

An Orgasm, anyone?



by Phyllis Chesler

Everything is surreal, unbelievable, from the smoky air in Manhattan coming our way from the wildfires in Canada to whatever Putin, Biden, the Iranian ayatollahs, what the Afghan Taliban do on any given day; the Blood Libels against the Jews, the grave violence against women, and the half-naked, breast and thigh-bearing celebrities in high fashion at various galas, film festivals, and music awards.

Today, to complete my sense of the surreal, there is breaking news about a cult, actually a prostitution ring known as “One Taste.” This was a group that reached out to me, love-bombed me, (thirteen emails, four phone calls within seven days), told me that the Dalai Lama’s editor wanted to work with me, tried to get me involved as a leading feminist with their publishing projects. Oh yes. They praised my work to the highest heavens, offered to publish my entire oeuvre, shared their hard luck story with me about being falsely maligned

women who had been accused of being prostitutes. They shared photos of their founders together with Gwyneth Paltrow, Naomi Wolf, and told me they had influenced one of the Kardashians.

The founders are dressed like corporate ladies, successful business women. But, once I looked into them, I cut off all contact (they pursued me relentlessly) and I published a [piece](#), lest they approach another unsuspecting feminist with their schemes.

Today, one of the two founders is in custody; the other remains at large. If convicted, they face a twenty year [sentence](#).

Maybe they can join Ghislaine Maxwell in prison, if not in Hell. None of these Madams had to do this in order to spare themselves further suffering. All were greedy and willing to do whatever it takes in order to live the High Life.