

"The real deal on pleasuring a woman . . . [a] practical and inspired guide to the orgasmic big leagues."

—IAN KERNER, *New York Times* bestselling author of *She Comes First*

Slow

The Art  
and Craft  
of the  
Female  
Orgasm

Sex

Increase pleasure  
and deepen intimacy  
through the practice  
of Orgasmic Meditation

NICOLE DAEDONE

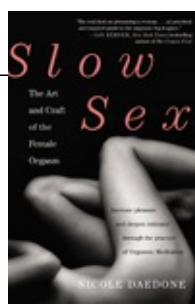
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# *Slow Sex*

The Art and Craft of  
the Female Orgasm

NICOLE DAEDONE

GRAND CENTRAL  
Life & Style  
NEW YORK • BOSTON



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For more than a decade, Nicole Daedone has been leading the “slow sex movement,” which is devoted to the art and craft of the female orgasm. OM is the act of slowing down, tuning in, and experiencing deeper spiritual and physical connection during sex. SLOW SEX reveals the philosophy and techniques of Orgasmic Meditation and includes a step-by-step, ten-day OM starter program, as well as OM secrets for achieving ultimate satisfaction. It also includes exercises to help enhance readers’ “regular” sex lives, such as Slow Oral for Her, Slow Oral for Him, and Slow Intercourse.

This book is the argument for daily intimacy, and for paying attention as the foundation of pleasure, all with a focus on the female experience.

“Daedone makes her arguments persuasively, with clear instructions and a knack for the just-right analogy or phrase. This is not another tantra book... OM practice should give many people a fresh and satisfying conduit to deeper sexual intimacy. Recommended.”

—*Library Journal*

“SLOW SEX is the real deal on pleasuring a woman. For any guy who wants his fifteen minutes of sexual fame, Daedone offers practical and inspired guide to the orgasmic big leagues.”

—Ian Kerner, sexuality counselor and *New York Times* bestselling author of *She Comes First*

*This book is dedicated to the orgasm.*

*May each of us find ours now.*

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When I first tell people I make my living teaching the art of Slow Sex, I get to watch as an entire weather system crosses their faces in a matter of about five seconds. First I see surprise, then curiosity, then embarrassment about their curiosity, then fear that I can see their embarrassment, then—finally—the courage to proceed.

“What... exactly... do you mean by Slow Sex?” they venture, so carefully you’d think they were carrying a piece of fine china across a tightrope.

Ah, sex. As soon as you say the word, we all get a little wobbly. We’re just so used to keeping it private that when I come along and start talking about it publicly, everyone is caught a little off guard.

“I teach a practice called Orgasmic Meditation,” I say as calmly as possible. “It’s a way that any man can bring out the orgasm in any woman, in just fifteen minutes.”

You can imagine the response: surprise, then curiosity, then embarrassment... you know the drill. It’s not like I’m lying—even though it’s called Slow Sex, Orgasmic Meditation or OM does show me how to make any woman orgasmic in just fifteen minutes—but it’s not as big a deal as it sounds. Yes, it can be life changing. Yes, it turns everything we’ve ever learned about sex on its head. But what I teach people when I teach them OM is really no different from what my Uncle Bob taught me one summer afternoon when I was twelve years old. That was the day he taught me how to really, truly taste a tomato.

### **Uncle Bob and the Tomato**

I grew up in suburban Los Gatos, California, hardly a hub of modern agriculture. But it was the 1970s, and because all of the old structures seemed to be crumbling—and probably in part because everyone wanted to start growing their own marijuana—lots of suburbanites convinced themselves they were farmers. Mrs. Calder put a “Love Your Mother” bumper sticker on her Lincoln Town Car. My friend Shea’s family made plans to buy a dome house in Grass Valley. And in the backyards of our cul-de-sac, Mrs. Farrier grew corn, Mr. Slocum grew strawberries, and my uncle Bob—who always set an example because he worked for *Rolling Stone* magazine and had the longest beard—grew potatoes, beans, snap peas, and sweet, glorious tomatoes.

I remember the first basket of heirloom tomatoes that my overall-wearing uncle presented to my mother in our gold-and-avocado-colored kitchen.

“Jesus, Bob, they look deformed. Are we really supposed to eat them?”

Bob, not to be insulted, picked up one of the deformed tomatoes and took a bite out of it, as if it were an apple. This I had never seen in my decade-plus on this planet. Tomatoes were to be sliced and carefully arranged on a plate, not bitten into haphazardly in the middle of the kitchen so that the juice dripped down your chin and into your very long beard.

Bob smiled broadly and offered the tomato to my mother.

My mother, not yet having succumbed to the seventies back-to-the-earth ethos, still using hair spray with fluorocarbons, wasn’t sure what to make of it. She leaned hesitantly over the sink to protect her minidress, and took a delicate bite. When she looked up at my uncle, the expression on her face was pure bliss. In slow motion, she turned and handed me the tomato. I looked up at the two of them,

bit nervous. I felt the way I would later feel when someone handed me my first joint. What would happen to me if I ate this tomato?

But I bit in and I understood. Rich, earthy, dense. The taste of minerals. Where previous tomatoes had been porous, spongy, common—this tomato was pure saturation. It was as if the tomato itself had a built-in speed limit; it was not possible to eat it quickly and forget about it. There was a there there. This tomato took command. There was no mistaking it: this was a tomato!

My uncle asked me what I tasted.

I couldn't speak. I didn't want to break the spell.

"What do you taste?" he prodded, as if he were a blind man asking me what I saw. I wanted to sound very smart, to impress him. A difficult task when what you're describing is a tomato.

"It tastes... warm? And a little sour."

"Yes! Yes!" He gestured for more.

"It's kind of like when you lick a penny. It tastes like metal and you feel a sort of jolt."

"Yes!"

"But at the end, it makes your mouth water. It's sweet, but not candy sweet. Sweet the way skin smells. Soft."

My uncle was pleased. He put his hands on my shoulders and looked in my eyes as if this were it—as if at that very moment I was heading out on the vision quest of life, and he was offering me just one last piece of advice.

"Nic," he said, "the most important thing you will ever do in this life is to really taste a tomato."

I often think back about that day in the kitchen when I'm getting ready to teach Slow Sex to a new group of students. Students who are coming to my class because their sex lives seem mealy, unflavorful, and common. They have never tasted anything like an heirloom; they aren't even sure sex that is saturating, nourishing, and delicious beyond expectation actually exists. They think of sex the way I thought about tomatoes. I had been living a vacuum-sealed suburban life where everyone bought their tomatoes from the Shop 'n Save and nobody talked about the fact that they weren't delicious. Nobody really talked about the tomatoes at all. What was there to talk about? Tomatoes were tomatoes.

Then came Uncle Bob, and the revelation that there were tomatoes on this planet that were worth your time. Tomatoes that begged to be really *tasted*—that asked you to plug into them with all of your attention and all of your senses. Tomatoes that offered the richness of the earth and sky in return. My students are wary at first, just like I was. They have hesitation; they aren't sure whether to trust that better sex is available. So all I can do is give them a taste and let them see for themselves.

It's my job to help them make contact with the heirloom variety of sex, the best that sex has to offer. And then, to teach them how to taste every rich, nourishing moment. To show them how they, too, can be saturated by the nutrients available in their very own soil, how they can taste and be tasted. And how the kind of sex we've been settling for, just because it's what's available at the Shop 'n Save is not the only option. Like my uncle's tomato, an heirloom variety is available—you just have to know where to go looking for it.

Several years after I first tasted the tomato, I had forgotten the lesson Uncle Bob taught me that day. I was twenty years old and thought I knew everything there was to know about everything. In truth, of course, I knew nothing about anything. But I did know that something wasn't going right in my life.

Outwardly all was well: I'd graduated magna cum laude and was already doing my master's work in a field I loved. I had the first paid teaching assistant position in my department and had been taken

in by a prestigious mentor. I was living in one of the most sophisticated and interesting cities in the country—San Francisco—and I was in a “great relationship.”

Like a good girl, I had built this perfect-looking life, and now I was supposed to—what? Enjoy it? If someone could have told me how to do that, I would have been in better shape. But as it was, I was bored as hell. I felt like I was withering on the vine. It’s like I was eating and eating and eating, but I never felt full; this whole fantastic life I’d set up for myself was giving me nothing but an empty stomach. I knew something more had to be available—I could hear it calling me at night while I lay staring at the ceiling, wondering how my life could be over before it had even begun—but I didn’t know where to find more vitality, more engagement, more of the everything I wanted.

Then a friend told me she was taking a course in sexuality. I was momentarily scandalized. Sexuality was something good girls like me didn’t talk about!

Then I was curious. Then embarrassed at my curiosity. Then a little bit afraid, and then, a little bit courageous.

I signed up for the class with her, and that was the beginning of the rest of my life. If Uncle Bob had been there, he would have been smiling.

### **More Is Possible**

As it turned out, the “me” who knew nothing about anything actually sensed something very important. Just one little thing. She sensed that, somehow, the place to look for help in relearning how to be touched by her own life was sex. You, too, know that intuitively. Otherwise you wouldn’t be holding this book. Instead you’d have given up on sex, abandoned all hope of relationship satisfaction and/or joined a monastery. But no: you’re making the radical choice to move toward your sexuality rather than away from it. Because you know that it’s in sex where all the real nourishment lies, and you’re sick of empty calories.

It’s been more than two decades since I took that first class. Now I make my living teaching sexuality to others—to men and women, younger and older, gay and straight, who are in the same boat I was in when I first took the leap into my sexuality and, as it turned out, my life. People who have that same intuition, that little voice that whispers something more has to be possible here. What I want to say to my twenty-year-old self—and to each of the students I see in class—is this: You are right! More is possible.

At the time, I wouldn’t have imagined how much impact sex would have on my sense of fulfillment and happiness. Like lots of people, I saw sex as sort of a side dish to the main meal of my life. Though I’d always been a sexual person, I still considered my sexuality to be extracurricular. It was something I used for stress reduction, pleasure, escape, or at the best of times to feel close to someone. But if you’d told me then that sex would end up being the center of my life—that here, a couple of decades later, I’d be spending my time teaching people Slow Sex, that I would have founded OneTaste, a national organization devoted to the art and craft of the female orgasm—I would have thought you were nuts. I was there on a lark—to break the monotony of my life and to maybe learn how to have better orgasms in the process. I certainly didn’t think I was going to discover the key to sustainable happiness.

But, as life would have it, that’s exactly what happened. What I discovered in that class was that sexuality is not just a fringe activity, an exceptionally fun hobby. Instead I saw it for what it really is: a source of power, a well from which I could draw the energy I needed to discover who I was and how I wanted to live my life. And how I wanted to live my life was to enjoy it, for heaven’s sake. To feel



full and energized so I could live every moment of it to its absolute fullest potential. Sex turned out to be the entry point to the deep, nourishing joy that every part of me was crying out for, as well as the fuel that would get me there. Once I tasted this heirloom variety of sexuality, there was nothing else I wanted to cultivate in my life.

Everything you were hoping was possible in sex is possible. Sex can be so much more than we have come to believe. It can be a gateway to more connection, more vitality, and more sensation in all areas of our lives. All we have to do is explore it with the mind of a beginner. To leave behind the menu that's been handed down to us, with all of its rules and expectations, and feel our way. Offering you the sexuality practices in this book is my version of handing you the tomato. I will show you how to take that first bite, how to really taste it. The rest will take care of itself.

## Why You Picked Up This Book

I always start my Slow Sex workshops by asking the students what brings them to be sitting in front of me, here in a sex class. Once they get past the embarrassment of being reminded that they are in fact sitting in front of me, in a sex class, their responses fall into one of four categories.

1. They've heard about Slow Sex, and they're just plain curious. Can any woman really have an orgasm, every time? Could all the hype be true?
2. As a man, they want a foolproof technique for pleasing any woman, anytime.
3. As a woman, they want to actually experience the pleasure they know they're supposed to be getting from sex, but can't seem to access.
4. They just want more from their sex lives than they are currently getting, and they have an intuition that Slow Sex may help.

The first group never leaves the workshop disappointed. Sex is maybe the most interesting subject on the planet, and we're about to talk about it—a lot. We're going to roll up our sleeves and really get into it ourselves, in a way few workshops dare.

Yes, I mean that pants will be coming off.

And that every woman in class is going to be revealed as mind-blowingly orgasmic.

In other words, the curious are going to get what they came for.

Now, don't get me wrong: the others are curious, too, but they tend to be on a more specific mission. The men desperately (more desperately than their partners can possibly imagine) want to be better at pleasing their women. On the surface level, they know that the more she's getting out of sex, the more often they'll have it. The deeper desire they have—which many of them aren't even aware of—is the desire to have sex with a woman who is truly turned on. They know that the more turned on their partner is, the better their own experience will be.

For their part, the women I see want to know how to receive the pleasure their men so desperately want to give them. They, too, want to be turned on beyond their wildest imagination—but they haven't been able to figure out how. Often the harder he tries, the less into it she is. Some women think it's that their partner is not sexy or talented enough; some fear that they, themselves, are blocked or frozen in some way. Regardless of the reason, these women are here because they're hoping Slow Sex will show them how to be the fully orgasmic beings they know—or at least hope—they really are.

And the last group—everybody who didn't fit into the first three—can be summarized in one

sentence: they just want *more*. More sex, more sensation, more pleasure, more connection—more, pure and simple. It takes courage to admit you want more from your sex life. It can be taboo and embarrassing to say that we're not 100 percent satisfied with what we already have. If you don't believe me, try being a sex teacher for a day. It turns out to be a great conversation stopper at dinner parties. People who individually might voice their curiosity clam up pretty quick when they're in a group. Everyone at the table will nod politely as if saying, "That's nice for you, but me? I don't need it. Perrrrfectly happy over here, yep."

Afterward, of course, half the table will try to catch me on my way to the bathroom to talk my ear off about their sex lives. How they've never had an orgasm, how they want sex more or less frequently than their partner does, how they have no idea how a woman's apparatus is put together, or how they have no interest in sex at all anymore and want to know if I have any hope to offer.

These are all variations on the same themes I hear from my students, many of whom are on the verge of giving up on finding satisfying sex and deep intimacy by the time they find me. They've gone looking for answers before. Big promises, free giveaways, infomercials—nothing has hit the chord they're looking for. When I hear how hard they've been working—how much effort they've put into the battle to win over their own sexuality—it's hard to believe they didn't raise the white flag a long time ago.

And yet, they still come. They come for the same reason I walked into my first sexuality class. They have an intuition that there's something they need to address, something vital, something that has to do with life and happiness and satisfaction, something that can be found only if they are willing to slow down and really feel their sexuality. If they're willing to learn something new, take a new approach to sex. The men are not satisfied with the cultural myth that women will never enjoy sex as much as they do. The women are not willing to give in to the idea that sexual desire inevitably wanes with age and familiarity, and that they should just get used to the idea that sex with their partner will become less satisfying over time. If that's the case, they tell me, they want off this bus. They're not going to settle for less than deep connection and saturation, and they'll keep looking until they find the answer.

The answer that gives men a foolproof way to pleasure their woman every time. That translates "womanspeak" so they can understand it. That releases them from performance anxiety. That gives them permission to relax and enjoy sex, knowing they are getting it right.

The answer that shows women how to sink down and truly *feel* during sex, to bring the locus of their sexuality back into their own bodies where they can use it to get more turned on than they ever thought possible. That shows them how to use turn-on as an energy source rather than a drain. The answer that shows them how to let go of the expectation that their orgasm should look and sound like this or that. That truly gives them permission to enjoy the journey, rather than pushing them ever sooner to the finale.

The answer everyone is looking for is Slow Sex. Like the Slow Food movement, which turned the emphasis from fast-food convenience and cost-efficiency toward sustainable practices and eating for enjoyment, Slow Sex is a way to approach sex that emphasizes sustainability, connection, and nourishment. It deepens your relationship to your partner and your own body, so you can experience orgasm from the inside out. Like Slow Food, Slow Sex is a philosophy—a philosophy of stripping sex down to its most basic state, learning to feel it deeply in the body, and communicating our desires. But in the same way that you can't really understand Slow Food until you take the first bite, Slow Sex cannot be understood unless it is experienced. We primarily experience Slow Sex through the practice of Orgasmic Meditation—OM or OMing (pronounced "om-ing") for short. OMing itself is not sex—

it's a simple, meditative practice where the man strokes the woman's genitals for fifteen minutes. But the skills we develop while OMing are nothing short of revolutionary when applied to traditional sex. So while the primary focus of this book, and Slow Sex in general, is the practice of OM, that's only the first step. The real experience of Slow Sex happens when you extend the philosophy—stripping down, feeling your sensations, and asking for what you want—into the realm of “regular” sex. So, later in the book, I will offer practices in how to apply these three principles of Slow Sex to intercourse, oral sex, and more.

In Orgasmic Meditation we learn to shift our focus from thinking to feeling, from a goal orientation to an experience orientation. This shift turns all our expectations about sex on their head, exchanging “faster” and “harder” for “slower” and “more connected.” There is no longer any planned outcome to sex, no goal—not even climax—that is expected. Instead, Slow Sex teaches us how to feel and enjoy the orgasm we are having right now: to savor every stroke and every sensation along the way. As many students and Slow Sex coaching clients have already discovered, the results of this practice are much greater than the sum of their parts. Here's some of what you can expect:

“I feel so much more confident knowing that I am giving my wife pleasure every time. OM is like the secret ingredient. The kind of sex we're having is the kind I had always been looking for.”

—Craig, 43

“I don't think I ever really felt sex before I started OMing. Now I can feel my sexual energy all the time, even after the OM is over.”

—Jen, 31

“Whereas before I only really felt aroused in my genitals, now my entire body is an erogenous zone.”

—Kurt, 52

“I have learned how to really let my sexuality come out and play. It's like I was holding back all this time and didn't even know it. Now I have permission to let it out and enjoy sex in a whole new way.”

—Liz, 28

“Since we've been practicing Orgasmic Meditation, my girlfriend is so much more turned on. I can't believe how different it is to have sex with a woman who is truly turned on.”

—Jon, 40

“I thought I wasn't attracted to my husband anymore, but OMing has changed everything. The more we OM, the more I want to have sex.”

—Suzanne, 41

What OM teaches is actually transferable into *all* of our relationships—even into life in general. All we have to do is open our lens beyond the conventional understanding of sex and orgasm—especially when it comes to *her* experience. Though traditionally the centerpiece of sex has been the male orgasm, Slow Sex turns our attention toward the female orgasm. And once you enter her world, nothing will ever be the same again.

**Every Woman Is Orgasmic... No, Seriously**

They say we all have our blind spots, but when it comes to sex, we all have the same one. Ask a hundred people what it takes for a man to have an orgasm, and hands will shoot up all over the room. Men and women both know the male equipment like the back of their hands, and for the most part, one size fits all. But ask that same group of people for the formula that will make a *woman* orgasmic, and the show of hands will be sparse at best. Everybody knows how to get him off, but she's more... complicated. Women themselves often see their own sexuality as, if you will, a black box. Thanks to cultural conditioning that says a woman's parts are best kept in the dark, many women have a hard time feeling connected to their genitals—and thus, their own orgasm.

Which, as it turns out, is very different from a man's.

So when we compare her orgasm to his (which we do) and hold his orgasm as the model she should be striving for (which we do), then her orgasm can look like a problem child who sometimes refuses to come to the party. Fingers get pointed at both men and women. If he “can't get his woman off,” then he's not sexy enough, not “giving” enough, or worse—he's (insert stage whisper) *not especially talented*. For the untalented man, there are bookshelves overflowing with guides promising to unlock the mysteries of her pleasure. For her part, if she can't come every time, then she's “frigid,” stressed out, doesn't like sex, and/or doesn't know how to relax. Again, there are books, toys, sensitizing lubricants, and sexy lingerie that promise to fix this major problem that has befallen her. (Or more accurately, that she has brought onto herself by not being sexual/relaxed/comfortable enough to just come, already!) It's because of this cultural conundrum that I headline the practice of Slow Sex with this radical statement:

*I have never met a woman who is not, right now, at this moment, orgasmic.*

Yes, I mean *you*.

Yes, I mean *your* wife/girlfriend/lover.

Every woman, like every person, is orgasmic at every moment. Once you understand this, you're well on your way to understanding Slow Sex.

That said, it usually takes a little while for my students to adjust to this new world order. The puzzlement they experience stems from a misunderstanding of the word “orgasmic.” We have been defining the term “orgasm” as the traditional definition of *male* orgasm: climax. Contrary to what we learned in sex education (and as teenagers rolling around on the living room floor desperately hoping our parents didn't walk in) climax is not synonymous with orgasm. *Orgasm is the body's ability to receive and respond to pleasure*. Pure and simple. Climax is often a *part* of orgasm, but it is not the sum total. Make this distinction, and you change the whole game.

You discover that women are just as orgasmic as men—maybe even more so.

You discover that women want sex as much as men do—just not the sex that's usually on the menu.

You start to realize that climax is like reading just the last line of a book—you can do it, sure, but you'll miss out on the whole story.

Make this discovery, and suddenly all of our expectations about sex, orgasm, women and men, relationships, and life get reset. Now, isn't it about time?

## **About This Book**

This book is an introduction to the philosophy of Slow Sex and the practice of Orgasmic Meditation. It's modeled on my Slow Sex workshops and is meant as a beginner's guide—an instruction manual that will allow you to begin practicing the principles of Slow Sex right away (or by the end of chapter 3, at any rate). I have set it up in much the same way you would learn the content if you were with me in class. First, we'll talk about what Slow Sex is and why you'd want to practice it in the first place. Then I'll walk you step by step through the practice of Orgasmic Meditation, including our "Ten Day Starter Program," which will help you and your partner build a sustainable—and don't forget enjoyable—practice. Once we've got you OMing, I'll tell you all sorts of other secrets: what OM teaches us about women, men, and sex, right up to and including instructions for how to have a four-month orgasm. (Try not to skip ahead. Just try.)

In addition to the OM practice, I've included a variety of experiential exercises guaranteed to bring the Slow Sex revolution right to the comfort of your very own home. The core practice of OM and most of the other sexuality practices in the book require a partner. If you don't currently have a partner or friend-with-benefits to practice with, don't worry; there's still a lot to learn. The ultimate outcome of OM is to return the center of our sexual universe to our very own bodies. We've come to believe that our sexuality depends upon the right *external* circumstances—a partner who wants to have sex with us, say, or a body we're willing to let see the light of day. But in reality, sexuality arises from the inside out. So the work I'm teaching in this book begins with you. My OM workshops are open to individual practitioners as well as couples, and there is wisdom here for those who ultimately take up the practice and for those who do not. So don't worry if you don't have a partner right now: either you will be intrigued enough by the end of the book to find one, or you can keep your focus—well, more focus—on reviving your own sexuality and the way you relate to your world.

Speaking of individual experience, please take this book at your own pace. Looking deeply at your own sexuality isn't always easy. We have so much negative conditioning around sex, it's really a wonder anyone decides to dive into Slow Sex at all. I remember when I first realized that sexuality was my vocation. I went to tell my mother that her only child, who'd been wandering for so long, had finally discovered her life's calling. She was thrilled to hear I'd landed on something—until she heard *what* I'd landed on. Mom practically crumpled into a heap on the floor when I told her it was sex. I had to poke at her with a finger to make sure she was still breathing. Of course I felt bad. Not so much because she was disappointed in me (which she clearly was) or because she was going to beat herself up for whatever mistakes she'd made that had led her only daughter to *this* (which she did—for a while), but because I saw, through her response, the way all of us feel about sexuality, to some degree or another. Sex was so bad that my mere participation in it had my mother trading in her minidress for a black shroud. I made a promise then and there that I would devote myself to making the place I was going—the world of sexuality—less painful for everyone, Mom included.

So don't worry if you start to get the heebie-jeebies as you read this book. (If so, feel free to jump to chapter 4, Troubleshooting, where you'll discover that you're far from alone.) Freak-outs come with the territory. Take things slowly, and work within your right range. You may feel like you've found the practice you've been looking for your whole life, or you may think OM is completely insane. You may run to your computer to sign up for a Slow Sex teleclass or workshop,<sup>1</sup> or you may decide you will heretofore avoid San Francisco entirely and forever for fear of running into yours truly. You may read the whole book in one sitting, or you may put it down and come back to it in a week or a month or a year. Whatever your response, go with it. The process of reconnecting with your sexuality looks different for everyone. It happens only as fast as it is supposed to happen. My request is that you simply follow your own desire. Feel for the sweet spot. What do you want? If you want to

keep reading, do. If you want to do the practices, do. If not, don't. Whatever you do, make sure you're doing it out of desire. It's the only compass you've been given in this world, and you *can* trust it. It may not lead you where you thought you were going, but it will never lead you astray.

Nicole Daedone  
San Francisco, CA  
May 2010



## The Art of Slow Sex

As I stand in front of my new students on the first day of a Slow Sex workshop, it's like I'm a captain at the prow of a ship on a foggy night. The mist that hangs in the air between me and the class is so thick I can hardly see their faces.

It's the mist of abject terror. Holy mother, they're in a *sex class*.

Through the fog they're sizing me up, checking me out. If they're in a sex class, then I must be the sex teacher. *So that's what a sex teacher looks like*. It's hard not to open my mouth and say something hot, raunchy, and shocking just to see how far they'll jump out of their seats.

Alas, when I open my mouth the first thing I start talking about is my grandma. Not as titillating as they're hoping for, I realize, but there's nothing I can do. Grandma is where it all begins.

I was an only child, raised by my mother and my grandma. Grandma was an amazing cook. She was an old world-style cook, an immigrant from the Ukraine who knew how to make a mean borscht. Cooking for her loved ones—and I was at the top of that list—was her favorite thing to do. She was a force of nature both in and out of the kitchen, and I was half afraid of her, half in love with her. I would watch her move from stove to sink to refrigerator with the precision of a dancer, the fascination of watching her cook outweighing the consequences of getting in her way.

Then, when I was fifteen, Grandma had a heart attack. The whole family was on edge, waiting. When the diagnosis came, there was good news and bad news. The good news was that she would survive; the bad news was that the condition was degenerative, and her heart was deteriorating. They didn't know how long she would live.

I was in a Home Ec class at the time, and I was cooking up a storm. Since Grandma was always cooking for everyone else, I thought, I will bring her something we make in class to show her how much I love her. So one afternoon after she got home, I brought her a dish we'd prepared that day. I set it on the table with great fanfare, waiting expectantly for her to take her first bite and shower me with praise. What happened was not what I was looking for, to say the least. She took a bite, yes, but she spit it back out before she even chewed it. I was shocked and then asked her what was wrong.

"You killed this food with the recipe," she said, matter-of-factly, and got up to start dinner.

I was, of course, mortified. But more than that, I was confused. What did she mean, I'd killed the food with the recipe? I made this thing in *class*, lady. A class I'm getting an A in, thank you very much. The whole point was to follow the recipe. If you don't follow a recipe, I stewed, how are you supposed to know how to cook the freaking dish?

Once I regained control of my hormone-driven teenage emotions, I entered the kitchen and asked her, as calmly as possible, how one learned to cook without a recipe. She turned her ancient gaze toward me. I remember she looked tired, but wise. After a long pause she said, with what sounded like resignation, "Okay. I will teach you."



And with that, I started learning what it meant to cook without a recipe. For my first lesson, she said, ~~I would go to the Russian supermarket and buy her favorite cabbage cigarettes. She would stay home and make soup.~~

There were toilets to clean after that, and other household chores to be done in entirely different parts of the house. All this while she stood in the kitchen and cooked. I tried not to be irritated, but I've never been very good at trying not to be something I am. I huffed and puffed, taking great pains to stomp past the kitchen as often as possible so she could get a taste of what *I* was cooking. But if she sensed my annoyance, she never showed it—she just let me drag the vacuum cleaner up and down the hallway as noisily as I pleased and never said a thing.

A friend asked me if I wanted to go to the mall after school. “No,” I said. “My grandma is teaching me how to cook.”

“Cool,” she said.

“Hrumpf,” I replied.

But then one day I showed up, and as I headed for the vacuum closet, Grandma summoned me to the kitchen.

“Today,” she said, “we will make pierogi.”

Once my disbelief wore off, I started jumping up and down. She shot me a look that told me to check my enthusiasm and put on an apron. (How do old women communicate so much with just one sideways glance?) At the counter, she let me watch as she mixed the flour and eggs and water to make the dough. Then it was my turn. She turned the dough out onto the floury counter, and told me to knead it. I had barely made a turn of the dough before she was behind me, pinching my arm. “Feel that? That’s what you’re doing to the dough! How do you think it feels, being pinched like that?”

I looked at her like she was insane. How does the *dough* feel? But a few more corrective arm pinches and I was massaging that dough with the same care and attention you’d use to powder a baby’s bottom. Soon, I announced I was done and the dough was ready to be rolled out.

“How do you know it’s done?” Grandma asked.

It was a good question. How *did* I know it was done? I don’t know. It just was—it was done. Grandma looked at me with an expression at once amused and relieved.

“You are ready now, Nicole,” she said.

~

That one day in the kitchen changed my life. In Home Ec, we learned to cook by finding a recipe and following its instructions exactly. We were rewarded for this good behavior by getting a meal and a good grade. In my grandma’s world, we were getting into relationship with the food. Feeling it. Getting to know it. Learning how it wanted to be cooked. I wasn’t even allowed to put on the apron until I was in relationship with my grandma—until I knew what cigarettes she liked to smoke and how she wanted her toilet bowl cleaned. Now I was getting into relationship with the dough, discovering how it wanted to be kneaded.

My grandma was teaching me the most important lesson of cooking, but also of living: anything you really get into relationship with will reveal its secrets to you. All you have to do is stand in the kitchen with an open mind and heart, recognizing the honor of cooking food for your family. The recipe will come.

This is a lesson I have never forgotten. It was the lesson of learning the difference between cooking as a science and cooking as an art. In science, we know that you make a cake by mixing together sugar and flour and eggs. You start from a position of knowledge—from a well-tested recipe—and you follow its rules until you have a cake. But for Grandma, the process started with a question: how does

this particular cake *want* to be put together? These approaches come from two entirely different worlds. The first is the world of science—the science of cooking, but also of living. You take these rules, you apply them, and assuming you do it all right, the result is pretty much guaranteed. The second is where you begin to move into the *art* of living. You don't know where you're going and the results aren't guaranteed. You can give every single thing you have and not achieve the outcome you were hoping for. But what you do achieve is the experience of intimate relationship. You open yourself, and the answers come through you. You find that you know things you never knew before. You discover that a masterpiece doesn't actually require you to master anything at all. It simply requires you to feel, to listen, and to trust yourself. That's art.

## The Art of Sex

Anything you do can be approached as either science or art—including, perhaps most important, sex. The kind of sex we all wish we were enjoying all the time is the kind we have when we approach sex as an art form rather than a science. The kind of sex that asks us to be open and curious and to follow the experience where it wants to go, rather than forcing it to head in the direction we think it's "supposed" to go, the direction the recipe *says* it should go in.

And yet most of the time, we treat sex like a science. We develop very strong expectations, anticipating a replicable outcome every time we add water and mix. We believe that "good" sex means one thing—probably something like mutual orgasms and a feeling of intimate connection to our partner—and that if either of the above is missing, the sex is "unsatisfying" or "truly problematic" or, worse yet, simply "good enough." We ignore the reality, which is that sex itself is messy and inconsistent. It is a force of nature, like my grandma. It is a reflection of life, which means it includes hot and cold, fast and slow, good and bad. Sometimes we want it, other times we don't. Sometimes we feel close to our partner, other times we feel like they might be a serial killer, for all we know. Sometimes we think they're the best lover in the world, other times we wish that someone, at some point during their teen years, had taught them how to *kiss*, for crying out loud. Some of us can climax from one touch, whereas others go all night and never "get there." Some of us remember a time when sex *used* to be great, but we can't for the life of us remember how to get there again. This is the reality of sex. Sex is not a science; there is no recipe. No matter how many books you read or how many repetitive motions you make, the outcome is not guaranteed. And mere inconsistency is the best-case scenario. The worst-case scenario? You kill the sex with the recipe.

But we've never learned to cook without a recipe—in the kitchen or the bedroom. So when things don't turn out the way we expect, we find ourselves trying harder. Rather than opening up and letting our sexuality tell us what it wants in that moment, we try harder to comply with the external recipe we've been given. Rather than listening for our own desire and following it whether it makes sense or not, we try ever harder to be the good little recipe-follower we were taught to be. Pretty soon we've kneaded the dough into a tough, unappetizing lump.

Let's take the example of orgasm. While men's orgasms are also an art form, I think we can all agree that they tend to have more of that consistent scientific quality to them than women's orgasms do. If you'll pardon me for being blunt, "penis" plus "naked woman" in more cases than not does in fact equal "ejaculation." But what, then, happens when the recipe doesn't lead to the desired outcome? When no matter how hard he tries, the recipe—ahem—no longer stands on its own?

And then you've got women's orgasm, which for most of us follows a path much more like *The Artist's Way* than the scientific method. When observed objectively, women's orgasm looks very

different from men's orgasm, and it may or may not include a climax. So what happens when we're following the recipe for "good sex," and (per usual) it calls for "two climaxes," and two climaxes are not available?

What happens in either of these cases—and in so many more and different ways where the truth of "no recipe" is revealed—is that sex starts looking like a problem. Because we're human and we exist in a paradigm of wrong (more on this later), we are trigger-happy when it comes to identifying problems. We are always on the lookout for someone or something to blame. We think there's something wrong with us, or with our relationship, or with our partner. The artsy-ness of sex, its frustrating refusal to abide by the laws of mechanics, puts us into the difficult position of wondering why things aren't going the way they're "supposed" to be going. Each of us tends to respond in a different way.

Men approach the problem of sex like they're trying to fix a TV that's on the fritz. They scratch their heads and try to figure it out. They ask investigative questions, tinker with this and that, and when the screen is still blank, they'll either become frustrated or zone out altogether.

For women, on the other hand, the tendency is to try to make her sex—and especially her orgasm—*look* a particular way, the way it's "supposed" to look. We try to live up to the expectations set by Hollywood, and *Cosmo*, and our best friend, Katie (who seems to *always* be having amazing sex, all the freaking time, and who never really gets that *we don't necessarily want to hear about it*). We put ourselves into the shape of the sex we think we're supposed to be having, which is modeled on the example of a man's experience. We spend a lot of time in our heads, wondering if we're doing it right, concentrating very hard on "getting somewhere"—"somewhere" being synonymous with "climax." We think about what sounds we should be making while we're getting there, whether they're "right" or not. We wonder what our partner will think if we're not communicating via the aforementioned sounds that we're having a mind-blowingly rocking time. And what if the elusive climax never happens? In moments of desperation, or sheer exhaustion, we're sometimes tempted to fake it. Why not? Some of us feel like we're faking the whole thing anyway, starting with our interest in having sex in the first place. The result is that we distance ourselves from our desires, from our direct experience of sex, and in the end, from our orgasm. Some women have gotten so far away from their own authentic orgasm that they don't even think they *have* one. Which is a major concern, since for women especially, *frequent access to the pleasure of orgasm is the key to finding joy, nourishment, and sustainable happiness*. (How's that for a statement you don't hear every day?)

"I've always been a sexual person, but for a long time I didn't feel like it was appropriate for me as a woman to have a really intense sexual appetite. So I ended up focusing on the guy's experience instead of my own. I got really good at performing. I would think, 'Oh, we're fucking. Does he like it? Should I do this or that?' But *Slow Sex* has changed that. It's helped me feel each sensation, to notice where I get scared, or when I start to pull away."

—Margaret

So what's the solution to the problem of sex? While I was lucky enough to have Grandma teaching me in the kitchen, we don't have many artistic role models to look to in the bedroom. We are taught sex-as-science from the time we first stumble, fatally embarrassed, through sex ed. It continues right up through adulthood, where we can buy a sex manual for every problem (cementing the notion of sex-as-TV-repair) and fancy accoutrements to dress our little problem child up in. But there are very few sexual mentors floating around, slowly reteaching the Art of Sex to world-weary scientists.

“Very few indeed,” I tell my now-wide-eyed students on that first day of class. “But lucky for you you just found one.”

## A Note on the Exercises in This Book

The exercises throughout this book will ask you to let your sex come out and play—in full view of your partner, with the lights on. My students often look at me like I’m crazy when I tell them to turn toward their partners and simply begin talking about their sexual desire, right here, in the room with a whole bunch of other couples. Am I *mad*?

Maybe, maybe not. What I *am* doing is trying to unfreeze this idea we have that sex is a Very Serious Matter. To drop the recipe we usually use, one that calls for speed, diligence, and the lights being decidedly *off*. At its heart, you might say that’s what Slow Sex is all about: turning the lights back on so we can all see what we’re doing. There’s no doubt it requires some students to step a bit outside of their comfort zones at first. Not a problem. Over the years I’ve watched in wonder as nervous, embarrassed students give themselves permission to let their sexual selves come out and play. Within a matter of seconds, wallflowers come into full bloom as wild, sexy beings they themselves have never seen before. It can happen for you, too. Just have fun with it! In my workshops I invite each student to approach the exercises I give them, and even the practice of Orgasmic Meditation itself, with the spirit of experimentation and play. You’re researching your own experience of sex. What do you like? What could you do without? What did you feel in your body? What were you thinking about? Something about approaching sex as research lightens up the experience and makes it less capital “S” serious. It opens you up to play, to checking out this experience or that one, just because you’re curious.

At the start of each exercise I’ve included the supplies you will need, including whether you’ll need your partner for the exercise, and about how long it will take to complete. There are three exceptions, however. In addition to Orgasmic Meditation itself and other exercises that allow you to practice different aspects of Slow Sex, I have also included three exercises designed to help you translate the philosophy of Slow Sex into your “regular” sex life. These exercises—Slow Oral for Her, Slow Oral for Him, and Slow Intercourse, all found in chapter 8—are less about step-by-step instruction than inspiration. The exercises are intended to ignite a feeling inside of you, a feeling of what Slow Sex is really about. Sink deeply into the sensation they generate when you read them, and use the feeling—rather than the form—to guide you.

## Exercise. Sex as a Science, Sex as an Art

This first exercise is a great place to start playing. You and your partner are going to test-drive sex as a science, and then sex as an art. It’s meant to be fun and even a little bit saucy. How far you go is entirely up to you; you can change your mind or ask for something different at any moment. So give yourself permission to explore the unexplored and express whatever comes up with as little censorship as possible.

You’ll need three pillows, your partner, and a journal(s) for this exercise.

Place the pillows in a triangle on top of the bed or on the floor. Choose one pillow to be the “science” seat, one to be the “art” seat, and one pillow just for “listening.” Park your partner on the listening pillow. His job is simply to listen as you let your sex speak, and not get too hot and bothered to stay seated. Don’t feel self-conscious making him do all the listening—he’ll have his turn to talk soon enough!

Start by getting comfy on the science pillow, taking a minute to settle into your body and gather your attention. Then set your intention to research sex as science. Think linear, rational, goal-oriented, detailed, and even mathematical.

Now open your mouth and, using the most scientifically precise language you can muster, give your partner a quantitative recipe for fulfilling your sexual desire. Lay out exact instructions for how you want him to fuck you, with as much specificity as possible. What exactly do you want? Where? How often? For how long?

An example might be, “I want you to find me in the kitchen as I’m preparing dinner on Tuesday night. I want you to push me against the counter, lift up my skirt, and go down on me, alternating between sucking and licking my clit, while tugging firmly on my right nipple.”

Maybe you have a fantasy you’ve always wanted him to fulfill—great, narrate it for him. Maybe you have never really thought about anything like this before—no problem, just start talking and see what comes out. Don’t worry if you start laughing (humor good!) or get embarrassed (remember, he’s going next!). Keep talking as long as you have something to say.

As your flow of ideas winds down, move over to the “art” pillow. Once again, take a deep breath and gather your attention. You’re in the world of art now—nonlinear, intuitive, emotional, and sensational.

When you’re ready, start describing the *qualitative* feel of the sex you desire. Use motion, emotion, and even sound. Give him all the sensual details. You might say, “I want to feel you all the way inside of me, opening me up from the darkest, deepest corners. I want to feel the heaviness of your body pinning me down, slow and unwavering, fucking the places I’ve never been

touched before.”

Whew—I’m getting hot just thinking about it!

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Once the flow of ideas slows down, move back to the science perspective and continue speaking your desire, once again using quantitative language. Make sure all the details are on the table. When you feel complete, make one last stop on the art pillow and continue to paint him a portrait of what your desire looks, feels, tastes, and sounds like. Don’t stop until you’ve said everything your desire wants to say.

Let your partner know when you are finished; then, take another moment to breathe and let everything you just said settle in the room. Ask your partner to mirror back to you what he heard you saying. He will then write down your desires from both the scientific perspective and the artistic perspective. (Feel free to help jog his memory if required.)

Once he is finished taking notes, switch positions. Take the listening seat, and have your partner complete the same exercise, starting with sex as science and moving on to sex as art.

When he is finished, be sure to record what you heard him say for future use.

Then have sex. You know you want to.

## Advanced Practice

Plan four dates with your partner where you reenact the desires that arose during the exercise. (You have the notes: don’t forget to study!) The dates may be as short as fifteen minutes or as long as a day or night. At the first date, your partner will enact your scientific desires; at the second, you will enact his. Take note of how much sensation, turn-on, and attention you have when you are engaging in “sex as science.” Did everything turn out the way you expected? Did you feel as satisfied as you hoped when it was over? Take time to write in your journal about what you felt and how your expectations were or were not met.

Dedicate the next two dates to your artistic desires; first yours, then his. Invite the sensory details you described to come alive between you. Again, write down your experience in your journal. What did you feel? What turned you on? What had you feeling connected to your partner? Make time to share your thoughts and feelings with your partner. Remember to have fun—it’s just sex, after all!

## Sex Problems? No Such Thing

So now my students are becoming more relaxed and comfortable. They’re on board that the way they’ve been handling the problem of sex is not working. Sex should be an art, not a science. Check. So now they’re ready for me to start talking about how the “sex artist” solves the problem of sex.

Which is the first problem. It can’t be done, I tell them. Simply put, *there is no solving the problem of sex.*

And with that, the relaxation gets sucked right back out of the room again. If there’s no solving the problem of sex, then why on earth are they here? They want *solutions*. They were promised a *technique*. They want to know how any woman can be orgasmic in fifteen minutes—did I not read my own marketing materials? Throats begin to tighten; I think I see the guy in the corner turning blue. Life-saving measures are needed, stat.

“Problems are for scientists!” I blurt out. “Sex is an art, remember? Therefore...?” I look around expectantly, waiting for someone to make the connection.

I’m getting crickets.

“Therefore,” I fill in, “sex is not a problem.”

We’ve been living with the paradigm of “wrong” for so long—with the mind-set that what is not flowing quote-unquote “smoothly,” what is not unfolding as it “should” be, is wrong, a problem. But I may say so, the paradigm of wrong is itself wrong! All you need to do in order to see that things don’t always go the way you expect is to look at the world around you. Life is an all-inclusive package. You might think you paid only for joy/success/perfection, but like it or not, sadness/failure/inconsistency comes with the purchase price. “Wrong” is sometimes just part of the deal. Until we accept that fact—which holds up in the bedroom as well as everywhere else in life, BTW—we’ll be running around like chickens with our heads cut off, chasing the good experiences and

trying to avoid the bad ones. (A futile effort if I've ever seen one.) The irony is that the more we try to hang on to our best-ever sexual experiences for dear life, the more the not-so-good ones stick out. And the more we resist our sex problems, the more irritating/frustrating/painful they become. They start to take up a lot of energy—energy we might otherwise be putting toward other things.

Like, say, more orgasmic, more connected, more pleasurable sex. Yes?

No wonder we start to think that there's such a thing as "sex problems."

So the question is not how can we solve the *problems* that come along with sex, but instead, how can we extend and increase the pleasurable experiences we love, while coming to terms with all the other stuff, too? How do we at least make a truce with things like disappointment and failure and a sense of disconnection, so we can spend our time enjoying orgasmic bliss and deep connection and everything else that sex has to offer us?

The answer is Slow Sex, and the practice of Orgasmic Meditation. OM *does* offer a solution, and technically it *is* a technique. But what it's not is a recipe. It makes no promises about solving so-called sex problems, because in OM, there are no such things as problems, no such thing as hiding from the difficulties or clinging to the good times like a life preserver. By stripping away any expectations we have about what sex should or shouldn't be, teaching us how to pay attention to our own sensation, and encouraging honest and frequent communication with our partner, OM teaches us how to enjoy *all* the facets of our sexuality.

Unlike a science, when you decide to OM you're not getting any guarantees about the outcome. The only thing guaranteed is that, if you follow the instructions and really approach it with an open mind, you will end up an artist. You will become reacquainted with your own personal muse: your own genuine orgasm. Your tools will be your partner, your own body, and your desire. Your only job is to pay attention. There, in that moment of listening, of using your desire as a compass, you go from experiencing sex as a science to sex as an art. That is the switch that turns the lights on. It's what your sex life is asking for.

The result—the reward you will get for this radical act of relaxation—is freedom. Freedom from all the pressure that usually accompanies sex. Men, especially, are freed from the constant pressure that sex, and particularly their partner's orgasm, needs to be "figured out." The sheer simplicity of the OM practice, and the fact that no particular outcome is expected, relegates their fixing mind to the back burner. Women, for our part, are freed from the narrow definition of "orgasmic" that we've been confined to ever since we learned what sex was about. Instead of forging ahead toward a climax as it traditionally defined, our every experience, our every sensation, becomes part of our orgasm. This last point cannot be overstated. For re-envisioning our definition of "orgasm"—modeling it on the nuance of female orgasm, rather than the goal orientation of male orgasm—allows all of us, men and women alike, to draw more complete nourishment from our sex.

~

After starting to practice OM, you can't help but have a completely different definition of orgasm. Whereas once we thought of orgasm as an "intensely pleasurable moment in time, which, if done right, provides satisfaction and release," suddenly it can also be an "intensely pleasurable period of time, which, regardless of outcome, offers the opportunity for revolutionary connection and transformational enjoyment." (Catchy, no?) The former definition is the more straightforward male model of orgasm—which we still love. But when we OM, we also get to know the more female model. It may not look as glamorous at first, but it gives us a whole lot of something else—something we've been looking for.



## A Note to My Same-Sex Friends

My Slow Sex workshops are full of students from all walks of life, including—and perhaps especially—all sexual orientations. Regardless of whether you sleep with men, women, or some combination of both, the principles of Slow Sex are the same. For reasons that I will discuss later, however, beginning OM practice focuses primarily on a man stroking a woman. For this reason, the language in this book will be primarily hetero-focused. That said, for my gay male readers, there *is* a male stroking practice, which you'll start hearing about in chapter 3. For my lesbian friends, the traditional OM practice is still perfectly applicable, though contrary to my instruction for hetero couples, you may consider trading off stroking duties. That way you both receive the benefits of being stroked, which, as women, is the key to uncovering our own unique orgasm.

The transition from traditional sex toward Slow Sex is similar to other transformations that are happening all around us. Take exercise, for example. You might say that OM is to “conventional sex” what yoga is to more conventional exercise, like aerobics. With aerobics—or running, or most other forms of exercise—there is often (but not always) some sort of quantitative goal involved. You might work out to build strength and stamina, lose weight, or just clear your head. The stated goal of yoga, however, is simply to stay with your breath. The practice itself is to let go of any expectations about outcome. Falling out of the posture is just as much a part of the experience as nailing an arm balance for the first time. That’s what makes yoga an art form. It’s different every time you try it. And every time you learn something new, get a new appreciation for who you are and what you’re capable of.

This is not to say that you can’t still enjoy a good, hard workout on its own merit. Exercise for the benefit of exercise will always have its place. But through yoga, a different possibility has entered the mix—the possibility of strengthening body and mind while also contacting something deeper inside ourselves.

In the same way, OM is not intended to be a replacement for sex. On the contrary, most people practice Slow Sex because of how much it improves their “regular” sex lives. But like yoga, OM shows us a whole different world is available. A world where there are no such things as “sex problems.” Where what matters is not the outcome, but the pleasure you receive along the way. The best news? The skills we develop through Slow Sex act like rocket fuel when we apply them to traditional sex.

The benefits of OM only make themselves known, however, when we approach the practice like an art instead of science. Anyone who has unrolled her yoga mat with the idea that she’s going to nail a particular posture knows that approaching your yoga practice with a goal in mind is just asking for a piece of humble pie. Demand of yourself that you’re going to nail side plank and watch yourself fall out of position before you even get there. In fact, in yoga they say that success is just getting to the mat in the first place. OM is the same way. Deciding you want to practice *is* the practice. Feeling the first stroke is the practice. Everything else is like icing on the cake. Like any art form, the path will be different every time. Sometimes it’s boring, frustrating, irritating. Other times it’s mind-blowing, heart-opening, and hot. The former is just as much a victory as the latter. What you will learn is how to stay open for both.

This is not to say you can’t spend time investigating the possibility of sex as a science. Hey, if that’s what you want to do, I say go for it. There are plenty of sex manuals out there that will teach you positioning, technique, etiquette, and how to have and give a conventional climax every time. But these books are like the recipes I learned in Home Ec class. They explain sex from the outside in, rather than teaching you how to experience sex from the inside out. This book, and the practice of OM, is about the art. You’ll get a core technique, but in this world, technique will only take you so far. I’ll

let you in on a bunch of sex secrets I've learned over the years, but after that the ball is in your court. It's *what you put into it that counts.*

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The good news is that *Slow Sex* simplifies things. It throws out all expectation about what her orgasm should look like and how he is going to give it to her. It takes the pressure off, for both men and women. It makes room for everyone and every possibility. Whether you've ever had a traditional climax or not, orgasm awaits you.

One more confession, which you've probably already surmised. This book is about sex, sure. But on a different level, this book is actually about *your life*. It's about learning a new way of operating in the world, which in turn allows for new ways of relating to other people and your life as a whole. It's about putting down roots. Learning how to feel your own body. Learning how to connect with other people. And it's about letting go of expectations and instead making room for every possibility. In a nutshell, this book is about turning your life into a work of art. It just so happens that the medium we're going to be using—the magic potion that will get you there—is sex. Because if there's one thing I've discovered on my own journey, it's that sex is like New York: if you can make it there, you can make it *anywhere*.

"With the Oming practice I'm able to really feel what's inside of me. I love what's inside of me, and I want to feel more and more and more. My orgasm really comes out during OM. Then, when I'm having sex, I'm feeling more all the time. Which is a relief, because my biggest fear was that I wouldn't ever be able to feel sex again."

—Annika, 37

Now, don't get me wrong. If straight-up *better sex* is what you're looking for, *Slow Sex* offers that too. It's one of the side effects of coming back into your body and into relationship with your world. When you strip sex down, pay attention to sensation, and ask for what you desire, you can expect richer, more satisfying orgasms; a deeper, more nourishing connection with your partner; and improved relationships with everyone in your life. In just a few minutes a day, you can learn how to live—how to make the most of your one and precious life! How you can get inside it, be a part of it, feel intimate with the world in a whole new way. It's a promise I've seen come to fruition in the lives of too many students to count. I know the same is available here for you, too, no matter who you are or why you're here.



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