

HYPER-SEX: PATHWAYS TO ECSTASY

HOW TO MAKE YOUR WILDEST DREAMS COME TRUE

Revised Edition

by

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and Elizabeth Alexander

with Foreword and Contributions

by Matthew Imer, Ph.D.

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Eugene D. Alexander, Ph D.

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INTRODUCTION

This book sets forth a discovery, which has previously been anticipated by other writers and researchers, but they were incorrect about the source from which it would arrive. Aldous Huxley, in his book, Brave New World, predicted that motion picture technology would develop to a point where it would involve not only the sense of vision, but all of the other senses as well, in a totally absorbing entertainment medium which he referred to as the "Feelies." Followers of the Star Trek series are familiar with the "Holodeck" programs, in which future computer technology is portrayed as having advanced to such a degree that people are able to interact with three-dimensional holographic programs which -- except for the fact that they can (usually!) be controlled by the participants -- are practically indistinguishable from events that are actually taking place. Indeed, futurologists have already begun to write in serious terms about the predicted enhancement of virtual reality in computer programs to the point where individuals can interact with the programs as they would with real experiences; and serious research to develop such programs is already underway.

These predicted discoveries have already been superseded by the techniques described in this volume! Few people who have ever witnessed a demonstration of stage hypnosis, or read of the applications of hypnosis in medicine and surgery, psychology, and dentistry, can doubt the power of suggestion to determine -- for a time, at least -- the manner in which we perceive and react to the world around us. Just as a painter works with brush on canvas, and a sculptor works with chisel upon stone, this book shows you how to utilize the power of suggestion to work **directly with human experience**, to create virtually whatever masterpieces of fulfillment you and your lover may wish. You will discover how to harness the power of sexual suggestion to enhance the setting for lovemaking, evoke the proper mood, intensify both responsiveness and desire, increase the length, depth, and frequency of climax, and focus the feelings of closeness and intimacy to blend together all the elements of the act of love into a series of ultimately fulfilling experiences which you and your lover will treasure among the warmest memories of a lifetime.

Picture for a moment you and your lover engaged in the most passionate, most fulfilling sex you could possibly imagine. Now, imagine what it would be like for you to be able to feel this way every time that you made love! This book is written for couples such as these -- sexual adventurers of the new Millennium, who wish to experience and intensify every dimension of sexuality, even as they deepen their commitment to one another.

When undertaken by responsive and willing lovers, the easily learned techniques described in this volume may be used to produce almost at will those heights of passion and depths of intimacy which many people may otherwise experience on only a few occasions during the course of their existence. And for those whose physical and emotional closeness appears to be almost incapable of further improvement, the greatest surprises of all may be in store; for it is those who have the greatest abilities who also possess the greatest potential.

FOREWORD

THE MAGIC OF SUGGESTION -- AND WHY IT WORKS

by Matthew Imer, Ph D

Two people who desire to share genuine love will, of course, want to touch each other's bodies. But the true depth of their love is expressed when the lovers touch each other's minds, feelings, and even their Souls. This deeper form of touching requires a profound communication, which is far more intimate and exciting than mere physical contact by itself. Communication is the key to suggestion, and suggestion brings the magic of non-physical intimacy to the art of physical touch. Let's examine the special magic, which this book is all about.

The Way the Mind Functions

The mind is least effective when it is under pressure, bombarding itself with many confusing ideas and conflicting images. It becomes bewildered as it tries to analyze a maze of abstractions and concepts. The result is frustration, exhaustion, and depression. The mind is at its best when it functions holistically -- the same way that the mind of a child works. The childlike frame of mind creatively integrates shapes, textures, movements, and other sensate elements of experience into a complete and meaningful whole. Instead of engaging in useless mental wheel spinning, the holistically functioning mind opens itself to the vivid and dramatic stimulation available from all the senses. When we enter this state of mind, we are in the amazing realm where anything can happen. We can eagerly explore the limitless possibilities, which now begin unfolding for us.

The Childlike Frame of Mind

Mental excitement energizes children to learn far more quickly and efficiently than adults do. Children do not clutter their- minds with self-limiting preconceptions and self-defeating beliefs. Instead, children vigorously grab hold of life, seeking to dig every tiny detail and every wonderful mystery from its fathomless depths. When we use suggestion, we seek to activate this holistic, exciting, childlike frame of mind.

It is easy to see the difference between the child's frame of mind and the frame of mind of the adult. Suppose you are walking in a forest and come across a stick in the middle of the path. As an adult, your mind diligently and quickly analyzes, classifies, defines, computes, and files the information available, making the judgment, "This object is a stick." On the other hand, using the mind of a child, you can make the stick into something, which is far more than just a piece of wood in the path. You can transform it into a cane, a sword, a snake, a space ship, a magic wand, or any other item, which your childlike imagination can conjure up. Thus, suggestion, in the form of childlike imagination, is very influential in the child's ability to see far beyond the surface definitions and limitations of everyday life.

Let's experience the power of suggestion in your own life for just a moment. Imagine that you are at an ocean beach on a beautiful day in early summer. Look at the sand and the water. You may even have to squint to look at the brilliant light of the sun sparkling on the waves. Listen to the sounds of the surf and the waves coming gently off the water. You may begin to

notice how relaxed you are, as you continue listening to the soothing, soft sounds of the whispering wind and the rolling waves. Feel the hot sand under your feet, and the warmth of the sun on your skin. Walk to the edge of the water and notice the dampness of the sand. Feel the refreshing coolness as the foamy stuff suddenly splashes your ankles. Smell the thick, salty aroma of the ocean in the air. Imagine that you are getting hungry as you also notice the scent of sizzling hot dogs cooking nearby. Imagine that someone hands you a hot dog and you bite down into it, feeling and tasting all of its warm, salty juices flowing into your mouth. Because you are also getting thirsty, you pick up a cup of very tart lemonade and drink it. Notice what happens to the inside of your mouth and to your taste buds.

You have just used suggestion to access the rich, multi-sensory treasury of information stored in the theater of your mind. Quickly and vividly, you used your mind the way a child does. Though it is a simple process, suggestion is very powerful, and can be used effectively to improve the quality of all your experiences -- especially lovemaking.

The Holistic Brain

The exercise you just undertook helps to demonstrate how the childlike mind actively uses the lobes in both hemispheres of the brain. The fully active, childlike brain does not compute information in isolated mental compartments the way a more matter-of-fact frame of mind may do. Instead, the childlike frame of mind engages the holistic mind/body organism with its vast riches of elaborate concepts and colorful sensations.

When you tap this organic power of your total behavior, nothing can hold back your childlike enthusiasm, because you will start engaging in need-fulfilling behavior that increases the quality of your life. You are participating dynamically in the fullness of living rather than perceiving life as a drab series of daily patterns and lifeless routines.

When you access the holistic brain through suggestion, sexual intimacy is rescued from becoming a crude habit or mindless chore.

Physical contact becomes re-energized because it is reconnected with the indescribable fire, which gives profound meaning to the thrill of physical intimacy.

By letting the childlike mind come out to play, suggestion allows you to laser-focus on the joy of intimacy. The mental sharpness created by suggestion provides abundant, hands-on use of the theater in your mind -- the magical imagination. Lovemaking is transformed into a lively, multi sensory mental drama. Lovers who use suggestion are making powerful use of the same wonderful eagerness and curiosity they had as children. The one element of sexuality that is so often lost when sex becomes an "adult" routine is the truly essential ingredient: the creative magic of the childlike imagination.

While many people become resigned to a mechanistic approach to sexual contact, suggestion allows you to regain your creativity. Using suggestion effectively, you become a magical, childlike lover. All at once, you are director, playwright, stage manager, and special effects wizard of a completely ecstatic and erotic experience with your loved one. Sex becomes truly a poetic art, as it was meant to be.

The Poetry of Suggestion

Lovemaking is not a mechanical process. It is an art. It has inspired some of the greatest novels, films, dramas, paintings, and sculptures that we have. To be truly joyful, sexual intimacy must be a living art, not just a physical act. Therefore we use suggestion to put the missing poetic ingredient back into lovemaking. An old proverb says that a kiss without the tongue is like coffee without the cream. Likewise, sexuality without poetry is like an ocean without waves or music without sound.

The purpose of suggestion is to bypass conscious resistance and, at the same time, to empower the person who is being given the suggestion so that whatever occurs will be of the person's own creation. Spontaneity is essential in lovemaking, and suggestion fosters the conditions for the imagination to be spontaneous. Instead of turning sex into a prosaic or even laborious act, the lovers transform it into an intricately mindful and full-bodied experience. Suggestion helps the lovers create a wonder-filled rapport, without which there can be no magic. The connection between the lovers is not only an involvement of two bodies, but also a joining of two fully alive minds and two kindred spirits.

Ultimately, suggestion eliminates the dispassionate ideas that seem to control and limit our lives, and replaces these ideas with an exhilarating synthesis of mind, heart, and soul. It is only when our personalities are fully integrated that we can be truly alive. Only when we are truly alive can sexual passion be honestly used to express love.

The Depth of Involvement

Suggestion helps the lovers become more deeply involved with each other and with their lovemaking. The imagination stirs as the emotions become actively engaged. The rich fantasy and power of suggestive words provide zest that is too often missing from everything we do, whether it is enjoying food or engaging in the ultimate act of sexual union itself. We use the poetic art of suggestion to involve our actions with the more playful, childlike mind which is at the very foundation of human personality. Without this childlike involvement, we become robot-like computers processing detached thoughts and calculations.

Suggestion, like poetry, allows us to see with the whole brain -- to see with the eyes of a child. We conceptualize things in our conscious or 'adult' left brain, making abstract maps of the world, which help us, deal more easily with daily life. However, these maps filter or dampen our experiences, robbing us of the more full-brained, childlike ability to sense the unique elements that are present in even the most common events of life. Despite the words of the old song, when we are using suggestion, a kiss is not just a kiss -- it becomes an unfathomable expression of healthy eroticism.

Suggestion reconnects the lifeless abstractions of the left-brain's maps with the experiential right brain's rich response to the colorful landscape of full living. By rejoining the abstractions with the concretes, we can experience our lives more completely. To become more richly aware of our own existence is the goal of suggestion, just as it is the goal of poetry, yoga, and transcendental meditation.

Suggestion allows us to dramatically control our reality, slow time or even stop it, and create passion from what seems to be thin air. Suggestion disengages the conceptual, 'civilized'

adult mind, and stimulates the primitive, sensory mind using images, sounds, and feelings. The power of meditative mantras, hypnotic rituals, or talismanic chants is the same power, which gives magic to suggestion. The fact that words themselves are drugs -- they stimulate elaborate mental experiences by means of nothing more than brief sounds. The brain and the immune system are triggered by words and the images they conjure. This is why the guided imagery used in suggestion can lead- to powerful mental change and healing.

Letting Your Inner Child Out to Play

The part of the human being that is most affected by suggestion is sometimes called the person's 'inner child.' This is an appropriate metaphor: the deepest emotive, creative, and poetic parts of the personality are often locked up like a child in a dark basement. Therapeutic use of suggestion releases the childlike subconscious by means of words and images, stimulating the imagination and allowing us to find the beautiful dreamer that lives in our hearts and souls.

Using suggestion, two lovers communicate the incommunicable. The disowned inner child of each lover is allowed to speak again after being silenced for so long by fear, anger, and guilt which commonly accumulate during the course of 'adult' living. This creative breakthrough allows you to experience the world through the clear, uncensored eyes of your subconscious, showing you an entirely new perspective.

The restrictive walls between thought and feeling are removed. You shift your focus away from the passing distractions of the ordinary world. You open sensory channels into enchanting images and internal sensations that are usually overlooked or denied. Ultimately, you open yourself to the riddle behind the ancient challenge, KNOW THYSELF.

Put very simply, suggestion allows you to play. When you open your childlike imagination, the primitive parts of your brain become active, sending impulses all over your body and through all your glands. You secrete hormone-like substances called beta-endorphins and enkephalines, which strengthen your immunity, act as very powerful painkillers, and help you handle stress. The right side of your brain becomes involved, helping you create a sense of spirited fun and excitement. To be healthy, you need to rediscover the invigorating joy which children experience in the dream world of play. The childlike part of you is still there waiting to be released into the playground of your sexual intimacy.

By neglecting the health- stimulating animation of play, we allow dangerous toxins to build up in our bodies and minds. We experience hardening of both the arteries and the attitudes. Suggestion invites us to play, and play stimulates the heart, lungs, and mind in ways that nothing else can. Don't rob yourself of the beautiful and ecstatic magic which suggestion can provide when you share not only your body, but also your full personality with the one you love.

The Childlike Quality of Loving

Because of Victorian attitudes, we do not usually think of sexuality as a childlike activity. Puritanical beliefs often restrict sexual matters to the secret whispers of embarrassed adults and obsessed teenagers. Yet, the purest beauty of sexual intimacy is, indeed, a childlike quality for two people who are in love. The only true joy derived from physical contact comes from the youthful cheer and geniality, which the lovers create with each other, regardless of their age.

What we think about and the way we think about it has a profound and long-lasting effect

on the way we act and the way we live. If you permit yourself to have the mirth and fantasy which suggestion can give, not only will you enjoy lovemaking more, but you might also notice an overall age-reversal taking place within you as well as in your lover. Both of you might feel and look younger as you mutually rejoice in the natural childlike magic of loving each other.

In its most perfect form, sexuality is not physical lust nor is it adolescent passion. Instead, it is a mature blending of two fully formed personalities, an exquisite way of knowing and loving. Used wisely, the magical secrets of suggestion that are offered in this book will provide you with completely new depths and heights of joyful sex -- HYPER-SEX.

I. THE POWER OF SEXUAL SUGGESTION

If you have ever watched the volunteers in a stage hypnosis show eagerly devouring a raw onion after being told that it is an apple, deeply inhaling the fumes of pure ammonia which has been described to them as fine perfume, or laughing in uproariously after the hypnotist has said that the volunteers will see him dressed in a Santa Claus suit and hat, you have seen a first-hand demonstration of the power of suggestion. In fact, the effects produced are often so powerful and so dramatic that some people in the audience may think, "This is obviously a fake -- those people are being paid by the hypnotist to carry on like that." But social scientists who conduct research in the area of suggestion would be quick to disagree, pointing out that statistically, there are enough high responders to suggestion in any large crowd to make the hiring of paid accomplices unnecessary. Others watching these goings-on may be inclined to dismiss them with a shrug, thinking, "That's all just the workings of the imagination." But if, by describing something as imaginary, they are somehow implying that it is not "real," then they are dead wrong; for the imagination is actually a group of very powerful mental abilities, which some people have in surprising abundance -- and the real effects produced by the workings of suggestion upon the imagination are powerful enough to allow its use, in the form of hypnosis, as a substitute for a general anesthetic to amputate limbs, extract teeth, and deliver babies by Caesarian section, with no pain whatever experienced by the patients. Now, if these sorts of things are possible through the use of suggestions, which are intended to decrease alertness, sensitivity, and responsiveness, imagine what heights of passion, intimacy, and desire lay in store for responsive couples that are willing to utilize suggestion to enhance their experience of one another, and every dimension of the act of love!

Just exactly what is suggestion, and how does it work? Let me illustrate the answer to these questions by means of an example. Suppose you are standing in front of a newspaper rack, about to buy a paper, when your eye is suddenly caught by the following series of headlines:

MASSIVE COMET POISED TO STRIKE EARTH
TOTAL DESTRUCTION FORECAST
MILLIONS GATHERING TO PRAY

A bolt of fear and alarm shoots through you, as you stand rooted to the spot, paralyzed with apprehension -- until you hear the sound of loud laughter behind you and, turning, you see a friend who seems to be thoroughly amused by your reaction, and you realize that you have been the object of a practical joke. Your friend obviously purchased this bogus newspaper at a joke shop, and placed it in the rack on top of the others when he saw you coming.

A practical joke such as this one would be based on the principle of suggestion- that is, **presenting an idea in such a way that it will be accepted as literally true, and therefore "real."** But notice two things in particular about this illustration: if such an experience had actually taken place, you would have responded totally, not just with the things you can do voluntarily, such as thinking about a place to hide, but with your involuntary responses as well -- muscle tremor, dryness in the mouth, feeling frightened, and so on -- and you would have responded completely, with the strength and intensity of your response appropriate to the strength of the idea which was suggested. In the imaginary situation just described, your friend made use of the power of suggestion to alter your basic perceptions of reality, which caused you to respond

totally and completely in order to bring about the results he wanted. In other words, the power of suggestion is rooted in our perception of reality itself. In this volume, you are about to learn how to harness the power of sexual suggestion to enable both you and your lover to respond totally and completely -to each other!

A Separate Reality

If the stage hypnotist in our example had simply asked one of the volunteers to close his eyes, and without further ado, had suggested, "I'm going to count to one to five, and at the count of five, you will be able to open your eyes and you will see me wearing a Santa Claus suit and hat," the volunteer would surely have thought that the hypnotist was crazy. And if such a suggestion should actually have happened to work, the volunteer would have thought that he was crazy! But if the hypnotist had first asked him to close his eyes, and then suggested that his conscious processes were beginning to function differently because he was "going into a deep, sound sleep," and then he had suggested that the volunteer would be able to open his eyes at the count of five and see him dressed in a Santa Claus suit, such a suggestion could be accepted and acted upon much more easily because it would be much more credible. In other words, hypnosis and similar procedures first make use of suggestion to construct a separate reality (often referred to as "trance"), in which the imagination, freed from the limitations of everyday logic, is able to convert directly into personal experience whatever additional suggestions the volunteer is able and willing to comply with.

It is not enough, then, to bring about dramatic changes in the nature and quality of personal experience by merely suggesting that these changes are going to take place, or by teaching your lover how to "meditate," or by utilizing some "creative visualization exercises," without suggesting that he or she is entering into an altered state of awareness. In order to be able to fully actualize one's sexual potential, it is first necessary to suggest that they are beginning to enter a new mode of conscious experience which will leave the imagination free to soar, freed from the usual restrictions of everyday logic, and without the confining thought patterns which have been imposed upon us by the culture in which we live. That is exactly what hyper-empira has been designed to do -- by providing suggestions of mind expansion, enhanced awareness, and increased alertness and sensitivity, in contrast to the suggestions of drowsiness, passivity, and decreased awareness which are so commonly associated with the experience of hypnosis, and without the negative stereotypes which continue to surround it.

Suggestion, Passion, and Desire

In a motion picture made in the late 1940's, a young secretary has never been in love. "What's it like? What's it like?" she eagerly asks her friend. "When you're in love, you'll know it," the friend replies, "because when your boyfriend kisses you good night, it will feel just like the sky is filled with bombers!"

The plot develops in a predictable way. She meets a man whom she immediately begins to fall in love with, and he is quite smitten with her as well. At the end of their first date, as they are standing on the doorstep to her apartment, he impulsively kisses her -- and suddenly the screen is filled with bombers roaring overhead! But as with most forms of humor, there is more than a grain of truth behind the exaggeration; for if you believe and expect that you are going to experience a particular event in a certain way, that is often exactly the way you may experience

that event when it actually does occur, because of the power of suggestion.

If you ask most people what causes romantic love, they would probably tell you that it is “just human nature,” or that it is “an instinct.” But when we are talking about romantic love of the motion picture variety, and the kind portrayed in novels and love songs -- which is the way many of us do feel when love first strikes us -- historians and researchers tell us that this type of attraction simply does not exist in other cultures, and it did not begin to exist even in Western society until the end the Middle Ages. Of course, men and women are physically attracted to each other wherever they happen to live; and of course, loving couples are emotionally devoted to one another in all societies. But it took the genius of Shakespeare to give us Romeo and Juliet; and it took the development of mass communication made possible by the invention of the printing press in order to hold up these lovers, and those, which followed them, as ideals to which all other lovers could aspire.

Just as a fish may be unaware of the water in which it swims, so we ourselves may be unaware of the ocean of suggestions, which surround us every day of our lives. If we have grown up in a society where novels, plays, and television productions are all preoccupied with the theme of romance, and where it is impossible to tune up and down the radio dial without interrupting at least two or three songs describing the glories of being in love, then it is not surprising that for most people in this culture, falling in love is experienced as the ultimate source of personal fulfillment.

For most of us, the ecstasies of newfound love do not long survive the challenges of parenthood or the workaday demands of everyday life. (One cartoon in a popular magazine depicted a teen-ager gazing longingly at the photograph of her boyfriend and asking, “Mother, were you ever in love?”) But if suggestion provided by mass communication can create the [~ of] romantic love to begin with, then suggestion- used systematically, deliberately, and rationally, in the hands of the lovers themselves -can take the initial experience of romantic love as a starting point, and continue to enrich and deepen the passion and desire which it enkindles, as the lovers find ever increasing fulfillment in their relationship throughout their lifetime. And that is what hyper-sex is all about.

II. SUGGESTION AND CONSENT

Laboratory investigations into the possibility of using suggestion to compel a person to do something, which he or she would not do otherwise, are often regarded as seriously flawed. In one study using hypnosis, for example, college student volunteers were first given a hypnotic induction, and then given a suggestion to do one of three things: to throw a beaker of acid into the face of the experimenter, to pick up and handle a supposedly poisonous snake, or to fire a loaded gun at an assistant. (Of course, the “acid” was not really acid, and the experimenter was separated from the subject by a pane of invisible glass; the “poisonous” snake was not really poisonous, but a harmless “lookalike” relative; and the “loaded” gun was only loaded with blanks.) In each case, a fairly high number of subjects did comply with the suggestion, which they were given.

It was not until several years later that another experimenter repeated this study, this time including a control group of subjects who were given the same suggestions but were not hypnotized -- only to find that about the same number of people carried out the suggestions they were given, regardless of whether or not they had been hypnotized! Still later, other researchers conducting follow-up interviews in similar experiments confirmed what was not the obvious conclusion, that many subjects did comply with the suggestions simply because they knew that no reputable professor would really allow them to do anything which might result in their own or someone else's serious injury or death. The volunteers also knew that they were subjects in a psychological experiment, and they simply went through the motions of following the suggestions they were given because that's what they thought they were supposed to do!

It is often said that the organisms most frequently experimented upon in psychological research are the laboratory rat and the college sophomore, because of their ready availability. But if the results of laboratory research into the power of suggestion are questionable because of the fact that you cannot allow college student volunteers to really violate the norms of society (and they know it!), results from the “laboratory of life” are more clear-cut. A basic understanding of the principles of suggestion and how to use them has been available to all who care to learn for well over a century; and if suggestion -- no matter how cleverly worded -- could be used to **[** **Omp-1]** people to do things which they would not do otherwise, by now there would be numerous documented instances of such misuse: by thwarted lovers, in international espionage, in organized crime, and so on.

There is a simple reason for this apparent absence. In the experimental laboratory, as we have seen, suggestions to violate commonly-accepted standards of behavior were interpreted and responded to in light of the total situation in which the students found themselves, regardless of whether or not they had been hypnotized -- and that is exactly what goes on in the world at large. The apparent “flaw” in laboratory investigations of the power of suggestion to compel anti-social behavior, in our opinion, is not a “flaw” at all, but merely an indication that the investigators themselves were too caught up in the details of what they were trying to accomplish to focus on the total situation. In other words, if you want to know whether or not a particular suggestion is going to be accepted and acted upon -- regardless of how responsive this person is to suggestion, or how cleverly worded or communicated the suggestion may happen to be, you must first ask whether or not that particular person, in that particular situation, is willing to accept and act upon the suggestion which he or she is about to be given. On the other hand, if you are talking about

persuasion rather than compulsion, you not only have to ask, "Is it against a person's will to respond to a particular suggestion in a given situation?" but also, "Is it against a person's will in that particular situation to be persuaded to change one's mind?"

* * * * *

Fred, a graduate student in psychology, who had participated in the original research project in which hyper-empira was developed, related to us the following account, which illustrates the power of suggestion to persuade. He had conducted a demonstration of hyper-empira in an introductory psychology class in which he was the teaching assistant. A few days later, Becky, one of the students enrolled in the class, walked up to him at the close of his lecture and said, "Fred, I was absent the day you did the demonstration, and I'm dying to try hyper-empira!"

Quickly glancing at her before resuming the student-teacher role, Fred noticed that she was looking past his shoulder with a quiet, rather shy expression, and waiting for him to speak. Becky was petite, not over five feet one, with short curly black hair, and extremely pretty. Fred had noticed her in class before, staring dreamily at him as he delivered his lectures -- and, even though he did not do much to outwardly acknowledge her attention, he later admitted to us that he had occasionally engaged in a few fantasies of his own.

"Well, we don't normally make up demonstrations," he replied. "But I suppose we could do a brief one if you can come by the office for a few minutes this afternoon."

"I would like to try it," Becky answered with a shy grin. Without further ado, they made an appointment to meet in Fred's teaching assistant's office after lunch.

When Becky entered Fred's office and was seated, he explained to her what she was about to experience and asked if she had any questions about hyper-empira before they began -- to which she answered no. "In a minute, I'm going to ask you to close your eyes and visualize yourself resting comfortably on the beach, late on a warm spring evening. Would you have any trouble picturing that in your mind?" he asked. Again the answer was no. "Then I'm just going to keep talking to you, and if you listen and go along with the suggestions, soon you'll be in hyper-empira."

"It sounds like fun -- lets do it!" Becky replied with a smile.

"All right," Fred replied, "just close your eyes and sit back in the chair, and we'll start."

As soon as Becky had settled back in the chair and closed her eyes, Fred began the suggestions to guide her into hyper-empira. As her body relaxed, her breathing became noticeably slower and more regular - all signs to a person familiar with the use of suggestion that the procedure was going well and that Becky should also be able to respond well to later suggestions, though it was too early to tell for certain.

Soon, Becky appeared to be totally relaxed. Her arms were resting gently on the arms of the chair, and her head was tilted slightly back, as though she were looking up at Fred through her closed eyelids. As he continued speaking, he noticed that she was no longer breathing slowly, and even though she continued to keep her eyes closed, her facial expression had changed to one of definite pleasure tinged with excitement. Suddenly, she shifted her position slightly, as if she

were about to get up from the chair.

Without realizing it at first, Fred had allowed a sensual, seductive note to creep into his voice, which reflected his feelings as he continued his suggestions while quietly devouring Becky with his gaze. But the communication conveyed by his tone of voice was not lost on her. By the time he had finished the suggestions to lead her into hyper-empira, Becky appeared to be gasping for breath, and it was clear to Fred that she had become sexually aroused. Not wishing to cause her any embarrassment, Fred continued speaking as though he had not noticed anything out of the ordinary, but he made doubly certain that the suggestions which he was about to give would cause her to emerge from hyper-empira feeling calm and relaxed. "In a few minutes, I'm going to return you to the normal, everyday state of consciousness," he continued. "And as I do, you will find yourself relaxing even more, so that by the time you are all the way back from hyper-empira, you will be feeling calm and tranquil, peaceful and refreshed, and in a fine, pleasant mood that will stay with you for the rest of the day." Fred then proceeded to terminate the hyper-empiric experience, counting slowly and giving suggestions to the effect that Becky was gradually beginning to return; and as the suggestions ended, she opened her eyes.

"How do you feel?" Fred asked, in a normal conversational voice and with a normal, teacher's smile. Slowly, Becky stretched, and looked both puzzled and thoughtful, replying after a few seconds, "Okay, I guess."

After a few moments of routine conversation, she thanked Fred for the demonstration, said good-bye, and left the office; and Fred returned to scoring some tests.

The next day, Becky returned at about the same hour. But instead of talking about what had gone on the day before, she sat down for a friendly chat, apparently intent on getting better acquainted. Two days later, she returned again -- this time bringing her lunch in a paper bag. Another friendly conversation ensued, and Fred asked her if she would like to join him for lunch in the student cafeteria the following day. Becky immediately agreed, and this was the beginning of what eventually developed into a serious romance between the two. Finally, after they had been dating for some time and had become lovers, Fred asked her about her experience that day with hyper-empira. "Did you feel turned on?"

"Ooh, yes!" Becky exclaimed. "I wanted you very much that day. But you seemed to be such a perfect gentleman, and took no notice."

"There was a powerful chemistry between us, right from the start," Fred admitted. "But don't forget, I was a teaching assistant and you were a student enrolled in the class. Tell me frankly, what would you have done if I had just grabbed you, and we went at it?"

Becky looked thoughtful. "I would have run screaming down the hall." She paused. "And if I didn't cry rape, I certainly wouldn't have wanted to have anything more to do with you," she added slowly.

"Thank God I waited." Fred exclaimed.

* * * * *

Clearly, hyper-empira is not a method for enticing a person to do something, which is contrary to his or her freely given consent. If either of you is not actually ready for an emotional

commitment, or if the other person is not comfortable with the strong feelings which emerge, or if the relationship which does result should eventually end on an unhappy note, then you could find yourself accused of taking an unfair advantage, even though it is a well-established fact that one can easily reject any suggestion which one does not wish to comply with. But when used by mature, consenting individuals who are sufficiently open to one another and whose emotional commitment is on going, hyper-empira can lead to previously unimagined dimensions of intimacy and closeness, and a more intense relationship than you ever dreamed possible.

Later, as the true potential of hyper-empira for enhancing the act of love came to be understood, Fred and Becky, whom we will meet again in Section VIII, were among the first to use it; and it is through their discoveries that some of the most important themes of this book are based.

III. EXPERIENCE AS AN ART FORM

There is an old saying that those who do not know history are doomed to repeat it, and nowhere is this more true than in the history of hypnosis and other forms of suggestion-induced trance. Although various forms of trance induction have been practiced by witch doctors and medicine men since the dawn of pre-history, modern-day investigations into the nature of these phenomena began with the work of Franz Mesmer, a Viennese physician in the late 1700's, who had become intrigued by an earlier theory that the supposed influence of astrology upon the course of human events lies in the ability of the stars and planets to influence human behavior by means of their magnetic fields. Mesmer decided to test the implications of this theory by getting some magnets and passing them over the bodies of his patients, many of who were poor peasant folk from the surrounding countryside. The results were startling, to say the least; for in response to this "treatment," many of the patients would promptly go into convulsions, followed by a swoon -- and, in addition, they appeared to be cured (at least temporarily) of many ailments which would now be described as hysterical or psychosomatic in nature.

Today, of course, we can understand the effects produced by Mesmer as due to the power of suggestion. If stage hypnotists can have highly responsive subjects seeing things that are not really there after only a few words and gestures on their part, it is not surprising that Mesmer's patients, believing in advance that the "sehr geehrter herr Doktor" was using the tools of science in order to cure them, responded so dramatically to his own words and gestures.

Mesmer soon discovered that he could do away with the magnets and produce the same effects merely by means of his gestures alone. Instead of looking for some other explanation, he simply concluded that the magnetic force was emanating from his own body, and he decided to call his new discovery animal magnetism." The Viennese medical establishment, however, was not at all impressed by this discovery; and expelled him from their professional society. Mesmer decided to move to Paris -where, he hoped, post-revolutionary France would be more open to his own brand of revolutionary ideas.

Once established in France, Mesmer had his patients sit along the sides of a large wooden tub, which was filled with a mixture of water, iron filings, and ground glass, with iron rods protruding from holes along its sides, which the patients could then hold on to and apply to the site of their afflictions. Mesmer himself, dressed in long, flowing robes decorated with the signs of the Zodiac, would walk among the patients, and tapping them with a large wand to speed the healing process still further.

If a piece of iron, which is not magnetized, is held against a magnet for a while, the non-magnetized iron will become magnetized also. Since both Mesmer and his followers believed that he himself possessed the power of "animal magnetism," this analogy with the known properties of magnets was all that was necessary for another suggestion to take effect -- namely, the idea that objects which had been touched by Mesmer would also become "magnetized" and possess the same power to heal as would a touch from the Master himself. Soon, this was found to be the case; and a brisk demand arose for objects which had been touched by Mesmer, which could be used by his followers without the inconvenience and expense of an "office visit." At the height of the fad, Mesmer "magnetized" an elm tree on the estate of one of his wealthy followers, the Marquis de Puységur, and people would come from miles around to derive the supposed benefits of its 'wonderful healing powers.' One by one, or in small groups, they would stand

under the tree until they fell into convulsions, fainted, and were carried away so that others could take their place.

Events were to take yet another turn when a twenty-three year old retarded peasant lad named Victor Emmanuel was brought to stand under the tree. Not knowing what was expected of him, Victor, though he remained standing, promptly fell into a profound slumber. Other patients standing nearby promptly did the same -- and this was the forerunner of the modern-day hypnotic trance'. It was soon discovered that this response could be directly brought about by suggestion, and that people who were experiencing this mental state would automatically tend to follow any additional suggestions they were given. James Braid coined the term "hypnotism" after the ancient Greek word "hypnos," meaning, "sleep, " and hypnosis in its modern form was upon us.

As Mesmer had expected, the French government was at least willing to keep an open mind about these events, bizarre as they did appear. They appointed a blue-ribbon scientific commission to investigate the phenomena, chaired Benjamin Franklin, who was the United States ambassador to France at the time, and who had acquired a worldwide reputation as one of the leading scientists of his day. Franklin's committee reached the conclusion that all the phenomena of "animal magnetism" could be explained by imitation and by the workings of the imagination.

Unfortunately, however, the true implications of Franklin's report were long misunderstood. Instead of regarding the imagination as a unique and powerful set of mental abilities, most people tend to think of the word "imaginary" as meaning the **opposite** of the word "real" -- which implies that nothing which has "imaginary" causes can have "real" effects. Thus, for many decades, hypnosis was largely left to the province of charlatans and stage entertainers; and it was not until the mid-1950's that so many undeniably "real" effects of hypnotic treatment were observed that the American Medical Association approved hypnosis as a legitimate area of investigation. Traditionally, however, even though we have long known that hypnosis bears no resemblance to actual sleep, hypnotic procedures still made use of suggestions of relaxation, lethargy, and diminished awareness -- and even when they did not, the effects of modeling and imitation -- the tendency to behave as a hypnotized person was "supposed" to behave -- was still sufficiently strong that most hypnotized people still acted like glassy-eyed zombies.

Today, of course, we know that hypnosis is not a separate, sleep like state of the organism; for despite occasional claims to the contrary, there are no physiological changes which reliably define the experience of hypnosis. In fact, it is even possible to suggest to a highly responsive hypnotized person that he will open his eyes and behave as if he were wide awake, and even an experienced hypnotist is not able to identify the hypnotized subject from among a group of people who are not hypnotized -- that is, unless the hypnotist happens to ask him. Additionally, so many different ways to induce the experience of hypnosis have been developed - moving a person's hand back and forth while he stares at it, gazing into the eyes of the hypnotist, etc. -- that the only thing which they all obviously have in common is plausibly communicating the suggestion that one's conscious processes are beginning to function differently.

In the early 1970's, Don Gibbons began developing a set of suggestions which he described as "the opposite of hypnosis," because, in contrast to the suggestions of lethargy and diminished awareness which characterized the traditional "hypnotic" or sleeping induction

procedures, these techniques were based on suggestions of mind expansion, increased awareness, and enhanced alertness and sensitivity. In order to minimize the effects of imitation first noted in Franklin's report, it was necessary to further differentiate this approach from hypnosis. Following the lead of James Braid, who had coined the term "hypnosis" from the ancient Greek word for sleep, Gibbons chose the ancient Greek word "empiria," or "experience," with the prefix "hyper-" added to denote a greater or an enhanced quality. Using a standardized test of suggestibility, groups of volunteers who were given either hypnotic or hyper-empiric suggestions both demonstrated about an equal increase in responsiveness to suggestion. The results were presented in a paper delivered at the American Psychological Association, published in a professional journal, and expanded into a book entitled Applied Hypnosis and Hyper-empira, which was published by Plenum in 1979, and which was dedicated in part to his unwitting colleague, Victor Emmanuel, who, by falling asleep under the elm tree of the Marquis de Puységur, had provided the stimulus which led to the modern-day hypnotic trance.

Hyper-empiria has been found to be about equally as effective as hypnosis in many practical applications, as well as in laboratory research; and many useful applications have been found for both techniques. "But," I wondered, "with virtually total control over direct personal experience which the power of suggestion can provide to a person who is experiencing hypnosis or hyper-empira, why isn't it possible to produce permanent changes in behavior, almost routinely.

Cognitive psychologists point out that the human personality basically consists of a series of deep-seated convictions about oneself, the world, and the future. When these convictions are inaccurate, they are maintained by a series of cognitive distortions which filter out information at variance with these convictions, and which misinterpret incoming information in ways which tend to support them. Because these deep-seated beliefs are so well defended, it is difficult -- though certainly not impossible -- to change long-established personality patterns by means of suggestion. Thus, while many novel and beneficial applications of both hypnosis and hyper-empira may continue to be found in the areas of medicine, psychology, and psychiatry, the most appropriate use of these techniques requires a paradigm shift -- a fundamental change in the manner in which we think about them. That change is simply this: if we recognize that hypnosis and hyper-empira allow us to work directly with human experience, molding it however we wish, then *experience itself becomes the ultimate art form*, with which it is possible to create virtually whatever masterpiece we desire.

IV. PREPARING FOR A TRANCE EXPERIENCE

Many people are surprised to learn that the lovers who are able to get the most out of hyper-empira are often those who are deeply committed to one another and who already have an excellent physical relationship. But it is precisely these couples that are the most open to each other who are most able to experience those special feelings of intimacy, which so ennoble the act of love.

Additional areas of concern often tend to center around one's own ability to guide another person into hyper-empira, or doubts that the process is actually going to work. However, you don't have to be a psychologist or possess any special talent in order to be able to use hyper-empira successfully. It is generally agreed that anyone with the "gift of gab" can master the art of hyper-empira in about an hour or less.

Of course, you and your lover should already have established a warm and supportive relationship characterized by trust, confidence, and mutual affection; and your attitudes toward sexuality should also be free of any conflicts and ambiguities, which might interfere with their ability to enter wholeheartedly into the experience. If this is the case, guiding your lover into hyper-empira should be a thoroughly pleasant and enjoyable experience for you both.

In order to help to resolve any lingering doubts about your own abilities or about the Hyper-empira process itself, as you prepare to guide your lover into hyper-empira for the first time, we would like to suggest three things to remember, and one to forget:

1. The ability to experience a trance depends primarily upon the imagination of the person to whom the trance suggestions are given. As long as your suggestions are presented in a sufficiently plausible manner, most of your job is done. The rest largely depends upon your lover's ability and willingness to follow the guidance you have provided.
2. Some people have more of this ability than others do. Laboratory research has shown that some people are fairly high in the ability to respond to suggestion, and some people are fairly low, with the rest bunched up somewhere in between. (Statisticians refer to these differences as "the normal, bell-shaped curve," because of the bell-like shape, which results when, these abilities are represented on a graph.) Lovers, of course, are much more highly motivated than laboratory subjects, and the chemistry between them is much more intense, so their ability to respond to suggestion is correspondingly higher; but individual differences still persist.
3. If your lover should not be responding well to your suggestions it may not be simply due to lack of ability. There could be many individualized reasons for your lover not being able to "get into it," and the best way to find out if there is some specific obstacle is simply to ask. For example, when Alice did not seem to be responding to hyper-empira after three or four attempts, she and her husband, Sam, realized that the difficulty lay in the fact that Alice had become so used to meditation over the years that she was not able to respond to any other format. Fortunately, Sam was also skilled in massage; and he decided to use a thorough, full-body massage beforehand. Because Alice felt so much different at the end of the massage, she was able to experience hyper-empira as a different experience as well, and she had no more trouble "getting into it." In addition, she found the combination of hyper-empira and massage to be especially arousing. "We've always been good together, but this was dynamite!" Sam later exclaimed to one of the authors over the telephone. "And she was still

trembling when I kissed her two days later!”

4. If the thought should still come to mind that you are not any good at using suggestion -- *forget it!* Of course, by chance alone, you could always encounter three or four people in a row who happen to be on the low end of the bell-shaped curve. But most people -- the ones bunched up in the middle of the curve -- are able to respond to suggestion, at least to some degree. (We can't all be Fred Astaire or Ginger Rogers, but most of us like to dance!)

What you say -- and how you say it -- before the hyper-empiric experience begins is just as important as what you say afterwards. By speaking and acting in such a way as to communicate the conviction that the experience is going to be highly effective, your lover begins with an expectation of positive results, which is likely to lead to success. For example, in talking about hyper-empira, you shouldn't leave any room for doubt as to whether or not the experience is going to be successful. Say, “When you enter hyper-empira ...” not “if you enter hyper-empira. If your lover should express any doubts as to whether or not the procedure is really going to work, you can reply, “It's all trust and cooperation, and when you co-operate and follow my suggestions, you'll respond just like everyone else does!” (Which is, indeed, the case).

When preparing to guide your lover into hyper-empira for the first time, you should also briefly describe the process, so that he or she will know what to expect. You might say something like this. “I'm going to ask you to close your eyes and picture some images in your mind, and I'm going to keep talking to you, and as you listen to my voice and continue to picture the images as I describe them, in just a few minutes, you'll be there.”

Finally, if this is the first time you are guiding your lover into trance, you also need to be sure that any remaining doubts and fears have been allayed, and that the experience, which your lover is looking forward to, is solely a rewarding and fulfilling one. It is also helpful to ask if there are any final questions before beginning. Many people need to be reassured, for example, that hypnosis or hyper-empira do not make them powerless or make one person dominant over the other, that they will remain fully conscious during the entire procedure, and that they always remain in complete control of the situation because they are just as much themselves after entering hyper-empira as they were before. Following is a list of questions, which are frequently asked by people who are just learning about hyper-empira, and the answers to them. It may be a good idea to talk most of the following ideas over with your lover, using your own words, even if he or she does not happen to ask specifically about some of the topics mentioned.

What does it feel like to be in trance? Most of us drift in and out of trance several times a day without realizing it. Any time you let your imagination go and just flow along with a piece of music or a verse of poetry, or lose yourself in watching a sunset or the flickering logs of a fire, or get so involved in watching a movie or a television drama that you feel like you a part of the action instead of a part of the audience, you are experiencing a form of trance. Hypnosis and hyper-empira are merely ways of helping you to focus and define this experience, in order to use your mental abilities more freely.

How does the person giving the suggestions feel? Hyper-empira is an experience, which is shared between lovers, just as the act of love itself is. And, just as it is with the act of love, the more pleasure you can give to your beloved through hyper-empira, and the more responsive he or she becomes, the closer you are going to feel as a couple and the more beautiful and the more intense your own experience will be. In fact, many lovers report that in the total intimacy which

results when your lover is responding so completely to your every word and touch, they are both in trance together-

Is hyper-empira safe? Hyper-empira is not an altered state of consciousness -- in the sense that fainting, coma, and shock are altered states -- but, like hypnosis, it is an altered experience of consciousness, brought about by using suggestion to liberate the powers of the imagination. Thus, it is not "dangerous" in the sense that these separate physical states may be considered to be dangerous. Of course, hyper-empira should not be utilized as a substitute for counseling or therapy, and neither should it be utilized to rescue a relationship which is in trouble, unless this is done under the guidance and supervision of a counselor or other professional who is skilled in the application of these techniques.

How is hyper-empira different from hypnosis or meditation? These techniques all make use of suggestion, but the content of the suggestions is different, and so they lead to different results. Instead of going "down" into hypnosis, or "inward" into meditation, you go "up" into hyper-empira. If you want to have the best possible sex, you don't want to feel sleepy or drowsy, and you don't want to be paying so much attention to your own inner experiences that you have to tune out your lover!

Why is the effect of suggestion so powerful? The dramatic power of suggestion lies in allowing you to make the fullest use of your mental abilities, which is why hypnotic suggestion can be used as the sole anesthetic in surgery -- and why hyper-empiric suggestions leading in the opposite direction -- suggestions of mind expansion, increased alertness, and enhanced awareness and sensitivity -- are also highly effective.

What are you going to do? I will ask you to visualize some pleasant scenes, while I talk about how to use your own mental abilities more effectively. You can always refuse to do anything that you don't want to do, and you can always come out of hyper-empira yourself if an emergency should come up. You will remain completely conscious and aware of what's going on, and you will remember everything that happened when the hyper-empiric experience is over.

What can I do to respond better? "Letting go" in hyper-empira is very similar to letting yourself become absorbed in watching a sunset or the embers of a campfire, letting yourself flow with a piece of music or poetry, or feeling like you are part of the action instead of part of the audience when you are watching a movie. People who do not feel that they have been able to respond very well, on the other hand, sometimes find it impossible just to relax in new situations. It all depends on your ability and willingness to go along.

What if it doesn't work? We all have several changes, in conscious experience in the course of a day -- when we are daydreaming, or when we become absorbed in listening to music, or in watching a motion picture or a television drama and feeling like we're part of the action instead of part of the audience. The suggestions, which lead you into hyper-empira merely, structure this altered experience of consciousness and define its dimensions, in order to enable you to make the fullest use of the powers of your mind. If you just allow your thoughts to respond freely and naturally to the words and images, which lead you into hyper-empira, you'll be able to go wherever your mind can take you!

Can make me do anything that I don't want to do? When you're in hyper-empira, you still have your own personality, and you're still you--so you won't do anything that you wouldn't do in

the very same situation if you were NOT in hyper-empira, and you can easily refuse any suggestion that you don't want to accept. (That's why we call them "suggestions.")

What if I get so high that I don 't want to come down? When you're in hyper-empira, you are physically just the same as you are in everyday life. In other words, hyper-empira is basically an exercise for the mind and the imagination, and not a separate physical state of the body. For this reason, nobody has ever failed to return after going into hyper-empiria.

If your lover is still doubtful after hyper-empira has been explained, he or she should be encouraged simply to try it. Many people who are able to respond well to suggestion have doubts that the procedure is actually going to "work" at first -- that is, until their natural imaginative abilities become involved enough to show them otherwise.

V. GUIDING YOUR LOVER INTO TRANCE

As the following approaches illustrate, most hypnotic and hyper-empiric procedures contain two major parts: first, vivid, pleasant imagery to engage the imagination; and secondly, suggestions which are appropriate to the imagery selected, centering around the idea that one's conscious processes are beginning to function differently. These suggestions are usually presented in a series, which allows each suggestion to build upon the others, which have gone before, beginning with the idea that the lover is becoming more sensitive and alert (or relaxed and drowsy, in the case of a hypnotic procedure), and leading eventually to the suggestion that the lover is in a state of trance -although, as we shall see, with practice these procedures can often be considerably shortened.

The following examples are not intended to be read word for word -although it is possible to do so, if your lover is responsive enough, and you read them in a plausible manner, without sounding like you are reading. Generally, however, should practice your favorite procedure a few times until you truly feel "at home" with it. Then, once you are familiar enough with the content, you should feel free to change things around to suit the situation, your lover's preferences, the way in which your lover is able to respond to suggestion, and your own individual style, using whatever imagery and wording may feel most appropriate. There is a considerable amount of freedom in what you are able to do, as long as you keep in mind the basic purpose of such procedures: to convincingly communicate the idea that your lover is undergoing a change in perceived awareness, in order to free the imagination to make the fullest possible use of its potential.

Naturally, before you guide your lover into hypnosis or hyper-empiria, you should make sure that you have enough privacy, and that the necessary preparations for lovemaking have been taken beforehand. Just as with any other occasion for lovemaking, it is usually important and perhaps essential to begin with other romantic activities: a candlelight dinner, a bottle of wine, a massage, or a back rub, slow dancing to background music, etc. -- and, of course, enough conversation, preliminary cuddling, and foreplay to insure that both lovers are properly "in the mood!"

Whenever you are about to use a particular type of imagery for the first time -- going up in a balloon, relaxing on the beach, etc. -- if you are not already sure, it is usually a good idea to ask whether or not your lover would feel comfortable with it. One man, for instance, who was asked to visualize the image of sinking down into a cloud, did not seem to be responding to the hyper-empiric procedure very well -- but when his lover asked him what was the matter, he was immediately able to tell her, "Well, you know, I'm a pilot, and I can't relax by sinking down into a soft, pink cloud, that means low visibility -- and turbulence!"

When you are ready to begin, make sure that you and your lover are both physically comfortable. Many couples prefer to begin the trance procedure tenderly cuddled in each other's arms - which also allows an opportunity to accompany your suggestions with gentle caresses, lightly touching your lover's body, or including an occasional tender kiss both before and during the time the suggestions are given. Others prefer to begin with the lover's head resting in the lap of the person giving the suggestions, occasionally tenderly stroking the lover's brow, while still others simply prefer to remain seated closely together or lying side by side. As soon as you are ready, you can simply say, "Now, close your eyes," and begin the induction procedure. Hyper-

empiric suggestions should always be given slowly, in a soothing, gentle -- some would say “seductive” -- tone of voice, appropriate to communication between lovers. The suggestions should be presented in a pleasing, rhythmic pattern, as is done with music and poetry, stressing a few basic themes designed to engage the imagination, and employing a considerable amount of repetition for emphasis. It is also often desirable to match the cadence of your spoken suggestions with the rhythm of your lover's breathing, and to vary the speed and length of the procedure to match the ease with which he or she appears to be responding.

If there should be any signs of discomfort during the procedure, permissive instructions and suggestions such as, “It will not disturb you if you need to move or shift your position,” may be included. If the discomfort cannot be ended in this manner, the procedure may be smoothly terminated with an appropriate combination of instructions and suggestions such as, “It's all right, you can open your eyes, and any discomfort will quickly pass,” -- or, if the procedure is farther along, by suggesting that the lover's eyes will be open by the count of three, and that he or she will return to an everyday experience of consciousness by that time, and that any remaining discomfort will quickly go away. On the rare occasions when such discomfort does occur, the lover will usually be able to tell you right away what the difficulty is. Perhaps the imagery, or the wording of a particular suggestion, may suddenly have reminded your lover of a previous experience which was found to be unpleasant - in which case, the procedure may be easily begun again after the necessary changes in the suggestions have been noted.

Sometimes the discomfort may be due to the intrusion of an unpleasant thought, such as the feeling that one is losing control, which results from a faulty understanding of the nature of trance experience. Such misunderstandings are easily dealt with by going back to the relevant information contained in the frequently asked questions mentioned earlier in this chapter. If your lover still does not feel comfortable going on, or if he or she is unable to pinpoint the exact reason for this response even though there is a good understanding of how one is - to feel during a trance experience then of course it is best not to continue until the matter can be cleared up.

Some people are able to open their eyes during a trance without this affecting their altered experience of consciousness. For others, opening one's eyes -- particularly while being guided into hyper-empira -- may simply indicate a momentary confusion. If your lover's eyes have opened during a trance experience, it is best to suggest in a matter-of-fact tone of voice, “You can just keep your eyes closed, now, as we go on.” It is important to always remember that whatever you do or say may contribute to defining your lover's hyper-empiric experience, and therefore function as a suggestion. For example, if your lover's eyes have opened, and you ask in a surprised tone of voice, “Oh, did you come out of it?” with the obvious implication that your lover - then this question may become a suggestion which will have the effect of canceling the procedure up to that point and making it necessary to start once more from the beginning!

Occasionally, a lover may tend to “get the giggles” during a hyper-empiric procedure and be unable to continue without bursting out with laughter. Since sex often should be undertaken in a spirit of fun and playfulness, it is often best to deal with it in a playful manner, by saying something like, “That's all right, this is time -- go ahead and enjoy it!”

Hypnotic Gateway into Hyper-empira

Some people, who may have been hypnotized before, or who may have become

accustomed to meditation or other procedures centered around relaxation, may find it initially easier to adapt to hyper-empira by first going “down” into hypnosis, and then “up” into hyper-empira. Still others, who may initially be inclined to be a bit apprehensive, may find it helpful to first utilize a relaxation-based approach. By the same token, suggestion guides who have become familiar with more traditional approaches may also find it more comfortable to start with these procedures to which they have already become accustomed, using them as a base from which they can then easily guide their lover up into hyper-empira. Later, as the couple begins to utilize the procedures described in the instructions for rapid re-entry into hyper-empira, these preliminaries can usually be done away with. Your and your lover's personal preferences are usually the best guide to the procedures that will be most effective and the easiest to employ.

As is the case with hyper-empiric techniques, if your lover should express any particular preferences or reservations concerning the use of specific imagery -- for example, if it is difficult for your lover to relax while imagining that one is floating on a rubber raft, because your lover happens to have a fear of water, or because your lover is a non-swimmer -- other imagery may easily be substituted, such as relaxing on a grassy bank beside a mountain stream, or sinking down in a soft feather bed. If, on the other hand, your lover indicates that there would be no difficulty in utilizing such imagery, you may proceed as follows.

First of all, just close your eyes and imagine that it's a warm summer's day, and that you're floating around on a soft rubber raft at the beach, just beyond the breakers and a couple of hundred feet from shore. Just picture the scene and imagine yourself resting there on that soft rubber raft, with the water gently rocking you back and forth, as you enjoy the sunlight and the cool ocean breeze. It's so calm and so peaceful out there, with the sound of the water breaking nearby, that all you want to do is to just keep drifting and dreaming, and floating on, and on, and on into a deep, peaceful, and refreshing sleep. Just continue to picture the scene as I describe it, while I count slowly from one to ten, and by the time I get to the count often, you will be resting comfortably in a deep, sound sleep.

One. You can feel yourself relaxing now, relaxing so very, very deeply, as you continue floating on and on, with the water gently rocking you and the sunlight flooding your body with its soft, golden warmth.

Two. You can feel a heavy, relaxed feeling coming over you as you continue to listen to my voice. You can feel your arms relaxing, and your legs relaxing, and your entire body relaxing completely, as you continue floating, on and on, into a deep, peaceful and relaxing sleep.

Three. You can feel yourself relaxing even more deeply now, as that heavy, relaxed feeling continues to grow. You are relaxing deeper and deeper all the time, as you continue to drift and to float, slowly and aimlessly, on, and on, and on.

Four. You can feel that heavy, relaxed feeling growing stronger and stronger. And as I continue the count on up to ten, that heavy, relaxed feeling is going to continue growing stronger with every passing second, until it causes you to drift into a deep, sound sleep.

Five. Every word that I utter is putting you into a deep, sound sleep, as I continue to count and that heavy, relaxed feeling continues to grow. You are relaxing so very, very deeply now, relaxing so deeply that you can just let yourself go completely and begin to drift even faster into a deep, sound sleep.

Six. Just listen to my voice, as I continue to count, and by the time I get to the count often, you will be resting comfortably in a deep, sound sleep.

Seven. You are drifting even faster now, drifting faster and faster into a deep, sound sleep; and by the time I get to the count often, you will be resting comfortably in a deep, sound sleep.

Eight. Every word that I utter is putting you faster and faster into a deep, sound sleep, deeper and faster, and deeper and faster, all the time. You are drifting very, very rapidly now into a deep, sound sleep, a deep, sound sleep.

Nine. Into a deep, sound sleep now, a deep, sound sleep.

Ten. Very deeply drifting, in a deep, sound sleep. Very deeply drifting, in a deep, sound sleep. Continuing to drift deeper, with each passing second, drifting deeper and deeper, down, and down, and down.

Hypnosis with Kinesthetic Imagery

The following technique is particularly helpful for those who may have difficulty with visual images. It also provides you with excellent feedback concerning your lover's responsiveness, as indicated by the ease and rapidity with which your lover's arm descends and then rises in response to suggestion, allowing you to adjust the length of the procedure fairly easily. You can also spot resistance rather easily, as revealed by the inclination to maintain one's arm in a relatively stationary position, or even to move it in the opposite direction to the one which you suggest. With appropriate allowances for variation in individual responsiveness, the suggestions may be given as follows:

Just close your eyes now, and listen to my voice. I would like you to hold your right (or left) arm straight out in front of you, with the palm facing upward. That's right: arm straight out in the air in front of you, with the palm facing upward. Now, just imagine that you are holding an empty bucket in that hand, and that I'm slowly pouring some sand into the bucket. And as I do, you will feel your arm getting heavier and heavier as the bucket pulls it down more and more -- and as it does, it will pull you deeper and deeper into hypnosis. And as soon as your arm touches your lap, or touches the chair in which you are sitting, you will instantly go into a very deep hypnotic sleep.

Now I've poured five pounds of sand into the bucket, and you can feel it pulling your arm down, pulling your arm down, more and more, and pulling you into hypnosis. Your arm is beginning to sink down more and more now, as you feel the weight of the bucket pulling it down, and down. Seven pounds, and your arm is sinking down and down. Your arm is sinking down more and more as I continue pouring sand into the bucket; and as it does, it's pulling you deeper and deeper into hypnosis. Ten pounds. Fifteen pounds. In just a few seconds now, your arm will touch your lap or touch the arm of the chair, and you will instantly go into a deep, hypnotic sleep, a much deeper sleep than you have ever been in before. Reach to touch. Ready to touch. Ready to touch. Now.

And as you continue drifting down and down into a very deep, hypnotic sleep, I would like you to visualize a large balloon, which is fastened to your other wrist by means of a string. And as I continue to speak, the balloon is going to begin pulling this arm up, until it is extended

straight out in the air in front of you. You can feel this arm becoming lighter now, as I continue to speak; and you can feel the balloon beginning to pull on it.

Your arm is beginning to rise up into the air now, rising up and up. It is rising faster and faster now. Continuing to rise, up and up, continuing to go higher. In just a few seconds, your arm will be straight out in front of you, and then I will touch it -- and as I do, it will drop down into a normal resting position as I cut the string, which holds the balloon, and you will instantly go much deeper into hypnosis. Your arm is almost straight out in front of you, and I am going to touch it as I cut the string which is holding it to the balloon; and as soon as I do so, your arm will drop back into a normal resting position, and you will instantly go much deeper into hypnosis than you are right now. Ready? Now.

Deepening the Hypnotic Trance

What is commonly referred to as making a person deeper into hypnosis” is actually any method of increasing the credibility and the degree of one's imaginative involvement with the suggested trance experience. Thus, virtually any hypnotic position which one begins with the eyes closed may be used with only minor changes as a “deepening technique;” and virtually any “deepening technique” may be modified and used as an induction. For example, the “empty bucket” and the 'balloon” sequences of the hypnotic induction with kinesthetic imagery are excellent deepeners when used separately. Another procedure is as follows:

“Now, I'm going to count from one to twenty; and by the time I get to the count of twenty, you will be much more deeply hypnotized than you are right now. Just imagine that you are at the top of a long staircase which has twenty steps, and picture yourself taking hold of my hand as I count.”

At this point, you may actually take hold of your lover's hand if you wish.

“With each count, you will descend, one step at a time. And with each step that you descend, you will go one step deeper into hypnosis. one. Going deeper now, just let yourself sink deeper into hypnosis, as you descend the first step. Going down another step, and continuing to go deeper as you do. Three. Going deeper yet, as you continue to descend. By the time I get to the count of twenty, you will be deeper than ever before. Four. You descend the fourth step now, and you go still deeper. Five. The fifth step, and you continue going much deeper into hypnosis with every step you take.

“Now I'm going to let you continue on down the staircase by yourself all the way to the twentieth step at the bottom. Just let yourself keep going down the staircase, counting out loud with each step, as you continue to descend all the way to the bottom. Now you can begin to count out loud, and continue counting all the way down.”

Some people who may be inclined to be rather passive may need to be reminded once or twice to begin to count out loud, or to continue counting all the way up to twenty. As your lover begins to count, it is helpful to intersperse suggestions such as the following at appropriate intervals.

“Going on by yourself now, all the way to the twentieth step at the bottom, and in just a moment or two, you will have reached the bottom of the stairs, and you will be in a very deep hypnotic trance. Just continue to count out loud, as you continue to descend the staircase, and in

a moment or so, you will have reached the bottom.”

The foregoing suggestions may be modified to “heighten” a suggested hyper-empiric experience by asking the lover to picture himself/herself standing at the foot of a staircase leading upward, and suggesting that with each count, your lover will ascend one step, and that as this happens, your lover will go higher.

Hyper-Empiric Procedures

The following scripts for guiding your lover into hyper-empira contain different types of imagery and different types of suggestions to illustrate some of the many ways in which this can be done. Choose the one which best suits you, varying the length and content and timing your suggestions to match your lover's responses -- or make up your own if you prefer -- and, if this is your first time, get ready for some surprising new experiences!

* * * * *

The Unfolding Flower

“First of all, just sit back or lie down, and make yourself comfortable. And when you are ready, close your eyes.

“Now, with your eyes closed, imagine that it is late on a warm summer night and that you are peacefully and comfortably resting inside a rosebud which is swaying gently in the soft breeze. If you accept each detail of the scene as I describe it, without trying to think critically, your imagination will be free to allow you to experience the situation just as if you were really there. So just let yourself relax completely now, inside this soft red rosebud, late on a warm summer night. You feel so comfortable resting there, snug and secure and nestled down among the petals of the flower.

“You can feel the soft summer breeze gently caressing the outside of the bud. Just keep listening to the breeze, and continue to focus on the beauty and the peacefulness, which is all around you. And as you continue to allow yourself to be guided by my voice, I am going to show you how to release your awareness for the fullest flowering of your sexuality.

“There is a rustle of wind through the leaves, and as the soft, red petals around you gently begin to stir, you can feel the breeze beginning to filter through to you as the bud prepares to open. Let yourself breathe slowly and deeply now, as you inhale the warm night air and your consciousness commences to expand and unfold along with the flower.

“The late night air is so pure, so fresh, and so crystal clear. Feel it entering your lungs, and feel the warmth of it entering your body as your awareness continues to expand. In ... out ... in ... out.

“As the bud begins to open, you look up and see that the sky is strewn with hundreds of blinking, bluish-white stars. As the bud expands more and more, your awareness is unfolding along with it. You continue breathing slowly, in and out, in and out, carrying this expanding awareness to every part of your body.

“The rose petals are releasing a delicate perfume as the bud opens wider. Breathe in this

joyous scent and follow its passage from your nostrils into your lungs. Let yourself become ever more aware of the rhythm of your breathing, as it carries you on to ever increasing sensations of sexuality. With every breath you take, your consciousness drifts higher. With every breath you take, your consciousness is expanding, and your capacity for experience is becoming exquisitely more sensitive.

“The rose petals are expanding more rapidly now, and the bud is nearly open. As the bud continues to unfold, your feelings of joy and exaltation continue to expand along with it. You can feel your awareness continuing to grow, and your capacity for experience becoming greater and more intense than anything you have known before.

“Now the blossom is fully open. The petals are extended as far as they will go, and your sexuality is in full flower. And while you remain within hyper-empira, every sensation and everything you experience will be intensely pleasurable, and each of these new experiences will be greater and more profound than you ever thought possible.”

* * * * *

On the Beach at Night

Just relax now, and close your eyes. Imagine that it is late at night, and that we are lying on a sandy beach, on an island, which we have all to ourselves. Just keep your eyes closed and relax completely on that sandy beach, late on a warm spring evening. Feel the gentle breeze blowing from the direction of the ocean, and smell the freshness of the salty night air.

“As we listen to the sound of the waves gently breaking upon the shore, you can just let go and relax completely. And as you continue to allow yourself to be guided by my voice, I am going to show you how to increase your sexuality and sensuality for the fullest possible enjoyment.

“There is a bright, starlit sky overhead, broken here and there by patches of dark, gray clouds and an occasional shaft of moonlight. Now, as you continue to allow yourself to be guided by my voice, I am going to show you how to expand your awareness, letting it rise to a much higher level than ever before.

“You are beginning to experience an intense feeling of passion. And with each passing second, your body becomes more sensitive and more responsive. And with each passing second, the more pleasant and the more beautiful the scene around you becomes.

“It's a wonderful sense of liberation which you are feeling now, as your capacity for lovemaking is becoming freed for its fullest possible pleasure; and soon your entire body will be awakened. All of your perceptions will take on new and deeper qualities; and every sensation will be a new and exquisite experience.

The beauty and the joy of the scene around us continue to increase, as you feel your sensitivity expanding, more and more. And as you feel your senses begin to soar to ever-greater heights, it's such an ecstatic feeling, as your awareness continues to grow. And the more your sensation increases, the more exciting it all becomes; for your capacity for sexuality is becoming infinitely greater than it could be at any other time.

Now, you are beginning to enter fully into hyper-empira. Soon, all of your senses will be tuned to their highest possible pitch, and your entire capacity for experience will be greater than it ever was before. Your perceptions will be keener; and you will discover new and greater experiences in lovemaking, which will be and more exciting than you have ever had before.”

* * * * *

The Balloon Ride

Now, with your eyes Closed, imagine that you are sitting or lying inside the basket of a large balloon. If you accept each detail of the scene as I describe it, your imagination will be free to allow yourself to experience the situation just as if you were really there. So just let yourself relax now, in that large wicker basket, with the balloon above you slowly filling.

“It is a beautiful spring day; you can smell the sweet, fresh air of the surrounding meadow, laden with the gentle fragrance of wild flowers. You can hear the soft rustling of the grass around the basket, and the song of birds in the distance. And as you feel the gentle breeze upon your face and the warm sun upon your skin, the balloon will begin to rise. And the higher you go, the greater your sensitivity will become.

“I’m going to count from one to ten, and at the count of one the balloon is beginning to rise. And with each count it will go higher. And as it does, it will feel as if your mind is expanding along with it, until you are able to hold within your own consciousness an awareness of the entire Universe, and all its beauty.

“Now the balloon is nearly full. And as it begins to rise, I will begin to count, as your consciousness commences to expand.

“One. As the balloon slowly begins to rise, you are beginning to enter a new and different experience of awareness. You will find that you begin to experience very pleasant feelings of increased sensitivity.

“Two. You are beginning to enter a higher level now, as your body becomes more sensitive and more responsive with every word that I utter.

“Three. As the balloon continues to rise, you can feel the basket gently swaying in the breeze, rocking you back and forth as it does, and you can hear the sound of the wind blowing in gentle bursts as you continue to float up and up.

“Four. Your perceptions are becoming keener as you float on, higher and higher. It’s such a pleasant feeling as you drift on, and on, and as your awareness expands more, and more, and more.

“Five. As you continue to rise higher and higher, you can feel the balloon swaying and turning in the breeze, as you drift on, high above the earth. And the higher you go, the more your ability to experience pleasure expands as well.

“Six. As you feel your consciousness expanding more and more, you are feeling an ever-growing sense of joy as you experience all of your senses being tuned to their highest possible pitch -- yet it is pleasurable in every way.

“Seven. It's a wonderful feeling of liberation, which you are experiencing now. And by the time I get to the count of ten, you will have reached the peak of your potential. Your perceptions will take on new qualities, and they will possess a greater depth of reality than anything you have known previously.

“Eight. You can feel yourself drifting up, into the sky now, hanging on the very edge of space. Soon you will be able to travel on by yourself into new dimensions, with only my voice to guide you. As the balloon continues to rise, the feeling of joy continues to increase, as you feel your capacity for experience becoming infinitely keener.

“Nine. All the way up into the sky now, and ready to travel on into new dimensions of sexuality

“Ten. Now, you are ready. And while you remain in hyper-empira, all your perceptions will be infinitely sensitive, and you will feel total liberation and intense pleasure as we explore each other and our sexuality together. We will love each other totally and completely. Your climaxes will be more intense, more exciting, and more pleasurable than you have ever experienced, leaving you feeling completely fulfilled and totally loved.”

Regardless of which set of suggestions you have used to guide your lover into hyper-empira, the following suggestions can be added to intensify the experience and to help to give your lover a clearer understanding of what is taking place.

* * * * *

Heightening the Hyper-Empiric Experience

“Taking a person higher into hyper-empira” refers to anything that might be done to increase the lovers I involvement with the suggested trance experience -- and with each other. And as this involvement continues to increase, the less difference it is likely to make which partner is giving and which one is receiving the suggestions; for in the true unity of body, mind, and spirit which is the highest expression of the act of love, the distinction between “you” and “me” dissolves, and what one partner is able to feel and experience, the other may feel as well.

Since poetry often speaks most powerfully to the heart, suggestions, which are drawn from the world of romantic poetry, or specifically composed in poetic form, often produce some of the most dramatic outcomes, as the lovers convert every word into feeling, thought, and experience. For example, some or all of the following suggestions may be given:

“You are continuing to go higher and higher into hyper-empira with every word that I speak. And as you feel yourself carried on to ever greater heights, the higher you go, the stronger and the more pronounced the effects of my words become. The higher you go, the more easily you are able to respond to everything I say, and the clearer and the sharper are the results.

As you continue to be guided ever higher by my voice, you can experience everything that is suggested to YOU just as if it is actually happening. And as you continue soaring higher and higher into hyper-empiria, your ability to directly experience the reality of whatever is suggested to you will be a never-ending source of wonder and delight wonder and delight.

Now,
You are about to be transported
To greater heights of pleasure
Than you ever dreamed possible.
As you continue soaring
Higher and higher,
You are already beginning
To breathe more rapidly
In anticipation of the joys which will soon be ours,
For soon you're entire being
Will be quivering with pleasure
And tingling with delight.

As you continue soaring
Higher and higher,
Your ability to respond
To experience of every kind
Is becoming infinitely keener.
Your entire body
Is becoming exquisitely more sensitive
And more responsive
With every touch of my hand.

You are beginning to breathe
Even faster now,
As your capacity for experience
Multiplies itself over and over.
And the higher you go
The higher you want to go
And the greater the effects of my words become.

And as your entire body
Continues to grow more sensitive
And more responsive
With every touch and caress,
You are also becoming more free,
More open,
And more responsive
To every type of joy.
You are becoming totally and
Completely free,
As your responsiveness continues to grow
And your breathing comes still faster
In anticipation of the joys,
Which will soon be ours.

And the higher you go
The higher you want to go
And the stronger the effects of my words become.

And now,
As your responsiveness and sensitivity
Continue to increase
Within an atmosphere of total freedom,
We are continuing to release
All of the vast, untapped resources
Of feeling and emotion
Which lie within you,
Probing the depths of your innermost self
And releasing every wonderful, positive emotion
For your exquisitely tuned body
To savor and experience to the fullest.
And the higher you go,
The higher you want to go
And the greater the effects of my words become.

Great waves of pleasure, ecstasy, and delight
Are gushing forth
From the innermost depths of your being
Like water from behind a bursting dam,
As your breathing comes still faster
And your heart begins to pound.

You are being guided
All the way to the peak of your potential
By the sound of my words
And the feel of my caresses.
And as you continue soaring ever higher,
You will feel wave after wave of ecstasy
Welling up from the depths of your being
And rolling endlessly forth
Like breakers upon an ocean shore.

Each successive wave,
As it comes crashing forth,
Will carry you even higher,
Leaving you ever more sensitive
And more responsive
To the one which is to follow.

And the higher you go,
The higher you want to go
And the stronger the effects of my words become.
And when we finally fuse together
And become one,
The waves of joy
Will come faster and faster
Until they finally blend together
Into one vast tide
Which will carry you up to an ultimate
Crest of ecstasy,
Leaving you happy, fulfilled,
And flooded with bliss.”

VI. THE EPSILON TECHNIQUE FOR SCRIPTING EXPERIENCE

The term *self-fulfilling prophecy* refers to any event, which actually does happen solely because people believe that it is going to happen. A run on a bank is a good example. If it is widely believed that a certain bank is going to fail, then the depositors rush to take their money out, and the bank actually - fail -- not because there was anything necessarily wrong with the bank itself but because the belief that the bank was going to fail acted as a self-fulfilling prophecy to bring about that result. Suggestion may also be viewed as a form of self-fulfilling prophecy. When a hypnotized person is told, for example, "Your right arm is becoming as rigid as an iron bar," the suggestion is accepted and believed in because it has already been accepted that the person is in a state of trance, in which one's mental processes are able to function differently. And, by the same token, your lover in hypnosis or hyper-empiria is able and willing to accept the suggestion that the lovemaking which you are about to share will be one of the most satisfying and fulfilling experiences of your entire lives together -- it is!

The epsilon technique is derived from the principles of cognitive psychology. Use of this technique helps to insure that every major component of experience -- basic beliefs, emotions, sensations, automatic thoughts, memories, and expectations for the future -- all contribute to your and your lover's greatest possible fulfillment in the act of love. Taken together, these components form the acronym, best me -- which enables you to keep the major points easily in mind to Use as a guide while guiding your lover's experiences in trance.

Basic beliefs, technically called schema, which "set the stage" for experience, include beliefs about yourselves as individuals and as a couple; beliefs about where you are and what is going on around you, about what is happening now, and what is going to happen in the future. For example, if your lover likes to experience the thrill of sudden, spontaneous passion at normally 'forbidden' times and places, you might suggest that you are making love in the rest room of an airliner -- on your way, to a European vacation -- after winning, the State lottery! Married couples can re-experience, and even deepen and enrich still further, the joys of their honeymoon; lovers who believe in reincarnation can be together again in a previous lifetime, or savor the fulfillment of finding each other in this one; science fiction buffs can travel into parallel universes -- and this is just a sample. The possibilities are limited only by the degree to which they appeal to you both.

Emotions, which occur naturally in response to suggested events may also be enriched by means of suggestion, and new emotions may be added and blended as well. For example, using your own words, you might say something like this. "And now, our love and our desire for each other is going to grow and grow, like a snowball rolling downhill, until it becomes an avalanche, sweeping everything in its path - and by the time we come together, our love for each other and our desire for each other is going to be so strong and so intense that no other feeling can even begin to compare with it."

Sensations. The systematic use of suggestion to enhance sensitivity and responsiveness lies at the core of all hyper-empiric procedures. Regardless of whether or not specific heightening procedures are used, suggestions adapted from them may be employed during lovemaking and its preliminaries: "Each touch, and each caress of my hand, is flooding your body with wave after wave of ecstasy and joy, leaving you ever more sensitive and more responsive to the ones which follow, for your exquisitely tuned body to savor to the fullest."

Thoughts. Automatic thoughts and images, in contrast to basic beliefs, operate almost constantly to keep us oriented to what is going on; but they usually occur so rapidly that they are hardly noticed. These, along with our more deliberate, conscious thought processes, may be enlisted to provide autosuggestions which support and enhance the suggestions which you provide, in much the same way that a chorus enhances a song. For example: “Your mind is constantly flooded with thoughts of rapturous beauty and indescribable joy, as your own thoughts echo the truth of everything I say.”

Memories. In order for your lovemaking experience to be as fulfilling as possible, it is essential that it be remembered in the best possible light. But memory is not a blind servant of experience; for no matter how wonderful an event has actually been, the manner in which it is interpreted and recorded in memory can be enhanced still further by means of suggestion. For example, if your relationship is a permanent one, you might say, “And the memories which we carry with us today, we will treasure all of our lives; as they warm our hearts forever and grow ever fonder with the passing of time.”

Expectations include expectations of what is about to happen next in trance, what is going to happen after the trance is over, and about what will happen during future trance procedures. For example, the anticipated fulfillment which you are about to share together may be exquisitely increased by the use of suggestions such as: “Now, we are about to discover new dimensions of tenderness, ecstasy, and desire, greater and more profound than anything we have ever dreamed of, hoped for, longed for, or imagined.”

Post-Trance Suggestion

It is logical to expect that since the experiences, which you and your lover share in hyper-empira are so intense, that they will bring you emotionally closer, and to deepen and intensify the physical relationship between you, even after the trance is ended. And, just as you can define the qualities of the fulfillment which you share while the trance is going on, you can also focus, direct, and enrich your -- trance experience by means of suggestions which are given before the trance is concluded. These suggestions can be worded in very general terms, such as, “When the trance is over, the special closeness, tenderness, and love between us will continue to fill our lives with joy, and make each new day a thing of wondrous beauty,” or they can be more specific, such as, “The next time we share a deep and passionate kiss, all the feelings of passion and desire which we have just shared together will return, just as intensely as they are now, and we will make love just as beautifully.” (Of course, in order to avoid a considerable amount of frustration, if this suggestion is used, care should be taken that you do not kiss deeply until you have enough privacy to allow events to take their natural course!)

Rapid Return to Trance

As time goes on, you will probably find that your lover can be guided into hyper-empira more and more rapidly, without going through all of the imagery and suggestions that one normally uses with beginners -- although some do still prefer to take their time and go the full route. Generally, however, once your lover has become sufficiently accustomed to trance experience, all you need to do is to suggest that at a mutually agreed-upon signal, the trance will be re-instated -- for example:

“Whenever you are ready for me to guide you back into trance in the future, all I will have to do is to place both my hands on your shoulders and look you in the eyes, and say, 'go back into trance,' and you will instantly return to trance, just as deep [or high] as you are right now.”

Sometimes you might have to help this suggestion along a bit, especially at first, by adding additional suggestions ... “Your eyes are ready to close now, and you can go back into trance, just as you were before -- that's right -- your eyes are closing now, and soon they will be all the way closed.” By the same token, after your lover's eyes have closed, you may want to incorporate a few phrases from the deepening or heightening procedures, to be sure that a sufficient degree of involvement with the trance procedure has been attained before proceeding further.

But there are still other ways for rapidly returning to trance, as the following example will show.

* * * * *

Eric, a divorced man in his late thirties, had begun to use hyper-empira with Michelle, his fiancée, shortly before they were married. Since his bride-to-be was very responsive to suggestion, one night he told her shortly before bringing her back from hyper-empira, “The next time we make love, when you get on top, that will be the signal for you to go into hyper-empira again. You will just automatically close your eyes, and go all the way up into hyper-empira, just as high as you are right now.”

The next time they were together, in the natural course of their lovemaking, Eric rolled over and Michelle rolled on top of him. Eric could feel her body suddenly tense slightly as she drew a deep breath, and he saw that her eyes were closed. He realized that she was responding to his earlier suggestion, and he began to add new suggestions in order to help her to go higher. “You are continuing to go higher now, with every word. And the deeper I go into you, the higher you will go into hyper-empira, and the more aroused you will become.”

Eric and Michelle continued to utilize suggestions for rapid reentry into hyper-empira during their honeymoon, and have continued to use them ever since. He told us recently, “Every time she is on top, that's her signal to go into hyper-empira. We've been having sex six or seven times a week, and it just gets better and better!”

Anticipation of Future Trance Fulfillment

When appropriate, expectations of future fulfillment can be further intensified by being grounded in present or past sources of satisfaction. For example: “We will return to hyper-empira again, and again -- to the beauty, the tenderness, the ecstasy, and the infinite, unbounded love which we find here, together, sharing in each other's arms these golden moments which will live in our hearts forever.”

VII. CONCLUDING THE TRANCE EXPERIENCE

Regardless of whether your lover is experiencing hypnosis, hyper-empira, or has made the transition from one to the other, the procedure for ending the trance experience is basically the same -- i.e., providing suggestions, which are timed and worded in such a way as to plausibly facilitate the transition to the world of everyday experience. Because repetition is so important for lasting learning, it is also helpful -- at least for the first two or three times you guide your lover through trance -- that you include some final suggestions which define how the experience will be perceived, interpreted, and remembered. The first few times -- using your own words, of course -- you can say something like this:

“Now I'm going to count backwards from ten to one, and by the count of one you will be back in the usual, everyday state of consciousness in which we spend most of our waking lives. But we will return again and again to this special form of closeness, where we can create any masterpiece we desire, to treasure all our lives and live in our hearts forever.

When you return, your mind will be clear and alert, and you will be feeling absolutely wonderful. You will remember clearly everything that has happened, for you are going to be thrilled and delighted by everything that we have experienced together.

“Ten. Beginning to return now, as I start to count back to one. Nine. Coming down more and more now, and feeling perfectly marvelous as you continue to return. Eight. Seven. Six. Soon you will be all the way down, feeling calm and refreshed, and able to remember everything that has happened while you were in trance. Five. Four. Almost back now. Three. Two. One. You can open your eyes now, feeling wonderful. You can open your eyes, feeling *wonderful!*”

After the first few times, the return can be shortened, somewhat as follows:

“And now, as I begin the count, you are beginning to come out of hyper-empira. Five. Coming back now; and by the time I get to the count of one, you will be all the way down. Four. Coming back more and more now. Soon you will be all the way back, glowing and radiant with joy. Three. Almost back now. Two. Almost ready to open your eyes. One. Now you can open your eyes, feeling wonderful. You can open your eyes now, feeling *wonderful!*”

If your lover's eyes are not completely open by the time you have completed your suggestions for terminating the trance experience -- and it is rare indeed that they would -- simply take whatever signs of returning are present and build your additional suggestions on them until the return is completed, once again timing the pace and wording of your suggestions to fit your lover's -responses. For example, if the eyelids are fluttering, you can say, “Your eyelids are beginning to flutter now, and soon your eyes will be completely open ... Fluttering more and more now. . Almost open ... almost open ... there! Now you are all the way back, and feeling wonderful!”

Until the hyper-empiric experience has become routine enough for both of you that you are sure of what the answer is going to be ahead of time, you should always ask your lover how he or she is feeling after returning from hyper-empira -- but you should do so in a positive manner, for example, “How do you feel -- pretty good?” with a nod and a smile, to which your

lover will almost always reply with an enthusiastically affirmative answer.

The trance experience is not only defined by the suggestions which you provide, but also by the manner in which these suggestions are perceived and interpreted, as well as by your lover's own expectations of what is going to happen. And for some, an intensely pleasurable experience in hyper-empira may be taken to imply that they will be feeling stressed after the return, in spite of your assurances to the contrary. We wish to emphasize that any after-effects from hyper-empira are rare indeed, and very mild and transitory when they do occur -- and so, very infrequently, some people may report some slight after-effects, such as dizziness, a mild headache, or difficulty in concentrating. But since the dimensions of the hyper-empiric experience have been determined by suggestion, they can also be changed by means of suggestion. If your lover should happen to mention that he or she is experiencing some sort of a stressful after-effect, such as a headache, you can simply say, "That will go away in just a minute or two -- it doesn't last long."

After a few moments, you can inquire again in a positive manner if the after-effects have passed -- and in most instances, this should be enough to take care of them. On rare occasions, however, the strength of the suggestions presented in hyper-empira, together with what they may have implied, may overlay the effect of your spoken suggestions to the extent that your lover may need to be briefly returned to trance and given additional suggestions of well-being. This is easily done because, having just been in a frame of mind in which your spoken words have been taken so literally, it is easy to quickly return to it. You can simply say something like this, in a calm, matter-of-fact tone: "A" right, just Close your eyes, and I'm going to take you back into hypnosis [or hyper-empirical by counting from one to five, and by the time I get to the count of five, you'll be all the way back, just as far as you were before. Then, speaking slowly, you can begin, "One. Going back now -- going all the way back. Two. Going all the way back into trance. And by the time I get to the count of five, you'll be all the way back, just as far as you were before. Three-," and so on, up to the count of five.

When you have reached the count of five, you can then give suggestions that the headache or other after-effect is going away, i.e., "And now you are relaxing and your headache is beginning to leave. It's going away -- going away -- going away more and more now -- and by the time you return from trance, your headache will be gone completely."

You can then conclude the trance experience using the following abbreviated procedure:

"And now I'm going to count from five back to one, and by the time I get to the count of one, you'll be all the way down and feeling fine. Five. Beginning to come down now, and feeling much better as you continue to return, as your headache continues to leave. Four. Relaxed, and feeling fine.

Three ... Two ... Almost back now, and ready to open your eyes. One. You can open your eyes now -- feeling wonderful' (This last sentence can be repeated once more, for additional effect, even after your lover's eyes have opened.) Then, you can ask confidently, "You're feeling good now, aren't you?" And if the answer is anything less than an unqualified yes, the assurance can be repeated, "That should take care of itself in just a few moments now."

If the after-effects should still persist, you may want to wait a bit longer for them to "wear off," and be ready to repeat the process of a full return to trance -- which is likely to be declined,

because if any distress should ever last this long, it is probably because there is some aspect of the trance experience itself, or possibly some aspect of your relationship, which may not even be consciously realized, and which will need to be explored and removed before you will be able to proceed.

VIII. HOW TO MAKE YOUR WILDEST DREAMS COME TRUE

From the excitement of foreplay to the last lingering caress, suggestion is the brush with which it is possible to create upon the canvas of consciousness virtually any masterpiece you and your lover desire. The following illustrations show some of the types of fulfillment, which are possible -- and they also show how easy it is to create them, with the aid of a responsive and willing partner. Each of the examples, which follow focuses on either a different aspect of sexuality or a novel application of the principles of suggestion. But these are only starting points, drawing upon what others have done; for, as with any other art form, the true potential of hyper-empira is limited only by the imagination of the artist.

The following fictionalized illustrations are based on the real-life experiences of couples that have been kind enough to share their discoveries with us. When you repeat these or similar experiences yourself, using the techniques and procedures described in Section VIII, it is important to bear in mind that the suggestions contained in the following examples are not intended to be used as scripts, to be memorized word for word. Instead, they should serve merely as a general guide, which may be used to derive new themes and variations to suit your own tastes and preferences and those of your lover, at a pace, which the lover is willing and able to follow. Since each experience carries over in to subsequent lovemaking, and since these examples are bound to suggest a host of new variations, it should not be long before you are turning your own erotic fantasies into reality!

The narratives contained in this section are very explicit in their portrayal the suggestions given and of the results which they produce. This was done, not only to provide realistic illustrations of how to administer suggestions during the course of lovemaking and how to vary the content of your suggestions to match your lover's responses, but also in order to provide a better illustration of the power of these techniques, and of what can actually be expected in response to each hyper-empiric suggestion. For example, most couples in an ongoing relationship do not typically tremble or swoon when they come together in the act of love -- but in hyper-sex, with lovers who respond well to suggestion and who are deeply committed to one another, this may be accomplished quite easily! Though the following narratives have been fictionalized, we wish to emphasize once again that the details of the hyper-sex encounters presented here are grounded in real-life experiences; and that they provide a realistic portrayal of what may be expected with lovers who are open to each other and to new experience, and sufficiently responsive to each other's suggestions.

THE PERFECT LOVER

If suggestions are given early enough beforehand, their effects can be intensified even further by the anticipation which they create in the lovers' minds. This story also illustrates the power of the suggestion that the thoughts and feelings expressed by one lover will immediately be experienced in the mind of the other.

A mutual friend had introduced Peter to Anna. She was a shapely German nurse who, in addition to her duties at the hospital, was studying film making part time at U.S.C. He was immediately captivated by her musical, lightly accented voice, and her habit of coining new words and phrases when she was not sure exactly which English word to use. "Peter is just celebrating his promotion to chief draftsman," his friend had said in making the introductions.

"Ooh, congratulations! You are now the over-dog?" Anna asked with a smile, and without the slightest awareness that anything in the wording of her question had been amiss. Somehow, Anna always managed to make her accent and European mannerisms appear sexy rather than foreign; and as Peter laughed and looked into her wide, blue eyes, and slightly pouting lips which looked as if they were constantly asking to be kissed, he knew immediately that they were destined to become more than just friends.

They began dating, and their relationship grew progressively more intimate as their mutual commitment became more serious. One day, Peter told her about an article on hyper-empira he had been reading, and about its potential to enhance lovemaking.

"What's the difference between hyper-empira and hypnosis?" Anna asked.

"You're going in different directions. In hypnosis, you're getting into a calm, relaxed mode, and in hyper-empira the suggestions make you more responsive and more alert. If you try to use hypnosis for sex, it isn't as effective because the suggestions tend to work against each other," Peter replied.

Peter could see that Anna was intrigued. Almost immediately, they began to utilize hyper-empira for many of their special times together; and as time passed and their relationship continued to deepen, Anna also learned the technique, and contributed many suggestions of her own to intensify and enhance their relationship and their awareness of one another.

Several months later, the couple had become engaged. They now shared the same apartment, and were busy with wedding plans. One morning, after Anna had let herself in at seven o'clock after just coming off of a double shift, she took off her clothes, had a quick shower, slipped on a nightgown, and gently slipped in bed beside him, just as he was beginning to wake up. He rolled over and gently took her in his arms, and began to kiss her tenderly, in a manner which left no doubt in Anna's mind that he was interested in something more than a morning cuddle.

"I'm sorry, darling, but I just can't right now. We had a lot of patients last night, and after that double shift, I am deaaaad!" she said with genuine disappointment.

"Why don't we use hyper-empira to get around the tiredness?" Peter asked.

Anna was intrigued, but she still did not feel like putting forth the effort. "Why don't you surprise me and tell me that when I come out of hyper-empira I'm sleeping with Tom Selleck --

and then we'll see what I can do!" she said teasingly.

"Sure," Peter bantered back, "as long as I can think you are Meryl Streep!"

Peter ducked as Anna swung at his head with a well-aimed pillow. They lay together giggling in each other's arms for a moment, and held each other tenderly as the laughter subsided. Then, after a few moments of cuddling, they grew serious once more.

Peter knew that the most effective suggestion he could give would be one for which Anna filled in the details herself, just the way she wanted them. And he also knew that while her conscious anticipation was growing at the same time, her unconscious processes would have all day to come up with specifics, which would make the result as strong as possible. He led her into hyper-empira and decided to add a couple of twists of his own.

"A" day long, the love and the desire that we have for each other is going to grow and grow, getting stronger and stronger with each passing moment All day long, we are going to be thinking about how it is going to be when we are together A" day long, we are going to miss each other, and be looking forward to how great it is going to be when we finally are together tonight.

"And when we finally come together and we begin to make love, the feelings that we have for each other will cause you to feel so attractive and so desirable that you will be the perfect, ideal lover, and you will experience me as your perfect mate. Our love will make us so desirable to one another that no one else could even come close to the perfection and the fulfillment, which we will find together in each other's arms.

"And when we finally come together and begin to make love," Peter repeated, "we are going to be so close to each other, in mind and heart and body, that everything that I tell you that I am feeling, you will feel too -- just as strongly, and in just the same way

"But while we are getting ready to make love tonight, and while we are making love, everything that I tell you that is happening to me, you will experience as happening to you at the very same time because that's how close we're going to be. And for it's going to be far better than anything we ever believed that lovemaking could possibly be. You would not believe how strongly you are going to be aroused. You would not believe how intensely you are going to climax. And you would not believe how beautiful it is going to be, and how powerfully it is going to affect you.

He led her back from hyper-empira, and Anna opened her eyes and gazed up at him. "I love you," she said simply.

They kissed and embraced briefly, and Peter got out of bed, heading for the shower. Turning briefly in the doorway, he added, "I can hardly wait for tonight!"

"Me too. I love you," Anna repeated. A few moments later, she was asleep.

Peter did not call her from work, as he wanted to give her plenty of rest. But she was almost continually on his mind, as he looked forward to the evening to come. "I hope she gets plenty of sleep -- she's going to need it!" he thought to himself

He need not have worried. When he returned home, Anna quickly closed and locked the door behind him. Anna sighed, and turned to embrace him and as they began to kiss, she slipped her hand down into his trousers and began fondling his penis. "Oh, God, I want you!" Peter

blurted out.

Anna sighed, and her body seemed to tense somewhat, in obvious response to the suggestion that whatever Peter told her that he was feeling, she would begin to feel too -- but she gave no answer. Soon his belt was undone, and his trousers were open and fell to the floor. Using both hands now, as their kiss continued, Anna slipped down Peter's shorts and continued to fondle and to caress his erect member. Then she stood upright so that Peter could unzip her jeans and slip them off, along with her panties.

"I can't wait! -- I want you so bad that I'm burning up!" Peter exclaimed, as they both kicked off their shoes in an odd sort of dance, while their kissing and caressing went on unabated as she urgently unbuttoned his shirt as he was doing the same with her blouse. Anna reached back and unhooked her bra herself to save time, and quickly dropped it to the floor as the couple wrapped their arms around each other in a passionate embrace, too much in a hurry even to think of moving onto the couch.

"I want you so bad -- I'm going to explode!" Peter exclaimed.

Anna's body quickly tensed as he finished speaking, as they sank down together on the floor and stretched out on the rug. For a moment, it seemed as if she were about to climax, but the tension held.

Anna's breasts and in particular, her nipples were exceptionally sensitive erogenous zones and Peter always enjoyed stimulating them to the fullest. Now, in response to his earlier suggestions, her breasts were especially firm and resilient beneath his caressing hands, and her normally tiny nipples stood erect and swollen. Peter eagerly moved from one to the other, bringing each in turn to an exquisite height of sensitivity with lips and teeth and tongue and cupping the other breast in his hand, delicately teasing and caressing and toying with the other recently moistened nipple until he could return to it.

Anna was begging for more as she pleadingly writhed in an agony of desire. "Hurry, please hurry!" she panted. Her pelvis was slightly raised, and the muscles of her legs seemed as taught as tightly stretched ropes. Then, just when it seemed obvious that she could take no more, Peter quickly moved between her widespread legs. She kissed him hungrily on the mouth, as he thrust his tongue deep inside. After only a second or two, he interrupted the kiss and abruptly penetrated her with his member, like a sword being thrust into its scabbard, as Anna screamed in ecstasy.

When her orgasm had subsided, Peter slowed momentarily, and then gradually resumed his strokes. And so he continued, alternately thrusting and slowing, until her cries had turned to whimpers; and timing his own release so that when it finally came, her whimpers turned to tears of joy.

Suddenly, Anna's body went totally limp, and Peter realized that she had fainted. He called her name softly, and gently patted her cheek, but for a moment she did not respond. Then, slowly, her eyes flickered, and finally opened.

"I love you," she said simply, exactly as she had said it that morning.

ONLY IN THE BEDROOM

Does it ever feel like a day goes by in just a few minutes, or an hour seems to be almost endless? Wouldn't you like to be able to change this sense of time almost at will, so that you and your lover could still "stop and smell the roses," no matter how busy your schedules might happen to be? The present illustration illustrates the use of suggestions for time expansion to achieve precisely that result.

"I have three children!" exclaimed Jan, a busy homemaker. "Between Brownies, Little League, Cub Scouts, washing clothes, paying bills, and cleaning out toilets, how can I find the time for sex? And when Jerry and I do get a free half hour, it's hard to change moods from the laundry room to the bedroom!"

Jan's husband, Jerry, drove a bread truck by day and was taking classes at the local community college at night. Between the demands of their two busy schedules, their lovemaking had often turned into little more than a few rushed encounters, which they were both, too exhausted to enjoy.

Jerry had heard about hyper-empira from his cousin, who had lent him a book on the subject and told him of his own experiences in using this technique. When he mentioned this to Jan, she was immediately interested. Jerry told her, "Hyper-empira lets you be more alert and more responsive right from the start. "And with all the things that you can do with suggestion, just imagine what it's going to be like when we use it in lovemaking!"

Jan smiled, and her eyes glowed with pleasure.

The following Saturday, after getting as much of a good night's sleep as possible, they arranged to drop the children off at Jerry's parents' house for a couple of hours, and quickly returned home.

Jan was a short woman, with a small waist and perfectly formed breasts, who never liked to wear a bra. She was proud of her petite figure, which she had managed to maintain by regular workouts at a local gym. Today, she had on a pair of khaki shorts and a short-sleeved top, which only extended to the bottom of her rib cage, leaving her midriff bare.

As soon as they had entered, they quickly closed the front door behind them and embraced hungrily. After only a moment or two, Jerry broke free from his wife's embrace, went over to the couch and sat down.

Jan quickly followed him, turned around, and sat down between his outstretched legs, arching her back slightly so that her head reached comfortably against his chest. As Jerry ran his forearms up the front of her top, cupping a breast in each hand, she smiled and closed her eyes. Continuing to clasp her breasts firmly with both hands, Jerry swung his elbows outward so that her loosely fitting top rode upwards along his arms. Then, as Jan obligingly raised her arms above her head, Jerry released his grip on her breasts, lifted her garment the rest of the way off, and quickly removed his own shirt as well. Turning her body sideways, Jan snuggled down with one ear against Jerry's chest to listen to his heartbeat, as he began the suggestions of increasing alertness and mind expansion, which would lead her into hyper-empira.

When Jerry had completed these suggestions he went on,

“From now on, the time we spend making love will seem to be passing much more slowly, and every part of our lovemaking is going to be infinitely more satisfying and more fulfilling because it will seem to last so much longer. Your climaxes will be deeper and longer; and they will just seem to go on, and on, and on, giving you more pleasure than you could possibly imagine.”

He then ended the hyper-empiric experience and Jan disappeared into the bedroom; and in a few moments she returned, wearing only his bathrobe. Jerry stood up and placed his arm around her waist in an intent to guide her the few steps toward the couch. But instead of complying, she sighed, and seemed to melt in the direction of the floor as she knelt before him. Taking him nearly full length into her mouth, she grasped his member gently between her teeth and drew back slowly, stretching him out full length as she did so. Again, she gulped his rapidly swelling member into her mouth, and again drew back, gently running her teeth down the entire length of his rapidly hardening shaft, pausing to lick and caress the tip with her tongue. Then, turning her head sideways and placing her parted lips gently lengthwise along the underside, just behind the tip where the nerves were most sensitive, she moved her tongue rapidly back and forth in a sideways motion, sighing and softly moaning under her breath with her own ever-increasing desire.

Suddenly, she stood up -- but instead of heading towards the couch or back to the bedroom, she took his hand and guided him in the direction of the, front door, which was located right next to the couch. Then she turned and stood with her back against it as she pulled him towards her and spread her legs for him to enter.

Jerry flexed his legs slightly and quickly penetrated her, pumping with legs and buttocks as he repeatedly pressed her against the door. In response to such passion, Jan's excitement rapidly built towards climax -- but at the last moment, Jerry held back his own orgasm and allowed Jan to finish by herself. In a moment or two, when her excitement had subsided, he moved back slightly in order to insert his open hand between their bodies. Sliding his extended thumb down over the top of her pubis and between the open lips, he quickly found the knob of her clitoris and began to tease and caress it with the ball of his thumb -- moving his body only slowly now, as Jan, still impaled on his member, writhed in ecstasy, almost without stopping, as she gasped and moaned beneath his touch.

After a while, Jerry sensed one final climax beginning to build in her. Abandoning all attempts at restraint, he took his hand away and pumped furiously, as their orgasms simultaneously overtook them and his groans of pleasure mingled with her exhausted cries of delight. Finally, drenched with perspiration, she collapsed into his arms and he carried her back to the couch.

“This stuff really works!” Jan exclaimed later. “I didn't feel any time pressure at all, and - and - I certainly didn't have any trouble getting into the mood!” Then, recalling that he had suggested to her that they wouldn't want to think of anything else until their lovemaking was over, she laughingly wondered aloud, “But what would have happened if someone had been about to ring the doorbell?”

“Don't come a-knockin' when this door is a-rockin' !” Jerry replied with a laugh of his own.

“From now on,” said Jan, “we use hyper-sex only in the bedroom!”

WINNING AN OSCAR WITH SEXUAL SUGGESTION

Picture the closeness that two lovers feel when the greatest sexual turn-on that either one of them could possibly experience is the immediate pleasure of the other. Now imagine what it would be like for you and your lover to **always** be able to feel that closeness.

Joe and Jennifer were attending community college together in San Diego. They had met at the restaurant where they worked in the evenings waiting on tables while school was in session. Joe, an art major, was nineteen, tall, blonde, and muscular. Jennifer, a year younger than Joe, radiated a wholesome, "girl-next-door" attractiveness which tended to mask a deeper, underlying beauty which was not apparent to the casual observer. In spite of the fact that she was somewhat slight of frame, her body possessed the classic proportions of a Grecian statue a fact which was only apparent when she was wearing her bathing suit or when she and Joe were making love.

Although the couple had engaged in frequent heavy petting, they had intercourse on only four occasions during the past three months or so they had been dating. Because of her fear of getting pregnant without Joe using a condom, and her dislike and distrust of other methods, Jennifer was usually slow to become aroused, and had reached orgasm during intercourse only once -- while Joe found it almost impossible to restrain himself, and would attain climax after only about a minute or two, and then promptly lose his erection. If Joe did try to use a condom, on the other hand, his erection would promptly wane and he would have to remove it before he was able to recover to the point where he could continue. Since they both were relatively inexperienced in the art of lovemaking, they were too embarrassed to talk to each other about what had happened; and since they both cared very deeply about one another, they simply pretended that nothing was amiss.

Jennifer thought that she would especially enjoy oral sex, but Joe -- although he loved it when Jennifer would briefly lick and kiss his penis during foreplay, and wished that she would do more -- was reluctant to orally stimulate her in return. Sometimes, when they had not petted to climax, they each would privately relieve their remaining sexual tensions at the end of the evening by masturbation.

Jennifer was planning to major in psychology, and had learned the technique of hyper-empira from her older sister, who was a graduate student in a class of one of the present authors. She had talked about hyper-sex with Joe, and he had been very interested in trying it out. "But how does that stuff work?" he had asked her.

"Look, if they can use hypnosis to amputate limbs, take out teeth, and deliver babies, all without an anesthetic, just think what they can do with suggestions that make you more alert instead of making you less responsive. And for sex? Well ...

"Sounds good to me -- let's go for it! Joe answered enthusiastically.

One evening, when her parents were away for the weekend, Joe went to visit Jennifer at her home. As soon as he was inside, they fell into each other's arms and kissed each other hungrily on the mouth. Joe quickly pulled Jennifer's blouse loose from her jeans, and ran his hands inside to fondle her taut, perfectly formed breasts. Already short of breath from Joe's sudden passion, Jennifer broke free and took him by the hand as they wordlessly walked together

into the living room.

They embraced once again. Holding her locked firmly in his arms, Joe lifted her off her feet and walked slowly towards the couch; and as she raised her legs and crossed them behind his hips, he gently placed her down in a sitting position. They continued to kiss and to embrace in this position for several moments, as she kept her legs tightly wrapped around his loins. Joe reached down and adjusted his trousers to allow himself more room as Jennifer obligingly pressed her feminine softness tight against his rapidly stiffening member and their kisses grew more passionate.

Joe was slowly being driven mad with desire. "Take off your shirt," Jennifer said with a half gasp and half sigh, as he was about to lay her back full length upon the couch. "And turn out the lights," she added as Joe reluctantly loosened his embrace.

Joe arose and quickly removed his shirt, strode to the other side of the room, and flipped off the light switch -- but the room was still fairly well illuminated by the lights from the kitchen. When he turned around, Jennifer had already removed her clothing and stood naked before him. The dazzling whiteness of her breasts and hips seemed almost blinding, in contrast to the rest of her tanned body; and her delicate nipples had hardened in the cool air, standing out like two tiny buttons of pink coral. As Joe took her adoringly into his arms once more, he felt his penis surge to a rock-like hardness that was almost painful. "The kitchen lights," Jennifer, whispered softly, as she first melted into his arms and then gently pushed him back.

Reluctantly, Joe went into the kitchen and turned out the lights there. The house was suddenly plunged into near-darkness. Jennifer lay down on the rug next to the electric heater, in order to better absorb its warmth. Quickly removing the rest of his own clothing, Joe rushed to join her and the couple embraced once more.

Her skin was incredibly soft to his touch, despite the firmness of her breasts. Jennifer suddenly interrupted his explorations and pushed him down on his back, sitting astride him and leaning forward so that he could kiss her breasts and caress her nipples with his tongue, as he placed his hands around each breast in turn and gently squeezed in order to make them balloon out as much as possible. Then, after a moment or two, she teasingly slid her body downwards, staying close enough to Joe that her nipples touched his chest, stopping to touch his own nipples with hers and then sliding on down along his stomach, pausing to touch the tip of his penis with each nipple in turn as Joe watched with delight. Then, to Joe's surprise and astonishment, she took his throbbing member fully into her mouth and began to suck, pulling hard with her tongue along the sensitive underside as she did so.

Joe closed his eyes and bent every effort of his will to avoid a climax. "Oh, God! Ooh, no!" he exclaimed, as Jennifer, startled, interrupted her ministrations and asked him what was the matter.

"I'm trying not to come!" Joe replied truthfully.

"Oh, I thought I was hurting you."

"Oh, no, I love it!" said Joe. "Keep it up, I love it!"

"Okay, but tell me if you're going to come," answered Jennifer as she began to play with his member once more -- kissing, licking, and sucking as she grew ever more confident.

This time Joe kept his eyes open. But the sight of her tender lips and tongue caressing his member and taking it into her mouth was more than he could bear. He felt a sweet, sudden tensing in his groin. "I'm going to come!" he gasped.

Jennifer stopped -- none to soon -- and reached up to grab some tissues from a box on the coffee table. She laid the tissues beneath his penis and watched with a mixture of awe and fascination as Joe's semen spurted out and his breathing gradually returned to normal. "They don't call those man size tissues for nothing," she thought to herself as Joe's erection began to wane.

Glancing upward, she saw the look of dismay in Joe's eyes as his member began to lose its stiffness - but she had become aroused by the sight and feel of his throbbing member, and she wanted to experience him inside of her. She sat up and shifted her position so that her back was resting against the front of the couch, and motioned for Joe to sit beside her. They kissed briefly and then, cradling his head in her lap, she led him into hyper-empira.

"You can feel your awareness and your capacity for sexual experience becoming greater than it could possibly be at any other time. And soon your entire potential will be fully realized. Your perceptions will take on new and deeper qualities, and they will be greater and more intense than anything you have experienced previously," she suggested, as she led Joe through the procedure. And when the suggestions to for hyper-empira were concluded, she went on:

"The most stimulating, most arousing thing you can possibly feel from now on is going to be the pleasure that I get from making love with you. And the more pleasure you give to me, the bigger the turn on it's going to be for you. And when you make me come, it's going to excite you like nothing ever has before. In a few minutes, if you feel like it, you will be able to give me oral sex. And when you do, it's going to turn you on like nothing ever has before. And whenever we make love in the future, even if you are wearing a condom, it's going to be so strong that when you come, you will practically explode with joy. Would you like that?"

Joe nodded silently, and Jennifer saw that he was smiling in anticipation.

"And from now on, you're going to be eager to tell me about everything else that gives you pleasure. Giving me a climax is going to be the strongest source of pleasure you can possibly imagine, but I want to know everything else that gives you pleasure too -- how you like to be touched, what you want me to do everything! Because the more pleasure I can give to you, the more pleasure it's going to give to me." She then ended the hyper-empiric experience and waited for what was about to happen next.

She did not have to wait long.

They lay cuddled together in the darkness, kissing, touching, and tenderly exploring each other's bodies. After a few moments, Joe's hand moved toward her crotch. "Not yet," she said in a half whisper and half sigh as she nibbled his neck. "Just brush it, and then come back in a few minutes."

Slowly, she moved her head down to rest it on his chest so that she could listen to his heartbeat as she fondled his penis, cradling it in the warmth of her hand. Then she began to playfully kiss his chest and tease his nipples with her tongue, as she threw one leg across his hips,

half straddling him.

Joe drew his breath in sharply as he grasped the tender roundness of her buttocks, which were now fully astride his hips. Then he began to caress her in earnest, slowly extending his touch down her legs and up her back, following the indentation of her slender waist, and pausing to caress the sides of her firm breasts, which by this time were pressed firmly against his chest as their mouths joined hungrily in another deep kiss.

Still kissing, they rolled over on their sides, as Jennifer turned the lower half of her body so that her hips were flat on the floor and her womanhood lay fully open to Joe's exploring hand. As his caresses slowly made their way down her body, she gently took his hand in hers and placed it directly upon her pubis, so that it covered her like a fig leaf

Jennifer's tender flesh quickly began to respond to the warmth of his hand. Taking hold of his hand once more, she gently guided it up and down, pressing his middle finger forward to gently trace the length of her swelling vaginal lips. "Now put your finger in -- slowly," she whispered. And as she reached out to touch his penis, she suddenly gasped as she found that had grown rock-hard and was standing straight at attention once more.

Joe began to alternate between gently stimulating her vagina with his finger and letting it travel upwards to caress her clitoris, as Jennifer's body began to tense. Jennifer moaned softly, as she gently pushed his head down between her thighs.

She gave a sudden cry of pleasure as Joe nuzzled his face into the softness of her pubic hair, gently found his way into her, and began kissing and licking her womanhood, thrusting his mouth and tongue ever more rapidly up and down. "Deeper!" she cried. "Deeper!" Joe did as he was told, as she raised her legs and embraced his rapidly nodding head and the incredibly soft skin of her inner thighs shut off all sounds from his ears but her moans of joy.

When her cries subsided, their bodies fell apart, and Joe reached over and took a condom from the watch pocket of his jeans. As soon as he had unrolled it and put it on, Jennifer climbed on top of him and stretched her body out full length as he penetrated her -- but only for an inch or two, moving slowly back and forth in order not to become overstimulated too quickly. Jennifer began to move her hips more rapidly, but Joe begged her to slow down. "It's too good," he gasped. "Let me get used to it!"

Joe's control was better now; and after a few moments, he was able to penetrate her as fully as he desired, moving much more rapidly as he did so. Suddenly, Jennifer pressed her breasts hard against his chest and held her breath, pumping rapidly with her hips until her body convulsed in ecstasy. "Come!" she gasped; and with only a few rapid thrusts of his pelvis, Joe's climax followed so quickly upon her own that it overlapped her final gasps. But Jennifer was not yet through. Claspng her arms tightly around his neck and thrusting her hips rapidly back and forth before his erection had a chance to wane, she emitted a deep, full throated cry of joy almost in his ear as another climax overtook her.

They lay together for several moments, until Joe finally broke the silence. "You should have an Oscar for that one!"

"I've already - an Oscar," responded Jennifer. "How do you do, Oscar!" she exclaimed, as she placed her hand around Joe's penis and pumped it up and down as if she were shaking hands.

From that night onward, as they continued to freely talk about each other's wants and needs, and to experience the repeated suggestion in hyper-empira that the greatest possible source of pleasure for each one of them is the pleasure of the other, Joe came to know that for her, as for most women, lovemaking begins with the first tender glance, long before the act of love itself -- and since the Most arousing thing that he could possibly experience was now Jennifer's own pleasure, Joe not only became an excellent physical lover, but an incurable romantic as well. But whenever she tried to compliment him on his thoughtfulness, Joe was quick to point out that he was not the one to thank. "After all, honey," he would often say, "you're the one who keeps getting awarded all the Oscars!"

SEX TOYS

For many couples, hyper-empira can intensify the sensations of physical pleasure during lovemaking, in a manner which feels similar to the use of vibrators and other popular physical devices -- but with much more opportunity to define and control the experience, and without the perception that the sensations produced are merely mechanical.

Joe and Jennifer, whom we met in the previous story, had been happily married for three years. They had experimented with various types of mechanical aids to enhance their sex life when they first met -- condoms with ribbed edges to enhance sensation, creams to produce a feeling of warmth, vibrators of varying sizes, etc. While Joe continued to find them enjoyable, Jennifer had gradually lost interest in such devices because, as she told him, "They aren't"

Jennifer had recently stopped taking her birth control pills, as the couple began to make a serious effort to conceive their first child. Once they had overcome their initial communication barriers, they had always enjoyed a healthy and active sex life; but now, in response to Jennifer's strong maternal drives, she never missed an opportunity to entice Joe into having sex with her -- with or without mechanical aids.

Since before they were married, as we saw in the previous story, the couple had been experimenting with it to deepen and enrich their lovemaking experiences, with excellent results. At dinner one evening, Joe wondered aloud what it would be like to use hyper-empira in combination with some of the devices they had used before.

"Hmm," Jennifer replied, half to herself, and said no more about it.

After dinner, Joe lit a fire, and they sat on the couch sipping their after-dinner drinks. Their conversation quickly died down, and after a few moments the couple began to embrace. After a while, Jennifer asked, "Got any toys?" knowing full well that he did.

"I've got a better idea than that," said Joe, who promptly took her into his arms and guided her into hyper-empira.

Jennifer was always very responsive to this technique -- but now, powered by her strong desires to conceive, she immediately began to live out his every word and image, more fully than ever before. "It's a wonderful feeling of liberation which you are experiencing now, as your vast potential for loving is becoming freed for its fullest possible pleasure; and soon your entire body will be awakened. All of your perceptions will take on new and deeper qualities; and every sensation will be a new and exquisite experience," Joe suggested about halfway through the procedure. He could see Jennifer's body begin to tense and grow rigid with anticipation, as he felt an answering stiffening of his penis.

When Joe had finished his initial suggestions to guide her into hyper-empira, he went on,

"Now, we are reaching down into the depths of your mind, releasing all of your vast potential for making love. And these feelings are going to continue flowing forth, like water from a hundred secret springs, filling and flooding every fiber, and every muscle, and every nerve of your body with wave after wave of passion and desire.

Jennifer was breathing rapidly, and her cheeks had noticeably reddened. He gently removed her clothing and his own, placed two pillows behind her, and laid her gently back

against them, cuddling his wife tenderly in his arms as they began to kiss and to caress each other once more.

Joe sat up and straddled her, kneeling with one knee on either side of her waist.

“Your whole body is becoming so sensitive that whenever and wherever Oscar touches you,” -- Oscar was their private name for Joe's penis -- “you will feel vibrations of pure pleasure and desire, more beautiful than anything you have ever felt before.”

Jennifer sighed deeply, and her lips parted. Moving his body forward to meet hers, propped up as she was with pillows, Joe took his penis in one hand and touched it to her lips. Using his hand to guide himself Joe slowly moved Oscar's tip back and forth along her full, sensuous lips as if he were applying a lipstick, while Jennifer lovingly and expertly guided her tongue first along the underside, and then along the top, as Oscar throbbed with present and anticipated pleasure. Joe continued moving Oscar gently back and forth for a few moments as he repeated,

“Wherever and whenever Oscar touches you, you will feel vibrations of pure pleasure and desire, more beautiful than anything you have felt before, growing and getting stronger all the time. And the longer we wait to make love, the more you are going to want me, and the better it is going to be.”

He then guided Oscar into her waiting mouth, as Jennifer gave a little moan of pleasure from behind her closed lips, grasping the base with her fingers as she tenderly squeezed and pumped, nodding her head in time to his rhythm as Joe flexed his thighs and slowly swayed back and forth.

After a few moments, Joe withdrew. Jennifer arched her body back to thrust her breasts as far forward as possible, sighing with pleasure as Joe repeated once more, “With every touch, you can feel the vibrations of pleasure and desire growing and getting stronger all the time. And the longer we wait; the more you are going to want me, and the better it is going to be.”

“Ooh, God,” Jennifer sighed. “Give him to me!”

Joe did not reply. He slid Oscar along the cleft between her breasts, cupping and caressing them with his hands and pressing them along the sides of the shaft. Then, slowly and playfully, he began to work his way down her body, touching and gliding himself over the soft, eager flesh, until he reached the furry mound below. Jennifer was wet and yielding, but Joe held back, lovingly teasing and nuzzling her with the tip, briefly inserting just the cap and then withdrawing as he repeated his suggestions once again to strengthen them still further: “You can feel the vibrations growing and getting stronger with every touch. And the longer we wait, the better it is going to be.” He felt Jennifer's body writhe beneath him as she sighed and panted with desire.

Finally, when he knew that she was about to climax, Joe suddenly penetrated her full length. Jennifer cried out, and her body seemed to bounce on the couch with each repeated stroke as she flung herself into orgasm. The sight, feel, and sound of his wife's body in such a throes of pleasure was more than Joe needed for his own climax, and he felt the hot, warm semen flowing out of him in response.

They lay together for several minutes, until Joe reluctantly led her back from hyper-

empira. They showered, and Joe put some more logs on the fire while Jennifer prepared a second round of drinks. Then they returned to the couch in their bathrobes to watch television. “That was wonderful!” Jennifer exclaimed. “It wasn't like I was just feeling vibrations, and it didn't feel mechanical at all, because I was feeling -

“When they had finished their drinks, they stretched out on the couch facing each other and were silent for a few moments, listening absentmindedly to the television without bothering to watch it, as Jennifer slowly ran her fingers through the hair on Joe's chest while she snuggled contentedly beside him. Suddenly, she reached over and turned the TV off with the remote control and smiled up at him mischievously. “Okay, big guy, let's see what Oscar feels like when I do it!”

Joe opened his mouth as if to reply, but Jennifer tenderly laid her index finger across his lips. “Turn over, honey, you've got lots more left.”

THE EYES OF LOVE

By Matthew Imer, Ph.D.

Couples in the 1990's and beyond, whether gay or straight, will need to find new ways of deepening and enriching their commitment to one another as monogamous relationships become not merely desirable, but perhaps the only safe way to remain sexually active. The following illustration of openness in communication between same-sex lovers offers a lesson in genuine companionship from which anyone, gay or straight, can learn.

Brent and Larry were well on the way to establishing a solid relationship as a gay couple, but they found themselves getting very awkward in intimate situations because they were both very concerned about being safe in their sexual practices. "I've been afraid of sex -- even safe sex -- because of AIDS," Brent said one evening when they had returned to Brent's apartment after seeing a movie together. "We're obviously attracted to each other, but what can we do? Just hug and give each other dry pecks on the cheek? That's about all you can do in safe sex, but that's not enough, is it?"

"Leave it to me," responded Larry, who had become seriously interested in the study of hyper-empiria. After first making an agreement with Brent that whatever happened that evening would be within the bounds of what is considered safe sexual practice, Larry guided Brent into hyper-empira while practicing self-suggestion at the same time. Then he asked, "How do you feel, Brent?"

"I feel good. How about you?"

"Me too," Larry responded. "Now I want you to use your imagination some more. In a little while, I'm going to open my eyes and look at you. I'll lightly caress your neck when I'm looking at you. As soon as you feel that touch, you can begin to open your eyes and look at me."

"OK," said Brent."

"But unlike anything you've ever known before, you'll be seeing me with the eyes of love. And that will be so beautiful that it will be a better turn-on than you've ever felt. You'll be surprised to learn how powerful and beautiful just looking into my eyes can be. And the same thing will be happening inside me as I look at you with the eyes of love. OK? "

"Yeah."

The two looked at each other and began to notice how wonderful and sexy eye contact can really be. "Now I'm going to kiss you lightly on the lips just once, Brent. But as soon as you feel my lips, there will be something powerful that you will feel -- perhaps like fire or electricity in your lips. Whatever that feeling is, it will give you more and more pleasure as you notice it growing stronger and stronger. And the feeling will begin to spread out through the rest of your body -- like warmth or tingling or waves of pleasure. Whatever the feeling seems like to you, you will realize that it is something stronger than anything that an ordinary wet kiss ever made you feel. And I am going to feel exactly the same way."

To their delighted surprise, the light kiss really was better than anything they had known before. "Now, Brent, I'm going to kiss you again on the lips, then on the cheeks, forehead, and all over your face. Each kiss will be more powerful than the one before it, as the warmth builds up

more and more in your entire body.”

They continued mutually experiencing the heightened sexual awareness of the visualization in which they have both joined. “Now I'll remove your shirt, Brent, and as you feel the cloth slipping off your skin, your body will become even more energized and excited. Then you can remove my shirt and the same thing will happen to me. And we will kiss each other on the shoulders, neck, chest, and nipples, and each kiss will seem better than the one before.”

Larry and Brent continued thus until they were naked, basking in the ecstatic glow they both were feeling. “Now,” Larry went on, “you will feel free to tell me exactly where you want me to touch you. We will get great pleasure out of this because we won't have any fear. You can tell me if I'm doing it right or wrong. I'll get pleasure out of anything safe that makes you feel good.”

Then Larry said, “I'm going to tell you just how I want to be touched. It will be safe, and it will be more beautiful than anything risky could ever be. I want to feel your hands touching me, giving me the safety of the pleasure that only you can give me.”

When the mind is properly prepared by means of hyper-empira and visualization, the sexual experience which results will be memorable indeed. Without ever going beyond caresses, dry kisses, and genital fondling, with the aid of mutual suggestion the two had reached a height of pleasure they never expected, achieved it without fear, and were able to experience the wonderful, loving tenderness of a truly committed couple.

THE FIRST TIME

The first time that you made love, was it everything that you had hoped for, or was it perhaps something just a bit less, because anxiety and tension got in the way of your enjoyment? Have there ever been times -- then or later when you wished that you could simply choose to feel differently and make it happen?

It was the last day of Becky's college classes. She was now a senior, and she and several friends had gathered at the home of a faculty member for beer and pizza. Becky and her boyfriend, Fred, whom we met earlier, were sitting at a table on the patio with Randy, who had the build, looks, and personality of a campus jock, but who wanted to be a priest; and with Millie, an older student in her thirties who had returned to school after her divorce, and who had been occasionally filling in as a part-time departmental secretary that year.

Becky and Fred had been dating seriously for about three months; but except for some occasional heavy petting, their relationship had remained largely platonic. This afternoon, however, everyone seemed to be in a mood to cast off his or her usual restraints. Millie was obviously intent on wooing Randy away from celibacy, and every few minutes she kept playfully sitting on his lap -- but Randy seemed to be successfully resisting the temptation. Becky regaled the group with several jokes, mostly on the topic of sex, and suddenly she asked Fred, "Tell me, have you ever had a virgin?" to which he truthfully replied, "Yes."

"Did it hurt the girl?"

"No, actually, I think she enjoyed it," he answered slowly.

"Well, how did you manage that? A lot of girls complain that their first time really hurt," said Becky, remembering a few unpleasant experiences of her own.

"That depends a lot on the guy," Fred replied. "If you're gentle enough, go slowly, and take all night if you have to. But most guys just don't have that much control, or they get impatient, and after a while they just ram it in. Then there are some guys who get off on the fact that a girl is a virgin. It's a real turn on to them if she seems to be hurting, because it makes them feel macho."

"Yeah, they feel like they must be really big if it hurts," Randy added.

Millie commented, "Some women even have to go to the doctor to have their hymen cut before they can have sex. But if the man is gentle and considerate, and if he's willing to go slow, it really shouldn't matter all that much."

Later in the conversation, Fred described the interesting features of another local restaurant and suggested they all go there for dinner. They agreed, and since they had all come in separate cars, Fred gave them directions so that they could meet there later on.

Becky was fond of wearing large, bulky sweaters even in warm weather, and Fred had the feeling that even in spite of her extroverted nature, she was somewhat self-conscious about her figure. As she got out of the car in the parking lot of the restaurant where Fred was waiting for her, he felt the insistent stirring of desire as he looked down at her, remembering the lovely curves, which lay embedded in all that softness.

By the time they were ready to leave, Becky was obviously feeling cuddly. Fred was

living in an apartment just a few blocks from the restaurant. "It's a nice night for a walk," Fred observed. "Why don't we just walk over to my place, and we can come back and get the cars later?" Becky paused a moment and said nothing. Fred repeated his invitation. This time, she slowly nodded in agreement, and they walked arm in arm the short distance to Fred's flat.

When they had closed the door to his one-room efficiency apartment, Fred gestured towards his cot and towards the couch at the opposite end of the room. "Becky," he said, "It's up to you." She sat down on the side of the cot and said quietly, "Do you have any protection?"

"Yes," Fred replied. He quickly went into the bathroom and retrieved a condom from the medicine chest, slipped it into his pocket and returned, sitting down beside her, putting his arm around her and kissing her gently. "Turn out the light," she said, and Fred noticed that her hand was shaking.

They kissed and embraced, and Fred gently began to remove Becky's clothing as she lay back upon the cot. The room was pitch black. On an end table just beyond the pillow was a radio, which had a brightly lighted dial. "I'm going to turn this on, just for a little music," said Fred, and reached up to do so. The radio dial was just enough to illuminate each curve of her body, leaving the rest in darkness. "Oh, Fred, I want to go all the way with you -- but I'm, afraid," Becky said quietly after a few minutes of further embraces.

"That's all right," Fred responded. "I've been learning about some new uses of hyper-empira - using suggestions of alertness to put you into a higher form of consciousness, so that all the other suggestions I give you will be just as real as if they're actually happening. I'm going to guide you into it, and you'll be fine.

Cradling her naked body in his arms and gently stroking her hair and her forehead, Fred began to guide her into hyper-empira, gazing all the time at the lovely curves of her body, half hidden and half illuminated by the light of the radio dial. Gradually she began to relax, and as he concluded the procedure, he said,

"Now we are going to begin to make love. And we will be able to take just as much time as we want to, for there isn't any hurry at all, and you will be able to enjoy every moment to the fullest. Whatever else you may have felt is now going to be felt merely as pleasure, and as excitement. But the most important thing will be the exquisite, wonderful pleasure that is about to be yours -- flooding and filling every muscle and nerve and cell of your body with the most beautiful sensations of joy."

Fred continued kissing and stroking her as he repeated his suggestions. Slowly, his kisses traveled down her body until he was kissing and licking her clitoris. Her body tensed with pleasure, and not wanting her to climax so soon, Fred stopped, and moved back to his original position.

Becky's vagina was soft and moist, and Fred gently began probing and touching along the length of her outer lips with his middle finger. As he continued moving his finger slowly back and forth, her vagina grew even moister. Then, very gradually, he inserted his finger. The fit was snug, and Fred realized that this was as much as Becky had ever done before. Very slowly and carefully, Fred inserted a second finger beside the first, gently stretching her vaginal opening. As he withdrew his finger and continued stroking her clitoris, Becky murmured something too faint for Fred to understand. "What?" he asked.

“I want you,” she whispered softly.

“I want you,” Fred repeated, as he pulled away for a moment, reached into his pocket and retrieved the condom. Quickly undressing, he peeled off the wrapper, unrolled it along the length of his erect penis and stretched out beside her, as he continued to gently stroke and probe the softness of her vagina with the head of his member. After a few moments, Fred began to push a little harder, and suddenly he penetrated, but Becky seemed only to relax a little more.

Fred moved slowly inside her, repeating his suggestions of pleasure, joy, peace, and happiness as they turned so that she once more lay beneath him. As he continued his gentle motions with his hips, he began caressing her body once again, kissing her sensuously on the mouth and neck, and gently stroking her thighs and legs -- until, with the pent-up desires of years of longing, Becky's body suddenly exploded with into orgasm, flooding the room with her sighs and cries.

When both their passions were fully spent, Fred ended the hyper-empiric experience. “I don't know how to please a man,” Becky said. “Was I good enough for you?”

You re so pretty that you don't have to - anything to please a guy it is a turn-on just to please you.” Fred truthfully exclaimed, for their time together had been beautiful indeed.

And that night was followed by even more beautiful nights, as Fred and Becky explored together through hyper-empira every dimension of sexual intimacy. As their love grew fuller and deeper, Becky gradually lost her fear of revealing her naked body for Fred to admire; and under his patient tutelage, she gradually learned to be responsive in ways that were better than either of them had ever imagined.

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

Do you remember the incredible excitement of looking forward to the best sex that you could possibly imagine? Now picture the excitement being able to take that just as a starting point, from which you can always go on to something better.

It was Gary's birthday, and Ann, his bride of six months, had quite an evening in store for him. She began with a candle-lit dinner, accompanied by a bottle of wine. At the conclusion of the meal, as Gary sighed with contentment, he said, "My mother always used to say that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach."

"I have a bit lower opinion of men than that," said Ann with a wicked grin. "Come with me!"

"What, no birthday cake?" asked Gary, with a smile.

"Later!" she exclaimed, as she led him into the den.

"Here comes the next part of your birthday present," she said. "I'm going to take you into hyper-empira, and then I'm going to make love to you, and you're going to have the greatest sex you've ever had in your entire life. It's going to be so good, that just thinking about it will turn you on more than you have ever been turned on before!"

Gary had first learned about using suggestion for consciousness expansion on the Internet, and had learned the technique of hyper-empira when he quickly realized its potential for enriching the physical and emotional side of their relationship. Ann was a willing pupil, and in the security of their marriage and their strong love for each other, her sexuality had finally begun to flower. Recently, she had been learning how to use hyper-empira herself, and now, she had resolved to give him a particularly memorable reward for his patience.

Gary smiled broadly and squirmed with anticipation as Ann lit some candles and turned out the lights. They kissed and embraced for a few moments, as they seductively unbuttoned and removed each other's clothing, tenderly exploring each other's bodies with their hands. The sofa bed was open invitingly. Gary closed his eyes, and Ann sat down on the floor beside him. Slowly and softly, she began to speak, as she gently took his penis between her hands. Stroking and cradling it between her touch, Gary's body began to relax beneath the pleasure of her caresses and the soothing warmth of her words.

When she had led him into hyper-empira, Gary's mind was ready to accept the literal reality of whatever she might suggest to him.

"Now, you are ready. As we make love, we will love each other totally and completely.

Your orgasms will be more intense and more exciting than you have ever experienced."

Gary was obviously responding well to her suggestions. His breathing had slowed at first, but now it was more rapid, in obvious anticipation of what was to come. Ann continued, "When we make love in a few moments, and it will be the most wonderful sex you've ever had. You will be like an iron rod, harder than you've ever been before. And after you come, you will stay hard as an iron rod, and you'll be able to come in a second great orgasm, and then a third. And afterwards, you will feel totally relaxed and contented, and we it will be the best lovemaking you have ever had."

Ann continued to fondle Gary's genitals, stroking his penis with one hand and cradling his testicles with the other, as she gently guided him out of hyper-empira. Gary's eyes flickered open, while at the same time his penis began to rise.

Rising to her knees and cradling his penis between her palms as she kept her hands perfectly straight and facing each other, she began to twirl it back and forth, using just enough pressure that her palms slid on for about an inch or so after his penis had twirled about half a revolution in each direction until it stopped. Faster and faster she twirled him gently back and forth, rubbing her palms sideways along his shaft at the end of each turn, as Gary could only gasp.

Just when he thought that he could take no more, Ann stopped and leaned down to lick his shaft and suck at the now-throbbing head, opening her mouth to take as much of his length as she could. His penis was iron hard as she slipped her lips up and down, pausing to nibble around the edges of the head as she probed the tip and the sensitive under-side with her tongue.

By this time, Gary was groaning with delight, and after holding back for as long as he could, he exploded in an orgasm which sent his semen jutting into the back of her throat like a fountain. As they both gasped for air, Gary was aware that, unlike other times, his penis was still as stiff and as hard as when they had first begun to make love

Ann stood up and quickly straddled him, easing his slick penis into her own already wet vagina as she gradually lowered herself down the length of his shaft. Slowly, she began to shift her hips from side to side, sliding him almost all the way out of her until she suddenly changed direction, forcing his penis alternately in and then out again as her hips moved back and forth across his body like a pendulum -- first from side to side, and then back and forth, and then from side to side again. Feasting his eyes on the candle-lit curves of her body, Gary reached up and held her breasts, one in each hand, squeezing them gently as Ann lowered herself down so that he could suck her nipples. Then, as she straightened up once more and continued sliding him up and down and back and forth, he reached down and began to rub her wetness around and over her clitoris. Soon, Ann was screaming with pleasure as Gary matched her orgasm with his own.

Ann lay on top of him for a while, then gently got off, pulled on a robe, and left the room. Gary remained where he was, feeling totally contented. Suddenly, Ann re-appeared, singing "Happy Birthday," and carrying a large birthday cake alight with candles, and told Gary to make a wish.

The points of Ann's nipples standing out beneath her satin robe caused Gary's penis to rise again. Ann slipped out of the robe, and reached out a finger to scoop up a dollop of fluffy white icing. First she tipped each of her nipples with the icing, and then sensuously sucked the rest of the icing off her finger. Gary began licking the icing off her breasts. Soon her passion rose to meet his, and he pressed her down and entered her once more.

As he slid in and out of her, Gary's penis again felt iron hard. As Ann achieved ecstasy yet again, he felt himself gathering up for one last climax, and when it finally did come, he felt as if his penis and testicles were rocketing into Ann's hot wetness.

Totally exhausted, they lay together, with Gary still inside of her. Gradually, the hardness subsided, and he felt a comfortable warmth glowing between his legs. He cuddled Ann in his arms and said, "Thanks for the most terrific birthday present. I sure got -

“There's more to come,” she said.

“Good grief, who do you think I am -- Superman?”

“No -- I meant the cake!”

A MILLION TOMORROWS

Techniques of enhanced awareness and mind expansion may also be employed before leading your lover into hyper-empira, as a way to set the proper mood and to help him or her prepare for the much more powerful applications of these techniques hyper-empira itself.

Jim was a tall, handsome blond who played the guitar in a local pub. He could sing everything from a raucous “Bad, Bad, Lee Roy Brown,” to a soft Trish ballad. Because he wore deeply tinted, aviator style glasses, and because his big, mixed-breed dog, Harvey, wore an ordinary collar and leash, few people realized that he was blind, or that Harvey was a guide dog.

Linda was a divorced mother of two, who worked as a secretary during the week. On the weekends, when her children were with her “ex,” she worked as a bartender in the same pub. Attractive rather than pretty, with a slightly rounded figure, Linda had a reserve, which protected a very sensitive nature. She always made sure that Harvey had a bowl of water and treats from the kitchen, and she faithfully kept Jim supplied with anything he wanted from the bar.

Linda watched, amused, as women tried to pick Jim up, to no avail. Finally, one night after closing, she mentioned this to Jim, and smiled at his embarrassment. Curiously, she asked, “Are you married?”

“Are YOU straight?”

“Yes.

There followed a series of several after-hours conversations, which eventually resulted in Jim and Harvey walking Linda home. As their relationship deepened, Jim asked to touch her face, which led to the first of many tender kisses between them -- but nothing more. One Friday night, after a long talk over coffee and brandy in her apartment, Linda blurted out, “Jim, you like me, don't you?”

“God, of course I do!”

“Well, how come you've never made a move?”

Jim blushed deep red. “Because ... because ... I've never.

“You've never made love?” Linda asked gently. “Why not?”

“I went to an ordinary school, rather than a school for the blind. I was the only blind kid in the place, and I always felt different. The girls were all nice to me, but I never wanted to be a 'mercy fuck.' Later on, I was afraid to go too far because of my inexperience. You know, they don't translate too many dirty books into Braille!”

“But what about now? You and me?”

“I've never cared about anybody like I care about you. There's nothing I'd rather do than make love to you, but I'm afraid I'd be clumsy or. . . Or do something that would turn you off. You were married, you have experience. How can I live up to that?”

“Oh, Jim, you make me sound like I've been around the block more often than a New York cab driver! I've only been with one man, my ex-husband. We were high-school sweethearts, and we got married at eighteen. Since we split up, there hasn't been anyone else. But you are the

most sensitive, caring person I've ever met. I can tell by the way you kiss me and touch my face. I think I'm falling in love with you, and I never thought that I'd feel this way again. All we need to do is relax and be ourselves."

"I'm ashamed to say that I'm anything but relaxed. My hands are sweating!"

"Jim, wait a minute. Remember how I told you that I took a course in psychology over in the adult school? We learned all about guided imagery, visualization, and suggestion. We also learned a new technique called hyper-empira, that puts it all together, with suggestions to take you into higher forms of consciousness, and I bought a book on it. It is really exciting. How would you feel about trying some of these techniques, so that I can help you to relax and feel more at ease about ...?"

"Sex? Are you ready to take on a twenty-eight year old virgin? Linda, I've never said this before, but I love you. My body aches for you. Yes, let's try it."

Linda led Jim into the bedroom, leaving Harvey stretched out by the door. She guided him to the bed, kissed him on the forehead, and gently pushed him down on his back. "I'll be right back," she said, as she went into the bathroom, quickly searching for some contraceptive sponges. A few minutes later, she emerged. "I've taken care of contraception, so you can relax about that," she said, as she sat down on the bed and took him by the hand.

"Now, my love," she began, "Just allow your whole body to relax. Imagine that you are some place where you feel very safe and secure, very peaceful and tranquil. Perhaps you are in a garden on a warm, summer day. You feel the touch of the sun on your face, and a gentle breeze wafting by, scented with the sweet fragrance of fresh cut grass and full-blooming roses. Just feel every muscle of your body relaxing."

For several minutes, Linda continued to speak in low, soothing tones, using suggestions of peace and relaxation, comfort and tranquility; and it seemed to Jim that Linda was caressing him with her voice as her hand caressed his face and his imagination became more and more responsive to her every word. Then, when he was totally relaxed, she led him into hyper-empira.

With this preparation, Jim continued to respond very well to Linda's suggestions. She concluded with the words,

"Tonight is going to be very special for both of us, because we will be together, and there will only be love as we explore each other's bodies. As we kiss and touch, we will both feel very comfortable with our own bodies. We will touch each other with our lips and with our fingers, and with our bodies. It will be special because it is you and me and because we love each other. Now, in a few moments, I'll count to five and return you from hyper-empira, and we will experience everything beautifully tonight."

After Linda had counted to five, Jim smiled. Wordlessly, he stretched out his arms and Linda curled into his embrace. As they began kissing, they both felt a closeness and warmth, which surprised them both in its intensity. Gently, Linda guided Jim's hand to her breast. As he stroked it, he realized that she wasn't wearing a bra. Sitting up, she pulled off her shirt so that he could more fully touch her breasts. She was surprised to find that his left fingertips were callused from playing the guitar, but his right fingertips were soft because he strummed the guitar with a pick so that he could more easily read the raised dots of Braille. As he touched Linda's nipples,

Jim in turn was surprised to discover that they went from soft and gently curved to hard little buttons. He kissed her down her throat, and then rested his face between the roundness of her breasts, inhaling her soft fragrance before he began running his lips and tongue across her nipples. He could feel her heart beating faster, and he heard her soft sighs as he continued his caresses.

Linda released herself so that she could take off her slacks and panties, and she heard Jim take a fast gulp of air as she unbuckled his belt, unzipped his jeans, and removed all of his clothing. Then she lay down beside him as Jim continued to explore her body. He stroked down her stomach, kissed her navel, and reached around and beneath her to cup her full bottom in his hands. Whether he was saving the best for last or was building up his courage for the unknown, Linda was not sure, but gently, with almost butterfly softness, he began to discover the hidden secrets of a woman's body. First her soft tangle of pubic hair, then the roundness of her pubis. Finally, Linda parted her legs so that he could touch the inner lips, which were warm and quite wet. As he explored this wondrous part of her body, he found her vagina. Pausing inquiringly, and receiving affirmation, he slipped his finger deep inside as Linda began to breathe faster. Gently, he withdrew his finger to continue his explorations. "Right here -- feel the little knob?" said Linda, as she gently guided him to her clitoris, inhaling deeply as he began to touch it softly with his fingertips.

After a few moments, Linda rolled on top and straddled him, so that Jim's penis -- which by this time was hard and erect -- was free to rub up and down against her vulva as they kissed and embraced, making full use of the freedom they had in this position for their hands and bodies to touch and caress each other. As Linda's vagina became more moist and open, Jim laid his head back upon the pillow and the couple embraced even more tightly, with Jim's penis rubbing almost its entire length against Linda's clitoris.

When she could take no more, Linda slid sideways. Lying partially on top of him, she rubbed her face against his hairy chest, running her hands across his shoulders and upper arms. She kissed his mouth, and then slid her tongue over to the side of his neck, licking it just below the ear. As Jim's breathing quickened, she softly stroked the length of his body, until with one hand she gently held his penis. He let out a cry of pleasure as she tenderly squeezed his extremely hard and erect member. Then, slowly, after a moment of thought, she lowered her head and began licking the tip before taking it lovingly into her mouth.

"I'm on fire!" was all Jim could think of to say, as his mind and body reeled with unaccustomed passion. "I want all of you!"

"So do I," said Linda. They lay on their sides, facing each other, and Linda lifted one leg up so that it rested across Jim's hip. She reached down and guided him in. They both tensed for a moment as he entered her, and then relaxed as their bodies began a slow, steady rhythm. Jim caressed her buttocks with his free hand, delighting in its firmly rounded curves as she alternately tensed and relaxed, tensed and relaxed, aided by the pressure from his hand. Then he began to move his hand up to cradle her breast, bending down to lick and suck the nipple while gently but insistently squeezing with his hand as he did so.

As Jim continued licking, squeezing, and sucking Linda's breast, she moaned, and then began to gasp, and moaned again, thrusting her hips back and forth much more rapidly than before. Suddenly, her moans turned into a full-throated cry, and Jim abandoned all further

attempts at control. Thrusting his own hips rapidly back and forth, his own climax caught up with her long drawn-out orgasm. Then, when he had finished, Linda suddenly climaxed once more, as intensely as she had the first time; and for a long while, the couple lay wordlessly locked together, united in a bond of love which made them oblivious to anything else.

As Linda lay nestled in Jim's arms, he softly sang in her ear, the song about a million tomorrows that will pass away before the joys of the present moment leave his mind and heart.

MAKING DREAMS COME TRUE

Many people find themselves sexually aroused by their dreams. This illustration shows how hyper-empiric suggestion may be used to turn such dream-induced desire to its best advantage.

Mark and Beth both worked as line operators for a large pharmaceutical company. Although they enjoyed a healthy and vigorous sex life, they were continually experimenting with ways to make it better. One night, as they lay in bed cuddled in each other's arms, Mark said drowsily, "Honey, do you ever have sexy dreams?"

"Yeah, sometimes. I used to even have orgasms in my dreams. Did you ever have wet dreams when you were a teen-ager?"

"Well," Mark admitted reluctantly, "Once in a while."

They were both tired, and the conversation quickly lagged, but Mark was intrigued. "Hmm, that gives me an idea," he thought to himself as he closed his eyes and prepared to go to sleep.

The next weekend, Mark went rummaging through a box of books he had stored under the bed, and after finding the two books that he was looking for, he called to Beth. "Remember that New Age fair that we went to last year? One book we bought there was a book on dreams, and another one was a book about hyper-empira."

"Dreams and hyper-what?"

"Listen! The book on dreams says that dreams can be programmed, and there was some study using suggestion that proved that it was possible. The hyper-empira book has some stuff on it too. This could be a good way to have a little fun."

"I'll try anything once. I didn't know you knew anything about this stuff."

"I don't yet, but I've got a couple of ideas. Let me do some more reading."

A week later, early on a Sunday afternoon, as Beth stretched out on the sofa, Mark began the suggestions to lead her into hyper-empira, using the techniques that he had learned.

"Now, with your eyes closed," he began, "imagine that it is late on a warm summer night and that you are peacefully and comfortably resting inside a rosebud which is swaying gently in the soft breeze. If you accept each detail of the scene as I describe it, without trying to think critically, your imagination will be free to allow you to experience the situation just as if you were really there. So just let yourself relax completely now, inside this soft red rosebud, late on a warm summer night..." .

A few minutes later, when his suggestions to lead Beth into hyper-empira had been completed, he added,

"Tonight you will sleep very deeply and peacefully, and in the early hours of the morning, before you wake up, you'll have a very sexy dream -- a dream that will make you feel very turned on. And when you wake up, you'll be wide-awake, and really hot to make love. You'll be wet and throbbing, and when you tell me about your dream, it'll make you even more turned on, and then we'll have some really great, hot sex, like we've never had

before!”

He then reluctantly led her back from hyper-empira, and began his eager wait to see what was in store.

Later, before she went to bed, Beth put a packet of condoms on the bedside table. “If this works, we're going to need these,” she said with a giggle.

Beth slept very deeply that night, and when she awakened, her vagina was wet and her clitoris was indeed throbbing. Cuddling up to Mark, she threw one leg across one of his, and pressed her pubis against his thigh. Then she began to describe her dream.

“We were on the beach on an island somewhere, all alone. We had a big blanket spread out on the sand. We were necking and getting hot, and we took off our clothes and ran down to the water. It was incredible! The ocean was as warm as a bathtub, and so calm. It was late at night, and the moon was low in the sky, and the moonlight was falling across the water like a stream of silver. There weren't any waves, and we just walked in until the water was up to our waists. Then we started messing around We were splashing each other, and we were diving underwater and grabbing each other, and hugging and kissing. We waded out until the water was nearly up to my shoulders. It felt so -- erotic, I guess, the way that warm water washed over my boobs. It stimulated my nipples, and then you began running your hands over my tits, caressing me and pulling me close, holding me tightly, and kissing me. I put my arms around your neck and wrapped my legs around your hips and slid up and down along your dick, and you were hard as a rock -- and as soon as you went in, you felt so tight inside me that I came right away, and I just kept coming and coming!”

“Well, I'M sure hard right now!” exclaimed Mark. “Go on!”

“We held each other so tight, it was just ... incredible the way it felt with all that water all around us, making me lighter in your arms as we bounced around. Finally, you picked me up and carried me onto the edge of the beach, where the sand was still wet and the waves could still roll up and crash over our bodies. You put me down on my back, and then you got on top of me and we started to flick again. We were dripping wet, and the feel of our bodies sliding against each other made it feel like we were making love from head to toe. Your chest against my tits, your dick deep inside....”

“I think you'd better put that rubber on me,” interrupted Mark.

Beth took one of the condoms out of the box and ripped open the packet with her teeth. Then she unrolled it along the length of his shaft with deliberate slowness, sliding her other hand tip and down along its length as she did so. Mark put his arms around her and positioned himself above her, and then gently entered her wet, throbbing vagina. He began thrusting slowly, holding himself back, but she rocked her hips rapidly back and forth to keep the rhythm going faster.

In her imagination, Beth began to recall the details of the previous night's dream, which she had found so exciting. And suddenly, it was as if she was back in the dream once more, feeling the wet sand beneath them, and the cool breeze across their skin as the waves broke across them and they writhed together in ecstasy. As Mark kissed her and clasped her tightly to him, the passion in them both rapidly increased. Mark kicked the blankets back, and the force of their lovemaking soon had them lying nearly sideways in the normal-size double bed, which they

shared. Relishing the sight of her slender torso and her full breasts arched in passion before him as their embrace grew ever tighter and the intensity of their thrusts increased, Mark thrust deeply inside her. Suddenly, Beth screamed in climax, slowed, and a few moments later peaked again as Mark exploded into his own orgasmic high.

When they had both recovered their energies, they made love once more. But this time, Mark was able to hold himself back until Beth was completely drained before he, too, thrust himself to the point of exhaustion. Afterwards, they lay quietly together for several minutes. When they finally were able to speak, Mark asked her, "So how did the dream end?"

"It just did," replied Beth with a sigh of happiness.

FLAMES OF PASSION

Because hyper-empira allows lovers to experience the literal reality of whatever is suggested to them, the more effectively a suggestion is worded, the more striking will be the result. Some of the most powerful themes for hyper-sex suggestions are often taken from the immediate surroundings, or the lovers' own conversation before the lovemaking is to start.

Elena had fallen in love and had a baby at the age of sixteen. When the father realized to marry her, she put the baby up for adoption and never saw the child again. Although she continued to date for the next few years, she could not let herself get really close to a man, either emotionally or physically -- until, at the age of twenty-one, she met Juan.

Juan was ten years older, and he had been previously married to a woman who did not want to have children. He had thought that his marriage was fairly happy, even if the lovemaking did seem rather bland and infrequent one evening, however, when he and his previous wife were about to go to bed for the night, she said to him, "You might have noticed that book I keep in the drawer of the bedside table, called *How to Make Love to a Man*. Don't go thinking anything about it, now, it's just a book I'm reading."

"It doesn't seem to have done much good," Juan thought to himself wryly, but said nothing.

Three weeks later, he was served with divorce papers. Only later did he learn that his wife had been having an affair with her boss; and only then did he realize that this was why he did not seem to derive any benefit from the book she had been reading -- and why she felt it necessary to make a point of asking him not to "go thinking anything about it."

When he met Elena several months later, Juan was immediately attracted to her beauty, and to her inner goodness as well. As he came to appreciate what a gentle, sensitive person she was, and how deeply she had been hurt, he found himself falling in love with her, and he knew that this was the woman he wanted to marry and to have his children. But Juan also knew that Elena was going to need a great deal of patience and understanding before she could learn to completely trust again. At first, their lovemaking was limited to long periods of holding, kissing, and caressing; and whenever they seemed to be about to go farther, Elena would say gently, "No -- not yet."

Juan had learned about hyper-empira in a graduate psychology course taught by one of the authors. As he and Elena grew more attached to one another, he had discussed with her the possibility of using this new higher form of consciousness, based on suggestions of mind expansion and increased responsiveness, to help her over her initial shyness. "I need something!" Elena exclaimed. "As soon as I am ready, we will do it."

Juan spared no effort or expense to show his beloved a good time. For her birthday, he took her to dinner at a fine restaurant, followed by a stage play, and followed by coffee and sweets at a nearly deserted restaurant on the topmost floor of a nearby hotel. As the couple sat quietly holding hands across their small table and looking out the window at the lights of the city, she finally asked, "Would you like to come home with me?" and quickly added, "I can't promise anything, but..."

“That's okay,” Juan responded “We'll just cuddle a little bit, and see what happens.”

When they reached her apartment, Elena seemed nervous. She put on some music, turned down the lights, and poured them each a drink. They pulled the small couch over in front of the fireplace and sat down, as Elena turned out the rest of the lights, so that only the fireplace lighted the room.

“You can get lost in a fire,” Elena mused, as they cuddled up together and stared into the glowing embers. Juan agreed, but said nothing as they cuddled up together and quietly stared into its depths. After a couple of minutes, Juan got up to put a couple of new logs onto the fire, and when sat back down again, they immediately began to kiss and to embrace. As Elena melted into his arms, Juan noticed that she was trembling. “Juan, I want you,” she whispered. “I want you, but I'm afraid. Help me to relax, and make love to me!”

Juan gently laid her head upon his lap. Speaking softly and tenderly as he stroked her forehead and her jet-black hair, he began to guide her into hyper-empira.

Juan could tell by the way that Elena's body had immediately ceased to tremble that she was responding well to his suggestions, and it was obvious that she was highly aroused. She lay with her face turned towards him on his lap and her lips slightly parted, signing softly with every breath. He felt his penis stiffening and beginning to throb as he gradually extended his caresses to lightly touch her still-clothed breasts, waist, and thighs.

When he had finished guiding her into hyper-empira, he suggested to her that she would emerge gradually by herself only when she was ready to do so. Then, timing his words to match Elena's responses, he continued to awaken her long-suppressed desire.

“Now, you are about to be transported to greater heights of pleasure than you ever dreamed possible. As you continue soaring higher and higher into hyper-empira, you can feel the warm glow of the fire spreading throughout your entire body, bringing a warm glow of pleasure and desire, which is flowing into every part of your body.”

Elena sighed, stirred in his arms, and smiled, as she immediately converted his every word into feeling, thought, and experience. Noticing that she had begun to breathe faster, and that she had begun to tremble again -- but this time, with desire -- Juan incorporated her responses into his suggestions in order to heighten them still further:

“You are already beginning to breathe more rapidly in anticipation of the joys which will soon be ours; for soon your entire body will be quivering with pleasure.

“Elena moaned softly. He helped her to sit up beside him and kissed her tenderly on the mouth, letting the kiss linger as his fingers slowly began to unbutton her blouse while she returned his kiss with equal passion. He then helped her off with her blouse and bra, and quickly removed his own shirt and T-shirt. Elena lay down against the back of the couch and yielded her half-clothed body to the warmth of the rapidly growing fire and his exploring lips and hands. Juan was astonished at the beauty of her perfectly formed breasts, and began to let his fingers and tongue explore her firm, erect nipples.

“As your entire body continues to absorb the warmth of the fire, you can feel this warmth continuing to spread through every part of you. As you continue soaring higher and higher into hyper-empira, your ability to respond to experience of every kind is becoming

infinitely keener.”

Still resting her head against the back of the couch, Elena stretched out so that her pelvis was resting against the front of the cushions, with her feet resting on the floor. Juan quickly knelt in front of her and helped her off with her shoes. Then, placing his hands between her legs, he moved in closer so that he could kiss her slender waist and abdomen as he unfastened her skirt, but he was determined not to rush things, as he continued with his suggestions.

Moving back slightly, he placed his hands on either side of her hips to guide them upwards so that he could finish removing her clothing. In response to his silent invitation, Elena lifted her hips entirely off the couch, resting her weight on her shoulders and feet, so that Juan could slide her panties down to her knees. Then she relaxed once more. Juan was still kneeling before her, and as he lifted her legs one by one, he gasped at the sight of her beautiful womanhood so close to his face, sparsely covered with fine, soft pubic hair, through which he could clearly discern the outline of her vaginal lips.

Juan knew that she loved him as much as he loved her -- but he also knew that he had to proceed slowly if his beloved was to be truly free to make this a night that they would both remember all the rest of their lives. He stood up, quickly removed the remainder of his own clothing, and sat down beside her on the couch, placed his arm around her shoulder and tenderly rested his head against the side of her neck as his words began to reach their full effect.

Elena's mouth began to form words, which Juan could not be sure if he heard or if he simply read them from her lips. “Oh, God,” she was sighing, “Oh, God, Juan.” Slowly, she slid forwards on the couch once again, and her legs opened slightly.

But still Juan held back.

“And when we finally come together and become one, the flames of desire will burn hotter and hotter until they finally blend together into one single flame of ecstasy which will consume your whole being, leaving you more happy and fulfilled than you could ever imagine.”

Elena could take no more. She pulled Juan onto the couch and straddled his hips, taking his erect penis in her hand and guiding it inside her. Then she eagerly lowered herself upon him and began to move her pelvis up and down and back and forth. So urgent and demanding had her desire become that with every thrust, she uttered a cry of mingled anguish and delight.

But suddenly, she stopped. Without disengaging herself moved her legs one at a time so that instead of straddling Juan with her knees bent, she now lay upon him with her legs extended out behind her, beyond the couch but not quite resting on the floor. Juan then shifted his own body forward, so that his pelvis was flat upon the cushions, as Elena clasped her arms tightly around his waist -- which allowed him full freedom to caress the back of her body, as his hands played and roamed at will from her neck to the top of her thighs, feeling the warmth which she had absorbed from the fire, and taking particular delight in the marvelous, firm roundness of her buttocks, which were now continuously contracted in order to hold her legs out behind her.

Elena felt as if she were flying -- which indeed, she was. And as their bodies resumed their loving motions, it was not long until they exploded in simultaneous orgasm.

As the night continued to pass, the fire gradually turned to embers; for they were both too

lost in love to tend it. And as the flames slowly died away, their lovemaking was alternately gentle and strong, like a Spanish guitar in the night, as Elena alternately wept and sighed with happiness -- weeping not only with joy at what she had found, but also with sadness at all that she had missed from not having met Juan sooner.

BODY AND SOUL

How would you like to feel you and your lover dissolving into a wave of infinite love, beyond the ordinary boundaries of time and space? How would you like to feel that way every time you make love?

Tenisha's boyfriend, Jonas, seemed to be well on the way to a promising future in college basketball when the car in which he was riding was hit by a drunken driver and Jonas found himself paralyzed from the waist down, with little hope of recovery. On the surface, at least, Jonas appeared to be a person who refused to take either himself or his disability very seriously; and he was one of the first to adopt and to use the new nickname which one of his friends had used with attempted humor for this tall man who was now in a wheelchair; "Down Low."

As time passed, those who did not know him well would occasionally make bad jokes that the nickname referred to his character, or possibly to even to his style of lovemaking -- but even then, whenever he heard of these unfavorable connotations, Down Low would merely smile and resolutely refuse to be called by anything else.

Down Low and Tenisha had become lovers before the accident. Although he was no longer able to move his legs, his sensation and his reproductive abilities were undiminished. Now that she was forced to completely assume the active role in their lovemaking, far from finding that her affections were lessened, Tenisha was attracted to him all the more intensely because she realized just how deeply she was needed. Down Low, on the other hand, occasionally seemed to be somewhat uncomfortable with all the love and tenderness, which Tenisha now had to give -- perhaps because he was not yet ready to admit that he needed her as much as she needed him. He would frequently weep with frustration at the thought of his formerly athletic body being confined to a wheel chair for the rest of his life, "like a race horse who has to stay in the barn," as he put it -- and this frustration sometimes found expression in their sex life.

Tenisha had learned the technique of hyper-empira in a psychology course which she had taken while she was a nursing student. When she mentioned this to Down Low, he was particularly intrigued by the idea of using suggestions of alertness and mind expansion in order to escape from the constraints of time and space which bound him. Tenisha, in turn, was fascinated by the possibility of using the control of experience afforded by hyper-empira to heighten and intensify the feelings of total intimacy and closeness, which they both so ardently needed and desired.

When they first decided to use hyper-empira, it was a hot summer evening. Tenisha never did like air conditioning, and they had left the windows open with the curtains closed, as they lay side by side naked upon Down Low's bed, with a large fan blowing across their bodies from the ceiling. Tenisha had turned off the television, turned down the lights, and put some gentle music on the stereo. After a few moments of kissing and cuddling, she asked Down Low to close his eyes. Gently placing the palm of her open hand at the center of his solar plexus, she began to provide the suggestions that would lead him into hyper-empira. "Just keep your eyes closed, and listen to my voice," she began, as she began to tenderly stroke and to caress his entire body with her hands and fingertips, gently radiating out from the center to the extremities and back again.

"Imagine that we're lying side by side on a blanket on a sandy beach, by the side of the ocean. Feel the warm sun on your face, and the gentle breeze blowing softly across your

body, and the warm sand beneath you. Nobody else is around, and we have the beach all to ourselves. Just relax, and listen to my words, and feel the energy and warmth flowing from my hand, into every part of your body, filling and flooding you with its warmth.

She continued for several minutes, using a combination of touch, suggestion, and imagery to guide Down Low into hyper-empira. When she had finished, she could see that he was responding very well indeed. He was breathing more rapidly, and even though he was unable to move his legs because of his paralysis, Down Low's entire body looked like it was ready for action.

Tenisha felt a sudden urge to nurse this sensitive, suffering man, who was so strong in some ways and yet so helpless in others. She leaned forward, so that the nipple of her right breast was about to touch his lips. Slowly, she lowered herself until it brushed against his mouth, as Down Low thrust out his tongue and began to flick it up and down against the now-hard nipple. Then she pressed herself down and drove her breast hard into his mouth, as Down Low opened his mouth wide and began to suck.

“It feels just like milk is coming out of my breasts -- milk as sweet as honey. Milk as sweet as anything you could imagine, filling your whole body with joy.”

Tenisha remained still for a few moments, her body flooded with pleasure as Down Low continued to suck, and then she gave him her other breast. By now, she was totally aroused, and she could see that his penis had grown rock hard. But, certain of the depth of their commitment to one another, she delayed a bit longer, in order to make her suggestions as strong as possible.

“In a minute, when we make love, we are going to make love body and soul. Everything else will fade away, and we will be like two spirits together, blending and dissolving into each other. And as we blend together and become one, we will possess each other totally and completely.”

Tenisha sat up and turned to so that she could still keep his erect penis in her hands as she knelt astride his face, gradually lowering herself to allow his lips and tongue full freedom to explore her tender pussy as she bent forward to take his penis into her mouth. After a few moments, she stopped and lay down beside him, with her legs and hips parallel to his. Tugging gently, she helped him atop her and raised her legs up into the air with knees bent as she locked her feet together behind his back, and as Down low supported his upper body with his arms and thrust with his hips, which he could still use, Tenisha kept her legs tightly clasped around his waist, alternately squeezing and pulling as their bodies dissolved into climax after climax.

“Cricket, honey, that was wonderful! It really did seem like there was milk coming out of your breasts,” Down Low exclaimed after she had led him out of hyper-empira.

“Why are you calling me Cricket?” she asked.

“Because you make such beautiful music by rubbing your legs together,” he replied as they both laughed.

Now Tenisha had a pet name of her own. But, unlike Down Low's nickname, Cricket remained a private term of endearment, which was only used between the two of them in the years to come.

A few years after the accident, Tenisha and Down Low were married. And in the years to

come, many people wondered whether or not they were able to have sex, and if so, whether or not their relationship was a satisfactory one. But those who silently asked these questions needed only to observe the way the lovers held hands together, and the look of radiant joy on Tenisha's face, to realize the answer. And when Jonas, Junior was born, all doubts were finally resolved.

SWOONING WITH DELIGHT

A proper Victorian lady was often expected to respond to a kiss by her boyfriend with an appropriately feminine swoon -- at least for the first time or two that he kissed her -- and perhaps even to faint on her wedding night, in the process of losing her virginity. Since this seems to rarely happen any more, the expectations of how a "lady" was expected to behave in these situations obviously involved a great amount of unspoken suggestion. Through the appropriate use of suggestion in hyper-empira, this trait can be re-incorporated into the act of love, with dramatic effectiveness.

Jack and Laura both commuted long distances to work and to school. This particular evening, however, they were seated in front of the television, savoring their time at home together as they watched a play, which was set in the 1800's. As they cuddled up to enjoy the unaccustomed privacy, Jack -- apparently inspired by the quaint behavior of the heroine in the play they were watching -- suddenly asked, "Whatever became of the old-fashioned girls who used to faint when a man kissed them?"

"Whatever happened to the old-fashioned men who used to make them faint?" Laura shot back.

"You've got a point there," Jack said thoughtfully, suddenly realizing that this might offer some interesting possibilities. Recently, he had been reading a book on hyper-empira, and he had already discussed with her the possibility of using this new technique, based on suggestions of alertness and mind expansion, to intensify their sexual relationship.

"No, dear, you've got a point there, Laura replied," gently resting her hand upon his crotch.

"You know," she said a few moments later, "I have all my dental work done under hypnosis now, because I used to faint at the sight of the needle. I don't want you to hypnotize me and put me out, but how would you like to take me into hyper-empira and make me so happy that I faint with joy?" Laura asked.

"Great minds run in the same channels -- Let's go for it!" said Jack, as he took her into his arms and began to lead her into hyper-empira, timing his suggestions to match the changes he saw taking place in her body.

As soon as he had started, he saw that her eyes were already closed and she was breathing slowly through her mouth. Jack continued with the suggestions to lead her into hyper-empira, and then went on:

"Now I'm going to count from one to five, and by the time I get to the count of five you will be feeling more happiness, more joy, and more passion than you have ever felt in your entire life. One. As I begin to count now, you can feel coming over you very beautiful feelings of desire. And as I continue to count, and continue to talk, these feelings of desire are going to become stronger and stronger -- until by the time I get to the count of five, you will be more turned on than you have ever been in your entire life.

"Two. You can feel the desire now, flowing through every muscle, and every fiber, and every nerve in your body. And the feelings are growing and getting stronger with every

passing second.”

Laura was definitely breathing hard now, and each time she exhaled, her lips seemed to be silently forming a long, drawn-out “Oh.” Seeing her and obvious enjoyment and arousal, Jack could sense the excitement in his own voice as his every word was immediately translated into her direct personal experience.

“Three. Great waves of desire are flooding your entire body, as their intensity continues to increase. And by the time I get to the count of five, you will be more passionate than you have ever been in your entire life. Four. Soon you will be feeling so turned on that your whole body will be absolutely flooded with passion.

“Five. Now you are more turned on than you have ever been in your entire life. And this desire is going to continue growing and growing, until in just a minute or two you will be experiencing all passion that you can possibly bear. And at that point, you can let me know by raising your hand.”

He gently began to caress her as he continued his suggestions. “And as I touch you, each touch and each caress of my hand is awakening even more floods of desire deep within you - and now you can savor it all, and experience even more than you could normally.

“Great waves of joy and desire are filling and flooding you, overpowering you completely with their delicious ecstasy, and growing stronger, and more intense with every second. And soon you will be feeling all of the passion that you can possibly bear -- and at that point your hand will rise, to signal to me that you're there.”

A few seconds later, Laura's hand slowly rose. Jack stood up and pulled her to him, holding her willing and compliant body firmly against his own.

“In a moment, when I kiss you, you are going to become dizzy with passion. And when I begin to use my tongue, it is going to drive you even wilder with passion and desire.

“And when I squeeze your breast and kiss you hard on the mouth at the same time, you will be so overcome by happiness and joy and desire that you will swoon with ecstasy.

“And when I first climax inside of you, it will be so good that you will come until you faint. And when you recover, you will be even higher and more flooded with joy, and happiness, and desire, until all of your passion is spent.”

Still holding her firmly to him with one arm, Jack kissed her tenderly on the neck while gently cupping her breast in his hand, and her every breath became a sigh. Then, placing both arms around her waist once more, he kissed her firmly on the mouth, plunging his tongue deeply inside.

Laura's body seemed to tremble for a moment. Suddenly, without interrupting their kiss and their embrace, she raised both legs off the ground and wrapped them tightly around Jack's thighs. Jack brought his hand back to her breast, and Laura's legs spread apart as she collapsed limply in his arms.

Jack knew that his suggestions, if used carefully, would continue to work throughout the rest of the evening, whenever he chose to employ them.

LOVE SLAVES

How many times have you wished that a love scene that you were reading, or watching in a movie or on television, was happening to you? Now, with the aid of hyper-empira and the depth of imaginative involvement, which it can provide, you can do more than merely read about these experiences or watch them acted out by others you can live them yourself

Lucy and Jill were friends, roommates, and -- recently lovers. Jill was a graduate student in English who had rented the spare room in Lucy's apartment. She had previously had several short and long term relationships with men, so she was surprised when she found herself attracted to Lucy's vibrant personality and good looks.

Lucy's voluptuous figure had gained her the attention of many men, but she was comfortable with her lesbian sexuality. She was fascinated by Jill's serious mind and free spirit, as well as by her lithe, athletic body. As their friendship grew, sex seemed an easy and natural next step in their relationship.

Lucy had been using healing visualizations in her occupation as a nurse. She would occasionally guide Jill through some relaxation exercises for stress when the rigors of graduate school felt as if they were overwhelming her. One evening they were sitting in the apartment talking, when Lucy mentioned that she had recently read that some actors were using hyper-empira to get into the roles they were playing, with astonishing results.

"You mean they actually believe that they are Hamlet or Auntie Mame while they are up there on the stage?" questioned Jill.

"Yes, some actors are able to just lose their own identity and take on the personality of the character they are playing. They've experimented with it in college drama departments, and by all accounts there have been some pretty amazing performances of amateur theatricals."

The conversation lulled comfortably, and Jill yawned as she picked up a collection of erotic stories, which she had recently run across at a yard sale. "Wow, listen to this," she exclaimed, and began to read an excerpt from one of the tales.

After a few minutes both women began to feel aroused. "Is that doing for you what it's doing for me?" asked Lucy.

"Sure is," Jill replied. "It's a shame you have to be at work in an hour!"

The next day, both Lucy and Jill were luxuriating in the fact that they both had the day off -- no work, no studying, and total freedom! "You know, things were pretty quiet at work last night," said Lucy, "and I got to thinking about what we'd been talking about earlier."

"Which," asked Jill, "the actors who were using hyper-empira, or the dirty book?"

"Both. What if we combined the two? What if we found a really sexy story, and used hyper-empira to make us feel like we were the characters, and then acted it out?"

"That's what I love about you," said Jill. "You're so inventive! But one question. How can we both go into hyper-empira the same time?"

Lucy thought for a moment. "You know, I've been practicing these exercises for some

time now, and I'm getting pretty good at it. Suppose after I guide you into hyper-empira, I'll go into it myself then I'll read us one of your hot numbers, and we'll go for it.”

Jill's free spirit was intrigued by this idea, and they picked out a story and began setting their “stage.” Evening had fallen, so they closed their curtains, placed a big soft quilt on the living room floor, and filled the room with lighted candles. Lucy proceeded to guide first Jill and then herself into hyper-empira.

As their consciousness changed, their right brains became more dominant, allowing their imaginations to create a world of fantasy, which they were able to inhabit just as if they were really there.

Lucy concluded, after she had guided Jill into hyper-empira and entered it herself, and then began to speak.

She began to read a story about two slave girls in a harem -- and as she read the scene about them brushing each other's hair and massaging each other's bodies with scented oils, she began to feel that familiar, soft ache between her legs. As she continued reading about the slave girls' intimate caresses, she saw Jill's own thighs tensing. Casting away the book, she embraced her, and they began undressing each other, using body lotion to act out the erotic massage -- and as they both became totally involved with their fantasy roles, they found themselves thinking and acting as if they really were two harem girls living out the passion of an Arabian night.

Jill poured a puddle of lotion into the cleavage of Lucy's breasts and guided her hands over their ripe fullness. She smoothed the lotion down from Lucy's ribs to her belly, slowly working her way, rubbing and deeply massaging the lower abdomen. Her hands, lubricated with the lotion, squeezed Lucy's flesh, sliding around beneath and grasping handfuls of buttock, until she guided her hands back up around the sides, and once again to Lucy's breasts, which seemed to have swelled even larger, with the nipples standing out like hard, red berries. As Jill continued to caress her, Lucy began to speak in what she imagined to be an Arabic accent:

“You are awakening feelings in me which I never imagined. You touch me with a gentleness, which no one else ever has. When the master takes me, he is rough and crude, taking his pleasure and leaving me raw and hurt as he moves on to the next woman. But with you, it's different.”

Jill, herself deeply involved in her role, murmured softly,

“I am your master now, my dearest -- and I will lead you to joys of which you could not even have dreamed”

With these words, Jill slid down beside Lucy and sighed, as Lucy began a massage that started with Jill's feet and worked its way up, her strong hands deftly kneading Jill's lean body, all the way to her small, firm breasts. Although her breasts were tiny in comparison to Lucy's, Jill's aureoles seemed to dominate her entire breasts, even when the nipples were puckered up into hard little knots.

Finally, they were both wet, both feeling the insistent pulse beat between their legs. As they caressed each other, they were able to give pleasure as only one can who knows her lover's body as intimately as she knows her own. Soon after Lucy had panted her way through one of the most intense orgasms of her life, Jill began to cry, “Yes! Yes! Yes! YES” as her body tensed full

length in climax.

Even after the couple had returned from hyper-empira, in the drowsy aftermath of lovemaking, they found that it was still difficult for a time to distinguish between fantasy and reality.

As Jill continued to pursue her graduate studies in English, hyper-empira became for these lovers a living theater to which they would often return in order to explore together some of the finest romantic masterpieces of literature - not merely as readers, but as active participants, tailoring and adapting these experiences to suit their own individual tastes and preferences -- and perhaps (as far as the practical aspects are concerned) occasionally even improving upon them.

A VIRGIN AGAIN

If you and your lover were able to re-live events from the past, which ones would you want to experience again? And if you were able to add new dimensions of fulfillment to these experiences, to deepen and enhance your enjoyment still further, which new dimensions would you choose?

Sherrie had lost her virginity at summer camp at the age of sixteen. The next year, she met Lou. From the very beginning, they knew that they were right for each other. The physical and emotional relationship between the couple was perfect -- and as their friendship ripened into love, they could not imagine being married to anyone else, or spending their lives apart.

Sherrie was always very open with Lou about the events that took place the summer before they met, and Lou was inclined to be philosophical about the fact that he was not the first man his wife had ever slept with. "Did you love him?" he asked.

"Oh, no, not at all!" Sherry replied truthfully.

"Were you ever in love before you met me?" he inquired.

"Yes, but I never even went out with him. He hardly even knew I existed," she said with a shrug

Lou had recently become interested in hyper-empira as a gateway into a higher state of awareness -- and had become adept at guiding others into the state and at entering the state himself and Sherrie had been one of his best and most willing subjects. One evening, he asked her if she would like to use it for sex. At first, Sherrie was inclined to be skeptical. "We already have great sex! What do we need that for?" she asked.

"Oh, where's your sense of adventure?" Lou replied. "of course we have great sex, and I'm not the type to go out and look for new thrills with another woman. But that doesn't mean I can't look for new experiences with you, does it? Why don't we go into hyper-empira, and go back to when we were a couple of teenagers who've just met and fallen head over heels in love, and we can be together just as if it's the first time for both of us?"

Sherrie's eyes were wide with excitement. She was touched by Lou's statement that he would rather seek new thrills with her than with anyone else, and she resolved to match his sense of adventure with her own. "Sure!" she exclaimed. "Take me back and let me feel like I'm a teenager again, and we're doing it for the very first time!"

The idea of making love to his wife as a sixteen-year-old virgin seized Lou's imagination as well. They immediately went into the bedroom and lay down without stopping to undress. Lou gently took her into his arms, and they cuddled and kissed for a few minutes as he gently caressed her tender, well-proportioned body, which was rapidly responding to his touch. As her kisses grew more and more intense, Lou pulled back a moment. "Wait a minute, honey, let's do what we came here for," he said softly; and as Sherrie smiled and closed her eyes, he began the instructions to lead her into hyper-empira. By her breathing, and by the way she seemed to nestle ever more snugly into his arms, it was clear that she was responding immediately and deeply to his every word.

"Now I am going to help you to return to when you had just turned sixteen, so that we can

make love while you feel like you are a sixteen year-old girl who has never made love to a man.

You will always be able to hear and to respond to my voice, and you will always know who I am and that I am the man you are going to marry. But as I guide you backwards in time, you will feel me getting younger too, so that we are both teenagers again. And until I return you to the present time, everything will be exactly as it was then, and you will feel as if you had just turned sixteen, seeing and feeling everything the way you did then.

“You will always know who I am, and you will continue to respond to my suggestions; and after we make love, I will return you to the present time. But until I do, everything I describe to you will be completely real, and you will experience everything I tell you just as if it is actually happening.

“Soon, you can start counting slowly backwards from thirty-four, back to the age of sixteen,” he said when she was well into hyper-empiria. “And as you count, I will guide us to another time, another life together -- a time when we have both just turned sixteen, and are about to make love for the very first time.

“And after we make love,” he continued, “I will guide us back to the present time. But until I do, every part of the situation we go to will be completely real, and we will experience it all just as if we are really there.”

Slowly, Sherrie began to count, as Lou added an occasional sentence or a phrase to elaborate on his previous suggestions, until she had counted back to the age of sixteen.

“Now,” Lou went on when she had finished counting, “we are both sixteen years old, and we are both virgins. Even though we've just met, somehow we both know that we're right for each other, and that we're going to spend the rest of our lives together. We are going to make love for the very first time. And it will be the first time for me, too.”

Lou paused for a moment. “How old are you?” he asked.

“I'm sixteen,” Sherrie said softly.

“And who am I?” he asked.

“Lou,” she replied.

“At summer camp.”

“And what are we doing?” Lou continued.

“The campfire's just over, and everybody's getting ready to go to their cabins.”

“What do you want to do now?”

“Would you like to go back to that waterfall that we passed on the hike this afternoon?” she inquired.

“Sure!” Lou replied. And as he spoke, Lou could see that she was smiling.

Then, speaking slowly and in a low voice, which was throaty with his own desire, he continued, “Now we're walking down the trail, on the way back to the waterfall.” After a few seconds' pause, he continued, “And now we're back, and we're stretching out in the grass beside it, completely hidden safe -- yet we can get a view of the waterfall, and the moon and the stars all

at once. Feel how soft and warm the grass is.”

Sherrie stirred, stretched, and sighed luxuriously in his arms - Lou could feel an insistent stirring in his loins as her soft, warm breasts moved against his chest and then pressed full and tight against him, but he continued with his description.

“Listen to the waterfall, and look at the moon and stars up above. Isn't it beautiful?” he asked.

Sherrie sighed, and Lou gently placed his index finger upon Sherrie's lips, as if to signal her to be silent. But Sherrie turned his finger sideways and gently grasped the end half between her teeth, and playfully began to nibble, loosely compressing her lips against the sides. Then she began to run her tongue back and forth along the side of his finger as she continued to grasp and nibble it with her teeth, warming his hand with the insistent softness of her sighs.

Lou was finding it increasingly difficult to concentrate on his words -- but he was not yet finished his suggestions. “Now,” he went on, “we're going to share our very first kiss, and we're going to make love for the very first time -- more beautifully and more intensely than we could possibly imagine

“Our first kiss is going to be better than any kiss could possibly be, like there are little alarm bells are going off inside your head, and lights flashing before your eyes. And our next kiss is going to be so strong that it will take your breath away, and leave you gasping with desire. And each kiss after that will be so good that it leaves you begging for more. And the stronger it gets, the more you want, and the better our sex is going to be afterwards.”

Lou could see the pulse begin to throb in her throat as he felt her body slowly become more tense and begin to lightly tremble in embrace. Sherrie sighed and stirred in his arms as she released his finger, and her mouth opened slightly to receive his kiss. As their lips touched, her entire body seemed to convulse, Then, when the kiss had ended, he slowly -- ever so slowly -- undressed first her and then himself, punctuating each step with more long, lingering kisses.

Many kisses and caresses later, when they were both completely undressed, Lou brought his hand to rest between Sherrie's legs and began gently stoking her pubic hair, drawing his finger along her parted outer lips. As she opened her legs wider and her lips began to part even more, Lou found the knob of her clitoris with the ball of his index finger and gently began to stroke it, up and down and from side to side. “You're going to want us to be together so much that you'll hardly be able to bear it,” he went on, “and then your desire is going get even stronger, because the more you want, the better it's going to be.”

As his suggestions and caresses began to take effect, Lou had inserted his finger part of the way inside her vagina, and then returned to massage and caress her clitoris; as they shared yet another kiss, he continued slowly moving back and forth between clitoris and vagina as he alternately teased and stoked her desire to a white heat.

“I am your one, true, eternal, infinite, and unbounded love,” he said in a commanding tone when they were almost ready to begin. “And if we lived a thousand years, we would not be able to feel a fraction of the joy, and the fulfillment, and the ecstasy, that is ours to share, now, in these golden moments!

Sherrie was so mad with desire that she could hardly speak. “Now Please, oh, please!”

she implored. Slowly, Lou moved on top, as her body stiffened and then relaxed for him to enter.

“Body, heart, and soul -- forever!” Lou heard himself whisper as Sherrie's sighs of anguished longing gave way to feminine cries of delight. Her sharply indrawn breaths and groans of joy matched his every thrust with ever-increasing intensity until they exploded into one.

When the lovemaking had ended, Sherrie's body, now drenched with perspiration, had gone limp. Lou felt the tears, which were rolling down the side of her face, from behind her closed eyelids, as she wept in his arms. He held her quietly for a few moments, as her tears subsided, and then he began the suggestions to return her to the present.

“Now I'm going to count forwards, from sixteen, the age you are now, to thirty-four, the age you were when we began; and as I do so, and I'm going to return you to the time and age from which we started. You will remember every detail of our lovemaking together, and it will be more beautiful and more fulfilling than anything you could ever have imagined; and an experience that you will want to repeat again and again.”

“We're coming back now, back to the present from which we left,” Lou continued, as he proceeded to count slowly forwards, with an occasional phrase or sentence added to guide the return. And when he had finished counting her back to time and age from which they had left, he led her back from hyper-empira.

“All my life, I've wanted to go back and do it for the first time with you,” Sherrie said later, as they lay quietly cuddled together in bed, “and now I have. I didn't come when I did it at camp, and it hurt, but when we did it together, it was so much more wonderful than I could have ever hoped!”.

As the years passed, Lou and Sherrie often repeated the fulfillment of sharing their first time together, and learned to experience other special times as well, deepening and enhancing the memory of an actual event, or creating others, as the lovers consecrate themselves to one another anew.

FIREWORKS

The following illustration shows you how to create almost at will those special memories, which warm the heart for a lifetime.

Monique was an artist, half French and half Czech, born and raised in Prague. Mike was currently employed as a salesman. They had met at the beach during a Fourth of July weekend one year before, and almost immediately they had fallen completely in love. This was also the Fourth of July, exactly one year after the couple had first met. They were spending this night in a hotel in downtown Manhattan, the first stop on their way to London for a well-earned vacation.

Mike and Monique were sexual adventurers. They were looking forward to this evening with special anticipation, for they both knew that the most important sexual organ of all is the human mind -- and tonight, they were going to use a new technique called hyper-empira, using suggestions of mind-expansion and enhanced awareness to raise sexual responsiveness to its highest possible level.

That evening, after they had their showers and put on the robes which had been graciously supplied by the luxury hotel in which they were staying, and they lay down together side by side upon the bed. The robe was loosely tied and did not completely cover the curve of her full, round breasts, nor hide the dazzling whiteness of her skin, which always reminded Mike of a porcelain china doll.

Monique lay completely motionless upon the bed, with her eyes tightly closed, as she prepared to receive his suggestions, and her breathing had become noticeably shallower than before. "Now, you can just nod your head, if you're ready, and we'll go on into hyper-empira, to a night together that we will remember all of our lives. Are you ready to go into hyper-empira now?" Mike asked. Slowly, she nodded.

Mike could feel the strings of desire as his mind raced ahead to the suggestions he was about to give, and to the evening which lay before them.

Speaking slowly and deliberately, and taking plenty of time for both of them to fully savor each word and phrase, Mike began to pace the wording of his suggestions to match the rhythm of her breathing.

He continued giving suggestions like this for several minutes, and at the end of the procedure, he concluded,

"And while you remain within hyper-empira, everything you experience will be intensely pleasurable, and each of these new experiences will be greater and more profound than you ever thought possible."

Then he kissed her tenderly on the mouth -- a long, lingering kiss, as she pressed her body close to his

The Fourth of July fireworks over the East River had begun in earnest. He asked, "How would you like to go to the window with me and open your eyes, and see the fireworks?" Monique nodded eagerly. "All right, but just keep your eyes closed for now. I'm going to guide you, and we'll walk to the window. I'll open the blinds, and then when I get to the count of three you will be able to open your eyes and take in the beauty of it all." Then, with Mike holding one

arm around her waist to guide her, they began walking slowly over to the window. Monique was making soft, barely audible sounds from deep inside her throat as they walked, pressing her firm breast into his side with each step. When they had reached the window, he reached over to draw back the curtains, without stopping to turn out the overhead lights, as the scene before them was so brightly lit by the Manhattan skyline and the fireworks display above it.

Mike often liked to word his suggestions using 'we' instead of 'you,' to enhance their effect still further and to enter more freely into their effects himself. As he prepared to shift his suggestions to plural wording, he told her.

“Now, I'm going to count to three. When I get to the count of three, you will be able to open your eyes and look out and see the city and the fireworks -- and it will be one of the most beautiful sights we have ever seen in our life. And as we watch the fireworks together, and hold and caress each other, each kiss, and each caress will set off little explosions of joy deep within us that will grow and grow with each passing moment.”

“One, two, (almost ready now) -- three. Now you can open your eyes - and what we are about to see, and all that we are about to share together, will become a memory which we will treasure forever.”

They were on the twelfth floor. Even without the expectancies generated by Mike's suggestion, the view of the fireworks display over the Manhattan skyline was awe-inspiring; but Monique stood transfixed and said nothing.

“How does it look?” Mike asked.

“It's beautiful!” she exclaimed in a voice flooded with emotion, as she continued to drink in the scene before her.

“It's beautiful,” agreed Mike. “And it is a memory which we will carry in our hearts forever.” He gently took her into his arms and they began to kiss. As their kiss continued, he reached down and loosened the belt on her robe and quickly did the same with her own. Then, still kissing, he lifted the robe off her shoulders, as she momentarily freed her arms from his embrace and shrugged it all the way off. His own robe quickly followed, and they stood there quietly embracing in front of the window, their bodies illuminated both by the lamps within and by the city lights and the fireworks outside. Monique was making soft, barely audible sounds of pleasure as she pressed her breasts against his chest, clasped in the firmness of his muscular arms.

Her breath was soft and warm against his neck as they continued to kiss and to embrace. He slowly ran his fingers through her long, flowing, chestnut hair, which reached well over her shoulders and lay in stark contrast to the creamy whiteness of her body. Gradually, he extended his caresses along the full length of her back, finally ending each one by lovingly running his fingers over the firm roundness of her buttocks. And all the while, he continued his suggestions, speaking slowly in a whisper, with long pauses in between.

“Each touch, and each caress of my hand, is setting off little explosions of joy deep within ... Each kiss, and each caress, will make us more sensitive and more responsive to the one which is to come after.”

Mike could feel her begin to tense and quiver beneath his hands, as he gradually began to

time many of his caresses to match the exploding fireworks outside their window -- playing her body like an instrument, as she trembled beneath his touch while he continued his suggestions.

Monique's whole body was trembling now, and she seemed to have difficulty keeping her balance. And as he gazed into the look of rapturous love on her upturned face, he knew that he had never seen a woman look so beautiful.

She reached down to place her hand around his member, loosely encircling it at about the middle with her thumb and index finger, slowly pumping back and forth, and curving the ends of her three remaining fingers to alternately tickle, massage, and caress the sensitive nerve endings of the under side just behind the cap, where his foreskin would have been. With her free arm, she reached around his shoulder and held his mouth to hers as she continued her practiced caresses, while Mike in turn titillated and toyed with her clitoris, occasionally interrupting their kiss to bend down and caress her raisin-hard nipples with his tongue.

Monique's breathing was coming in short, rapid gasps now, and she frequently interrupted their kisses with sighs of passion. Spreading her legs and, using one hand to guide her, she slowly began to rub the cap of his penis along the length of her rapidly moistening womanhood. And as his own passion flamed in response to the intensity of her desire, they remained thus -- kissing and embracing and caressing, lost in love and desire and in each other, both totally unaware of the combination of torture and ecstasy which they were causing to several voyeurs whose telescopes routinely combed the canyons of Manhattan in search of couples such as these. Finally, when they both could take no more, Mike whispered,

“And now you can close your eyes again, and we are going to make love more beautifully and more intensely than you could ever imagine.”

As he gently laid her down and stretched out beside her, he continued his suggestions.

“Now, you are so sensitive and so responsive that with every touch, our desire will multiply itself over and over, until we finally explode together in a climax so profound that it will go on and on, filling and flooding your entire being with wave after wave of ecstasy, happiness, and joy.”

As he penetrated her, their passion immediately inflamed them both. Monique began to pant as he thrust faster and faster, withdrawing completely at the end of each stroke, and penetrating her again with the full length of his shaft at each new motion. Now, with every thrust, Monique uttered a sharp cry of joy -- but as Mike continued, she gradually fell silent, except for her ever more rapid breathing. Then, after a few moments, she began to make a sound deep within herself, which seemed at first almost like an occasional distant moan -- so quiet that it was scarcely audible. The moans grew quickly louder and closer together -- and suddenly her whole body seemed to explode, twitching and wildly thrusting while her breath issued forth with a loud hissing sound in short, rapid gasps from between her tightly clenched jaws. After a few seconds, they both felt his climax spurting forth inside her. Monique screamed in frenzy as she exploded into another climax before her first one had completely died down. But Mike had managed to hold back a bit, and, sensing her responsiveness, he quickly began to thrust again. Monique screamed yet again -- a faint, warbling scream this time, as her body drained its last ounce of energy in an answering climax as he came once more.

Gradually, the thrusting slowed and stopped, as their bodies began to relax. They lay

together silently for several moments, as Mike continued to gently stroke her forehead. Finally, Mike began to speak once more:

“And now, when you return from hyper-empira, are going to be feeling such a sense of total joy, total love, and such a radiant, glowing happiness that everything about this night have a special magic about it that we will remember and treasure all our lives. And whenever you decide to do so, you can make any other time we have together just as special as tonight has been, and a memory we will treasure forever.”

Then, repeating all the while that she would feel glowing, happy, and radiant with joy, he led her out of hyper-empira.

They showered briefly and put on their robes once more, and pulled the couch and coffee table up to the window -- this time with the lights out -- to watch the remainder of the fireworks display as they shared some snacks and two small bottles of champagne from the well-stocked refrigerator. As the fireworks finale began, they clinked their glasses together in a toast, as Monique laughed, “Well, this was one year that we didn't have to go out for fireworks!”

“Yes, and besides that,” Mike agreed, “our fireworks were a lot better than anything that the city could provide!” Then, realizing for the first time how visible they must have been to prying telescopes, he wondered aloud, “But I wonder how many people were watching their show, and how many were watching ours.”

“Well,” Monique replied with a laugh, “we may not have had the biggest audience in the City tonight, but I'll bet our audience was the most attentive one!”

Mike and Monique continued to use hyper-empira as a means of enriching and intensifying their sexual experience. And after that night, whenever they were about to share any other sort of special time together -- a day at the beach, or perhaps even just a few quiet moments watching the dying embers of a campfire -- Mike would often suggest to her during hyper-empira, or she would decide to use the suggestion herself “Today is going to be a very special day for us, and one which we will fondly remember all the rest of our lives.” Later on, Monique would become suddenly quiet for a moment and say, “Just a minute, dear -- I'm making a memory.” And as the years passed, the ever-deepening quality of their relationship left little doubt that each of these special times produced memories, which were as much treasures for him as they were for her.

FLOODGATES OF DESIRE

Sex does not end with menopause. Imagine having the lifelong ability to prolong the pleasures of the act of love as long as you wish, providing your lover with the greatest possible amount of fulfillment and satisfaction, and draining your last ounce of energy into climaxes as intense and as profound as you are able to bear. Those who have successfully mastered the art of hyper-sex can readily affirm that this is not mere imagination!

Paul and Martie had been married for twenty-five years. Their children were all either married or in college -- but far from experiencing the "empty nest" syndrome, Martie felt as if she were finally coming into her own as a woman. She thoroughly enjoyed being a doting grandmother to her eldest daughter's little girl. She loved having the freedom to come and go as she pleased, to take the art courses she had always wanted, and to spend hours blissfully alone, reading, sketching, or writing in her journal. A short woman, Martie had always been full-figured. Now, in her late forties, her body was abundantly and voluptuously rounded in all the right places.

Perhaps it was because she was at the peak of her own sexuality that Martie projected a sensuousness that could inflame Paul with a desire, which still surprised him. Always a man of good sexual control, Paul could hold back his own climax long enough for Martie to have at least three of her own. But lately they both found themselves wishing that he could last longer as Martie became even more multi-orgasmic.

Paul felt that he was a success in his business as a builder, proud of the attractive, well-constructed homes that he had helped to create. Now, he felt that he had earned the time to enjoy the fruits of his labors, so he and Martie planned several vacations throughout the year, visiting places which they had always dreamed of. It was on one such trip that they first began to use hyper-empira.

They were in their stateroom on a cruise ship bound for Bermuda. One morning, as they languidly lay in bed after making love while Paul continued to caress her, Martie casually told him how, in her art class, the teacher had brought in a psychologist to teach the students to use hyper-empira to unlock their creativity and imagination. "Then I went right down to the school bookstore and ordered a book on it. It's fascinating! I never dreamed that it could be used for so many things. It's been used for everything from art and music to health problems, to acting, to -- sex!"

"Tell me more -- although obviously you don't need any help. Is there any way that you can make me able to keep 'up' (no pun intended) with you?"

"Well, I've been thinking about that. What if I took you into hyper-empira and gave you the suggestion that you can't come, no matter what -- that you have to stay hard until I tell you that you can come. How does that sound to you?"

"Okay, lady, you're on. Let me regain My strength, and next time we'll go for it. Now, where can I find Vitamin E and ginseng on a ship?" said Paul, only half joking.

The next day, the two of them were laughing and whispering together like they were off on a torrid affair, rather than being the 'old married couple' that their friends and family believed

them to be. Finally, when evening had fallen and they had finished dinner, they retired early to their suite. Undressing each other, they felt the excitement of anticipation at what they were about to try. They lay down side by side and Paul closed his eyes as he prepared to enter hyper-empira. Taking his penis gently in her hand, Martie began to talk in a soothing tone of voice, gently squeezing and stroking with her thumb and fingers as she gently gave him the suggestions of increased awareness and mind-expansion to lead him into hyper-empira. A slow smile of contentment gradually spread over Paul's face as his penis grew erect in response to Martie's slow, gentle caresses as she concluded her hyper-empiric suggestions in low, soothing tones. Then she continued.

“When we make love, you will feel an incredible feeling of sexual power -- staying power! The more pleasure you give me, the harder and the more turned on you will become -- and the harder you become, the longer we will be able to make love. But you will not be able to come until I tell you to, no matter how turned on you get. No matter how excited my climaxes are going to make you, you will not be able to come until I say so! And any suggestions that I give to you while we are making love will be just as strong, and just as effective as though you were still in hyper-empiria!”

Martie then led Paul back from hyper-empira, and they began kissing and fondling each other as their mutual desire took flame. He quickly entered her, since they were already so aroused that they needed no further foreplay. Almost immediately, Martie had an orgasm. Then they switched places, with Martie straddled on top and Paul able to squeeze her full, round breasts as she moved her hips back and forth with ever increasing speed, arching her body slightly backwards as she exploded into climax.

Paul was almost there himself “Oh, God, I'm going to come!” he exclaimed.

“You just think you are -- but you won't!” whispered Martie between gasps, as both lovers continued to writhe in ecstasy.

Paul gradually regained control, and he pulled her down closer to him so that he could gently tease her nipples with his tongue and teeth, which soon caused her to climax once more. Martie pulled herself off him and, standing on the floor, she leaned over the bed so that Paul could enter her vagina from behind. Cupping her breasts with his hands and running his tongue down the length of her backbone, he brought her yet another wrenching orgasm. Then, as he continued to thrust from behind, he began to stroke her round hips and bottom, massaging the cheeks, and reaching around and running his finger down into the cleft of her vagina as Martie came yet again.

Paul's penis was screaming to let go. Its head felt like it was about to burst at any moment. “I have to come!” he exclaimed yet again.

“No!” she gasped, “The more you want to come, the more impossible it will be to do so, until I tell you that you can!”

Martie reached her hand back and pushed him out of her and turned around. Sitting on the edge of the bed, she pulled his head down so that he could take the tip of her clitoris in his teeth and suck her to yet another climax.

Martie's body was trembling with fatigue and excitement. She lay back on the bed and

pulled him down on top of her. As he entered her once more, she finally told him that when she said “come”, he could let go and have the best orgasm he had ever had in all his life, but not until that moment. Paul thrust and pumped, as Martie seemed to rest and gather up her strength for what was to be the ultimate climax for them both. She took a deep breath, and as she felt her vaginal walls contracting, she yelled “Come” and as his semen spurted out, it felt to Paul like boiling hot lava exploding from the depths of a volcano. As he repeatedly thrust back and forth, his ejaculation seemed to go forever, its intensity matched only by Martie's earthquake-like orgasm.

For a long while, they lay beside each other on the bed without speaking, their passions finally spent.

Paul reached for the room service phone. “This calls for champagne!” he said with a contented sigh.

CONCLUSION THE HONEYMOON AS A WAY OF LIFE

Of course, these procedures should never be used as a substitute for counseling or therapy, nor should they be employed in order to attempt to rescue a relationship which is in trouble. In order for a suggestion to be wholeheartedly accepted, it must be wholeheartedly believed; and in order for a suggestion to be wholeheartedly believed -- even with the aid of hyper-empira -- it must be wholeheartedly believed in. Only when you and your lover are able and willing to unreservedly believe in the essential goodness, rightness, and appropriateness of your suggestions in your own lives can your suggestions fulfill their true potential.

If you and your lover have come to share hyper-empiric experiences of rapture, ecstasy, wonder, and delight, only to return to a life of bills to pay, appointments to keep, and an endless list of things which simply have to be done, the effectiveness of your suggestions will eventually begin to wane, regardless of how dramatic the results might have been initially. If on the other hand, you return to an environment in which romance comes ahead of everything else, and the first priority is the quality time you spend with each other, then the joys, which you have shared together in hyper-empiria, will be re-captured again and again, as they become a permanent way of life.