

JOYRIDE

Chapter one

HONORING THE GODDESS

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Becoming a world class dancer in the Ballroom of Love is a universal goal, and Joyride can quickly show you the steps that will class up your dance moves. But elevating Eros to ecstasy requires rising above the common denominator of a sex manual. For this purpose, Joyride demands the evolution of the dancers, and necessitates we bring honor and magic to the pageant. Things really started to shift for me when I realized a woman was not something to be conquered, but a person to co-evolve with. This awakening took sexuality to an even higher and joyful level. It also illuminates that enabling a woman to fully flower, will bring healing light and this will enable sexuality to strikingly blossom.

A book on sexuality that highlights relationship priorities, or recognition of the historical subjugation of women, is not going to be as scintillating or as erotic as Blue Ray. If your intention is to just tighten up your driving skills simply cruise to the back of the book and read The Road Map which will give specific tools to help tune the car for a better ride. We are all going to have sex whether it's good or bad, and there is certainly no harm in elevating the competency of it; no one needs a car that won't start, stalls out, or burns rubber all over the highway. But if you aspire to be an artist as opposed to a paint-by-numbers mechanic, you will need to embrace the holistic well being of Joyride. It is the essential premise of this book that the celebration of women will truly elevate the ballet into multiple curtain calls.

It would be a rational-lie if the premise of this book, that great sexuality necessitates the honor of women, was dismissed as new age psychobabble from an effeminately inclined man. The author is classic alpha male, holds a

black belt in Tae Kwon Do, and is not immune to those biological surges that short out the synapses of reason, and parody a rooster overlooking the hens. By honoring women, I am by no means suggesting a reduction of masculinity; that is usually the last thing a woman wants. Rather I am proposing a re-definition of masculinity away from the errant chauvinism that ridicules intelligence.

A primary metaphor for Joyride is a road map, and periodically we will insert caution signs to alert the reader to slow down and really pay attention. At the Brooklyn Museum of Art there is a stop sign that addresses the witch burnings of the Middle Ages that reads as follows; “According to male scholars, no more than 300,00 were exterminated. Contemporary female scholars, however, are beginning to suspect that between six and nine million were killed. The exact number is difficult to determine because few records are kept, but those that do exist are harrowing.” This surreal persecution of women runs rampant into the 21st century. The NY Times reports that in China and India “the spread of ultrasound technology, which can inform parents of the sex of their fetus, has turned a pool of missing girls into an ocean.” It continues with mind boggling statistic that “more girls and women are now missing on the planet, precisely because they are females, than men were killed on the battlefield in all the wars of the 20th century.” Bride burning continues with staggering regularity in Hindu India, clitoral circumcism remains prevalent in many Islamic cultures, and women are marginalized in Christianity; what can be more disenfranchising to women than the myth of Virgin Birth? Even Buddhism, anecdotally the safest place for single women to travel, has a hardwired patriarchal hierarchy that implies chauvinism. Raise your hand if you have ever heard of the Dolly Lama.

Carl Jung makes the point that original sin is unconsciousness, and this inevitably manifests as a separation from God or love. Numerically speaking, nowhere in the history of mankind has unconsciousness been more deeply imbedded than in man’s relationship to women. The greatest crime in human history has not been based upon race or religion, it has been

branded on gender. This may not be what you want to hear, but the facts speak for themselves.

Joyride can give all the tools to make sexuality trip into bliss, but it is all based upon the premise that a woman is to be honored. I can remember traveling in Morocco and watching a man riding his donkey into town. Behind him followed a woman, presumably his wife, who was laden down with all the baggage, literally and metaphorically I am sure, they were bringing to market. That man did not want a Goddess, he wanted a servant. Without wanting to assume the mantle of cross cultural superiority, it's safe to say at the end of the day that woman was probably not thrilled to lay down with that man; she would have preferred to ride the donkey or maybe give that man a good beating!

To make the Joyride to the summit possible, we need to have a clearer understanding of how to negotiate the climb. The Love Canal Thrill Ride is riddled with dead ends, potholes and total wrecks that even the Jaws of Life can not untangle. Nature's number one priority is the propagation of the species, and the casualties are frequently our relationships; sometime it seems we are driving drunk on black ice. Salmon spawn and die, the black widow spider eats her mate, and in the case of human beings, nature has "condemned" men in particular to be constantly in heat. This leaves the male on a 24 hour alert to send their soldiers out in a frenzied swim for the Holy Grail. Nature is taking no chance in its imperative to get us soldiers to shoot, and there is not much call for a book on how to help men have an orgasm. But it does seem us men can be clueless in meeting the emotional and sexual needs of our partners. It is time for men to understand and celebrate the Goddess while both parties honor the differences that make the fire dance so incendiary.

Angels can fly if you don't clip their wings or bind their feet. Men should not be threatened by the power and beauty of women, we should promote it. If you truly please a woman, that light will bathe you in grace, and that's what makes sexuality truly ecstatic. If you want a Goddess in your bed, you have to honor her with respect and grace..