

It Takes Two To Tantra

In search of the ultimate esoteric orgasm. By Susanna Medecin

We'd overslept, so our homework, or rather, "homeplay" was rushed. We didn't have time for the scene-setting, the languorous perfumed bath, the sensual music. But we did have our "Aloha massage oil" and our "Astroglide." Following the instructions of our teacher, my lover, James, began stroking me. His touch held a sense of sureness, and at the same time, curiosity, while his immense blue-green eyes sought mine, watching my every response.

I writhed under his fingers as he stroked my clitoris. The silky oil was the perfect lubricant outside, the water-based substance even better within. As he went inside, I pressed toward him, greeting his fingers, feeling deep chords of pleasure gathering within me. As my excitement heightened,

TANTRA 101

The word Tantra refers to techniques—including meditation, breathing, chanting and visualization as well as specific sexual practices developed centuries ago in Indian and Tibetan Buddhism—to increase ecstasy in spiritual practice.

The purpose in Tantric sexual ritual was to stoke both male and female sexual energy to the highest level—while the man withholds ejaculation—to reach blazing states of "bliss" or "clear light." Women were worshipped as essential to awakening the powerful life energy called "shakti," and were seen as earthly embodiments of goddesses.

Tantra is woman-centered, and focuses on female pleasure. Some of the ancient texts were written by women, and sexual initiation was passed on by women to both women and men. *Tantrikas*, as practitioners were called, knew all about the G-spot centuries before Western science in the form of Ernst Grafenburg, the male gynecologist for whom it's named, "discovered" it. Tantric Buddhists called it the "Southern Pole," while the clitoris was the "Northern Pole."

I heard him encouraging me. "Breathe," he said. "Breathe into it, beauty."

I gulped in the air as I started to come. He stopped stroking and held me as I cried out, then he slowly began again. The second time I came quickly. As I lay contented in his arms, he gently reminded me it was time to get up for...*school!*

We'd spent the weekend in a Tantric sex workshop and by Sunday morning, everything we'd learned had *come* together. Since Friday evening, we'd been soaked in sex: thinking it, talking it, tasting and smelling it—flexing all our sensual muscles just for this moment.

Our "homeplay" had certainly paid off. I'd give it an A+ or maybe three stars in the category of "Non-Intercourse Events." Two orgasms in a matter of minutes and I was hungry for *more*, but we rolled out of bed, threw on our clothes and drove back to class.

Thirty-five couples sat on the floor in various stages of embrace, while the most daring students stood up and shared "homeplay" tales. The melange of participants ranged from university types playing hooky, to aging hippies in tie-dye, yuppie suburbanites and just ordinary folk—but they all had the fresh, lively look of people with a healthy interest in sex.

We had arrived Friday evening to find our teachers, Charles and Caroline Muir, sitting cross-legged in yoga position on a low, bed-like platform between two vases of red roses. Charles was a graceful six-foot-four-inch hunk in white Levi's and a blue silk shirt that matched his eyes. Caroline was

a tall, lithe, leotard-clad blonde.

"We all have the ability to release unlimited sexual energy—to have wave after wave of glorious, easy release," Caroline told us in her sexy voice that first evening, while Charles promised the men he would teach them how.

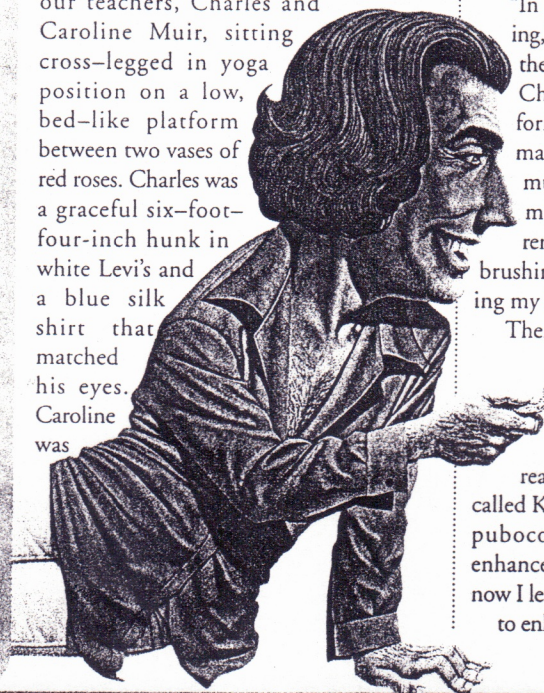
"Inside every woman's vagina is a 'sacred spot,'" he said. "If a man is willing to take the time, he can learn to touch this spot in a way that will pleasure and heal his woman."

To warm up, we separated into mixed groups of three and each spoke for a few minutes about our early sexual experiences. I ended up with two men (my first turn-on) and indulged my fantasies when the younger one confessed he'd been a Catholic priest for 15 years but had decided that he needed to develop his sexuality to proceed spiritually. People in other groups talked about early abuse or punishment. The most common theme people voiced was the desire to bring love and sex together in their lives.

From talk, we proceeded to touch. After rolling up our sleeves and first caressing our own arms, we practiced different strokes—pinch, knead, tap—in different degrees of *yin* (feminine, soft) and *yang* (masculine, hard). Then we were asked to do the exercise with a stranger across the room.

"In Tantra, women always do the choosing," Charles said. As the recipient lay on the floor, eyes closed, the giver followed Charles' instructions on how to perform various strokes. I selected the first man I met as I crossed the room, and I must admit that as he stroked my arm, my thoughts strayed to James. I remembered the tingle of his mustache brushing my taut belly or his fingers flicking my hair.

Then, we returned to our seats and exercised our PCs ("love muscles"), as Charles and Caroline called them. I was ready to go. I knew that the exercises called Kegels—clenching and releasing the pubococcygeus muscles—could help enhance or trigger orgasm in women, but now I learned that men, too, could use them to enhance orgasm or control ejaculation.



Toward the end of the evening, as we sat in our seats, we practiced putting the breathing and Kegels together. "Your orgasm can ride the wave of your breath," Charles told us. "The key is sound. Keep the sound going as you breathe, breathe, breathe. Start to breathe in about halfway into the peak of your orgasm. The 'building up' feeling of climax will continue for as long as you can sustain the inhalation. 'Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ay-AH!' Then release the breath with as much sound as possible. *Really* sing out."

"With practice you can keep the orgasm going for more than one breath," Charles continued. "I've had one that went as long as nine breaths. And every couple of weeks, I have another 'best ever.'" I couldn't wait to practice *this* one at home.

We closed the evening by forming circles of eight or nine couples, women on the inside, to share brief eye contact and an embrace. Each man would bow to the woman before moving around the circle to the next.

"Look into the eyes of your partner," Charles encouraged. Intense eye contact, I rediscovered through Tantra, had a primal erotic power.

On the second day of Tantric sex school, Caroline is crouched leopard-like on the podium, holding a pink wine glass sideways. This she explains is her "yoni," the Sanskrit word for vagina. Charles brandishes a wand-like swizzle stick he called his "vajra." I discovered that in Tantra, "Fuck me," translates to "Give me your *vajra*, baby. Ram your gorgeous sword of light right into my throbbing, dripping *yoni*."

"It's necessary for both man and woman to view the vagina in new ways," he says. "It is a special place, a temple, a pleasure palace. It's a gateway to the energy of a woman that is holy and healing." With the swizzle stick, Charles indicates a point inside the upper curve of the glass corresponding to about an inch

inside the vagina. This, finally, is "The Sacred Spot."

"In the *yoni* is stored a conglomerate of mixed energies," he tells us. "It may feel bruised, it may feel burning. There may be emotional tension as layers of fear and guilt come up. This is an energetic entry point which enables people to access past experiences that caused them to close down their sexual energy."

Then he finally told the men how to work a *yoni*: "Use the third or fourth finger. Palm upwards, reach into the vagina and curl the finger towards you in a kind of 'come hither' gesture. First just hold the contact without movement. After one minute begin linear stroking, experimenting; gradually proceed to all the other strokes—pulsing, tapping, vibrat-

ing—using a circular motion or going side to side. After trying all these strokes, make a dance of all of them."

"It is our sacred right to receive as much orgasmic pleasure as we can."

But first, you had to *find* the spot. Sometimes called the "urethra sponge," it is an area of tissue that swells when stimulated. I knew it well from masturbation, and from the surprisingly powerful pleasure I felt when my lover's penis thrust against it, particularly when I straddled him or he took me from behind.

Each woman's vaginal geography is different, so the spot does not lie in any one position. But most women have no trouble identifying the erotic sensation when a partner stimulates it. The spot often feels like a small bean and in some women swells to the size of a silver dollar.

"The trip for a woman during sacred spot massage," Charles explained, "might be as varied as a roller coaster ride, a mix of great pleasure and energy, and then a little orgasm, and perhaps a burning sensation, and then laughter and tears."

"And all that," he said, "can happen in three minutes."

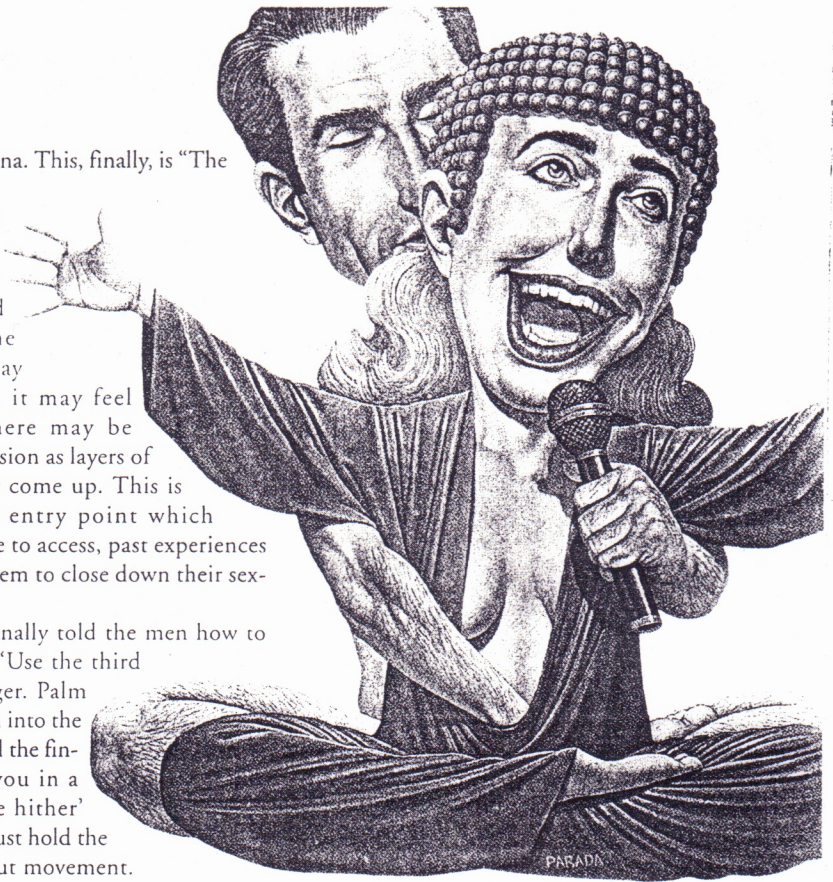
Caroline took the women upstairs for some coaching, while the men stayed behind with Charles. "It is our sacred right to receive as much orgasmic pleasure as we can," she told us. We women should feel free to *revel* in the experience, to feel we *deserve* this devotion to our pleasure. Everyone knew what she was talking about—the voice in the mind that said, *Isn't his hand getting tired? Do I really need this? Do I really deserve this?* Caroline was here to tell us we did.

"The real question, is 'How much pleasure can you *stand*?' " she asked.

My boyfriend later filled me in on what had happened with the men. "Don't pick a fight on your way home," Charles told them. "Make this night a special night, like no other night before. Tonight you will be giving *in* love—without expecting anything back—instead of giving *for* love. Make this an exercise in your giving to her: to honor her, to serve her, to heal her, to let her know how much you love her."

Turned on as we were, our busy lives got in the way that night and we agreed to save the homeplay for the morning. When the alarm went off, we couldn't wait to get down to it. We'd already tried things involving lubricants, ice cubes and Victoria's Secret lingerie, and our relationship was *hot*, but now our teachers had helped us put every-

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Girl Talk

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Here you are today, a celebrity. Could you easily have a casual...

(Big, knowing smile) Oh, you *could*. You just have to become discriminating. You have to be with somebody who's got as much to lose...unless you want to end up reading about yourself.

So what turns you on about guys?

The looks department is a big deal to me. I always say a man should be like a nice, rich dessert—something to look forward to and savor. It has to be an experience you can't wait to get through the meal for.

I know that Muhammad Ali is your idol... Yeah, but he isn't a sexual thing. (laughs) It was spiritual. He's like a mentor, father, god—something in there.

Your book has a picture of you two looking like lovebirds. You think he's sexy, don't you?

Oh, he's an incredible man. Men derive sexiness from any number of things—physical prowess, which he certainly has, and charisma, which he certainly has, and presence, which he certainly has. So yes, he's knocking on all those doors. He's a wonderful man. I'll always feel that way about him—I just hope he knows someday.

What's the most terrible thing you did to get a gorgeous guy?

I went out with a roommate's ex-boyfriend. That's as bad as it gets. She confronted me in the bathroom the next morning. (laughs) But it really didn't mean anything to me. I didn't want him forever. It was just that I wanted to *try* him....I really couldn't say no. She understood *that*.

This is hysterical. You get such flak from people who believe you *put up with Howard's beautiful babe stuff*, but you're just like him.

I am. I'm terrible.

Here's to equal access to hot bods and erotic entertainment.

When I was working in radio in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, I used to get together every Friday night with a woman co-worker to watch *The Dukes of Hazzard*. Why did I rush over to watch such a totally stupid show? Because Bo and Luke Duke took off their shirts every week. That's when I realized I could never get on a guy's case for watching *Charlie's Angels* or any other jiggle show, because I was exactly the same. I was running over there to see those butts and biceps. So who am I to put down men?

Why is women's sensual pleasure so controversial?

Part of the problem is the women's movement is trying to pretend that women aren't sexual. Society often denigrates women who enjoy sex—they're bad for having had many sexual experiences, or they have to make an excuse for having many sexual experiences.

One of the guys who works with me read my book and said, "Robin, you're a slut and a drug addict. I don't want to read about *my* Robin enjoying sex." (laughs)

I said, "Well, now that I know that I'm not supposed to, I'll stop." But I think that sex is a part of *all* of our lives, and it's meant to be enjoyed. Sex should be about two people who want to have a good time with each other. We create all of this important stuff around it.

Your take-charge attitude started at a young age and seems to have set the stage for your sexual power.

It was my body and I had the right to control what was happening to it. Let's say I learned a valuable lesson—that I didn't need to do anything to please anybody else. I wanted to please myself. Once I decided to become sexually active, I was in charge and I was only going to have sex if I wanted to have sex. I wasn't doing it to get anybody to like me or to try to get married. I think we ought to be teaching girls to take full responsibility.

Did you shut down emotionally because of your early experiences?

I was shut down for a long time. I didn't think anything like that worked. When your father—the person you loved and trusted and thought greater than all other men—betrays you in that way, it makes you think, *Why would I be bothered? Why would I want to latch on to one of them?*

When I was growing up, there were these girls who couldn't wait to cook somebody's food, do their errands and fold their underwear. I'd rather somebody else do that stuff *for me*. I've always had a lot of men doing things for me and still have my own court of men who jump through the hoop for me.

In closing, just tell us which guys on the show have gotten you most excited?

I think Jean-Claude Van Damme is just incredibly sexy and so cute. It's funny, guys who I wouldn't have considered very hot have turned me on and gotten me really giddy. One of the first people who surprised me by bringing that out was Arnold Schwarzenegger. (Laughs) When he's in the studio I'm like this little girl, this giddy little thing. It's just addictive.... ♥

Guest Room

(Continued from page 13)

thing together. James started off with a deep kiss, and then ran his lips, teeth and tongue down my quivering body. My legs were already parted, feeling a sense of joy and thrilling expectation. My nipples peaked, my petals opened to his tongue. Then he drew back and began his slow massage....

Back at school, our classmates shared their experiences. "We kind of relaxed into it," said Samantha. "At first I thought, *What's going on? I'm not really feeling anything*. As he moved his finger to different spots, I started to get excited. I had a small orgasm, and I said to myself, *OK, I'm used to multi-orgasms, I'll go with this*. I started coming and I started crying. Then I started screaming. He started screaming *with me*. He just kept going and I kept breathing. I started thinking, *How can he go on so long?* And then I let go of that and just kept breathing. I started getting chills, a tingling through my whole body as if I were a tuning fork. All of a sudden, I reached this crescendo. As I started to come, my body went into such vibrations, it was awesome."

Linda and Louise had decided to do their "homeplay" as a threesome. "None of the three of us expected anything of what happened," Louise told me. "Linda and I had known one another for a year, but I didn't know Michael very well. On Saturday, the three of us decided to spend the evening together. It was almost like being in a temple and going through a sacred rite. It was very healing. Part of the time I was holding Linda's hand, part of the time, I was just sitting there. When it was my turn, I went through a lot of strong emotion and crying which had to do with healing issues. We didn't plan it, but it was very good for all of us. One of the results for me was that I decided I wanted to create a loving, monogamous relationship in which to explore this."

The carefully choreographed weekend I spent in Tantric sex school moved my sexual loving to a higher level. No matter where you started from, the total immersion in sex talk, intimacy exercises, PC contractions, breathing exercises and *lots* of lubrication, were bound to take you closer to ecstasy. Now James and I have our Tantric bliss down to a science—and we *never* rush our "homeplay." ♥

Susanna Medecin is a California-based women's magazine writer. For more information about Tantric sex classes, contact Hawaiian Goddess, P.O. Box 69, Paia Mami, Hawaii 69776.