

I'm going to tell you something that might be hard for you to hear. I'm going to ask you to consider the possibility that the way we think about things might not be completely accurate. That we might be confusing force with power, and that we might be overlooking a source of power. I learned I am more powerful than any man on earth. The only difference between another woman and me is that I know it. I have stood in front of 20,000 women. I have seen 20,000 blank faces. I have said plainly, clearly, and without hesitation, "You hold the power." And I have been met with slack jaws, glazed eyes. Every time. So, I repeated it. "You hold the power." I could feel them see me as a folly being indulged. They were no longer bored but amused, accommodating my naivete as women do. I repeated it again, and again. "You hold the power. You hold the power." They were polite. But what I was saying didn't register. Again, with increasing passion I repeated, "You hold the power. You hold the power." A flicker of recognition whispered across one face. I gave them my love. I gave them my resilience. I gave them the mantra of **The Age of Eros. A Manifesto of Connectivity and Consciousness. Nicole Daedone.**

Eros

The Age of Eros. A Manifesto of
Connectivity and Consciousness

The Age of Eros

A Manifesto of Connectivity
and Consciousness



NICOLE DAEDONE

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This book belongs to:

In the same way
nations without
proper nutrients have
a greater incidence
of blindness, so does
a world that does not
offer the nutrient a
woman would need
to see: Eros.

We can scarcely
visualize a world
where woman is
self-determined,
self-defined, self-
liberated, so lacking
are we in what she
would need to be
able to see her own
incomprehensible
potential.

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Eros

We Are on the Verge of Great Change



We are on the verge of great change.

We are on the verge of reclaiming a sense that something is possible.

We are on the verge of beginning a new society; one defined by connectivity and consciousness.

I see greater hope and resilience emerging from a panicked world.

We are on the verge of reincorporating our sexuality into the essence of our beings.

We are on the verge of ending isolation and creating women-led communities around the world; communities that will be resilient; that will define sex on a woman's terms, and send erotic energy back to the world as love.

We are on the verge of unleashing the power of Eros to suffuse and illuminate everything with meaning and significance, shining a light on the reality of a deeper nature.

I see greater hope and resilience emerging from a panicked world.

We are on the verge of The Age of Eros.

I see greater hope and resilience emerging from a panicked world.

Weather Report: Now



The best we can ask of any system dedicated to human growth is that its central premise is this: that a strong, healthy, independent-minded, mature individual should be the result. That the cultivation of weakness, fragility, dependency leads to a life half-lived at best, and pathology at worst. This standard should be held to any system that purports to sustain what might be perceived as a vulnerable population.

Feminism should be the fertile ground from which grow strong, capable, confident, and independent-minded women.

Feminism should reveal and amplify the power of women. Feminism should begin with the prospect of strength that emerges from within, the strength and power that can move worlds. It is the liberation of a force that cannot be confined.

That is where modern feminism began. But it has changed from a source of strength and empowerment to getting us

high on controlling others through dependency, and living half a life until the life force itself explodes.

Feminism should not be the place from which demands are issued to bend the world to women's fragility, when a woman is anything but fragile.

This is not where modern feminism began. But it is the form to which it has collapsed, curled childlike and helpless under the table at which it demands a seat.

Men have been handling everything, because women let them, and we can see by the state of the world—the out-of-control violence, consumption, destruction—that they are tired. This happened because of the absence of women.

I see greater hope and resilience emerging from a panicked world.

Women Hold Real Power/Women Move the World



**Women hold real power but we are
obligated to become revolutionaries.**

I'm going to tell you something that might be hard for you to hear.

I'm going to ask you to consider the possibility that the way we think about things might not be completely accurate. That we might be confusing force with power, and that we might be overlooking a source of power.

I learned I am more powerful than any man on earth.

The only difference between another woman and me is that I know it.

I have stood in front of 20,000 women. I have seen 20,000 blank faces.

I have said plainly, clearly, and without hesitation,

“You hold the power.”

And I have been met with slack jaws, glazed eyes. Every time.

So, I repeated it.

“You hold the power.”

I could feel them see me as a folly being indulged. They were no longer bored but amused, accommodating my naivete as women do.

I repeated it again, and again.

“You hold the power. *You* hold the power.”

They were polite. But what I was saying didn't register.

Again, with increasing passion I repeated,

“*You* hold the power. You hold the *power*.”

A flicker of recognition whispered across one face.

I gave them my love. I gave them my resilience. I gave them the mantra of The Age of Eros.

“*You* hold the power. You hold the *power!*”

Then two faces.

“You hold the power.”

And progressively, with each declaration, a clear remembrance would rise to the surface and animate her face. It was as if within her lay a deep, forgotten memory of power whose potential needed reawakening. The words, “You hold the power,” were familiar as ideas, but now, through connection and contact, the memory flowed through veins, nerves, and muscles.

“You hold the power.”

The knowledge was being discovered deeply held within the body.

“*You* hold the power.”

It was recognized and unleashed.

“You hold the *power!*”

It was bringing them alive.

“*You hold the power!*”

Not some day.

“*You hold the power!*”

Not some other time.

“You hold the power.”

Now.

“*You hold the power!*”

Always.



Women move the world by being fully who they are.

Women are the manifestation of every creative force in nature. This generative power is the strongest on the planet. This is the hope and resilience I see.

Women have inestimable power, but we haven't wanted to face it or the responsibility that comes with it. We haven't wanted to handle what is drawn out of hiding when a woman shows her power.

The world circled Jackie Kennedy as she mourned the death of her husband, President John F. Kennedy, Jr. At one of America's largest protests ever, teenager Emma Gonzalez, survivor of the shooting at Marjory Stoneman Douglas High School, held more than 1.2 million people in silence for 6 minutes, 20 seconds—the time it took for the active shooter to kill her schoolmates; the world suspended in her grief and sorrow. Rosa Parks sat still at the front of the bus. With one word, “No,” she pulled America into deeper engagement with its wrongs and

assisted in bending the long arc of history toward justice. By being fully who they are, these women moved the world. And that same world, in various turns and guises, responded to the power as though it were an attack and went about trying to take out the enemy.

Rosa Parks was arrested. Emma Gonzalez has been pilloried on Twitter and has been dealing with death threats ever since she first raised her voice for gun control. And Jackie Kennedy never lived a day without scrutiny, attacked for being too thin, too snobby, too hungry for men with money and power, even while most women tried to emulate her.

By being fully who they are, women move the world.

Women summon a power to draw and hold attention, to move people to action. To light up and pull toward us what we want or, to send the “go away” signal to one who needs to be repelled. When we are standing in our true selves, completely turned on, vibrating, resonating with life force, when we bring that to any situation, everyone falls in line.

Women move the world by being fully who they are.

It is an emanation that pulses outward.

Energy and presence are a stronger suit for women—even stronger than language, our culturally accepted strong suit. The notion that someone, some thing, some force can subordinate me as a woman is exposed in those circumstances as a lie. It’s a comfortable lie that keeps us wrapped in the blanket of false security, false protection, and dependency.

But weak is not who woman is.

**Women move the world by being fully who they are.
Women hold the power.**

Call



**Call is likely the strongest
force on planet earth.**

“I govern the Athenians; my wife governs me.”

— Themistocles (Archon of Athens from 493 to 471 BCE)

Call is likely the strongest force on planet earth. Women unleash and emanate its strength.

The most accessible way to understand the force of a woman might be through the nexus of power in human physiology, psychology, motivation, and growth: sexual energy. A woman turns this power on through Call.

To the extent that the human species has become the dominant life form, and to the degree that male desire for sexual access to women has significantly fueled the pursuit of power, we see male desire manifest as power achieved by fame, fortune, and military conquest. Looked at differently,

the cliché that behind every great man is a great woman, female power to light up others can be understood as a primary driver of innovation and progress throughout history. The female power to light up others is Call.

Call is hard-wired into the basic biology of our species by evolution, and nature displays its power everywhere. In the animal world, Call can provoke males of nearly every sexually reproducing species to fight sometimes to the death or exile over females. They've evolved physical features—cumbersome antlers in deer; bright, colorful, heavy plumage in some birds such as the peacock—that give them access to females and make them vulnerable to other predators. In our near cousins, gorillas, the ovulation of a female—her Call—will send a signal drawing the male to her across 200 miles. In Jane Goodall's Gombe chimps, the community was harmonious until the death of the dominant female, who had mated with every eligible male. On her demise, the group split into two factions, one eventually annihilated by the other. I've always wondered why no one looked more closely at this phenomenon.

That ovulation in human females is more obscure than in other mammals gives women a choice of when to be sexually active. But fertility in women is not completely hidden.

Behaviors change as rising estrogen increases flirting and facial flushing, changes the scent released, and may even alter the shape of our bodies. Research has found that lap dancers earned 81 percent more tips when they were ovulating, as compared to when they were menstruating. Whether we are conscious of it or not, whether we want it or not, cyclic changes make a woman more attractive. The power of Call is simply a fact of life.

More than 75 percent of communication is nonverbal. Take a moment to consider this. Only one quarter of communication among humans is verbal. Psychiatrist Thomas Lewis and his colleagues dubbed this capacity for sharing deeper emotional states that go beyond language to a nervous system connection “limbic resonance.” This is how Call operates. It is perhaps the most powerful limbic signal of all.

Estrus signaling is generally involuntary, but a woman can learn how to activate Call at any time, at any age. Call can be summoned and directed at will. In a 2021 survey study of 2,000 women, we discovered for example, that those who self-identified as having a consistent meditation practice had higher Call regardless of age. We also found most women agreed that women had more sexual power than men. If sex is equated to power, why would a subordinate

and oppressed group so readily express that women hold more sexual power than men?

Camille Paglia, the visionary feminist who came hurling truisms and fire, urges every woman to “think of herself as a warrior at every moment...[To] act like human beings who have a sense of their own dignity.”

How does that dignity walk in the world? Dignity greets everything—internal and external phenomena—with an approving, radiant openness. It meets confusion and suffering in ourselves and others with a natural and visceral instinct for drawing in the emotional smog, transforming it, and returning it as love.

The dignity of woman elevates our sex impulse to the high creativity of an artist. It empowers a woman’s much-needed contribution to a world dense with anger, pollution, and greed; a world in need of a conversion to love. A world in need of knowing clearly that sex can and should be practiced for clarifying, crystallizing, and healing. It’s the intimacy craved by a starving world.

A part of our inherent dignity is to understand sex as a practice of attention strengthening; as a meditation. To make

love is to give your entire attention, your essential being, over to another. In that attention, the other basks in what they would experience as love. It is the attention of a lover; it is the attention of a mother. It is one limbic system meeting another and becoming something greater than the two.

The transcendent power of sex is cheapened as a weapon in the war of the sexes. But in the Age of Eros, we call upon women to activate the volition that is the birthright of one who admits their power. We would harness the forces, make them our own, design them according to deeper truths, and wield them as only the rightful owner—a woman—can.

When a woman learns how to operate the power of this system, to unleash the love at the heart of Call, others respond positively and without question.

The power of Call, when a woman stands firmly within it, is to reset the nervous systems of those around her. And what else, if not the ability to move those around you, is the definition of power?



**Call is likely the strongest force
on the planet. Women move the world
by being fully who they are.
Women hold true power.**

There are a few hints of how the transformative power of Call works buried in our history.

In Ephesus, Turkey, there is a scattered ruin of a once-magnificent temple built in the first century. Footprints etched in the marble walkways show travelers the way up the dusty hill. They walk in the footsteps of warriors who entered the sacred city of prostitutes on their way home from war.

In any war, a large percentage of the able-bodied men would have been sent to fight. Bringing them back home without healing would have meant societal destruction—it's hard to break the habit of violence once it's unleashed. Inside the temple, the women fucked the war out of the warriors and washed away the horrors they'd experienced, preparing them to return peacefully to

their wives and families. In this way, the holy women of Ephesus used love to keep society from falling apart; they kept the detritus of violence from taking root at home. Love, as in the willingness to find a way to transform another's suffering into joy, was their tool of choice.

I am not suggesting the path of woman is to fuck or be fucked by men who've gone to war in order to bring peace to the world. Though the bonobos, a nearer cousin to us than the chimpanzees, have, in fact, arrived at that solution.

What I am suggesting is that hidden in this forgotten history of woman is our path to full agency and co-creation. Finding that agency within ourselves depends on the ability to burn through the layers of shame around sexual energy and loosen our grip on identification with fragility. It's the difference between acquiescing to what we are receiving and actively drawing in and loving what comes our way; the difference between transactional encounters and those emerging from the forces of deep and true desire, claimed, owned, acknowledged, approved of.

The same way meditation is not only about watching the breath, stepping into our power and learning the art of making love is not only about the act of sex.

But we begin here for two important reasons.

One, we are leveraging the natural ability of the female to draw inward, in biological terms, to pull sperm into her uterus as the body convulses to deliver it to a viable egg.

Second, sexual energy is a human being's most powerful and pervasive energy. Ignored and mistreated, it leads to frustration, obsession, resentment, and hatred. Unleashed in woman, it becomes passion, an erotic force that claims power, and is so full of desire it can save the planet. Sexuality is the gift because it is our natural means of expressing love.

Women are the manifestation of every creative force in nature and that generative power is the strongest on the planet. This is the hope and resilience I see.

The Age of Eros Is Upon Us



**This is an era born of
the ethos of connection.**

Long ago, people identified a power of creativity, genius, and connection the ancients named “Eros.” This power originates from the inner recesses of our feeling self. Its roots stretch into the chaos from which all creative expression and embodied wisdom issues. When we heed its guidance, it animates and unifies the physical and tactile aspects of our being, grounding us in the deepest core of the soul.

Eros is a magnetic force of attraction that can saturate our experiences with meaning, drawing us into engagement with the natural mystery and innate playfulness of life. Eros perpetually draws to discover *how deeply and fully we can feel, love, and find abandonment in true desire.*

To *feel* is the essence of life. Feeling is the means by which we experience a fulfilling life. Feeling is what drives thinking. Eros, desire, and love are what drive flourishing. Not thinking. Cold reason is what drives all psychopathy.

When we withdraw from life, we feel numbness. Self-denial puts us into a pitched battle against our desires. It is a form of sensory anorexia, dimming the light that illumines and directs our life and relationships.

The Age of Eros is upon us. And this is a woman's way.

Eros opens us up to value our feelings, desires, intuitions, and sense impressions. It asks us, What do you see? How do you feel? What does your "gut" tell you? The prime task of Eros is to perpetually ask us *how deeply and fully we can feel and hear* so we in turn can respond to what it is telling us it needs to be. Eros tunes us into the call-and-response that is life. We learn to ask what everything we contact needs to become, what it wants to be, and what resources it needs. We respond precisely and accordingly, nothing more, nothing less, free of the overlay of our own projections. We expect the most from our relationships, our work, our creativity, and our engagement with the world.

Eros calls us to return to our inner wildness and the point at which beauty, meaning, sensory delight, and perfection coalesce.

The Age of Eros is upon us. And this is a woman's way.

In the same way nations without proper nutrients have a greater incidence of blindness, so does a world that does not offer the nutrient a woman would need to see: Eros. We can scarcely visualize a world where woman is self-determined, self-defined, self-liberated, so lacking are we in what she would need to be able to see her own incomprehensible potential.

It is not that we ask for too much, it is that we do not ask for enough.

Equal rights, equal pay, equal treatment are fine. But our inheritance is a vast, open space of love. The chronic buzz of mosquito thoughts doing perpetual accounting on whether we are getting ours, if it's fair, or if we are being made a fool of is zapped. In this space, we realize we are healed, our vision is restored, and we can see how to restore the world.

We have a capacity never imagined, drawing in the smog and transmuting it into this love we are now seated in.

This is where feminism must begin; not as a system that accommodates for weakness, but as the unflinching experience of your own power. Anything that requires the world to change around you, chains you to weakness and helplessness forever. You must become the force of that change. Everything, and I mean everything and everyone, the future itself, depends upon you hearing this.

The Age of Eros is upon us.

It's time to put sex, as we've known it, into a new light. To uncouple sex from the goal-driven, insensitive act we only know by its wreckage—STDs, unwanted pregnancy, violation, trauma—is to understand its energy as the primal creative force for women and de-pathologize our relationship to it. Sex will be seen as a means of healing.

We know sex is about connecting, but connecting makes us more conscious. Being conscious allows us a clearer path. Sex is wellness; sex is healing; sex is consciousness. This is how we will think of sex. I will not be done until we

know its energy for its healing properties—not for how it catapults us into obliteration but how we become fully conscious in arousal. We will know it then as Eros, and the pathway there will be OM.



Our power is unleashed through OM.

When yoga came to the United States at the turn of the last century, the teachers were chased out of town and vilified as evil hypnotists. But they knew they had something helpful and they persisted.

When psychiatrists brought psilocybin to academics, they were fired, their reputations smeared, and they never were able to teach again. Some even went to jail. But they knew they had something miraculous and persisted. Now, psilocybin is being used in psychological healing of trauma, depression, addiction, anxiety, and so on.

If we are lucky, we get to face moments like this because it means we are on the cusp of an auspicious discovery.

I never owned this. I never claimed it. I simply offered it to the world.

So, what would you do if you had the science to prove that what you knew could heal trauma, could bring peak states

of flourishing that are the birthright of being human, but that the method you'd recommend would be met with horror and disgust? What would you do if you had the chance to help, but the opportunity to help might put your life, freedom, and safety in jeopardy? Would you preserve yourself or put everything on the line?

The Age of Eros is upon us.

I was 31 years old when I was struck by a lightning bolt so powerful, it knocked me out of my better-minded spiritual bent and landed me in the middle of a bed, my legs butterflyed open, a light illuminating my genitals. I had been a seeker of something more, something other than the world perceived by my eyes and ears. Sex. Psychedelics. Zen. Twelve Steps. I worked everything I could find but still wasn't penetrating down deep, to that thing I knew was there.

On that bed, a stranger lightly stroking my clitoris, I began a glorious descent through the strata my consciousness knew itself to be: memories, ruminations, yearnings, struggles, frustrations, hopes, ambitions. As if cascading down a hole, I found myself, dropping into clear light, a

groundlessness I knew was true. It was a sense of passing through the essential material that made “me” who I am, until there came a horizon, vast and endless, marked only by a light that was neither bright nor pale. It was see-through and without content; the discursive mind incapacitated. It was the exhale life seeks. The aches and pains, tugs and pulls, knots and binds, all dissolving. Like a gentle bloom, from within, it pushed what had been closed into a position fully open. There was no stage, no observer, only infinite spirit, or what we might call God.

The Age of Eros is upon us.

I returned to the congested, conflicted, self-conscious theater of my mind, but not without having this crystal-clear thought: *This is what the energy of sex was meant to be. This is what sexuality seeks to be.* The distance between how I had understood sex and this experience was the distance between a very large number and infinity. The scale proved useless. Unfortunately, so did my capacity to communicate what I had experienced.

The Age of Eros is upon us. And this is a woman's way.

I walked home through the twisted, moon-bathed streets of San Francisco that I'd taken many times. I passed through the November chill of the Mission District. But I'd never before made this journey in this way. The scene usually consisted of a performative me, stealing myself into my coat, head more or less down but not too down lest I reveal the fear, the otherness I felt. I heard Salsa blaring from cars, and neon signs reflected in the windows of bars heralded the chaos of drunken men staggering across my path. I inadvertently caught the hunger that issued from every eye. It was a plea that infinite resources could not fulfill. On this night, an incandescence from within suffused everything I perceived. What had appeared ugly, distorted, unruly, dissolved into a deeper mind with a different faculty of perceiving an unutterable beauty within things just as they are. The street invited me into its interior in an intimacy so great it felt like the steam of breath on my neck. Another bolt of lightning: *This is love.*

The Age of Eros is upon us.

I would spend the rest of my life studying, practicing, and teaching what I would come to call OM—Orgasmic Meditation. OM is a consciousness practice that combines

mindfulness with the power of the deeply human, deeply felt experience of orgasm.

I am not talking about the sexual sneeze, as some call conventional orgasm. That climax is the short-lived by-product of two people pumping, bashing, and beating against each other in desperate pursuit of something better than what's happening in the moment. The person you are having the experience with is both facilitator and obstacle, as something not done right doesn't feel right, and you wish they were more skilled. Climax comes, your mind checks out, you descend, and then you fall asleep.

I am talking about that ecstatic moment before orgasm. It is the profound moment of joy, peace, ecstasy, and the release from the tyranny of self-concern. Think about the possibility of that moment becoming a sustained experience of feeling connected to everything with no mental chatter, a vastness, a clarifying light, with no sense of time. Imagine that experience bleeds into and then envelops the rest of your life. That instead of being swamped by depression, trauma, or sorrow, you'll be so buoyed and powered by an expansive embrace of love that even the dark, heavy, or concentrated becomes suffused with this light. OM trains the mind to live there, in that most

potent and richest moment, the one that is usually lost to climax.

The Age of Eros is upon us.

Sexuality as we know it is an intoxicant. Under the influence, we lose attention and therefore agency and intelligence. But within the fully checked-in OM experience, it brings clarity. OM brings intelligence. OM brings a trained and deeply attentive presence with a supercharged capacity for connection.

The Age of Eros is upon us. And this is a woman's way.

The Science of OM



The science of The Age of Eros
is the science of OM.

For more than a century, science and medicine have wrestled with addressing profound areas of psychological wounding—trauma, depression, emotional numbing, addiction, and anxiety among them—that are obstacles to wellness. Pharmaceuticals and a top-down therapeutic approach of adjusting the mind have been the main methods for mitigating the intensity of feeling wounded. In the case of trauma in particular, the focus has been on dodging triggers in order to avoid flooding the system with negative emotions and states of mind.

New areas of research are exploring approaches in which *flourishing* as opposed to negativity, can be *triggered*. Some of these modalities include months or years of meditation on altruism and compassion, or approaches to happiness that require months or years of cultivating a more spiritually integrated approach to living.

But Harvard lecturer Amy Cuddy popularized a way to understand the bottom-up approach, one in which a shift in the body induces changes in the mind. Known as “the power pose,” what Cuddy discovered is a stance that induces feelings of confidence. Cuddy endured years of attack and bullying over this idea, but in 2020 it was finally proven. The effect is conclusive.

This is the beginning of a revolution. The body—without the aid of external substances—can change the mind. Even more robust approaches are emerging, revolutionizing the way we understand how to get to not just base-level psychological health but to peak states of human flourishing. We now know this can happen through a combination of sexual arousal and meditative concentration, delivered through the methodology of clitoral stroking in Orgasmic Meditation. This is OM.

OM is a structured, attention-training practice conducted between two people who are following a predefined set of detailed instructions. The practice involves one person gently stroking the clitoris of the other person for fifteen minutes, while both place their attention on the point of contact and notice what they feel.

I felt sure, from decades of practicing OM, that science would confirm the extraordinary benefits I had personally observed. So I, and a group of colleagues, set out to gather the proof.

Researchers such as neuroscientist Andrew Newberg, of the Marcus Institute of Integrative Health, and others, have observed intriguing brain changes in both stroker and strokee that occur in just minutes instead of years of practice. These brain changes rival the brain changes and brain connectivity observed in study participants who have received strong and prolonged doses of psychedelics, and in those who have practiced meditation for decades.

OM is proving highly effective in studies, with participants who range from healthy to depressed, whether suffering from chronic anxiety or symptoms of post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD). And OM leverages the body’s own neurobiology to do it, through both the nerve endings in a woman’s most sensitive organ and through an observable resonance where the intensity of the experience for one participant is correlated with the activation of several brain structures in their partner.

Psychology, according to Freud, was meant to replace misery with ordinary unhappiness. Antidepressants and other

psychopharmaceuticals deliver tolerance of difficult states by muting their intensity. If you are suffering from anxiety, depression, or a traumatic wound to the nervous system, then attempting to experience the benefits of meditation can, in some cases, deepen psychological distress. OM has the potential to leapfrog modes of psychological healing to deliver practitioners to the threshold of truly transformative states.

Newberg tells us the practice of OM rewires the brain in ways that can be associated with positive states of flourishing:

“We are getting the first hints of how all of this happens. This is so promising and we are hoping to look at how neurohormones such as oxytocin (bonding) and serotonin (well-being) are involved. These neurotransmitters are believed to be crucial in spiritual experiences—particularly the feeling of connecting to something larger, to dissolving that sense of separateness that so many report as central to a feeling of purpose. And what role does dopamine play? We don’t know yet but it will be what we study next. It’s an exciting possibility to see how the brain’s reward systems are leveraged in this unique approach.”

OM optimizes our own biology, our own nervous system, to disable the sense of wounding, the neurotic storytelling, the operatic internal arias around our personal tragedies. By combining sexual arousal with a mindful turn toward what we have been trying to keep locked up, we release the body’s energy that fuels the great states of joy and well-being that are the birthright of being human.

OM science shows that the practice of Orgasmic Meditation entrains the brain to the positive, to the good. By laying down new habits, new neurocircuitry, OM helps us build the emotional resilience to face and work with our darkest, most difficult psychological material. It trains us simultaneously to peak states of consciousness and human connection.

On Tumescence



Understanding Tumescence

If you look in the dictionary, it will give you a wholly inadequate understanding of tumescence, limited to the sexual drive. But tumescence is a phenomenon that haunts us.

The joy that ought to be flooding our lives turns toxic. Our raw energy is restricted. We become critical, bitter, overly sensitive, angry, controlling, and agitated. We pick fights instead of allowing the energy of Eros to power a couple's creative energy, building their connection and intimacy. Tumescence plays its pervasive Muzak making us feel stuck, as if holding our breath, turning up the steady hum of anxiety, neurosis, despair, and hopelessness. Tumescence blocks passion, leaving us with the experience of dissatisfaction, emptiness, and a vague hunger. It's an epidemic least identified by those suffering most from it. Separation feels like immutable reality.



The dissolution of tumescence is the dissolution of the barrier.

Many years after discovering OM comes the moment I know there's no going back: I'm lying on Ray's bed. Legs butterflyed open. Ray's finger is a feather stroke, high and light, coaxing out a stream of electricity from the very core of my being. We have done this so many times, and something in me always holds back. But this time I let go. I let the wild river of sensation take me wherever it wants. The session is the culmination of years of study with Ray at the Orgasm Monastery. It's the night before a formal ceremony, a demonstration that in our tradition, will be a bit like a nun taking her vows.

Ray is my mentor. The man closest to me in the world. What we're doing might look like sex to some, but it's as different from sex as daydreaming is to meditation. I am learning to meet every sensation. No clinging. No fighting. No fleeing. A full-throated engagement with life.

Ray's bedroom wall is an enormous pane of glass that overlooks all of San Francisco. The soft, afternoon light

bounces off the crystals dangling from the ceiling. I never liked those crystals. I thought they were cheesy, reminiscent of the woo-woo, signature Bay Area tantra, what I call bindi sex. But the crystals send rainbows dancing across my shoulders and thighs, and the exhale that spreads across my body feels like it could roll past the bed, out the window, and over the highways, like tule fog billowing across the entire city. This was true orgasm.

We live in a world obsessed with climax, but climax is a one on a scale of ten for me—a sneeze between the legs. Think of climax as a movie trailer for what's possible when a woman turns on in the way that she can't be turned off again; a gentle but ferocious force that remains and sustains. It's the kind of abandon we're looking for in intoxication, obsession, yearning, grasping, chasing. But it's an abandon into your own erotic self. It's endless, and it's *yours*.

Pure feeling.

Ray had studied orgasm the way a virtuoso studies his Stradivarius. Ray knew how to sustain a note, and he knew how to summon the perfect chord, but he also knew there is a moment when you are no longer playing the instrument; the instrument is playing you.

The goal is not mastery so much as harmony—to live in pitch-perfect response with another human. You're waiting for the moment a chord finds the air, and everyone in the room lives inside its vibration. This is the great discovery. True orgasm is shared, a feedback loop between human nervous systems. When it's turned on, we're all inside of it.

But turning on is not easy in a world that asks women to lie. I once heard a woman's orgasm is the result of how honest she has been before lying down; how willing she is to be vulnerable but also accountable to the truth of her desire and feelings. "We women want to feel everything," a teacher told me. "We've just been told that what we're feeling is wrong." Anger, grief, jealousy, obsession, and other so-called negative emotions don't mute orgasm; they are the fuel and the ground of spiritual discovery.

The opening doesn't happen in a moment. It doesn't happen in a month, or several months. For me, it is a slow, steady crawl across many years. Doorways creaking open that lead to more doorways in an infinite hallway. Grabbing and transmuting anger, grief, jealousy, obsession to fuel the unfolding of love. But that afternoon in Ray's bedroom, with the rainbows dancing over my body, is the day I open

the door I can never close again. I hear the still, quiet voice inside me say: *I am a free woman.*

Bliss is not the word. Ecstasy is not the word. All the words in the world can never explain the beauty of that moment, but maybe the closest word is this: Home.

Most women have no idea what freedom tastes like. They think it's freedom *from* something—namely, freedom from oppression. The freedom from the grabbing of men's hands. Freedom from hard work. Silencing the inner critic. But freedom only comes from a radical engagement with those things we fear. You have to open up when you want to close down. What we must rouse in ourselves is power—raw, chaotic power, which is the force of our desire. I wanted to give women access to this power. I knew this is what I had to do in the way you know that spring follows winter.

The Age of Eros is led by women.

Unconditional Freedom



Unconditional Freedom

The Age of Eros begins with love.

The Age of Eros begins with loving the “unlovable.”

*The Age of Eros begins with jettisoning
notions of who is marginal.*

*The Age of Eros begins with those once
considered marginal now in charge.*

There is a central question to be asked. It should be asked of everyone and everything in our environment: *What do you want to be?* Upon hearing the answer, I tune my eyes, my hands—my instruments—my creativity, my essence, my “genius” over to the work. It is the labor of love, and the making of love that brings out the desire *to be*.

When we consider the problem of catastrophic waste of human potential—the homeless, mentally troubled, the incarcerated—we should be careful to frame the problem in terms of our own evolutionary challenge as a species: that our drive for dominion over nature has devalued the shadow of our own undomesticated selves. That shadow, in the form of the growing ranks of the homeless and incarcerated, is closing in on us. Just as the wildness of nature lies in domestication's shadow, our undomesticated humanity lies in civilization's shadow.

What if that which we cast in societal terms as the 'pathologies' of poverty and mass incarceration are symptoms, not of a societal sickness, but of untapped human potential? And what if that discarded human potential, often miscast as 'transgression,' is the very nutrient we are most lacking?

Prisons. Guards. Homeless. Food insecure. Desertification of the land. Making love begins here.



Unconditional Freedom Project

Restoring people and nature to their original essence is the driving purpose behind a series of service-oriented endeavors undertaken by our nonprofit, Unconditional Freedom Project. One of Unconditional Freedom Project's most foundational ideas is: We have available within us the seeds to thrive as a species, irrespective of our current circumstances.

We considered that prisons could be like monasteries, environments that foster penitence, reflection, contribution, and growth. The Prison Monastery is a place where society would send those who transgressed against its laws to undergo a period of penance, contemplating the impact of their crimes, and arriving at a sense of remorse or contrition. The key idea was the process of penitence was to not only involve self-development, but also contribution to and connection with society.

Under our Unconditional Freedom Project, we have courses in 121 prisons across the country reaching 1,300 prison residents; participants are reporting a 25 percent reduction

in stress and depression. We have two pilot prison monasteries. Five hundred nourishing meals are served weekly in two neighborhoods; we have served 30,000 meals so far. Land restoration in parts of desertifying California has happened in conjunction with climate scientists through controlled burns, regenerative grazing, and our 1,300,000 gallons in water conservation.

Free Food helps to restore dignity among the poor and unhoused by serving them nutritious, well-prepared, and ethically and sustainably sourced meals in clean and elegant settings, mirroring the dining experience of high-end, farm-to-table restaurants.

The Earth Program develops ecologically sustainable agricultural and land use practices on *The Land* and partner farms in Mendocino County, and supplies food from those farms to *Free Food*. It also works in prisons to establish prison-based ecological projects to reclaim undeveloped land on prison campuses for resident-managed gardens and apiaries.

What does food have to do with Unconditional Freedom? If you have good soil, you get good food. Good food means nourished bodies, and a nourished body means a relaxed mind. When your mind relaxes, you can move from survival

to creativity. When you've moved to creativity, you can become a contributor. And when a person contributes, human thriving is unleashed.

Soil is the root of flourishing. The dry, dead soil around the prisons determines everything that happens inside of the prisons. It can't be dismissed or bypassed just because we don't know what to do with it. So, we stopped and asked the dead soil, *What do you want to be?* It was clear: *Rich and full of nourishment*. It's so simple. We have to get into the root, the sex of things, and see everything at the ground level in order to know what a system needs. Big, top-down ideas don't work because they aren't grown from the soil of the system itself. This, to me, is intimate rather than performative compassion.

When a system is created that is lit from within, it transforms. What doesn't work falls away. We have set out to rehumanize and rewild the world.

Weather Report: Eros



Women will feed the homeless. Women will house the hungry. Women will free people from jails and allow them to start over without stigma to create new lives. Rebuilding with Eros begins with loving those otherwise dismissed, exiled, or ignored—deviants, infidels, impaired, freaks, junkies, poor, and burdens to society. Women will rebuild the world in the Age of Eros.

The invisible forces, to open to them, to be humble enough to admit their sway over us, is to my mind, the work of this life. This is the *why* behind all humility. The sound, the mushroom, the flower moved me to do it, and to tune into that frequency. To listen beyond the din of my own fat ego. To listen as the invisible forces whisper instructions.

This is where I try to live, where I can listen beyond the din of people's actions, to the truth in their hearts.

I want to know the music of life, of people, of my experience directly, beyond concept. I pull out the old Rumi:

“Out beyond ideas of wrongdoing and rightdoing there is a field. I’ll meet you there. When the soul lies down in that grass the world is too full to talk about.” It is a realm of fractals and patterns where knowing is of a piece.

My story is not unique; but the power I take from it is. I have desire, and hunger, and I refuse to scrub these from my personality. I refuse to be ashamed. Living a life without shame begins by making love, by bringing a sense of intimacy in which we embrace our lives and all those around us. Inside every pathology is beauty, even the pathology of victimhood, even the pathology of women assassinating women because of the brownie points they may feel it will get them from the woke culture. And so, I want it all—to be present to all of life, unconditionally loving every part of it, including even the people who attack me.

As I did with OM, I want to infinitely expand this movement to free all women from shame and victimhood. We know by seeing and doing. I will show you everything I’ve lived. We have only to unleash our own genius.

Manifesto: For the Age of Eros



**What spirituality is for men,
sexuality is for women.**

1. We are launching a revolution, to be known as The Age of Eros. We will fuel it with our inestimable power, grounded in the force of nature.
2. We will convert greed, hatred, and delusion into connection—to our souls and to the world.
3. We recognize sex as the source of empowerment.
4. We recognize that everything is about sex except for sex. We recognize that sex is about power.
5. We honor and develop sexual rites with the same care that we do prayer and meditation.

6. We acknowledge that encoded within the DNA of women is the power of Call, the strongest force on the planet.
7. We harness the power of Call like gravity, to bring order to antiquated, chaotic operating systems.
8. We will operate in accord with natural law. We will rewild, we will rehumanize. We will change the soil, the soil will change the garden, the garden will change the food, the food will change the body, the body will change the mind. We will remember.
9. We change the world with our unique power, as only women can.
10. We are the change we've been waiting for.

Eros.

Notes



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On This Edition



This edition of *The Age of Eros: A Manifesto of Connectivity and Consciousness* is the first printing ever of this manifesto. It commemorates *Women Over Dinner*, an evening hosted by Nicole Daedone on November 1, 2022, in New York City. The evening included a demonstration of Orgasmic Meditation and marked Nicole's first public appearance in five years.

Thoughts



Eros.

This is
The Age of
Eros