly became excruciatingly aware of the energy flowing through my internal circuitry. This happened quite unexpectedly.

I had more or less forgotten about the old-man-in-the-mall's internal energy practices when I became preoccupied with girls. Now, it was all coming back with a vengeance. Streams of energetic force shot through me while I masturbated. With eyes closed, I saw within myself an exquisite internal circuitry through which energy flowed like a river of light.

I could see with my internal eye and feel with my body how pumping my penis increased the flow of this river of energy. Furthermore, I could see and feel how sitting all day at school, slumped with a sunken chest, had blocked the flow of energy around my heart and solar plexus. It became obvious how I could change my breath and posture to open these blocks.

After about an hour of experimenting with my internal energy flow, I was ready to stop masturbating and go to sleep. I looked at the girlie magazine and imagined myself with the perky blonde centerfold from Wisconsin. I jerked hard and fast and ejaculated.

It was as if the light in the room suddenly became dim. My internal brightness dulled, too. My breathing became more shallow and weak. Even though I was lying in bed, the slackened energy made me feel like I was slumping.

I was amazed. Orgasms had always felt good to me. Really good. They relieved me of sexual tension and left me feeling relaxed. But now I realized that this relaxation was actually depletion. I felt less stressed because I had less energy flowing through me. I got out of bed and tried to do some of the exercises the old man in the bookstore had taught us, but my energy was too low. A baby would have been able to push me over. I got back in bed and went to sleep.

For many months, I continued masturbating, but without ejaculation. I discovered inner ecstasies and nuances of energy flow that I hadn't experienced when I first learned about internal energy from the old man in the mall, before I had become sexually active.

Eventually, I found a new girlfriend. I wasn't expecting it, but the first time we hugged I felt the energy flowing through *her* body as we embraced. It was as if I had x-ray vision; I could feelingly see the circuitry within her body. I could feel where her energy was flowing full and where it was blocked. As I hugged her, I changed my position and my breathing in order to help her energy flow more fully. I felt how our emotional closure also closed our energy, and how opening in love served to open our flow of energy.

After our hug, she stepped back and I noticed her eyes were moist. We looked into each other's eyes and felt each other, vulnerable, opened, and astonished.

Something that was previously confounding was now so obvious that I couldn't believe I had never seen it before. My girlfriends

had always been sensitive to the internal flow of energy, to the bodily flow of love. Energetically, it was as if they could see and I was blind.

Their shifting moods—upset, anger, lust, lack of interest—had, in effect, been a kind of test: Would I continue to be an energetically disadvantaged nerd, trying to reduce everything to words and mentalized communication, giving up when their emotional flows didn't fit into my mental boxes? Or would I feel their deep flows of energy—which spoke the heart's true desire—and dance with the push and pull of their moods so we could both relax in love? Usually, because I didn't know any better, I had given up in exasperation.

Now everything was falling into place. The old man in the bookstore had taught me that true power is not muscular but energetic: my friend could easily bend my arm when I used only my muscles to resist, but when I felt the energy flowing through my arm like an infinite rod of light, he could not move it. I realized that I had been using my mental muscles to try to figure out and change my girlfriends' moods. But their emotional flows of energy were much more powerful than my seemingly more “muscular” mind. My girlfriends bent me every time. Because I didn't know what to do, I took the easy way out and masturbated. But now things had changed.

A few evenings after our first hug, I was in my bedroom with my new girlfriend. She stood a few feet away from me, her eyes downcast. Instead of being my usual doltish self and asking her what was wrong, I very slowly moved closer to her, feeling her energy every inch of the way. For a moment, I felt her energy close down, so I stopped moving. I breathed with her rhythm, synchronizing my breath with hers, feeling her mood through

and through, until my feeling reached her heart. I felt what she felt. Her deep needs—previously so mysterious to me—were now as intimate as mine. She relaxed and I continued moving toward her, ever so slowly.

Step by step, feeling through her shifting moods into her heart, breathing her breath, feeling her energy, I embraced and kissed her. No part of her escaped my feeling. I knew what it meant to love with the whole body. I could feel her deepest heart, her toes, her ears. I was able to feel her ever-changing currents of energy tingling, warming, and slithering throughout her body. Soon we were making love.

As I lay on top of her, she made a face and turned away. Instead of thinking about what I should do, I felt into her. I breathed her energies. I opened my heart more widely and extended my love into her body more deeply, feeling all of her.

She was incredibly responsive to my every twitch and nuance of intention, which demanded total presence on my part. If I became lost in my own sensations, even for a brief moment, her heart would recoil as if I had just wounded it, and I would need to gently reestablish trust, loving her, coaxing her energy to return to the fore.

If I averted my eyes or held my breath too abruptly, even for a moment, her energy flow would diminish and become choppy. What seemed to me to be tiny and insignificant—whether I touched her breasts with my fingers or palm, whether I breathed through my nose or my mouth, whether I allowed my weight to sink into her body or held myself up on my elbows—had profound and immediate effects on her energy flow and heart openness.

No wonder I previously had so much trouble knowing what my former girlfriend had wanted. What she wanted—what she

needed in terms of energy—changed moment by moment. Sometimes she might need a delicate kiss on her neck to help her open. In the very next moment, she might need a ravishing thrust to deepen her surrender—or maybe such sudden passion would close her down entirely. It all depended on being able to feel her moment-to-moment flow of energy and openness of heart—which, in the past, I hadn't been able to feel at all. I didn't know how to open my whole body in love and allow myself to be one with my lover.

Now that I was no longer driving toward an ejaculation, lost in my own sensations, I was able to breathe and move with my girlfriend. Our energy combined in trustful harmony. She could feel my presence pervading every inch of her body. She could feel my loving intention, my constancy and fullness. So, she let her heart open ever wider, teaching me love beyond what I had ever allowed myself. Her surrendered body became an inviting extension of her open heart. I was awed. And humbled.

Earthquakes of orgasms rendered her senseless in the intensity of love. Her convulsions, spittle, tears, and cries, her uncontrollable bliss-contortions of body and emotion all magnified my internal energy. This only demanded more presence on my part lest I ejaculate and put a sudden end to the magnification of energy and love that, for her, seemed endless.

Her utter surrender and bodily ecstasy were far more attractive and energizing to me than any picture in a magazine could possibly be. Her loving was so total, expressing itself so freely and powerfully through her entire body, that I was called to yield my separateness over and over again into the unending openness of our loving.

Of course, the next minute, or the next day, she might surprise me with a sudden change of mood. If I had ejaculated too

frequently, or if my own internal energy was low for other reasons, then the weight of her mood would bend me. I would attempt to figure out what was happening and right myself through mentally muscular means: argument, analysis, and insistence. But her energy was usually stronger than my mind; even if she agreed with me, in the end I would be worn down. Too weakened to stand unmovable in love and humor, I might walk away from her moods, seeking solitude or refuge with my less energetically weighty male buddies—who were all too ready to smile, shake their heads, and commiserate with me.

But if my internal energy was full, then my girlfriend's moods of push and pull would not sway me. I could relax my mind and stand on one leg of love, feel through her mood into her true need, combine myself with her energies, and dissolve in the openness of our love. If my energy was circulating without obstruction, I would have the stamina necessary to engage with her emotions as long as necessary, neither petering out nor resenting her, but embracing her in love.

I have had teachers in my life who have revealed more profound truths than those shown to me by the old man in the bookstore, but it is to him that I owe the capacity to combine myself with my lover in a way that magnifies rather than depletes our energy and opens us in love. It has been a long time since I first received his lessons, and I am still enjoying the ongoing process of learning. But my relationship to sexual loving has been changed irrevocably by his gifts.

Understanding your relationship to sexual energy—and especially to orgasm—is a key to cultivating your depth of energy and strengthening your capacity to open in love regardless of mood or mind. Straight or gay, how can men increase their

personal stamina and spiritual sensitivity by converting ejaculative release into multiple, whole-body orgasms? How can women fulfill their body's desire for love-bliss by opening and relaxing into full-blown clitoral, vaginal, and cervical orgasms?

First, we will look at how men can enlarge their orgasmic potential and why they might want to. Then we will look at women's potential for orgasmic delight. I have included personal accounts with some of the following descriptions in order to help illustrate the sexual experiences and practices.

5 BYPASS EJACULATIONS FOR GREATER PLEASURE

I have been making love with my partner for quite a while, and I am on the verge of ejaculating. I feel like I will explode any moment. I want to release the pressure that is building inside me. I know it will feel so incredibly good. For a few seconds. And then I will feel depleted and empty, ready for sleep, drifting in the emptiness of post-orgasmic peace.

My urge to orgasm is climbing, climbing, nearing the crest of the mountain, just about ready to peak in intense pleasure, before I let go and roll down, down, down the other side. Then it will be over.

I want this orgasm. I want it bad. I want to spurt it out and fill my woman with my seed. I want to feel the release of this sexual pressure building inside me. I want the pleasure.

I have been here before. A quick wad-blowing seizure and consequent emptiness. Sleep. Get up in the morning. It's all quite routine.

"What do I really want?" I ask deeply in my heart. Even more than this impending moment of release, what do I want, through and through? What have I always wanted? What do I want from my work, from my sexing, from my friends, from my family? What do I want altogether in my life, more than anything else?

An ejaculation is not it. What I really want is a depth of openness far beyond the cycle of tension and release afforded by a genital spurt. I want to love so profoundly, relax so deeply, and abide so effortlessly in the freedom of open

consciousness that I cease being afraid, unfulfilled, or separate at heart.

My whole life revolves around this need. I am constantly seeking love, fulfillment, or freedom from stress and fear. Yet everything I do to alleviate my suffering and increase my happiness seems only to prolong the shallow torture. As I grow older, I find myself settling for familiar comforts. Seeking profound fulfillment seems futile.

Nothing I do, no event, ever gives me what I really want. And yet I remain riveted to the sequence of events, planned and unplanned, that unfold as my life, as if they are leading somewhere fundamentally different from this present moment, something final that will end my search.

Ejaculation epitomizes this need. I am on the verge of coming, of real pleasure, and I can feel my attention being corralled by this possibility. I do not feel my partner lying vulnerably beneath me. I do not feel the dying, pain-wracked souls eking out an existence in less fortunate places on this earth, people whose suffering I can hardly imagine. Instead, I am pumping my genitals in my partner's warm wetness, focusing entirely on my imminent ejaculative release.

I especially do not feel the truth of my deep being, which is already—right now, just as it is—free, open, and unbound. My very nature is unlimited, undefined, unspeakably absolute. But instead of feeling free as this infinity, my attention is targeted on my impending squirt. All that came before me, and all that happens outside my bedroom, and all that is right here and now—the immense openness of this very moment, its simple suchness, the transparent effulgence that appears right now as my experience—all of this

is ignored so I can focus on my ejaculation. I am a slave to genital need.

Feeling this, recognizing how I am contracting attention and creating suffering in this otherwise open and free moment, I stop clinging. The spotlight of my attention, previously narrowed on the event of my impending ejaculation, widens into a broad flood of light, shining through the entire event—my lover, the bed, the room, the world, the past, and the future. In this wideness of space, the genital urge also widens, so that my whole body is relaxed, opened out, and filled with flows of unkinked energy.

I relax my belly and chest so my breath can flow unobstructed, with full force and great ease. I relax my jaw, face, and eyes so the whole front of my body is soft, round, alive, and vibrant, not stiff or tight.

I inhale deeply down the front of my body, as if drawing energy from my head, down my face, through my throat and chest, into my belly, and down to my genitals. Then I contract the floor of my pelvis so it becomes like a trampoline. As the energy comes down my front, I bounce it off my pelvic floor with an upward intention and muscular contraction of my anus, genitals, and perineal area. Exhaling, I shoot the energy back from my genitals and upward along my spine. As the orgasm energy glides up my spine, my eyes turn up and great blisses rush in an upward direction through my body, through my head, and up, up, up, as if into a great space of light.

My breath becomes suspended in this upward realm of light. All time is made into space and even this wide realm disappears in a vastness beyond form. Our bodies hang lightly below like eaten fruit in a vanished dream.

With the returning inhale, my belly swells and sucks me back down, deep into the body. Face open, throat open, chest open, I descend into the fullness of my belly, pressed against my lover. Our hearts open so wide we are both swallowed in a surrender that loosens all edges into one open.

All seeking is resolved. I rest as the space that I am, as does my lover. Our sexual play continues, but now it echoes in a wall-less chamber of huge love. The craving that made me tense with ejaculative need dissolves spontaneously in the openness of being, who I am, who she is, rippling as this moment.

The energy that previously wanted to squirt out my penis now shoots up our spines, bathing our egglike bodies in luminous bliss, softening our hearts into the wide gentleness of love. Again and again, orgasmic energy shoots up our spines, through our brains, and then cascades down, floating into our bodies like so many heavy feathers of full surrender.

My chest and belly relax and fill even more as energy continues pouring down. I feel pregnant with energy. Full and unobstructed, like the deep blue sea. This is who I am. This is who my lover is. Always. This full nothing, this cognizant emptiness alive as all forms. Effortless and all.

My practice is to stabilize in this recognition by noticing this openness again and again, gently, whenever my attention narrows or my heart closes.

The deep peace I have always wanted is not in events. No wad of jism or cash can deliver it. No woman or absence of woman can instigate it. It *is*, exactly as I am, regardless of what comes and goes. In it, *as* it, all forms hover like waves

of heat in the desert air, like sweetness in the space of taste. Ejaculation is made trivial in this endless depth of love. All sexing shimmers in the open of wide being.

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Common genital ejaculation is probably one of the most pleasurable and addictive things a man has ever experienced—until he has experienced a whole-body orgasm, a brain orgasm, energy shooting up his spine, or total dissolution with his lover in bliss. Until he has experienced these greater pleasures, a man is unlikely to want to give up his ejaculative fix.

Bypassing the ejaculation to allow deep, multiple, whole-body orgasms requires both technical practice and spontaneous feeling-sensitivity. Technical practice alone may allow you to bypass ejaculation, but your sexing will be dry and not open. Sensitivity alone may allow you to feel through the edges of the moment into innate openness, but your bodily habits will remain unchanged and so your realization of openness will remain short-lived; you will be distracted by your familiar emotional neediness and physiological obstructions.

Technical practice involves learning to circulate energy down the front of your body and upward along your spine in coordination with the breath. Contracting your pelvic floor allows you to seal it against leakage as well as “bounce” energy upward. Turning your eyes upward sometimes helps energy to flow up along your spine into and through your head. Pressing your tongue gently against the roof of your mouth allows energy to flow more fully down from your head through your throat and heart into your belly. Softening your belly and chest allows your front

to conduct and hold more energy. The details of this technical practice are presented in Part Four.

All day, whenever you can remember to do so, it is helpful to practice receiving energy fully while inhaling deep into your belly, as well as releasing energy fully while exhaling upward along the spine. You can also practice contracting your pelvic floor periodically throughout the day. Then, when you are in the midst of sex, the basic circulation of breath and energy will already be in place.

But none of this will fulfill you profoundly unless you are also practicing love. Love itself is a practice. It is something you can do over and over, improving your capacity to love more freely with fewer bounds, even through difficult moments. *Unless you deepen your capacity to love, the technical sexual practices will only make you into a non-ejaculatory robot of mechanical thrust and breath.*

Practicing love often means feeling through fear: intentionally opening yourself when you would rather close down, giving yourself when you would rather hide. Love means recognizing yourself as the open fullness of this moment regardless of its contents—trenchant thoughts, enchanting pleasures, heavy emotions, or gnawing pains—and surrendering all hold on the familiar act you call “me.”

The natural momentum of your deep being is more and more to live as love. Yet it is all too easy to collapse from love and limit yourself to familiar cycles of mind, desire, emotion, and fear. It is easy to narrow the naturally compassionate wideness of this moment.

If you are like most people, most of the time, you are probably reducing love, over and over, in similar ways: Your genitals are about to burst from pleasure, so this moment of love becomes reduced to attention on a few square inches of pressure and juice. Your partner criticizes you and so love collapses into hurt,

closure, and anger. You try oh-so-hard to bypass ejaculation and end up diligently narrowing love into mechanical effort, forgetting to feel your partner, the room, and the entire world.

Love is recognizing, now, that without changing anything whatsoever, the openness of this moment is who you are. Love is practiced by noticing the transparent feel-through of this moment, by relaxing as the cognizant openness that you are, not by trying to force yourself to be more loving.

Open love is your natural state, unless fear intervenes and stress follows. No amount of technical sexual practice will relieve you of this stress; only the practice of love will cut the roots of fear and undermine your addiction to de-stressing through ejaculation.

The superior lover is one who practices authentic loving in the form of his or her chosen lifestyle, rather than stopping short and building a comfortable cage of familiar habits inside the confines of fear. Enlightened sex involves technical exercises to retrain the body's energy, but primarily it is a matter of practicing love, feeling through the limits on love, and unguardedly being the vulnerable openness that is your true nature, over and over and over—during sex, with family, and at work—so the reflex of separation ceases to bind the heart to the familiar sense of stress that we call “me.” Only the unguarded heart, relaxed as the whole of this moment, is willing to feel as the openness that consumes birth and death.

6 RETRAIN THE ADDICTION TO EJACULATION

Most men have become addicted to ejaculatory orgasms through at least three routes.

1. Evolution.

If a man didn't ejaculate, then he didn't make babies. You can be pretty sure that your father ejaculated. Likewise, your father's father ejaculated. And so on, all the way back. We are the result of tens of thousands of years of human thrust and spew, not to mention the furry ejaculations of our primate forefathers. Evolutionarily, all men, straight and gay, have inherited their ancestors' predisposition toward ejaculatory orgasms.

And quick ones at that. Imagine that ten thousand years ago you are a man having sex with a woman in the wilderness. Or, perhaps yesterday, you are a man in bed with your woman hoping to make her pregnant while your three children are in the other room playing with a video game. In terms of being a successful impregnator, would it be better to be able to ejaculate in a few minutes, before tigers or toddlers pounce on you and your lover? Or would it be better, in terms of making babies, if it took you an hour or so to ejaculate?

Obviously, the former. It may not be romantic, it may not be the deepest way to have sex, but in terms of reproduction, a man who ejaculates quickly—and frequently—will be most successful. Over evolutionary time, men who were fast and frequent ejaculators probably had more babies on the average, and thus propagated their genes more, than men who were slow and infre-

quent ejaculators.

So, today, you see the descendants of these successful reproducers: modern men who ejaculate relatively quickly and frequently, men addicted to ejaculation.

2. Early sexual experience.

You are a young teenage boy. Your friends teach you how to masturbate, or maybe you figure it out for yourself. You are in the bathroom, sitting on the toilet. One hand holds your mother's women's magazine, opened to a bra advertisement. Your other hand holds your young sexual organ, tumescent and about to burst.

You whack and yank for a few minutes and spew your goo, wipe yourself clean, and hurry off to dinner. At night, before falling asleep, you lie in bed and repeat the process, imagining a pretty girl from school standing before you, naked and sexy.

Thus you train your body, your nervous system, and your mind. Stroke, stroke, ooh, goo. Stroke, stroke, ooh, goo. Day after day, year after year, your daily ritual sets the course for your sexual future.

Now you have grown into young adulthood. Let's say you are heterosexually oriented. You finally have your first real girlfriend. You are in bed together. You have imagined this moment a million times. You put your penis inside her, and her warm, wet vagina feels a lot better than your dry hand. You know what to do: stroke, stroke, ooh, goo.

After several years of marriage, she knows the routine, too. You can't seem to help it. It's what you do. It's sex. And you need it sometimes, badly. Once a day, three times a week, once a month, whatever is your habit: stroke, stroke, ooh, goo.

Your teenage years of masturbation have conditioned your body.

Erection and stimulation lead to ejaculation. And a pretty quick one at that. While your genitals are being stimulated, you fantasize, think, imagine girls, women, body parts, acts of naked vengeance.

This round of erection, friction, fantasy, and ejaculation continues unabated in adulthood, only now you sometimes do it inside your lover. Your sexual life is still largely a subjective affair, a hidden bathroom or bedroom indulgence, your fantasies pretty much the same as when you were a teenager. Your penis, when stimulated long enough, still feels like it needs to ejaculate. You trained your body and mind in this sequence as a teenager, and now you are addicted to it. Maybe you don't do it as often as when you were a teenager, but you are still addicted.

3. Improper life habits.

Some days, you feel like you *must* ejaculate. You've eaten too much salt or too much protein, and your body needs to release the diet-induced pressure. Your breathing is shallow and tense, and stress builds up in your body, needing to be discharged. You've been thinking about the sexy coworker in the office next to yours, and the movement of sexual thoughts has slowly accumulated into the restlessness of a minor storm, soon to be a gale of need.

Your habits of diet, breath, posture, and mind create an internal turbulence that seeks to be relieved. Your addiction to ejaculation is fueled throughout the day by these stress-creating habits. You are lying in bed, unable to sleep, a bit agitated, and you know the peace that lies on the other side of shooting your wad, relieving yourself of desire, tensions, and thought.

However, fast and frequent ejaculation is not necessary, at least not in the way it seems to most men. Ejaculation can be

an option, useful if you want to have babies or as an occasional means to balance your internal energy. But beyond that, it is simply an addiction built upon evolutionary, adolescent, and daily habits of body and mind.

Sex can be a time of total dissolution in love. Sex can bathe every cell in your body with light, bliss, and life force. Sex can be an ecstatic practice of open-hearted communion and surrender to infinity. Or, sex can be ten or twenty minutes of genital stimulation ending in a spasm of biological relief.

You are no longer on the toilet, a young wanker wonking his gazonka for quick relief before dinner. You are an adult man, making love with your lover, aware that life is short and in the end nothing matters but love. Every moment is a word in your life story. You can write it quick and cheap, or you can wreak poetry from the depth of your heart.

Ejaculation is addictive. Once you start having ejaculations with some habitual frequency, it's hard to stop. You will tend to ejaculate more or less on schedule, even if you don't want to. Even if you have practiced all the proper exercises for opening your internal energy channels and circulating your sexual energy, you can still become addicted to spilling your semen through sex or masturbation. You will come right to the point of ejaculation, and instead of bypassing it in a deeper realization of sexual energy, you will think, "Well, I might as well come this time."

On the other hand, once you stop ejaculating for a while, it is much easier to bypass ejaculation by choice. If you have had non-ejaculatory sex for several weeks, it is much easier to choose not to ejaculate. Then, you can use your abundant energy to consistently deepen and strengthen your sexual power of love as well as your ability to be fully conscious, moment by moment, and true

to your deepest purpose, spiritually, professionally, with friends, and with family.

For most men, becoming a superior lover involves retraining the addiction to ejaculation. When sex becomes an ecstatic and intensely pleasurable art of spiritual communion in love, then your ejaculation is naturally regulated by your breath and heart-feeling, rather than by your old habits of solitary fantasy and accumulated stress.

If you want a deep life, deepen your sexual energy. To know and express your deep being, it's best to curtail your spilling of attention into millimeter-deep puddles. Then you will have the strength necessary to penetrate through your old habits of body and mind, remaining vigilant and authentic to your deepest truth.

7 CURB FIDGETS

Fidgets are mini-ejaculations. Bypassing ejaculation won't be worth it unless you learn to conduct energy throughout your body with your breath. If you don't practice circulating your energy fully, then the built-up sexual pressure will just accumulate in various parts of your body, causing fidget, twitch, and fret. You will feel tense. Perhaps you will tap your fingers, bite your nails, or grind your jaw. Your increasing sexual energy will inevitably be expelled in restless movement as well as in random thinking.

Thought itself is often a kind of fidget, an unnecessary and random movement of energy, frequently serving no purpose but the expression of tension. If you develop the capacity for non-ejaculatory orgasm without also advancing your ability to circulate internal energy, this energy will simply build up in your body and mind. Your incessant thinking will only increase, your head dribbling with spent fragments of mull and agitation. Your head may ache and throb, too, with stuck energy of upward tension that you attempt to release via fidgeting and thinking.

It is important, therefore, to cultivate your capacity for non-ejaculatory living along with your capacity for non-ejaculatory orgasms. Practice relaxing the body consciously, especially when the symptoms of fidget and fuss begin to unconsciously puppeteer your extremities. Consciously breathe deeply and fully, allowing your belly and chest to be relaxed and open, your energy circulating in a deep current of ease rather than in swirling cul-de-sac of choppy thoughts and jagged fray.

Fidgets, both mental and physical, are the body's way of dispelling energy it can't circulate, exactly as ejaculations are. Both ejaculations and fidgets become addictive, so that you find it more and more difficult to stop the habit once the pattern has become ingrained. Your body becomes addicted to using fidgets, thinking, and ejaculation to superficially release tension, so it never develops the capacity to circulate energy deeply. Without this deep circulation, your entire life reflects a shallow disposition. Your creativity, awareness, and loving remain thin.

As a superior lover, practice redirecting the energy behind fidgets and ejaculations as we have outlined earlier—through your breath, contraction of the pelvic floor, bodily relaxation, and deep feeling—if you want to live as mighty, wide, and profound as you truly are.

8 GOOD EJACULATIONS LIBERATE ENERGY

I had a rough day. I felt agitated, tense, cranky. I ate a large dinner and felt stuffed. Then I got in bed with my lover and she started pumping my penis with her hand.

Within about two minutes, I felt like I wanted to come. I felt like I was going to burst any second. The pressure was entirely within my genitals; I didn't feel any energy moving through the rest of my body, and I didn't feel like taking the time to breathe more consciously to circulate the energy. I just wanted to come. I just wanted relief. I wanted to spurt my seed and get it over with and feel relaxed and go to sleep.

So I ejaculated. It was all over in a few seconds. I did feel somewhat relieved and less tense. But there was no depth to it. I felt emptied—which felt better than being full of stress. I was more comfortable. Soon I dozed off.

I woke up in the morning feeling fine. My first thoughts were about what I needed to do that day, my schedule and responsibilities. I wanted a little extra get-up-and-go, so I had some coffee before heading out the door. The day was OK, but I realized that it had not been the right time for me to ejaculate. I felt the subtle sense of inner ambiguity or lack of depth that I know can be exacerbated by inappropriate ejaculations.

A few months later, I again felt as if there was too much energy inside me. I had had sex for many weeks without ejaculating, doing my best to circulate the energy. This time, I felt the specific kind of internal “heat” that signals it is probably time for my body to ejaculate.

This time, while making love, I felt no tense need to ejaculate. My heart was not closed. My genitals were not about to burst. My internal energy circuit was open and flowing without obstruction. My entire body simply felt overabundant with energy, as if I needed to drain a little off the top so as not to overflow. This feeling had gradually accumulated over several weeks of steady vitality and strength. My genitals were not on the verge of popping as we made love, though I felt full of energy.

As our sexing continued for an hour or more, our energy rose and fell in waves, slowly and rhythmically, with a pulse of several minutes. My energy had merged with my lover's.

At times the pleasure was almost more than we could take. She would be screaming, crying, gasping, scratching my back and hitting me with her fists, while jets of light burst upward through our spines into the stratosphere of moveless awe. Then there were times of fecund love, heavy, thick, stock-still: two pot-bellied pigs swooned in the fat relaxation of utter trust.

Eventually, we both felt it was a good time to bring our cycle of loving to completion. I chose to ejaculate.

As the foothills of my ejaculation approached, I consciously relaxed my body, especially my genitals, belly, and chest. My face remained relaxed and my eyes open. I looked into the eyes of my lover as the orgasm energy built toward a peak.

As my ejaculation began, I relaxed into it. I opened out through it. It was as if my body had become water, and this water was enlarging, soaking my lover, filling her, the room, and beyond. I opened out and gave myself through this water, surrendering completely outward, holding no center or self.

Totally relaxing my body, breathing fully, looking into my lover's eyes, feeling into and through her from my heart, I gave her my love, offering myself to her, through her to depth's endless yawn. As I ejaculated, my whole body gave love like large water. My heart expanded to coincide with the water's expanding edge of love. A rush of oneness deliquesced my body in its giving.

Nothing was depleted by the ejaculation. I experienced no weakness. We held each other and breathed thick love. The depth engendered through our sexual practice continued into the dark of night, even throughout our sleep.

When morning came, the sounds and textures of waking life danced lightly in this depth. Our first impulses arose not in response to the schedule for the day, but from this well of being. As the day proceeded, our actions grew spontaneously from the smile deep in our belly, from the unencumbered curve of basic love.

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Ejaculating too frequently doesn't necessarily make you feel bad, just mediocre. When a man has a proper ejaculative orgasm—when he truly needs one, and when he can relax into it and through it, yielding himself into and as love—then he and his partner are filled with energy and love, rather than depleted.

Ejaculating when you truly need to deepens your sleeping and waking. The river of your life flows with thick love and heart purpose, not thin coffee or scheduled need. Both you and your lover benefit from appropriate ejaculative orgasms, engaged at the right time and in the right way.

Men and women alike have a tendency to tighten their bodies, hold their breath, and turn their attention inward toward their own sensations during orgasm. Instead, try to relax, breathe, and open out while the energy surges. Continue to relax into and through your orgasm; don't tighten into spasm-then-release. You may be habituated to holding your breath and tensing your body in order to explode into orgasm. Instead, open your breath and relax. Continuously open out through your orgasm, whether ejaculative or non-ejaculative. Let your openness and love be communicated throughout the entire orgasm.

The moment of orgasm, like the moment of death, provides you a unique opportunity to discover the truth of your essential being: what remains when every shred of holding has been surrendered. Ease widely beyond form. Use the rush of orgasm to excavate all distance. If you are going to come, come like the stars in the endless sky, not like a balloon on a stick.

To the untrained lover, ejaculation seems like an all-or-nothing affair. However, when you learn to relax rather than become tense during ejaculation, and when you learn to feel outward through sex rather than go into the cage of your own sensations, then you can develop complete regulatory control over how big your ejaculation is, from a few drops to a thimbleful to a colossal geyser.

In general, the amount of semen you release corresponds to the amount of energy you release. By regulating the size of your ejaculation, you can better balance yourself, releasing only the amount of energy you need to release in order to attain internal equilibrium.

With practice, you will discover that you can explode huge gobs of semen and expend huge energy in doing so. Or you can seep a small sample, a quarter of a teaspoon or less, and not even

lose your erection. Once a month or so (or whatever you discover to be your optimum frequency), you will be able to ejaculate just the amount you need in order to balance your internal energy.

At first, this control will be deliberate. You will predetermine how much you should ejaculate to achieve internal balance without depletion. Eventually, however, your body's inherent intelligence will come to the fore. Without any mental intentionality, your body will "know" how much to ejaculate. When you practice relaxing your body and breathing fully as ejaculation approaches, your body's intelligence will automatically determine the correct amount to ejaculate in order to maintain fullness and achieve internal equilibrium.

Your lover can probably feel the energy transmitted by your ejaculation. In fact, your lover may occasionally crave your ejaculation since it transmits a certain quality of energy that non-ejaculatory orgasms don't convey — although non-ejaculatory orgasms transmit a quality of energy that is, in general, much more subtle, profound, and powerful than that of ejaculatory orgasms.

If your lover wants to feel the energy transmitted through your ejaculation, the most direct way to receive this energy is through physical and energetic absorption of your semen through the lining of your lover's mouth, anus, or vagina (assuming, of course, that you have taken appropriate birth control into account). Even ejaculating onto the skin of your lover's body allows for more absorption of energy than if you were to ejaculate onto the bedsheets.

By choosing the amount of each ejaculation wisely, and eventually letting your body develop the natural intelligence to do so, you will neither deplete yourself through excess release nor suppress your body's natural liberation of surplus sexual energy.

Your occasional ejaculation can become a way to optimize and balance your energy as well as your partner's.

9 OPTIMIZE EJACULATIONS TO MAXIMIZE LIFE'S DEPTH

Learn to become sensitive to the signs of energy in your body and mind. Unless you are ill, of advanced age, or coping with intense stress, you should generally feel replete with energy and yet relaxed. Your breath should be full and deep. Your entire body should feel filled with vital force and ease, especially the major energy centers of your genitals, belly, chest, and head. Impotence, frigidity, promiscuity, lack of motivation, workaholism, ulcers, heartburn, heart disturbances, shallow breath, and headaches can all be signs of blocked energy in these major energy centers.

After you have opened your internal blocks and broken your addiction to frequent ejaculations, your body will discover its own natural equilibrium. If you are ejaculating too frequently, this equilibrium will be disturbed and you will feel tired, weak, depressed, unclear, and unmotivated. A man who ejaculates too frequently often finds himself addicted to stimulants such as coffee, cigarettes, or pornography. Even the stress of his career or profession may function something like a stimulant, compensating for his spent internal energy.

A too-frequent ejaculator may find himself unable to muster the energy to meet creative challenges and cut through the obstructions that arise in a creative life, so he may settle for a rote job, something he can do without really living fully. His financial, creative, and spiritual endeavors may be decent, but they will evidence far less expansiveness than he is truly capable of. If he has depleted his natural energy through excess ejaculation, he may find that all he can do at the end of a day is sit in front of a TV and zone out.

Alternatively, a man who doesn't ejaculate frequently enough may become overly picky, angry, and obsessed. He may suppress his natural flow of energy in other ways, too, becoming prone to fanaticism or zealotry, righteously devoting himself to a special diet, religious belief, or social cause. If he builds up internal energy but isn't sensitive enough to know when he needs to ejaculate, then he may also be too insensitive to properly circulate his building energy, resulting in "blue balls" or genital discomfort, as well as headaches, backaches, or emotional rigidity.

When you are ejaculating at your proper frequency, your energy is full yet smooth. Your mind is rested and calm, yet alert and responsive. Your creativity flows freely and you are able to meet difficult situations with fresh perspectives and great persistence. Your humor is quick and flexible, neither uptight nor excessively sarcastic. Your body flows with its full natural energy, and thus you tend toward optimum health for your age, constitution, and genetic characteristics.

Most important, you have the energy to grow in awareness. Spiritual growth—the deepening capacity to love through all situations and feel the infinite here and now—depends on having enough free energy to apply to the spiritual process. If you are squirting out too much energy in ejaculations, you just won't have enough vigor to witness the expanse of the moment; rather, you will get caught in its maze of transient forms. Hours will go by and suddenly you will realize you have been totally lost in a sequence of one detail after another, without even a moment of true humor or profound love to awaken your heart to deep surrender and clear recognition of natural and open being.

Nothing you do, nothing you *can* do, makes any difference to your deepest being. This moment of experience evaporates

as quickly as you do it. Your lifetime flies by. In your death, how important will you find the hours you have spent so seriously entangled in dramas of money, sex, family, and knowledge? It will all be gone. Even now, the moments that seemed so important yesterday or ten years ago—the events that made you cry, scream, laugh, or rejoice—are now barely remembered in the present stream of assumed importance.

And yet, life consists of actions taken in this present moment: earn a living, take out the garbage, diaper your baby, read a book. Spiritual growth involves being able to take these actions—impeccably—while at the same time feeling through them as they arise in the midst of infinity. Then, you can have humor about your situation. You can live as love. As good or bad as this moment is, you can feel its transience, as well as the depth of primordial awareness in which this moment always abides. This recognition isn't a trick of thought or a philosophy to believe in. It is realized, or not, with your whole being, in the smack of this moment. *Either you are living as love or you are lost in the drama of your own story to one degree or another.*

One of the main effects of too-frequent ejaculations is a very subtle spiritual dullness, in which the scope of your attention becomes whittled down to the routines of life. This can be very depressing indeed. Being lost in the plot of your life—its actual routines—does not and cannot truly fulfill you. No matter how good your life seems for the moment, you will also feel like you are missing something, unless you are feeling into this moment's true depth.

Excessive ejaculation can dull you to the infinite depth of being in this and every moment. Cut off from your true inspiration—the love that is alive at your core—you can forget who you

really are and get carried along on the river of things that you do. No longer sensitive with each breath to the deep divine, you may mistakenly look for spiritual depth and meaning in the surface adventure of your life—religious searches, social activism, family, career, relationships, drugs—rather than relaxing through your autobiographical saga into the ever-present openness of awareness and love, into who you really are.

Excessive ejaculation is not the only cause of this dullness, of course; moment-to-moment depth of awareness is easy to lose even under conditions of optimal energy. Sexual misuse of energy is just one important factor that contributes to spiritual dullness.

If you are an excessive ejaculator, you will rarely have the energy it takes to sustain the awareness you need in order to feel into the depth of this present moment and live as love, giving your deepest gifts. Instead, you will feel cut off from the effulgence of energy that is the nature of being itself, because all you can feel are the tasks in front of you. Since most men these days are excessive ejaculators, weakened and dulled in a subtle way, they are living lives of less depth than they are capable of. Most men can feel the lack in their lives. And they suffer it.

Thus, the best measure for frequency of ejaculation is your depth of awareness, moment to moment. Are you able to love through the events of this moment, feeling into the openness of awareness? Or are you lost in the unending details of the day, riveted to events, defined by the narrow mechanics of your attention? The capacity to remain wide in love depends on a subtle recognition of the depth and openness of this moment, which in turn is sustained by practice. You'll have neither the energy nor the attention to give to this practice if you ejaculate too frequently—or if your sexual energy is blocked in other ways.

In the way of the superior lover, you have sex as often as you like, but you circulate your energy rather than needlessly spending it in excessive ejaculation. You allow your increased energy to loosen your internal blocks by practicing full breathing, loving, and feeling, during sex and throughout the day.

Don't assume that your energy or consciousness is limited. Rather, relax and intentionally open yourself out into the space around you. As if you were pressing love into your lover, practice pressing your consciousness into the room with your breath. Embrace the events of the moment with your open love. Through the events of this moment, receive energy into your heart as you would receive delight from your lover's body.

Meld through any stress or sense of separation with a heart of trust, moment by moment by moment, so that relaxed and easeful oneness is your constant practice and natural home. Then, when your body needs to, when you can feel that it would be healthy for you—and not simply a spasm of addicted need—then and only then ejaculate, with as much love and open giving as you will allow yourself. In this manner, find the best frequency for your ejaculations, whether once a day or once a year.

10 EJACULATE WHEN THE BODY NEEDS TO

Non-ejaculatory, energy-circulating sex recharges your body with life force. Excess ejaculations weaken and deplete you. So, how much is “excessive”? How frequently should you ejaculate? There is no single answer to this question, since many factors influence your natural cycle of ejaculation. Your age, your diet, your lifestyle, the type of work you do, and even the weather all play an important part in determining how frequently you should engage in ejaculatory, rather than non-ejaculatory, sex.

To determine how frequently you should ejaculate, you’ll first need to erase the old habit patterns of your body so you can feel its authentic and natural rhythms of energy flow. In other words, you’ll need to break your addiction to frequent ejaculations before you can trust your body’s messages.

To understand this better, let’s look for a moment at the common addiction to caffeine. If you have been drinking coffee every day for years and then you suddenly stop, you might experience headaches, tiredness, and discomfort. Your body would seem to be telling you that it’s bad to stop drinking coffee. But this would just be your addiction speaking. Your body has become habituated to caffeine, and it takes a while to get beyond this addiction. After about a week, though, your cravings for caffeine will diminish. It is only then, after you have broken your addiction, that you can feel what your body truly needs and therefore determine when to drink coffee and how much is good for you. Otherwise, you will be confused by the false symptoms of craving driven by the momentum of your addiction.

The same is true for your addiction to ejaculation. You must break your old habits before you can determine your best frequency for ejaculation. To break your addiction to ejaculation, you'll first need to practice the techniques of conducting energy through your body, up your spine and down your front, as we have discussed. You'll need to practice breathing, relaxing, and loving fully during sex and throughout the day. Otherwise, the tension you develop from a day of partial breathing and constrained loving will want to be released in an ejaculative spasm.

It may take several months of this kind of practice, during sex and throughout the day, before you can easefully bypass ejaculation on a regular basis. Once you reach this capacity, however, your inner energy quotient will increase day by day. Every time you have sex, circulating and magnifying your energy rather than throwing it off, you will be increasing your internal energy. And even though your internal energy is growing daily, you will be able to remain full and relaxed, breathing energy throughout your complete internal circuitry while practicing love and open awareness.

Age plays a large part in determining the most healthful frequency for ejaculation. Teenagers might ejaculate quite frequently without noticing a significant depletion of their overall energy and clarity. A man in his mid-twenties might ejaculate once a week or more and still maintain full energy and clarity. However, by the time a man reaches his late thirties, he will probably find it to his great benefit to ejaculate only about once a month. These are only rough estimations; each man needs to experiment to discover his own natural ejaculatory cycle.

As a man ages, it is natural for his ejaculatory needs to decline, and it becomes more and more important for older men to

retain and magnify their internal energy. A man in his late sixties, for instance, may find it best to avoid ejaculation altogether, or at least ejaculate very infrequently — perhaps three or four times a year — if he wants to maintain optimal health, vigor, mental acuity, and spiritual depth. Every man is unique, however, and so each man must experiment to determine his own best frequency of ejaculation.

Diet and exercise often affect your circulation of internal energy and therefore influence your need to ejaculate. Excess sugar in your diet may make it more difficult to smoothly circulate your internal energy. Excess consumption of salt, eggs, and meat may increase your urge for ejaculation.

On the other hand, some of these same foods can also help revitalize you if you find yourself depleted from excess ejaculation. The foods that work best to revitalize you depend on your body type, metabolism, constitution, and everyday diet.

For many people, eggs are a powerful revitalizer after excess ejaculation. In fact, eggs are often considered a normal breakfast food among many people who are addicted to frequent ejaculations.

Depending on your regular diet, there are other foods that are effective for rebalancing your system after a period of excess ejaculation. If you eat a vegetarian diet without any meat, eggs, or milk products, then almonds are an excellent post-ejaculative replenisher. If, however, you eat a heavier diet, already rich in eggs and other proteins, then you may need something like a steak to replenish your depleted system.

Just remember that this dietary influence works in reverse, too. In general, the more eggs or meat you eat, the more likely you are to feel you *need* to ejaculate frequently. So, for instance, eating eggs every morning may make you feel the need for

frequent ejaculation, as well as be an unconscious way to attempt to replenish the lack you've created by excess ejaculation.

Regular physical exercise—especially gentle and conscious exercise like yoga, tai chi, and walking—often helps you to conduct the energy circulating through your body, making your sexual practices much easier.

Your health and work need to be taken into account when determining how often to ejaculate. You should almost never ejaculate when you are feeling really sick or unusually weak. If your daily work is exceptionally strenuous—or you are simply exhausted at the end of long day—it is usually best not to further deplete yourself through ejaculation. When you are feeling tired or weakened, it is far better to have sex and circulate your energy without ejaculating in order to magnify your internal energy and strength.

How often you have non-ejaculatory sex also affects your need to ejaculate. For example, if you are enjoying one non-ejaculatory orgasm every day, you will naturally build more internal energy—and thus be more able to replenish energy spent in an occasional genital ejaculation—than if you are enjoying only one non-ejaculatory orgasm every month.

Weather plays an important role in determining how often you should ejaculate. In cold weather, your body needs to use more of its internal energy to produce heat, so you should ejaculate less frequently in order to conserve and build up internal energy. In hot weather—for instance, when you are on vacation in the tropics—your body doesn't need to use extra energy to heat itself, so your internal energy builds up more readily than in cold climates, and ejaculations will have a less deleterious effect.

Your body is something like a battery. Its store of energy is drained by too-frequent ejaculation, along with cold weather, excessively strenuous or unenjoyable work, disease, poor diet, and chronic tension. It is recharged with energy through non-ejaculative, energy-circulating sex, deep loving, appropriate diet, exercise, engaging in work you enjoy, and full and relaxed breathing.

After you break your old ejaculation habit and learn how to have internal non-ejaculatory orgasms, use the guidelines and effects described here to help you discover how often you truly need an ejaculatory orgasm in order to bring equilibrium and vitality to your body, mind, and spirit.

11 UNDERSTAND THE THREE TYPES OF WOMEN'S ORGASMS

Whereas most men lose energy when they ejaculate, many women find that when they have orgasms their energy actually increases and flows more freely, helping their hearts to open more widely. However, just as men can learn to convert ejaculatory orgasms into internal rejuvenating orgasms, women can learn to bloom their orgasms into deeper and deeper openings of rejuvenating bliss.

To cultivate enlightened sex, it is helpful to know of at least three types of women's orgasms: clitoral, vaginal, and cervical. Most women and men know only of the clitoral orgasm, which is a relatively superficial pleasure, a shard of trembling quickness. Without intimate knowledge of vaginal and cervical orgasms, many women remain unsatisfied, without ever knowing why. This dissatisfaction may extend far beyond the sexual occasion. A woman may feel something missing in her heart. She may feel an emptiness, a yearning that her man doesn't seem able to touch, try though he might.

Without the deeper invasions of vaginal and cervical orgasms, a woman's body may never feel fully ravished by a man's love penetrating into the heart of her being. She may feel his attempts at love. She may feel his care and affection. But her depth awaits the bloom of fullness.

In her unfulfilled longing, a woman may darkly dream of deep penetration by other men, bikers and pirates, horses and fantastic creatures, or perhaps an indefinable force that "fucks" her like no man ever has. And all of this because she has not been

able to receive her partner's deepest penetration of ravishing love—whether lesbian or heterosexual—in her body and heart with full trust.

For years, a woman may tolerate her lover's ineptitude or her own fear of opening completely. Over time, since it's better than nothing, she acquiesces to rote sex. She settles for some lip and tongue between her legs, a penis or dildo entering her for ten minutes of thrust and seizure, her lover's hairy pubic bone perhaps grinding her nub relentlessly. But it is never enough. No matter how many clitoral orgasms she has, as her lover drifts off to sleep she is left deeply untouched. Knowing there is more to sex than this. Yet not knowing how or what to do to get it.

Eventually, she may despair of ever getting it. She may begin to resent men, little men, stupid men. Or she may fault her own poor self, convinced it is she, not her partner, who lacks sexual worth. Either way, bitching about her partner or depressed about her own lack, she shows the symptoms of an unravished feminine essence.

Sometimes her sense of unravishment has nothing to do with orgasm. Sometimes it is solely a depth of heart that is missing. But sometimes the body yearns, too, and clitoral orgasms often won't do it. For many women, vaginal and cervical orgasms are the necessary physical door to a more complete emotional and spiritual reception of love.

Women vary widely in their orgasms. The so-called facts we discuss here—how long an orgasm takes, what it feels like, how it is created—are only very general approximations. Every woman is different. Some women come like rain. Other women never experience what they would call an orgasm and yet are perfectly healthy in body, profoundly open in heart, and deeply fulfilled in intimacy. Not all women need or even want orgasms.

Furthermore, each woman differs from day to day and moment to moment in her orgasmic responsiveness. Much depends on mood, trust, and the special texture of loving created by the unique chemistry between lovers. Taking these caveats into account—as well as the fact that I am a man and thus in no position to convey the subtleties (or even the not-so-subtleties!) of women's orgasms—please accept the approximations presented here as guidelines for your own exploration.

12 ENJOY CLITORAL ORGASMS

I lay on the bed while she sat on my belly. She began to move her hips so that her crotch rubbed up and down my torso. She was making love to my belly, humping my abdomen with wet abandon.

Her movements grew faster and faster. As I looked up at her, she was a beautiful sight. Her long hair swung back and forth, sometimes covering her entire face before she flung her head upward to look at the ceiling, groaning and snarling, tossing her mane as if she were savoring the fresh meat before her.

Her breasts swung heavily, almost bursting with the fullness of sweet love. Occasionally I would sit up and draw her nipples to my lips and teeth before lying down again to take her wildness against me and watch her pleasure grow.

She raised herself on her knees and focused her movements so as to maul her clitoris against the muscles of my belly, again and again, back and forth. Her movements became smaller and more rapid. Her face squinched up, her eyes closed, her breath quickened.

She was coming against me, her body tight, her breath strained and fast. Her throat constrained the whimpers and shrieks that cried to escape. Her eyes closed. Suddenly, her body froze still and taut. No breath.

Then she relaxed in a final curl of short pleasure.

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Clamp down, tense up, hold breath, release. For women, clitoral orgasms are most like male ejaculative orgasms. Since most couples don't make love long enough, with enough emotional trust and spiritual openness, many women end up settling for clitoral orgasms, which are plenty enjoyable. It's just that if clitoral orgasms are all a woman knows, she is missing much of what orgasm can be.

Clitoral orgasms are the easiest of orgasms. They occur for many women after only ten or fifteen minutes of manual, oral, or penile stimulation, near, around, or directly over the clitoral area—as long as sufficient attention is given to the rest of her body, too.

A woman may have difficulty achieving clitoral orgasms through intercourse for an anatomical reason: her clitoris doesn't receive sufficient contact during normal genital sex. Her lover's penis slides right by without sufficient clitoral stimulation to produce an orgasm. Adapting to this common anatomical mismatch, a woman's lover has to be careful to orient his pelvis in just the right position relative to hers, allowing his pubic bone, or perhaps the shaft of his penis, to rub against her clitoral area.

This doesn't work for every woman. Although clitoral orgasms are usually the easiest to attain, arousing the clitoris to orgasm is not always a simple matter. For some women, a tongue licking or fingers stroking will provide sufficient clitoral excitation. For another woman, it may be a combination that rings her bells best: for instance, masturbating her own clitoral area while her lover plumbs her vaginal depths with penis or dildo.

When a woman approaches a clitoral orgasm, her body often becomes more tense. Her eyes close, her breath comes fast, and she may seem to be clamping down rather than opening out. An

ever-widening expanse of oceanic pleasure may become reduced to a swollen nub and contractive ripples. A woman may become emotionally disconnected from her partner in the moment of clitoral orgasm, enclosing herself in her own sensations just as a man may do during ejaculation.

You don't have to be very emotionally open, or deeply in love, to enjoy a clitoral orgasm. In fact, many women experience them best with vibrators, alone, focused only on their own pleasure and sensation. As with a man's ejaculative orgasm, even purely mechanical stimulation, done the right way for the right length of time, can result in at least a perfunctory clitoral orgasm for many women. However, you do have to be relaxed enough or willing enough to experience such pleasure. If you are too closed down or resistant to allow intense pleasure to course through your body, no amount of stimulation will make you come.

The clitoral orgasm itself tends to be short-lived and defined: several seconds of ripples and intense pleasure that may be repeated, since many women can experience clitoral orgasms multiple times during a single sexual occasion. In the range of potential orgasms, clitoral orgasms are relatively easy, quick, and superficial, not often the kind of orgasm during which women feel the "earth shaking" or the heart cracking open into a new freshness of love. And, like most men's ejaculative orgasms, clitoral orgasms sometimes spend, rather than enhance, a woman's energy.

Clitoral orgasms are an essential flower in the garden of many women's sexual pleasure—and they can also loosen the soil in which more fruitful tendrils of love may grow. The first orgasmic step for many women is learning to freely enjoy clitoral orgasms. It's important that women and their lovers don't stop there, though, since there is much more to come.

13 DELIGHT IN VAGINAL ORGASMS

We kissed and held each other in bed for a long time. I ran my hands up her thighs and grasped her ass. My fingers found their way to the crack between her legs and felt her wetness. I took my hand from behind her and moved it onto her pubic mound, cupping it firmly. She moaned and smiled. She squeezed her legs tightly together and then opened them, placing her hand on mine, pushing my hand against her mound, pushing my fingers into her wetness.

When she felt open and very juicy, I slowly slid one, then two fingers into her vagina. I gently explored her velvety terrain, every part of her sex region, deep and shallow, to the left and right, front and back. After touching her throughout her softness and feeling her responses, I began to focus more on her G-spot, about two inches inside her vagina, at the front and center, just behind her pubic bone.

Her G-spot felt spongy, a little bit ridged, differently textured than the rest of her vagina. I began to stroke up and down across this area, moving my finger in a shape similar to the gesture for indicating “Come here.”

Her breath deepened. She touched her breasts with her hands. I took her cue and massaged her breasts with my free hand while I continued to stroke inside her vagina. Occasionally, I would enter her more deeply with my fingers, reaching to touch near her cervix, the opening to her uterus at the far end of her vagina. At other times, I would bring my fingers to the outside of her vagina, gently pinching,

kneading, and stroking the area around her clitoris, as well as her vaginal lips.

Before she could get bored or familiar with my touch, I would move to a different place or change the speed or pressure of my strokes. However, I always returned to her G-spot, as if repeating the chorus of a song played for her pleasure.

Every time I would return to her G-spot, I would stay a little longer, her breath becoming more full, before I would move to briefly massage the rest of her vagina, from cervix to clitoris and outer lips. With my other hand, I would stroke her neck, breasts, belly, ass, legs, and feet.

This went on for some time, perhaps twenty minutes or half an hour, until her orgasm began to swell, like a wave rolling in from a distant horizon. I continued to stroke her G-spot, moving to other areas of her vagina when it felt appropriate. Her arms opened on the bed straight out to her sides, as if she were lying on a cross. Each of her fingers spread wide and long like rays of the sun. Her back arched and her mouth opened. She seemed to be opening herself to receive pleasure and love more and more deeply in her body.

She began to make sounds. Long, deep, open sounds, sounds of surrender and relaxed joy. Her eyes were soft, vulnerable, and wide. Mouth open, sounds open, eyes open, belly open, hands open, she looked into my eyes and unfolded her pleasure in the thick cream of our trust while a single tear rolled down her face from the corner of her eye.

Vaginal or G-spot orgasms are deeper than clitoral orgasms. They take longer to occur, sometimes thirty or forty minutes. And they usually require stimulation of the G-spot, which may or may not happen with genital intercourse.

You will need to experiment with different sexual positions and different angles of the pelvis to find a way for the penis, finger, or dildo to come in contact with the right place in the vagina. Some women find that rear entry, or “doggie style,” is the best sexual position for achieving G-spot or vaginal orgasms. Other women prefer the front-to-front position, with the man’s penis angled in a way to hit the front wall of the vagina rather than slide past it without much contact.

What is the right place in the vagina to receive stimulation for a G-spot orgasm? That depends on the woman. Some women have a well-defined area—the “G-spot”—a few inches inside the vagina on the front or anterior wall. This area is sexually responsive in a unique way. The spongy tissue under this vaginal surface may become full with fluid as orgasm approaches. Some women feel like they have to urinate as the G-spot is stimulated. Some women actually ejaculate fluid from this area during the contractions of an orgasm.

Other women do not have a well-defined G-spot, but still enjoy deep vaginal orgasms, which are very different from clitoral orgasms. I am using the terms “G-spot orgasm” and “vaginal orgasm” to mean the same type of orgasm: more full than a clitoral orgasm, though, in general, not as profound as a cervical orgasm.

Whether or not you are a woman with a well-defined G-spot, your vaginal or G-spot orgasms will be more full, more emotional, slower, longer, and deeper than your clitoral orgasms. Your body and breath will open during a G-spot orgasm, rather than

close down and become tense, as often occurs during a clitoral orgasm. Vaginal or G-spot orgasms involve your deep reception of pleasure and love into your open and surrendered body, heart, and breath, followed by waves of uninhibited emotional and physical unfolding, whereas clitoral orgasms often involve a “clamping down” in short and intense pleasure.

Because of the deep opening that takes place in G-spot or vaginal orgasms, they require a greater degree of trust and communion than do clitoral orgasms. Most women can achieve clitoral orgasms through manual masturbation, using a vibrator, or being with a lover who knows how to stimulate the clitoral region with finger, tongue, or penis. But vaginal orgasms typically occur only with a partner a woman really trusts and with whom she is willing to open herself in deep reception and surrendered unfolding. G-spot or vaginal orgasms are as much about blissful emotional reception, openness, and surrender as they are about physical ecstasy.

A woman will have difficulty experiencing G-spot or vaginal orgasms if she isn't relaxed and trusting with her sexual partner. And even then, for some women the G-spot area is very sensitive, even painful in response to touch. This can be a good sign, however, for it reveals the potential for responsiveness. Sensitivity or pain often indicates that a highly responsive vaginal area has closed down—perhaps due to past trauma or simple frustration—and so it is resistant to further stimulation.

It takes time, patience, and loving sensitivity to help open up an irritable, resistant, or traumatized G-spot. A good way to do this is for a woman's lover to gently massage the G-spot area with his or her fingers while listening to specific feedback. The woman receiving the massage should describe exactly how she wants to

be touched: “Slower, lighter, barely touch it, now move away for a few seconds, OK, now harder, harder, faster, now slower . . .”

At first, some women will be able to handle only a few minutes of G-spot massage. But, eventually, it is best to work up to an hour or more. If you are receiving the massage, you may be surprised by the amount of emotional residue stored in your vaginal tissue. During G-spot massage, you may find yourself suddenly angry, frightened, or grieving for no apparent reason. If these emotions become too intense for you to continue, stop the massage and simply be present with your lover, sharing what you feel while you relax and breathe together, perhaps while you are held and given refuge in your lover’s arms.

However, if possible, you should eventually return to the massage, whether in a few minutes or a few days. With practice, you will learn how to continue with the massage *through* the emotions that arise. While screaming, weeping, shouting, or groaning, practice remaining fully present, fully experiencing and metabolizing your arising emotions. As the emotions flow through you, continue to breathe and feel every sensation fully, relaxing layer after layer of resistance and closure as your lover continues to massage your G-spot area according to your moment-by-moment instructions.

You may need to receive this kind of massage every other day for a week or two. Or you may require several months of careful G-spot massage. It doesn’t matter how long it takes. Be patient. Take your time. Go at your own pace and intensity. Eventually, however, your vagina will open to this kind of touch. Your G-spot will relax. The emotional scars from past experiences—everything from memories of childhood sexual abuse to the residue of insensitive ex-lovers—will gradually dissolve. Just remember to continue breathing, feeling, and relaxing during the G-spot mas-

sage as emotions and memories arise, move through your body and heart, and disappear, bit by bit.

Once the G-spot area is freed of chronic tension, the whole vagina will respond differently to internal stimulation. If the man is able to stay erect for thirty to forty minutes, and if the penis and vagina are both positioned so the appropriate contact is made, intercourse can regularly involve deep and emotional G-spot orgasms for most women.

A common pattern for many women is to experience a few clitoral orgasms and then a final, full G-spot or vaginal orgasm, which often signals the relaxed end of the sexual occasion. Some women enjoy experiencing clitoral stimulation and orgasm as preparation for a full-blown G-spot orgasm, whereas other women have no interest in or need for clitoral orgasm at all. Some women stop after one G-spot or vaginal orgasm, whereas others prefer to continue making love long after experiencing a G-spot or vaginal orgasm, perhaps enjoying multiple G-spot orgasms just as some women enjoy multiple clitoral orgasms.

It is sometimes easier for a man to learn to bring a woman to a G-spot or vaginal orgasm with his fingers before he tries with his penis. With his loving fingers, he can learn the internal terrain of his partner's vagina. He can learn the rhythm, depth of touch, and locations that most stimulate his partner's sexual energy. He can listen to her verbal feedback and use his fingers to orchestrate her energy into a profound openness of feeling and surrender. Then, when he uses his penis, he will have a much better sense of what to do.

No matter how perfect her lover's technique, a woman will not relax deeply enough to experience a G-spot orgasm unless she trusts and opens to her own sexual energy as well as

her partner's. If she is afraid of being seen in the midst of profound pleasure, she will close down. If she is afraid of feeling or expressing too much emotion, she will close down. If her partner is insensitive and emotionally disconnected from her, she will hold herself back for lack of trust.

If she feels her partner is weak in his masculine direction in life—for instance, his financial or spiritual purpose is unclear—she won't open to receive him completely. She will guard her feminine core in a subtle gesture of emotional independence, preventing a deep reception of love into her deepest parts and constricting her own expression of unbridled pleasure, surrender, and love.

For a really deep orgasm, a woman must trust her own sexual process—including bodily and vocal expressions of tremendous pleasure and the dark chaos of uncovered emotions—as well as her partner's integrity and his ability to embrace her pleasure and emotions. It is usually this fear of opening, rather than any purely physiological closure, that most limits a woman's profundity of orgasmic experience. Growing from clitoral to G-spot or vaginal orgasms is an important step for most women as they practice enlightened sex.

14 SURRENDER IN THE BLISS OF CERVICAL ORGASMS

For almost a month, I massaged the inside of her vagina with my fingers three or four times a week. At first, I would caress her clitoral and G-spot areas, only occasionally going in deeper. But after some weeks of this, I began to focus on her cervical area.

“Ouch! Stop, that hurts!” she exclaimed as I barely touched near her cervix. I slowly withdrew my fingers from her opening, and massaged her thighs until her readiness spoke itself. “OK, try again,” she said. So I entered her, careful to feel her, careful not to impose my push on her vulnerable flesh or heart. I touched her gently, slowly, until she asked for more.

Eventually, as she relaxed over the weeks, I began massaging the area around her cervix. I slid my fingers carefully inside her, after kissing and touching and holding her, and administered my loving to her deep insides. It was as if years of resentment were coiled beneath her cervical landscape, years of fast men, shallow men, men of good intent but fearful hearts. As I touched her, week after week, the layers of incomplete loving made their way to the surface. She shouted, hated, closed down, and pushed me away with the unwinding coils of her frustrated tolerance, which had been wound tight from years of unfulfilling sexual infiltration.

Over time, her cervix began to trust me. It would greet my fingers with a kiss, a cervical smooch. I massaged the areas around it, near it, and also directly at the cervical opening. I

was able to, finally, palpate her cervix with repeated loving, as if I were rhythmically pressing a button to her secret treasure, waiting patiently for her hidden chambers to open and reveal their wealth.

And so she opened. After weeks of cautious de-stressing, she wanted me deep inside her, coaxing her cervix toward absolute surrender. I entered her with my finger and then my penis, stroking against her vaginal lips, across her clitoris, along her G-spot, but always and repeatedly meeting her cervix.

Finally, her deep vagina, her cervix, her uterus, her whole lower abdomen, begged for merger. Her cervix craved a oneness it had avoided for years. It had been jilted, and so it withdrew, numbing itself to love, transferring its responsive power to its more shallow clitoral cousin. But now her cervix was empowered beyond the wounds of heart and fears of mind. My lover, previously unable to surrender to her own power of love, found herself grasped by her cervix, drawn through the hole of her resistance, and opened wide into a magnificence of feminine immensity that unfolded her soul into unbounded awe.

As I used my finger and penis to coax her cervix into absolute intensity, she opened out into a trust of God beyond her normal face of doubt. After an hour of loving, spontaneous, varied, and relentless imploring, she was sucked through the hourglass of her cervical doorway, spread out into the yawning oh-my-god of nothing less than all, and made fresh as the heart beyond her hide of moods and needs.

Her cervical orgasms revealed to her the basis of her trust: the open all of love. No fear. No closure. No need of

promise and transient safety. The energy of ocean rolled her hips. The storm of love thundered her desire. As woman, no demand loomed larger than her love. She had known this all along. Every man and moment of her life only hampered or beckoned her immensity. And now, unprotected and cervically unfolded into the open of absolute fullness, her body echoed pleasure and abundance at every level.

Peals and weeps, oh's and confessions of unspoken love filled the space of our coupling. Her cervix dipping inward, sucking at the tip of my penis like a delicate bird of thirst, now growing into a great winged predator of fear. If I was holding back or less than true, she would feel me. Her surrender demanded my entirety. Her cervical orgasm rendered all meager attempted gestures moot.

Beneath her tears and crazed surrender in love, a wideness beyond all body swallowed this moment's spread. Gone in love. Gone in huge sex. Gone in the spacious oh of pleasure. Naked and disappeared in her transparent waves of orgasmic endowment, we were alight as heavy love, her cervix opening out to brighten the moment's disappearance into the eternal deep.

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Many women have never experienced cervical orgasms. Those who have, never forget them. Women who have had one or two of these extraordinary, earthshaking sexual revelations often refer to them as "religious experiences."

Other women, who experience them regularly, realize that cervical orgasms are beautiful occurrences of openness and deep

surrender, but nothing to fret about. With practice, they can be enjoyed as frequently as desired with a trusted partner. Quite a few women, as their practice of surrender deepens, are able to open their hearts and bodies so fully in love that they experience cervical orgasms by themselves, while dancing, singing, or sitting in meditation without any partner at all.

Eventually, the lust for great orgasms begins to shift. Once you have willful access to any particular experience—whether cosmic orgasms, ice cream, or divine visions—you become less needy. You become less obsessed with obtaining the experience. You may still enjoy it, or you may be bored with it, but either way, it's just an experience. It may be a beautiful experience, but it doesn't change your life in any fundamental way. The experience comes and goes, but unless you make use of it properly, you continue on as you were before.

Fundamental change occurs when you grow to a new level of love, bodily fullness, or stability as open awareness. No experience can actually cause such growth, although certain experiences can provide you with a glimpse, an immersion, a reminder. Then it is up to you to *practice* being love, receiving pleasure deeply into your body, offering love's bright and open surrender, over and over again, as you become more stable in feeling and relaxing as your natural, unbounded, deep being.

Becoming obsessed with repeating any experience, such as cervical orgasms—or eating, or meditative bliss—tends to degrade you. You become so fixed, narrow, and addicted that you often become less loving in the pursuit of your chosen obsession. So, it is important to remain loose and unfettered in each moment of practice, rather than bound to the goal of achieving a specific experience. Whatever is your present experience, you can recognize

the spaciousness that allows it to be. You are this spaciousness, this awareness, this luminous and open love. *Deeper love and more spacious awareness is the best lesson you can get from any experience.*

Cervical orgasm is no exception. It is often one of the most profound physical, emotional, and sometimes even spiritual experiences of a woman's life, by which she gauges all future sexual experience. But in itself, it is merely an initiation into an openness that could pervade her everyday life. That is, the cervical orgasm could be used as a way of remembering the possibility of love, fullness, and openness inherent in every moment.

Once you experience a cervical orgasm, you may still enjoy clitoral orgasms, but they don't really compare with the depth and fullness you now know is possible. Even G-spot or vaginal orgasms don't provide the heartrending, body-blissing surrender into unbounded light and fullness afforded by cervical orgasms.

The revelation of a cervical orgasm tends to recontextualize the entire sexual act. Sex is no longer about genital pleasure or even emotional connection with your partner. Enlightened sex is about profound surrender and dissolution in bright oneness. The sexual occasion shifts away from the pointed pursuit of pleasure or even intimacy toward the relaxed practice of blissful openness—ultimately, to the degree of effortless, effulgent, and unbounded love, a love that transfigures the entire body and heart. And this transfiguration affects both partners equally, if they are willing to actively receive such open light deep within their unguarded bodies and hearts.

Cervical orgasms often require forty-five minutes or even an hour of sexual stimulation. Clitoral orgasms and G-spot stimulation may be used as a warm-up, but most of the stimulation should occur deep inside the vagina, near the cervix. Some

women find this area of the vagina either without feeling or painful to the touch. In many cases, this cervical numbness or pain is due to emotional tension, sexual trauma, or years of poor lovemaking technique.

The same methods should be used to relax the cervical area that were described for relaxing the G-spot area. Use very gentle fingertip massage near and around the cervix, and occasionally on the cervical opening itself.

If you are receiving the massage, be sure to give your partner abundant verbal feedback about how to massage you. Sometimes you will want slow and gentle touch; at other times, more firm and thrustlike strokes. Sometimes you won't want to be touched at all.

Do your best to breathe through whatever emotional and physical sensations arise during the massage. For instance, if your partner is massaging near your cervix and you suddenly feel intense anger, don't automatically stop the massage. Rather, express your anger—verbally, through gestures and shouting, or by hitting pillows if you feel the need—while continuing to breathe and feel fully as the massage goes on.

Breath is a key to opening closed vaginal tissue. If you hold your breath while being massaged, you won't be able to release the tension stored in your vagina, nor will you be able to bring fresh energy to numb and deadened areas of your body. Always continue breathing—inhaling down the front of your body, filling your belly and genitals, and exhaling up your spine to complete the internal circuit of energy—while your vagina is being massaged (and, whenever it seems appropriate, throughout most sexual occasions).

Your breath may change frequently, sometimes being slow and deep, and other times more quick and shallow. But, in general,

keep your breath full and relaxed, not tense. Allow your belly to rise and fall with your breath. Allow your jaw to be relaxed. Notice if you lock yourself into a repetitive breathing pattern; instead, keep the breath fresh and responsive to your feelings in every moment.

Eventually, your cervix and the surrounding area will become relaxed, responsive, and, in most cases, orgasmic. During sexual intercourse, your partner's penis will need to enter at the right angle, speed, and depth in order to stimulate your cervical area. Since no one position or style works for everyone, you should experiment and find the ways that work best for you. Once your cervical area has been relaxed through massage, then deep, firm, and gentle thrusts of the penis (or a dildo), over a period of forty-five minutes to an hour, will often result in a cervical orgasm.

However, it takes more than mechanical stimulation to enjoy a cervical orgasm. Cervical orgasms are even more dependent on emotional trust than G-spot orgasms. Cervical orgasms are co-incident with your deepest surrender. Yield yourself utterly into love, trusting love without any resistance, actively receiving the invasion of love deeply into your body, giving yourself without restraint to your partner, and, more important, giving yourself without inhibition *as* love. As your body opens in total trust, the force of love moves through you unimpeded. Your emotional surrender opens your body and soul to a huge power of love and life that flows through you and fills you and overflows in orgasmic plenitude.

It is quite natural to shed tears during and after a cervical orgasm, even if you don't particularly feel the need to weep. Is it joy? Is it love? The openness sweeps through you and whisks away all mind, leaving only a deep well of expanding fullness. The sense

of being a separate self is inundated with an indescribably bright oneness, a luminous openness of devotional surrender, as if your only sense of self were infinite love opened outward to receive all, your body widening to include and be filled by the cosmos.

The effects of such an experience can reverberate through you for days. Your body flows with a delicious and powerful force of life. Your heart feels radiantly open, sensitive, and alive. Any sense of lack or emptiness in your life is replaced by the knowledge of love, the intuitive certainty of love, the cellular relaxation in love's glow.

In this way, cervical orgasms are baptisms of true surrender. They are bodily reminders of the profundity of your natural openness, if only you would choose to remember love, widen your awareness, relax your body, give yourself completely, and receive the available force of life deeply, down to your toes, with every breath.

To remain this open through the ups and downs of the day takes real practice. It is so easy to close in the face of difficulty, a busy schedule, and unloving relations at work or home. Cervical orgasms provide a deep *yes!* in the midst of all the *no's* of life. They can help you remember that life is about receiving and giving unbounded love. Anything less than remembering, breathing, and practicing this openness creates numbness and pain—in the vagina, heart, and soul.

15 CHOOSE WHEN TO ORGASM

She began coming while straddling me. Her body heaved and glistened. I felt her waves of love echo through my body, soothing my masculine go and push, dropping me into the open of love. Then she lay flat on top of me, still coming and coming, her breasts and belly a soft membrane of merger.

I could not believe her beauty. It was not an eye, lip, or curve that carried her beauty so much as the offering of her orgasm itself. Her pleasure was so vulnerable, her love so vast, her trust so graceful, I was overwhelmed. What could I do but yield myself in reverence, belly to belly and thigh to thigh?

My body was made transparent in the power of her love. I felt the hurried nothing of my daily toil thinned by her thick feminine glory. I was disappeared into her, consumed in her large love, only to find myself as ever, love without move or need, pervading her every cell and soul as she surrendered ever more deeply. As I permeated her heart forever, her orgasm loosed love more loudly, and again, what was left of me was drawn into, through, and beyond the inconceivable beauty of her fearless vulnerability and open love. Her orgasm was a flower, drawing me more deeply into her fragrance, until I was gone in shudders and soft petals, rested as the love that is our very color.

Another time, she was coming, yet seemed totally closed off. Her breath was tense, her jaw tight, her brow knitted. She rubbed her nub against me needily, like a bear scratching an itch against the bark of an unwitting tree. Afterward, she

simply stopped. She was done and tired. No depth had been revealed, no openness unfolded. Her coil unwound against my friction and now it was over. Her heart remained alone as before. And our separateness stung the moment.

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Sometimes a woman's orgasm fills her and her lover with energy. At other times, though, a woman's orgasm may deplete and weaken her, just as a man's ejaculative orgasm often does.

With practice, a woman can learn to distinguish, at the onset, orgasms that are going to magnify her energy and open her heart from those that are going to deplete and close her. When she feels an energy-depleting orgasm on the horizon, she can breathe her about-to-orgasm energy throughout her internal circuitry, up her spine and down her front in blessed fullness, bypassing the kind of orgasm that might weaken her.

She can enjoy as many of these energy-magnifying, love-opening orgasms as she likes. These rejuvenating orgasms may be clitoral, vaginal, or cervical—or a combination—varying from woman to woman and moment to moment. In any case, these orgasms of fullness are a tremendous gift to a woman and her lover, sanctifying the couple in an ocean of celestial refreshment while reawakening them as effortless, vast, and original love.

16 ALLOW ORGASMIC VARIATION

She was washing dishes at the kitchen sink. I walked up and hugged her from behind. She came.

She was sitting on top of me, straddling me, sexing me with dripping fervor, grinding, grinding, grinding, for almost an hour, exhausting me. She never came.

She was just waking from a night's sleep while I gently entered her. Within moments, she had several short, quick orgasms. We continued making love, and twenty minutes later she began a low gurgle of moaning love, coming like huge bubbles rising from a deep lake.

I spanked her once, hard, softly caressed her ass for a while, then spanked her again three times, and she came.

I sucked her breasts for ten minutes and she came.

I planned the evening with her perfectly. Candles. A bath. A long massage. I kissed her body up and down, the way she likes it. I entered her gently at first, and slowly built up the intensity of our loving. I expected her to come in buckets, but she just fell asleep.

We were making love. She wasn't moving at all or making any sounds. Suddenly, she began crying. I asked her why. She said she didn't know why she was crying, but she just had the deepest orgasm of her life. I couldn't tell.

We were kissing, fully clothed, and she came in shivers.

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Some women can have cervical orgasms with a kiss, or with no physical contact at all. Other women experience only clitoral orgasms, no matter what sexual positions they use or how skillful and loving their partners are. Still other women may never have what they call an orgasm in their whole life, and yet are more sexually fulfilled than some women who have orgasms by the dozen. Many women need slowly increasing stimulation over a long period of time, while others need almost none. There are women who can have an orgasm just by intending it.

Women vary greatly in their orgasmic potential: each woman is different, and the same woman responds differently at different times. There is no single orgasmic response that can be called “healthy.” A woman may be multi-orgasmic or non-orgasmic; if she is able to relax and trust her deep heart’s wisdom while surrendering as radiant and natural openness, then she will be gone in love from toes to nose. Orgasm isn’t necessary or even always desirable. But for some people, orgasm can become a matter of great concern.

Some women’s bodies and emotions are completely open and full of love, yet they simply aren’t the orgasmic type. They enjoy sex immensely and feel deeply fulfilled without orgasms.

Another woman may be capable and desirous of deep orgasms, but her emotional fears may prevent them from occurring. Because her natural flow of energy is blocked, she will feel frustrated and empty, as if something is missing from her love life.

There are many reasons why an otherwise orgasmic woman may not experience an orgasm. Perhaps she is exhausted from a day’s work. Perhaps she has a physical condition—an infection or injury—that prevents her energy from circulating fully.

Very often, orgasms are blocked as the result of emotional resistance to surrender. If a woman doesn't trust her partner, then she won't let go completely. What makes a man (or masculine partner) trustable, sexually speaking? It is his strength and openness of consciousness and feeling. It is his capacity to remain fully present, aware, loving, passionate, sensitive, fierce, playful, and spontaneous while also assuredly bringing the sexual embrace toward ever-new ground and deeper communion.

If a man gets lost in his own sensations, a woman can't trust him. If a man is bulldozing toward an ejaculation, a woman can't trust him. If a man is afraid to take the sexual lead, or if he leads without remaining exquisitely sensitive to her needs, a woman can't trust him. She won't be able to let go completely and allow unbridled energy to rip through her corpuscles and sinews, opening her to God knows where.

On the other hand, a man may be very trustable and still his partner may be afraid to open. She may automatically resist masculine sexual energy because she was abused—sexually or emotionally—by masculine energy as a child, perhaps by a father, brother, or acquaintance.

Alternatively, her mother may have seemed weak, manipulative, or unhappy, not an ideal example of genuine feminine power. Consequently, as an adult she may not trust—and may even reject—her own deep feminine strength, the oceanic immensity of her love, and her untamed passion and fury, preferring instead to cling to her own masculine style of strength, control, and self-protection.

If she lacks trust in either father or mother energy, she may remain emotionally protective and closed. She may fearfully limit her capacity to receive masculine love deeply into her open body

and heart, or she may mistrust the enormous power of her own feminine wisdom and energy. Either way, she will prevent her natural orgasmic fullness.

Active reception is an essential, but often resisted, gesture of sexuality. The masculine partner must learn to open and receive the energy—dark and light, wild and nurturing—of the feminine partner. Likewise, the feminine partner must consciously choose and actively open to receive deep masculine love-penetration into her deepest heart and body if she is to dissolve in the fullness of love's obliteration.

If the feminine partner is unconsciously protecting her heart from receiving deep and penetrative masculine love, then she will be unable to relax. She will hold herself subtly separate from her partner's love and from openness itself. This emotional contraction or fear of surrender prevents deeper orgasms. It sometimes prevents orgasms altogether. And it certainly prevents sexual heart-fulfillment, whether a woman has orgasms or not.

To allow full sexual pleasure to course through you, to allow yourself to be overwhelmed by unbearable pleasure, you must first trust pleasure itself, which means embracing both the masculine and feminine aspects of sexuality.

Fear of loss of control, fear of openness, fear of masculine penetration, fear of feminine immensity—all these forms of fear and more can prevent the fullness of your orgasmic response to love. Therefore, to really relax into your native orgasmic potential, practice clearing the possible obstructions in your body, breath, and emotions so you are able to fully surrender as your natural flow of energy and openness.

The way of the superior lover is to love. Actively. Enlightened sex uses creative and skillful means of breath, surrender, and

energy to dissolve obstructions to your loving. Then you can relax more and more as natural openness and love. Eventually, or in any moment of full practice, you spontaneously live open as love, breathe as love, and move as love itself. In the face of this natural enormity of love, whether you orgasm or not hardly matters.