



Love,



Sex &



Islam

Bernard Payeur

Love, Sex and Islam

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Front Cover

The first panel is from a large (pewter?) figurine given to my wife and me on the occasion of our 25th wedding anniversary. The middle panel, with portions blurred out to keep it PG, is from the Khajuraho Group of Monuments of India. The third panel is also from a purchased photograph called Night Minarets of Istanbul.

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Foreword

In *Falling for Uzza*, a posting on my website boreal.ca (see Prologue), I wrote that I owed you, but particularly my wife's friends, an explanation as to why, when I told Lucette that a young African working girl was crashing at my apartment in Montréal, all she said was she would like to meet her. My explanation took on a life of its own and that is how I found myself writing, during the coronavirus (Covid-19) pandemic, a book about love, sex and Islam.

The dozen or so adult situation stories in **PART I - Sex in the Here-And-Now**, some of which may bring more than a smile to your face, are not gratuitous. Despite the purposeful nature of my disclosures, I found it difficult writing about some close encounters.

I particularly hated admitting to being intimate with anyone other than my beloved Lucette. However, I am sure she will forgive my telling the world if marrying sex and scriptures gives non-Muslims a better understanding of the latter and convinces believers who may be contemplating martyrdom because of what they have been told about sex in the Hereafter not to be in such a hurry to get there only to be disappointed.

Except where otherwise requested or for security purposes, actual names (first names only) are used. As unlikely as it is, if you recognize yourself in a character, I hope you will be flattered, not upset, that I remember our time together after all these years.

PART II - Sex in the Hereafter uses the experiences revealed in PART I to compare sex in the *now* with sex in the Hereafter with Allah's vaunted houris.

PROLOGUE

Falling for Uzza

Part 1

Hers is a Koranic name, meaning it was derived from a chapter in the Koran. Her name is about emotions, strong emotions, some evocative of the passion a grieving man once felt for a cherished departed partner when she was alive and well. She asked for assistance in dying at the beginning of July once she realized that the first full draft of *Remembering Uzza* was complete. I said she couldn't leave because there was still much to do; still, I did not insist when, a few days later, she called the number that would bring the doctor who would end her suffering to our apartment.

I spent most of the sunny summer of 2019 at the bar and restaurant patios that dot both sides of the street close to where we used to live working on that draft and thinking about her, and, later, the girl with the Koranic name who, with only a few words and a smile, soothed my longing for my beloved Lucette.

It was my first visit of the year to this particular bar and patio. It would not be my last. I sat down at an out-of-the-way table some distance from the serving area when I first spotted her: a beautiful tanned vision of confidence, in what I think was an imitation of the proverbial little black dress, making her way to my table, a gentle breeze kissing her hair. While taking my order she glanced at my draft copy of *Remembering Uzza*.

[Beautiful girl]: Is that a book about Islam?

Me: Yes.

[Beautiful girl]: Who is the author?

Me: That would be me. It's not published yet. I am making corrections.

[Beautiful girl]: Oh! I am Arab and Muslim.

Me: That's nice.

What else was I going to say? For the rest of the afternoon the service took on a decidedly matter-of-fact quality. The subtitle *If Islam Was Explained to Me in a Pub* may have had something to do with it. I don't know, and I didn't care.

A week or so later I found myself sitting in a different section when she rushed over and asked the waitress who was about to take my order if she could have this table. She was actually smiling when she inquired how my book was coming along. That is how it started, our mostly random, maybe once-a-week conversations at her workplace about Islam and about her.

I can't tell you much except that she was twenty-something, beautiful and smart, and had the academics to prove it; I want her to remain anonymous. I was very much interested in her as a person but also as a Muslim. Nearly two decades of studying Islamic scriptures and I am *still* trying to understand how ostensibly rational individuals can embrace a religion steeped in incongruities, whose core theology stripped of all pretences can be summarized in three little words: worship, war and sex, the latter being mainly a man's commensurate reward for his level of commitment to the first two.

It's probably a generational thing, but my interest in her was only reciprocated by her interest in the book that was, in so many ways, about her and young forward-thinking Muslim female immigrants like her. It became even more so as the parallels between her and the heroine of *Remembering Uzza* could not be avoided. I once remarked that, if Uzza's character had been Arab instead of Pakistani, she could be Uzza.

She made me promise I would let her read my book as soon as it was published. I said I would love for her to read it and let me know her thoughts. I even stoked her interest by revealing elements of the story with which she could identify: they were about the same age with similar backgrounds, one was behind the bar serving customers and the other sitting at it being served, and so on.

As my self-imposed publication deadline approached, I started having second thoughts; these morphed into a small panic when a man who bore a strange resemblance to the Islamic vigilante in *Uzza*, big and balding, came to say the Asr—the late afternoon prayer for Sunnis—beneath the branches of a large tree across the street from where I lived. This had never happened before.

He laid his prayer mat down facing east in the direction of Mecca and began the prostrations, kissing the ground and all that, reciting verses from the Koran which I could not hear from behind the double-pane bay window where I sat at a desk writing while watching the world go by.

All done, he picked up his mat—but rather than return the way he came, he crossed the street and slowly walked in the direction of my condo building, looking up (my apartment is on the second floor) and moving his head from side to side. If I had leaned across my desk and looked down, I could have told you the colour of his eyes. Like in horror movies, I was afraid to come face-to-face with my worst nightmare. When I finally did glance at the sidewalk beneath my window to the world, he was gone.

Had he returned the next day or the day after, I would have assumed he had simply found a place conducive to communing with Allah and left it that; however, he never returned. Was it because the message had been delivered: that they knew where I lived and there was no need to risk further exposure?

I know that, should *Uzza* find an audience, violence will find me and my government will agree with the extremists that I had it coming. It is inevitable; it is a sign of the times. I would rather that, when the inevitable knocks on my door, it be after *Uzza's* reputation has spread further than my neighbourhood and Riyadh, a regular visitor to boreal.ca where I posted excerpts of *Uzza* prior to publication—including the chapter *No Scarf, No Service* where the vigilante makes an appearance with his stealthy burka-clad sidekick.

Riyadh is a regular; undoubtedly so are members of my city's large Muslim community, which could explain the man's resemblance to the character in *Uzza*. It should not have mattered, except that it fueled a reluctance to follow through on a promise made to a beautiful girl.

I started making excuses. I published *Remembering Uzza: If Islam Was Explained to Me in a Pub* in September. October came and went and I was running out of excuses. I know what you're thinking: if the local ummah was already aware, why not give her the book and be done with it? You may be right. Maybe it was the sex, in the book that is.

Needless to say, no explanation of Islam would be complete without a discussion about Islam and sex, and *Uzza's* character is not afraid to talk about it. Maybe it was these discussions that worried me. Little did

I know. With that in mind, once, when I again showed up without the book, I said it was because I wanted her father, who was out the country, to read it first. He could order it from Amazon and have it delivered to wherever he was at the time, then decide if it was suitable reading material for his daughter. She looked at me as if I was from another planet.

The sunny warm summer and early fall of 2019 gave way to a contrarian November. One cold early November evening, I left her workplace thinking it was too busy for her to find the time to talk to me. I was more than a short distance out the door when I heard a voice calling, "Bernard, where are you going?" I turned around to find her next to me in attire totally unsuitable for the weather, asking if I wanted to come to back in and, I think, whether I had the book.

I hit upon another delaying tactic when we next met. I put fifty dollars and a letter containing an excerpt from my wife's eulogy in an envelope. You could or could not deduce from the letter, about keeping an open mind and mutual respect and understanding, that my Lucette was dead. Her underwhelming curiosity about the life of an old man made it easy to avoid mentioning that I was recently widowed. It would probably have led to a display of emotions which could only have damaged a relationship that was evolving based on a mutual interest in Islam.

I gave her the envelope. She read the letter while I explained that, because she was busy with more important things, she might take the fifty (*Uzza* retails for \$19.50CDN on Amazon.ca) and purchase a copy of my book when she had the time to read it. She kept the letter and handed back my fifty dollars. No more nonsense. She wanted the book, and she wanted it from me.

Needless to say, the next time we met I brought the book, and yes, another envelope, this one containing two hundred and fifty dollars and nothing else. I explained that I was purchasing her opinion for five hundred dollars; she would be in effect my consultant, and she would get the remainder when she reported back with her impressions of *Remembering Uzza* after having read the entire dialogue. If she accepted my conditions, her opinions about the book, for the time being, were for me alone.

She agreed, and I gave her the book. She promised to give it back. I said no, that it was hers to keep and I expected her to scribble all over

it, and she would. She then hugged the book, beaming as if I had given her the Hope diamond. What a heartwarming sight that was. How could I not find her endearing?

As expected, the next time we met she had been too busy with her own life-changing priorities to read more than twenty pages, but she was okay with it—with *Uzza*, that is. I had not seen her for more than a week when it happened. She had obviously been to the hairdresser or been with someone skilled in doing the impossible: improving on perfection.

As she made her way to the stool next to me, the one nearest to the wall, she firmly stroked my back with the flat of her hand, from shoulder blade to shoulder blade; the type of greeting that you would expect from one who is more than a friend, or a very good one at the least. I had forgotten what that felt like. For the last few years of Lucette's existence even that commonplace, somewhat forceful gesture of affection was beyond her capabilities. A feeble bruised hand behind my neck was the best she could manage when I leaned over to kiss her good-night.

In the four months or so since that serendipitous meeting on the patio on a street of patios, the only greeting we had exchanged was a light handshake, and now this. She sat down next to me and turned towards me, sometimes leaning against the wall or forward, sometimes sitting up straight. It didn't matter; even when I looked into her eyes, I could not help but take in the exposed curvature of what the Prophet loved most in young women: their breasts. Maybe three buttons of her blouse were unbuttoned. Nothing unusual; we were not meeting in a convent and it was only how we found ourselves sitting next each other that offered my peripheral vision something truly inspiring.

It was as if the gods were conspiring to make this old man long for something that was very much a distant memory. And they were not finished.

She brought the book in anticipation of, I assume, a serious discussion. She placed it on the counter. She left it open—or maybe it was me who, perhaps inadvertently, after helping her find an endnote, left it open—at page 119, which was folded upon itself and acted as a bookmark.

Page 119 concludes the chapter *No Paradise for Old Men*, a prophetic title as it would turn out, where Uzza answers a question from Bob about whether “in Paradise they do it that way.” Page 119 also marks

the end of a discussion about how holy warriors use rape, with virgins the preferred target, as a means of coercing innocent young girls into becoming suicide bombers. Nothing sexy about that either, but it didn't matter.

That man beneath my window had me thinking conspiracies. If she wanted to spend a disappointing night in bed with a guy twice her age and then some, all she had to do was ask. What do they say about people who assume too much? That they make an "ass" of "u" and "me", but mostly themselves.

Instead of continuing the discussion about what she had read so far, I started to talk about how I had spent much of the afternoon at Ottawa University arranging a memorial scholarship in my wife's name. While I talked, she buttoned her blouse all the way to the top, and when I was finished, she said she had to go. As she got up to leave, she again stroked my shoulders, but this time in a more hurried way.

For someone who has lost a partner of more than thirty-eight years, the hardest thing to get used to is going to bed alone and waking up alone. Had I passed up an opportunity not to wake up alone? The thought was too much to bear. I had to find out.

The next time we met was a few days before Christmas. She greeted me in the same way she always had, except for that one time, with a smile and a "how are you" or something equally engaging. I think she was wearing that same little black dress as when we first met. It was the end of her shift. I asked if we could go someplace else, someplace more quiet. She got her coat and we walked to a nearby, nearly empty bar in the next block.

We sat down in a banquette across from each other. I wasted no time in asking her about what happened the last time we met. Her answer was both a relief and a disappointment. No, she had not tried to seduce me and she was sorry if I got that impression. But what about the book left open at that chapter? "You mean the one about anal sex; what about it?" Just like my Uzza, nothing fazed her.

Just like before, I changed the subject and started talking about me, only me. She seemed to be as attentive as if I was talking about Islam. I stopped myself. She had better and more fun things to do than listen to me talk about me. I knew her friends were waiting for her. This time I was the one who decided it was time to go. Before we left, I handed her

a small box containing some of Lucette's more whimsical jewelry: gold plated charm bracelets.

She opened the box and asked "Why?" I explained that during one of, if not the most difficult times of my life, the two constants had been two Muslims, her and Sohrab (Appendix: Sohrab), and I wanted to show my appreciation for being, among other things, a welcome distraction. To keep my emotions in check, I half-jokingly reminded her about what the Prophet said about people who wore gold jewelry in this world: that they would not be allowed to wear gold in Paradise. "That was for men only," she said with a smile. I'll have to look that up.

She told me that after Christmas she was going away for a few weeks, during which time she would be able to finish reading my book. Something I both look forward to and dread; after then, what will we talk about? Will she still be interested in seeing me?

We walked to where I knew her friends were waiting. She stood there and I stood there, neither quite knowing what to do. What the hell, I thought, and gave her hug, then turned around and went home.

Except for an artistic rendering of my Lucette's beautiful smiling face, which I hung at the end of the corridor leading to my bedroom and to which I say goodnight and good morning, I could not bring myself to put up any more pictures of her or us together. When I got home that night, however, I took out a framed photograph of the two of us in more carefree times and put it on my desk. It's been there ever since. It was there while I wrote this.



As to my other beautiful girl: no matter what she said about that night when life again imitated art, when she made me feel that I was more than an acquaintance, I still think it was an Uzza-moment. To understand what that means, you will have to read the book.

Part 2

The Green Bay Packers were playing the San Francisco 49ers in the NFC Championship game when I showed up at her place of work. I had not been there since our last get-together before Christmas. The place was wall-to-wall with fans watching the game on walls covered with TVs. The only seat to be had was at one end of the bar. If you were there to watch the game, the sight lines were not very good. It didn't matter; I wasn't there for that purpose, even though I am a fan of American football. They were drinking beer, eating their nachos, chicken wings and ribs; I ordered a salad and a glass of wine, settling in with my iPhone and the BBC.

I was poking at some lettuce with my fork when I looked up and saw her at the other end of the bar waiting on an order. She acknowledged my presence with what I thought was a tentative wave, but there was no mistaking that Mona Lisa smile. Maybe I should have let our last time together at that other place where mostly young people go to eat, talk and have fun be our last time together. Maybe I should leave.

All misgivings vanished when, maybe ten minutes later, she made her way to my end of the bar and told me how nice it was to see me again. She said she had finished reading the book, but tonight was obviously not a good night to talk about it, and to come back later in the week.

When I returned a few days later, I waited as she suggested until her shift was over, when she got her coat and said she was ready to go. When we got outside I suggested my place just a few blocks away. She gracefully declined. Perhaps I should have known better than to extend such an invitation, even if my intentions were realistic, except for a forlorn hope which springs eternal in old fools.

But those long ago days when I was a much younger older man and the girl who started it all and to whom *Uzza* is dedicated—with my regretted Lucette's approval, I might add—would knock on my door after the bars closed and ask if she could spend what was left of the night.

After a while, she didn't bother to ask if she could come in. With a sleepy comatose host to greet her, she simply made her way to the bedroom, got naked and slid under the covers. What I consider inadvertent sex was inevitable (her story in *Sex in the Here-And-Now*). I told my Lucette about her. She said she would like to meet her.

I wish my Lucette was here now; then maybe my other beautiful girl and I would not have ended up discussing *Uzza* at a place I go for brunch on Sundays. We would definitely have been better off at my apartment and I would not again be left wondering, "What just happened?"

It was like night and day, literally. Not quite what I expected. The lights were much too low but the music was not too loud when we sat down at a banquette across from each other and started talking about the book. During our conversation I handed over an envelope with the remaining \$250 owed, saying that she had completed what I considered a contract to my satisfaction—in ways she will only understand if she reads this.

Our conversation about *Uzza* started innocently enough. She wished that—spoiler alert—the story had not ended so abruptly, that she could have gotten to know *Uzza* better. She praised my knowledge of Islam as superior to hers. I don't know if that was a good thing. It was shortly after what I took for praise that she said that my portrayal of the Prophet hurt her deeply, that she was raised on believing Muhammad to be a good man, the perfect human being in fact, not the person in my book.

What she said reminded me of another young woman about her age, a little taller perhaps, with blond hair about the same length as my beautiful brunette's, a vision of serene loveliness strolling in a long white chiffon dress, on what I believe was Les Champs-Élysées, next to a moving mass of grey shouting its murderous rage for the cartoonists at Charlie Hebdo. She attracted the attention of a journalist who caught up with her and asked what she was doing there. She stopped and looked at him as if he had asked the stupidest of questions. "Mais, ils ont insulté mon prophète!" (But, they have insulted my prophet!) she responded with visible indignation.

My beautiful girl may have attended primary and secondary schools in the Middle East but she did her undergraduate degree in Canada, and Islam was not part of the curriculum.

What she said about my honest portrayal of the historical Muhammad, which is based on what he said and did in authenticated hadiths (sayings and example of the Prophet) that are part of the Sunni Cannon, is probably the strongest argument I could make about letting religion have its way with kids. It is as if an Islamic education and upbringing can't help but create the equivalent of the Manchurian Candidate with the trigger being anything bad said about Muhammad.

I am not saying that my beautiful girl's reaction was the result of indoctrination equivalent to brainwashing, for I could not tell if what she said was in anger or sadness.

I was trying to explain that my depiction of the Prophet Muhammad was not something I made up when whatever I was saying was drowned out by the disk jockey who had just set up his equipment; speakers were now belting out the tunes at a decibel level to rival the noise made by jet engines on takeoff. I shouted to be heard by the man serving our drinks, that with only us and few people at the bar maybe he could get the music man to turn it down a bit? "No can do," and

besides, he explained, the music was meant to be heard outside to draw people in from the street.

The noise level meant we had to hunch forward to be heard. Even then, because of the darkness, I could not tell by the look in her eyes how she really felt when she spoke those words.

There is a scene in *Remembering Uzza* where Gerry detects that Uzza is troubled by what they have discussed and reaches out to touch her hand. You guessed it; that is what I did after hearing my beautiful girl's *cris de coeur*. Her hands were flat on the table. As I leaned forward to be heard, I could not resist doing what Gerry did for my Uzza. The character Gerry was the right age to do something like that and not be misunderstood or look like a creep to an outside observer; if what she had said was in anger, I was adding insult to injury. When I took my hand off hers to take a sip of wine, both hands moved out of reach. I apologized.

It was getting late and the noise was making a meaningful conversation next to impossible. We decided to leave, but not before I managed to ask her if she had read *Falling for Uzza*. She wasn't aware of the posting so I texted her the link. When we got outside we went our separate ways, but not before I again hazarded a hug, which I think was reciprocated. Then again, it may be wishful thinking. I do more of that now than ever before and for good reason.

My Prologue is an excerpt from a posting to my website titled *Falling for Uzza*. It was after posting it that I realized I owed visitors to boreal.ca, but particularly my wife's friends, an explanation as to why, when I told her a young African working girl was crashing at my apartment in Montréal, all she said was she would like to meet her. My explanation took on a life of its own and that is how I found myself writing, during the coronavirus (Covid-19) pandemic, a book about love, sex and Islam.

SEX IN THE HERE-AND-NOW

The Broken Condom

The year was 1993. It was early in the first year of two consulting contracts that would keep me in Montréal five days a week for the next five years or so when, after more than 10 years of marriage, I had my first one-night stand. It was a one-night affair that would prove to my wife that I still loved her and loved her very much.

1993 was also the year the Montréal Canadiens won the Stanley Cup. No Canadian team has won it since. I was at one of Montréal's landmark bars on Crescent Street when the Canadiens hoisted the trophy symbolic of hockey supremacy. The crowd at Winnies not only erupted in cheers, but it was hugs all around. The last person I hugged, or hugged again, was a thirty-something female lawyer with whom I had gotten acquainted while watching the game. When it was time to leave, the celebrating around the corner on St. Catherine Street, Montréal's main commercial east-west thoroughfare, had gotten out hand with looting and an overturned police car on fire. We decided to retreat to my apartment at the Chateau Royale, the only apartment hotel on Crescent Street.

She had condoms, but not very good ones, as it would turn out. Something didn't feel right, but it felt good and she didn't seem to mind so we continued doing what we were doing. When it was all over I noticed that the condom was rolled up like a wrinkled cellophane wrapper at the base of a drooping culprit. The AIDS scare was at its zenith and I had just had unprotected sex, for all intents and purposes, with a stranger.

It was only the second time since our wedding night that I had intimate relations with a woman other than my wife. The first indiscretion was not a one-night stand, and it left my Lucette doubting that I still loved her. A busted condom would set her mind at ease.

Needless to say, I felt a bit sheepish when she met me at the Ottawa train station that Friday around supper time. As usual, she had prepared everything for a most romantic dinner, a prelude to a special night, and often a special weekend to make up for the five days I had been away. I was not hungry. She asked what was wrong. I told her about the condom incident and that sex was out of the question for at

least ten days (from what I understood at the time was the earliest the AIDS virus could be detected) if she still wanted have sex with me.

She rose from her chair, stood next to mine and asked me to move it a little. She then sat on my lap, put her arms around my neck and kissed me. It was a lovely and totally unexpected gesture which left me wondering.

"You must really love me," she said, "to admit having sex with another woman to protect me."

I didn't know what to say.

She got up and took my hand. "Let's go upstairs," she said. "We can use those leftover condoms in your night table from when Margaret used to visit you at your old place."

I met Margaret in Vancouver (Burnaby) where we both attended Simon Fraser University. She was from Windsor, Ontario. She had chosen Simon Fraser because it was about as far as she could get from a man who would shortly be released from prison.

She had rented a room with a bathroom and kitchenette across the street from where I was staying. It wasn't long before I was spending many an evening at her place, lying on her bed, smoking one of her Craven M's while watching her strum her guitar and hum the lyrics to *Mr. Bojangles* or Janice Joplin's *Me and Bobby McGee*.

I never tired of hearing her sing out of tune, or watching her struggle with a difficult chord and never get it quite right. She started opening up to me. She talked about the reason for her coming to Vancouver. She had been sexually assaulted while hitchhiking between Windsor and Toronto. One of the two men was about to be released from custody, and she did not want to be around when that happened.

When we first became intimate, she said that it was the first time she had been with a man since the assault. We had been friends for maybe a month before the apparent glorious reawakening of Margaret to the joys of sex. Our love-making progressed from a romantic type of intimacy, and it had nothing to do with me, to one less so. I knew that rape changes the victim, but I didn't expect it to be that way. I was not into rape fantasies but I still thought we had something good together.

I didn't have much money, but this fellow Rakesh did. Neil Diamond was in town for a performance at the old Queen Elizabeth Theatre. She asked if I would mind if Rakesh took her to see Neil Diamond. I said

okay. When I went over to her place the next morning, she wasn't there. Rakesh rented a room in the student residence and that is where I found her, in bed with Rakesh.

Margaret would eventually return to Windsor and I would move to Ottawa.

Lucette and I were intimate (more on that memorable evening in what I hope is respectful prose) on our third date. I called her for a fourth date, and—I kid you not—she couldn't make it; she had already agreed to go with this Ion friend of hers to a concert. In my mind, it was Rakesh all over again. We had only been seeing each other for a short time, but I was falling for her. That did not stop me from telling her that I didn't want to see her again as she tried to explain that Ion was just a friend. Rakesh was just a friend. I hung up the phone.

The phone kept on ringing, but I didn't answer. An hour or so later there was a knock at the door. It was my Lucette. It was obvious that she'd been crying. She said those three little words.

I felt bad, not because of those three little words, but because I had made her cry. She had, of course, cancelled her date with Ion. It is only as I am writing this that I realize that when she told me, before she died, that she had always loved me and never stopped loving me, she meant from the very beginning.

Our first and only real breakup turned out to be a blessing in disguise. It got us talking about what mattered to both of us and why we did the things we did. Talking about us made it possible for our relationship to survive the return of Margaret.

Almost as important as trust in a relationship is fairness, and that means equity when it comes to sex, including sex with other people. Before I met Lucette I had gotten in touch with Margaret. Lucette knew all about her and me when she first came for a visit. We had come to an understanding. When Margaret was in town, if she felt like it, she would visit with an old flame, whom I never met, by the name of Sid.

When I asked her what every man in such a situation wants to know: "Who is better in bed?" she paused for a minute, enjoying the moment. "Sid," she said, in a refreshing frankness about intimacy that was our little secret, "likes to read his newspaper after sex, while you like to talk, so I guess that makes you better in bed." I also believe it was be-

cause she loved me and not Sid that made the experience that much more memorable.

During our time together she proved her love in tangible ways that made those other things that lovers do to express their affection for their partner pale in comparison. One of those profound, undeserved expressions of how she felt about me occurred on the Sunday following that Friday admission of infidelity.

We were in bed. I would again be leaving on an early train to Montréal the next morning. I had already put on a condom when she reached down, and instead of doing what I thought she was going to do, she pulled it off.

"I don't think you have AIDS," she said, "and even if you did, and I got it, it wouldn't matter as long as we are together."

As to her needing assurance that she was loved, it all had to do with my first indiscretion — a serious one.

Anne – Part 1

We had been married for more than seven years when I found myself in bed being intimate with someone other than my Lucette. If you love your wife, you never plan on these things – they just happen.

I was the prime contractor on a project to install a computer-based management information system at a government department, which shall remain nameless, when a member of the team, a government employee, took a liking to me. I don't recall exactly how it happened, but one evening, after working late and having a few beers at a pub close to where she lived, I found myself in her bedroom, at the top of a long flight of stairs, watching her do a hurried striptease. When all she had on was a smile, she walked over to help me get my clothes off.

When we were both at the same disadvantage, we embraced and fell unto that damned waterbed of hers. I had never made love on such a thing where your aim is constantly being tested, even in the missionary position, as you try to match the rhythm of the waves rocking her, and you, up and down. Thrust with too much enthusiasm and you only create bigger waves.

To survive that first encounter, I kept my hips glued to hers, executing only short strokes, barely venturing outside a soaked entrance, afraid of not being able to quickly stumble my way back in. Needless to say, this being the first time with another woman in so many years, I came and she didn't, even if her excitement was palpable.

I flopped over on my back and she sat up facing me. She put both hands and forearms on my chest and leaned forward. A few inches from my face, she purred: "Did you like it?"

I really liked the way she asked if I had liked it. I said it was *alright*.

Just what a woman, or a man for that matter – usually the ones to ask that question – wants to hear! My Lucette said it was impossible for me not to tell the truth if asked a straightforward question. I guess I had just proved her right.

I followed up my tepid approval of a performance that was not her fault – I blame the bed and my lack of sea legs – with: "I am probably the worst lover you've ever had."

She did not contradict me.

I've slept on other waterbeds since, where the wave motion is nothing like what I experienced on Anne's contraption. Hers may have been an early economy model. If there was one good thing about her waterbed, it was that it was low to the ground. I had gotten better at riding the waves when I asked if we could do it with her on her hands and knees.

She rolled off the bed and assumed the position, perhaps afraid that a moving target could lead to a sudden pain in her attractive posterior. I don't remember if the floor was carpeted but it must have been.

In Paradise everything will be carpeted, so the only thing you risk if you decide to get off the couch and do it on the floor, or the ground, is your houris getting carpet burns.

88:10 In a lofty Garden;

88:11 Wherein no idle talk is heard;

88:12 Wherein is a flowing spring;

88:13 Wherein are upraised couches;

88:14 And cups ranged around,

88:15 And cushion in rows;

88:16 And carpets spread out.

Tainted Lips

Another time, Anne did not have to ask if I liked it. Her eyes seem to seek my approval as her head went up and down, and I was happy to give it when she was done and returned to lie next to me. What I was not ready to do was kiss her.

A lovely young woman who worked for me part-time when I worked out of our house would often join my Lucette and I for supper. She once volunteered that she liked to give head but didn't like it when men came in her mouth, which is why she warned them to let her know when they were about to come. We had friends over at the time. I don't remember what someone said to prompt Chantal to admit to such a thing.

She was not finished. One time, she said, the man she was with ignored her warning. "I showed him," she bragged. "I rolled it up into a ball,

kissed him on the mouth and gave it right back, then asked how he liked it.”

I didn’t know you could do that with semen; roll it up into a ball that you could actually roll from one mouth into another. Not that I expected Anne to do that, as it was evident when her face was next to mine, lips slightly parted, that there was nothing left to roll.

I softly told Chantal, who was seated to my left, that maybe we should change the subject, so we never found out what the guy thought about her return volley.

Anne said it was her small mouth that made it that much more pleasurable. It was not only her mouth—if the size of a woman’s buccal cavity has anything to with it—that kicked it up a notch, but the visual of her kneeling at the end of the bed, head down, bottom up, her eyes looking up at me, never once letting her lips let go, no matter the tempo, with her heart-shaped, creamy white behind swaying as if in a light breeze, then coming to a standstill as she concentrated on the grand finale.

The Koran talks about sex and guarantees that it is better in Paradise but doesn’t go into specifics and that includes oral sex. Even Uzza is unsure if it is halal in the here-and-now, let alone in the Hereafter.

Uzza: Muhammad considered flutes phallic symbols. He warned the believers about the seductive power of musical instruments that resembled a man's penis into which you blew and used your fingers to coax out a tune.

Bob: That brings up an interesting question.

Archie: I’ll bet!

Bob: Can Muslim girls do that, blow it or play with it until he comes?

Uzza: When it comes to a girl putting a man’s penis in her mouth with the purpose of pleasuring her lover, scholars are all over the place.

Bob: What other purpose is there?

Uzza: There is more of a consensus around a man performing cunnilingus, but still many disagree. The main objection to both cunnilingus and fellatio is that lips and tongues are used

to recite the Koran and touching another person's private parts renders them unclean for that purpose.

Archie: That is why God invented mouthwash, I am sure.

A Back Passage Adventure

We had been doing it for maybe a couple of weeks when Anne invited me to sample what Norman Mailer characterized as the most intimate form of sex a woman can offer a man.

We were having intercourse from the back with her lying on her side, the so-called spooning position, when a body quake centred on where I was still doing my best to keep up signalled that she had arrived – but I hadn't. With the last aftershock, she more than intimated that she would like me to move it up a little.

Did she really want it that way?

"What did you just say?" I whispered into her ear.

She replied with emphasis: "f__ me in the a__!"

I still can't bring myself to say it in polite company, let alone write it down knowing you might be offended. Uzza, on the other hand, like Anne, is not squeamish and doesn't mince words. She can help you fill in the blanks if you are still struggling to figure out the phrase like a confused contestant on *Wheel of Fortune*.

The following is part of Uzza's response to Bob's question about whether they did it the way Anne had requested in Paradise.

Bob: [*awkwardly*] In Paradise, do they do it... that way?

Uzza: [*knowing where he is going with this and feeling mischievous*] What do you mean, "that way?"

Bob: The thing the Backstreet Boys sang about wanting it that way?

Gerry: Is that what the song is about?

Archie: In Bob's mind.

Uzza: Come on, say it. What way would that be?

Bob: You know, sex, in the you-know-where?

Uzza: You mean will those blushing maidens and houris and what-not get fucked in the ass?

Bob: [*stunned*] Yes, but I would not have put it that way.

Uzza: Do not be such a prude. Children of believing parents learn about anal sex from their mother before the age of seven as part of the sex education they get from their first full reading of the Koran. It cannot be avoided with Allah's rants against homosexuals and sodomy.

Bob: Well, will they?

Uzza: Will they what? I forget.

Bob: Men do to women what Allah forbids men to do to other men.

Uzza: I would not know. In the Koran there is nothing about making love to a woman that way, but Allah is probably against it.

Gerry: That brings up an interesting question.

Uzza: I cannot wait to hear it.

With only a coating of lubrication from the place I withdrew to ease the way in (not recommended), I did what she asked – not once, but twice.

Is Uzza correct when she says Allah is probably against penetrating a woman that way?

God is not clear on the concept when women and girls are on the receiving end, but Muhammad assures us that Allah's rantings in His Koran against those who commit sodomy includes those who would bugger females. In fact, Allah's spokesman said that penetrating your wife that way is as big a sin as having intercourse with your wife while she is menstruating.

Narrated Abu Hurayrah:

The Prophet (peace be upon him) said: If anyone... has intercourse with his wife when she is menstruating, or has intercourse with his wife through her anus, he has nothing to do with what has been sent down to Muhammad (peace be upon him).

Abu Dawud 29.3895

The following is one of more than a handful of revelations concerning the impurity that is a woman's discharge of materials that makes the creation of babies possible.

2:222 And they ask you about menstruation, say: "It is an impurity." So keep away from women during their menstruation and do not approach them (do not have sexual relations with them) until they are clean. Once they get clean get to them as Allah commanded you. Allah loves the repentant and loves those who purify themselves.

"As Allah commanded you" includes what in the West we would consider rape, or at least coerced sex.

2:223 Your women are a tillage for you. So get to your tillage whenever you like. Do good for yourselves, fear Allah and know that you shall meet Him. And give good news to the believers.

A wife must not deny the ploughman, even if she is busy preparing supper.

Ali reported God's messenger as saying, "When a man calls his wife to satisfy his desire she must go to him even if she is occupied at the oven."

At-Tirmidhi

Obey your husband in everything or you risk a beating in this world and an eternity on fire in the next for denying him what Allah revealed was his absolute right to demand at any time.

4:34 ... And those of them that you fear might rebel, admonish them and abandon them in their beds and beat them. Should they obey you, do not seek a way of harming them; for Allah is Sublime and Great!

Some enterprising scholars have used an observation by a companion of Muhammad to argue that "get to your tillage whenever you like" has to do with avoiding giving birth to a "squint-eyed child."

Narrated Jabir:

Jews used to say: "If one has sexual intercourse with his wife from the back, then she will deliver a squint-eyed child."

So this Verse was revealed: "Your wives are a tilth unto you; so go to your tilth when or how you will." (2.223).

Bukhari 60.51

"From the back" is how Anne and I were doing it, unaware that, by her insisting I switch furrows while maintaining my relative position, she was eliminating not only the risk of giving birth to a child born with a condition known as strabismus, but an unplanned pregnancy.

Sodomy as a form of birth control is undoubtedly not why Shia husbands, as oppose to Sunni husbands, are allowed to do more than just rub the tip against the entrance to what scholars refer to as a woman's "back passage" and not risk burning in Hell for an eternity.

In Islam, even coitus interruptus as a means of birth control is frowned upon, even if it is meant to lessen the risk of pregnancy among female captives intended for ransom, which would adversely impact the amount someone would be willing to pay.

Narrated Abu Said Al-Khudri:

that while he was sitting with Allah's Apostle he said, "O Allah's Apostle! We get female captives as our share of booty, and we are interested in their prices, what is your opinion about coitus interruptus?"

The Prophet said, "Do you really do that? It is better for you not to do it. No soul that which Allah has destined to exist, but will surely come into existence."

Bukhari 34.432

In a hadith collected by the illustrious but less authoritative Imam Muslim (yes, that is his name), where the reason for holy warriors practicing coitus interruptus is made clear, Allah's spokesperson is less adamant about those who fight in Allah's Cause leaving it inside the captive's "front passage" until there is nothing left to spill on the ground.

Abu Sirma said to Abu Sa'id al Khadri (Allah be pleased with him): O Abu Sa'id, did you hear Allah's Messenger (may peace be upon him) mentioning al-azl?

He said: Yes, and added: We went out with Allah's Messenger (may peace be upon him) on the expedition to the Bi'l-Mustaliq and took captive some excellent Arab women; and we desired them, for we were suffering from the absence of

our wives, (but at the same time) we also desired ransom for them.

So we decided to have sexual intercourse with them but by observing azl (withdrawing the male sexual organ before emission of semen to avoid conception). But we said: We are doing an act whereas Allah's Messenger is amongst us; why not ask him?

So we asked Allah's Messenger (may peace be upon him), and he said: It does not matter if you do not do it, for every soul that is to be born up to the Day of Resurrection will be born.

Imam Muslim 8:3371

Notable Ayatollahs have condoned, with some reluctance, full penetration of a wife's back passage even if she is okay with it, for whatever reason.

Grand Ayatollah Sistani: "Anal intercourse between a married couple is permissible but 'is bound to wife's agreement... [the act itself] is strongly undesirable.'"

Grand Ayatollah Sadiq Hussaini Shirazi: "Anal sex is allowed with her (wife's) permission. Although very hated and discouraged."

Huguette

Lucette was a romantic lover who did for me one of the most significant things a woman can do for a man, and that is to give him back his confidence, a lifetime of confidence.

The last woman I befriended before my Lucette was an elementary school teacher, Huguette, who lived on the same floor in my building. Her boyfriend was an out-of-towner who usually visited on weekends and holidays. We did what friends without benefits do together: we shopped for groceries, shared meals, played tennis, went to the beach... Spent what was, for me, a magical summer evening sitting under a tree in Gatineau Park listening to legendary Québec poet, song-writer and singer Gilles Vigneault as the night fell and a canopy of stars lit up the sky.

After moving closer to the school where she was teaching, Huguette invited me over. When she opened the door to let me in, she was wearing a bathrobe. I thought nothing of it. I'd seen her in a bathrobe before. No big deal. She gave me a tour of her new place, ending in her bedroom where, like in a song popular at the time, *Stay Awhile* by The Bells, she dropped her robe on the floor. Unlike in the song, it did not end well.

All these months as friends with no benefits, all she had allowed was a pat on the behind when congratulations were in order. I had dreamt of this night and becoming her boyfriend, later maybe even her husband. It would turn out to be the most disconcerting night of my life.

Huguette was a dark-haired, dark-eyed, full-breasted beauty who could rightly have expected that when we were both naked and I grabbed her by her *patting place* and pulled her against me, she should have felt something between us.

It may have been her first time with someone who could not rise to the occasion. How else could you explain why, lying atop the covers of what was *not* a waterbed—it was way too early to turn in and this was an invitation to sex, perhaps even love-making—she just looked on as I tried to coax it into cooperating, to no avail?

Perhaps I could have tried pleasing her with my fingers—not that I would not have done that anyway, once I knew I could count on it to do its part when the time came to find a replacement.

Islam allows pleasing a woman through penetration with your fingers, but not with anything other than an appendage of the human body, such as a dildo. Whether an object shaped like a man's penis can be used during sex actually came up during a discussion between Uzza and the boys: can an impotent husband use his fingers as a substitute to pleasure his wife, and can she pleasure herself with artificial devices?

Bob: I had a girlfriend who swore off sex with men after discovering sex toys. She bragged about having a different man every night of the week who never disappoints.

Uzza: The type of sex toys I think you are referring to are out of the question, such as dildos and latex penises that come in all sizes and shapes and that simulate the real thing.

Bob: So you know about those?

Uzza: It is not what you think, and even if it was, what difference does it make?

Archie: To that virgin of yours, a hell of a lot.

Uzza: Well, SHE CANNOT HAVE THEM!

Bob: WHY THE HELL NOT?

Uzza: The young sex slave of an old man who could not get it up asked him to put his fingers in her vagina and stimulate her that way. He went to see his imam, who was not any imam but Ali ar-Reza, a descendent of Muhammad, to ask him if that was okay.

Archie: Let me get this straight. An old guy has a young girl who is willing to have him touch her that way—bless her—and he has to go to ask his imam if it's okay. Is there any part of a Muslim's existence in which your religion will not stick its fingers, eh, I mean nose?

Uzza: No, I do not think so. A golden rule of Islam based on, you guessed it, a saying of Muhammad, is, if you do not know if something is illegal, do not do it until you have con-

sulted a religious authority of some kind¹. With more than six thousand revealed truths and twice as many sayings of Muhammad to inform a believer's every waking moment, if you are a believer, it is actually not bad advice.

Bob: So, what did the imam say?

Uzza: He said it was okay, as long as whatever he put in there was part of his body, and that ruling has remained a mainstay of all four mainstream schools of Islamic law.

"As far as the methods of mutual stimulation in foreplay... no foreign object should be used. The restriction on the use of foreign objects is based on the following hadith:

Ubaydullah bin Zurarah says that he had an old neighbor who owned a young slave-girl. Because of his old age, he could not fully satisfy the young slave-girl during sexual intercourse. She would therefore ask him to place his fingers in her vagina as she liked it. The old man complied with her wishes even though he did not like this idea. So he requested 'Ubaydullah to ask Imam 'Ali ar-Reza (A.S.) about it. When Ubaydullah asked the Imam (A.S.) about it, the Imam (A.S.) said, 'There is no problem as long as he uses any part of his own body upon her, but he should not use anything other than his body on her.'"

Sayyid Athar Husayn S.H. Rizvi, Islamic Marriage Handbook

Not only can the wife of an impotent man not relieve her sexual tension with something artificial, but like every other believing woman, unless her husband is at home and willing to take the time to please her, she is out of luck. Of course, she can't demand that he put those fingers to

¹ **Narrated An-Nu'man bin Bashir:**

The Prophet said, "Both legal and illegal things are obvious, and in between them are (suspicious) doubtful matters. So who-ever forsakes those doubtful things lest he may commit a sin, will definitely avoid what is clearly illegal; and who-ever indulges in these (suspicious) doubtful things bravely, is likely to commit what is clearly illegal. Sins are Allah's Hima (i.e. private pasture) and whoever pastures (his sheep) near it, is likely to get in it at any moment."

Bukhari 34.267

work on her behalf, but he can demand she please him that way at any time—even, you may remember, if she is busy getting dinner ready.

Self-abuse, which Woody Allen described as “having sex with someone you love,” is not permitted in Islam. It all has to do with Revelations 70:29-31, which scholars and clerics have interpreted as Allah restricting “the way of fulfilling the sexual desire only to wives or slave women” (*Fatwa 81167*):

70:29 And those who guard their private parts;

70:30 Except from their wives or what their right-hands possess (their slave-girls); for they are not therein blameworthy.

70:31 He who seeks [pleasure] beyond that – those are the transgressors.

No amount of self-abuse would do the trick, and Huguette was no help. Frustrated, I broke down in tears, as if not being able to get it up wasn’t embarrassing enough. My dream was slipping away and there was nothing I could do about it. Perhaps it was serendipity. If things had gone the way I imagined, Lucette and I may never have gotten together.

They say you have to quickly put what is a traumatic experience for most men behind you if you don’t want it to have a lasting psychological impact. But how do you do that if you fear another failure, which is almost a guarantee if that is where your mind remains?

A few weeks after that infamous evening, I got a call from my sister. She was in town with her husband for a teacher’s conference and invited me and a girlfriend to join them at Ottawa’s premier hotel, the Chateau Laurier, for the closing ball. I couldn’t ask Huguette to go, obviously, but there *was* that beautiful girl in an enclosed office still working away on a Friday afternoon.

I went over and asked her if she liked to dance. I had said the magic words. Lucette loved to dance, and she would have been good at it even without the ballet lessons.

There would be a second date, then a third at her place. She shared an apartment with her parents. I felt safe. No chance of another embarrassing failure that night.

We sat down on the couch in the living room. We talked, we kissed a little, then we kissed a little more; then a long, passionate kiss with her

arms wrapped around my neck, my hands holding onto her waist, her long skirt draped across my lap hiding what was going on underneath, should her parents enter the room unexpectedly.

I had not even dared to unbutton her blouse. Somehow, she knew this was not the time to have me overthinking what might—or might not—happen. Often, I felt she knew me better than I knew myself, and not only in matters of intimacy.

She made me feel like a better man in every way, and that is what I told her on our wedding day. As I placed the ring on her finger and looked into her sparkling blue eyes, I said something totally unrehearsed: that I was marrying her not only because I loved her, but because I liked the man I became when I was with her.

Joyce

The first time I had sex was also my first time on a horse. It was Joyce's idea. She was still infatuated with my brother and knew that he loved to go riding on the Tk'emlups Indian reserve across the river, less than a mile from downtown Kamloops, British Columbia.

Girls like Joyce were not usually attracted to guys like me. Like most attractive, outgoing young women, she preferred the strong, physical type with the pleasant personality who knew how to dance—that was not me. My brother's interest in Joyce had waned as his interest in another young lady blossomed, and he was looking for a way to let her down gently. He suggested to Joyce that she might want to date me. For Joyce, that was a no-brainer. If dating the brother meant being close to the man she was still in love with, that was a price she was willing to pay.

The riding instructor reminded me as we left the corral, that if I ever wanted to enjoy sitting again, I must ride with my legs, letting my bum go up and down in rhythm with the motion of my horse's back.

About a mile into our slow trot in the direction of Mount Peter and Paul, Joyce, an accomplished rider just like my Lucette, decided she had had enough of this slow, single-file canter and peeled off at a gallop heading towards the river, waving at me to follow. Once I had my ride pointed in the right direction, it understood. All I could do was hang on.

I was gaining on Joyce as we approached a bend in the Thompson River when her charging horse stopped suddenly, and a pair of flying hooves narrowly missed knocking out my mount's front teeth. An attempted sucker punch if there ever was one! The now insulted and angry beast beneath me was not about to let it go. It, too, stopped, swivelled 180 degrees, and before we knew it, both horses were knocking hooves. Joyce quickly regained control of her mount and, to my surprise, I managed to do the same with my rambunctious stallion.

About a mile into our slow trot in the direction of Mount Peter and Paul, the aboriginal leader of our little posse had galloped back toward me.

"What's the problem?" he shouted.

"My horse won't go where I want him to go," I shouted back.

He came close enough to grab the bridle, and twisted my horse's head until its nose almost touched the tip of one of my boots.

"You have to show your horse where you want him to go," he explained. "You have to show him who is the boss," and he galloped back to the head of the line. That lesson was undoubtedly the reason I managed to regain control of my charger.

With our rides under control, we made our way back to the stables. Back in the car, Joyce was not ready to go home just yet. She suggested I drive to a secluded place on the reserve where we could talk and watch, unobserved, others riding by.

Maybe she was still under the influence of the adrenaline rush, or maybe it was my unexpected competence as a cowboy, but Joyce was in the mood. I was lying on my back, propping myself up on my elbows. Joyce sat next to me, facing me, when one hand grabbed the top of my pants and held them taut; another reached for the zipper, slowly pulling it down before feeling for the opening of my boxers.

This being our first date, and never having had sex, she caught me completely by surprise, which made drawing it out a simple operation for a woman who obviously knew what she was doing. Once she had it in hand and showed it the clear light of day, it quickly stood erect, firm and proud like never before.

Joyce wasted no time, and I might have done the same had I known I was about to hit a home run my first time at bat. She got up, undid her belt and unbuttoned her jeans before pushing them down, along with her panties, to the tops of her knees. Then she turned around.

Before I knew it, I was looking at something I had only ever seen in a Penthouse spread slowly descending towards, dare I say it, my manhood. I could make out, among a camouflage of pubic hair, the outline of a twinkling aperture. Unless one of us did something, she was going to miss it altogether.

Before she had a chance to intervene, I made like I knew what I was doing and nudged it forward. The strands of hair near her entrance parted and, BINGO! For the first time, I felt the tip, as Joyce continued her descent, make its way into what scholars of the faith refer to as a woman's "forward passage," easily sliding between her outer lips. Then came the sensation of the smaller inner guardians of the holy of

holies reluctantly giving way, allowing the full length to slowly disappear into what was, until then, the great unknown.

Having taken it all in, she paused and leaned forward, giving me even more of an eyeful. I couldn't believe that was me inside there, and what a wonderful "there" it was. Her back arched as she raised her rear, until only the tip of a glistening shaft was still inside, then she brought it back down, and raised it up again, and away we went. Then it happened. I thought it would all remain inside her, way up there. Little did I know!

While all this was happening, her hip motion sped up just as a couple of riders appeared on the horizon. Then she came to a grinding halt, not caring that pubic hairs might get caught in the open zipper.

In Muhammad's day, and like many young women continue to do today, wives epilated or shaved their pubic area—not to avoid hazards such as open zippers, which did not yet exist, but to please their husbands with a pubic area that resembled that of a pre-pubescent girl (personally, like most men of my generation, I find that pubic hair adds to a woman's appeal).

Narrated Jabir bin Abdullah:

While we were returning from a Ghazwa (Holy Battle) with the Prophet, I started driving my camel fast, as it was a lazy camel.

A rider came behind me and pricked my camel with a spear he had with him, and then my camel started running as fast as the best camel you may see. Behold! The rider was the Prophet himself.

He said, "What makes you in such a hurry?"

I replied, "I am newly married."

He said, "Did you marry a virgin or a matron?"

I replied, "A matron."

He said, "Why didn't you marry a young girl so that you may play with her and she with you?"

When we were about to enter (Medina), the Prophet said, "Wait so that you may enter (Medina) at night so that the lady of unkempt hair may comb her hair and the one

whose husband has been absent may shave her pubic region."

Bukhari 62.16

After catching her breath, and with no snagged pubic hair to hold her down, Joyce stood up and bent over to pull up her jeans and panties. Without taking my eyes off her as she struggled to fit her saddle-tempered buttocks inside a pair of tight jeans, I reached down and zipped myself up. Everything felt a bit moist and sticky, but I didn't give it a second thought.

This was all new to me, including the fact that much of what is expelled—especially with the recipient on top, and gravity being what it is—leaks out, mixed with what Muhammad may have mistaken for a woman's ejaculate (actually fluid that is sometimes expelled from the urethra during sex). Whatever he was referring to, God's spokesperson claimed that if this discharge occurred before her husband's, the child conceived would look like its mother.

Narrated Um Salama:

Um-Sulaim came to Allah's Apostle and said, "Verily, Allah is not shy of (telling you) the truth. Is it necessary for a woman to take a bath after she has a wet dream (nocturnal sexual discharge?)"

The Prophet replied, "Yes, if she notices a discharge."

Um Salama, then covered her face and asked, "O Allah's Apostle! Does a woman get a discharge?"

He replied, "Yes, let your right hand be in dust (an Arabic expression you say to a person when you contradict his statement meaning 'you will not achieve goodness'), and that is why the son resembles his mother."

Bukhari 3:132

This statement about a woman's ejaculate having an impact on their child's complexion is surprising since, in the Koran, a woman is only a warm place where the man deposits his sperm. From the entire male ejaculate—not from a single flagellate whose existence was unknown at the time—Allah creates a male or a female. The woman has nothing to do with it. This may explain why Allah and His spokesman consider

her monthly discharge of blood and other materials an impurity unrelated to her role in procreation.

75:36 Does man think that he shall be left unattended?

75:37 Was he not a drop of sperm released?

75:38 Then, he was a leech; then He created and fashioned (him);

75:39 Making of him a couple, male and female.

Um Salama, wife number six, was thirty years old when she accepted an offer of marriage from God's spokesman after her first husband succumbed to battle wounds. Muhammad's statement about what causes a son to resemble his mother brought a smile to the face of a mature woman who may have known better.

Narrated Abu Salama:

Um Salama said, "O Allah's Apostle! Allah does not refrain from saying the truth! Is it obligatory for a woman to take a bath after she gets nocturnal discharge?"

He said, "Yes, if she notices the water (i.e. discharge)."

Um Salama smiled and said, "Does a woman get discharge?"

Allah's Apostle said, "Then why does a child resemble (its mother)?"

Bukhari 55.545

If Joyce noticed anything, she didn't mention it, and if she did, she probably assumed I had seen it and would take care of it when I got the chance.

I don't remember a single word said between us during or after the blessed event. Maybe it was because no words were spoken; at least, no words worthy of commitment to long-term memory. I know I didn't want to betray that it was my first time, so maybe I kept my mouth shut. As for Joyce, what could she say? When she picked up the pace toward the end, it obviously had nothing to do with what was happening with me; rather, it was the sight of the man she was obviously thinking about when having sex with me as he rode into view.

In those days, most sports cars had separate seats for the driver and front passenger. My car was not a sports car; it had a bench seat (one

seat from door to door, not unlike the back seat of most vehicles). When we drove into the Tk'emlups Indian reserve, she was sitting by the door; when we drove out, she was sitting next to me. The Universe had shifted, and in a good direction.

I dropped her off at her place, then went home. A younger, more experienced sister was there with her friends when I walked in. Alice pointed to my pants and shouted out with unrestrained amusement: "Shot spots, Bernie just had sex!" I looked down. What a mess! I never told Joyce she was my first, nor did I tell my sister that her exclamation marked a rite of passage.

Anne – Part 2

Anne whispered what I came to accept was a contrived, “I love you.” I think, for her as well, love, real or imagined, added to the sexual experience. I could not bring myself to tell her I loved her back, though I liked her lot, as a person and as a lover. If I had said I loved her, it would have meant I cared for her more than I cared for my Lucette, and that was simply not the case. Nonetheless, when she asked me to move in with her, I said I would talk it over with Lucette—as silly as that sounds.

That obviously took her aback. “What do you *mean* you want talk it over with your wife?” she said. “You tell her you’re leaving, pack your bags, and come over to my place. You don’t drag this sort of thing out!”

Talking about things that mattered is what my Lucette and I did all the time. When I brought up the idea of leaving her, she said: “It’s Anne, isn’t it?” Before I had a chance to answer, in the forthright and confident manner that I admired, she added: “She is not the woman for you. I am!”

She would grant me a divorce only after we had gone to a marriage counsellor and been told that our marriage could not be saved. I said my mind was made up.

“In that case,” she replied, “I will see a counsellor by myself.”

She may have been playing for time, hoping that I would come to my senses, which I did, but it was a close thing. During what turned out to be a short affair—as affairs go, I assume—I had never spent the night with Anne. I always went home to my Lucette.

It was another late night at work and with nothing for her to do, I asked Anne to wait for me at the bar across the street. When I arrived, she was having a drink with the barman and another guy. She got straight to the point. If I didn’t spend the night with her, she would spend it with *these guys*, pointing at each grinning face in turn. Lucette was right. She was not the one for me.

My Lucette was already in bed when I got home. It was not that late, but since the day I had told her of my intention to leave her for another woman, she had started going to bed earlier and earlier.

I sat on the floor. She allowed me to take her hand while I apologized for what I had put her through. She admitted that the counselling had ended some time ago, and that the last piece of advice from the counsellor had been that I wasn't worth it, to divorce me and get on with her life.

I also didn't think I was worth it at the time, but I am glad my Lucette did.

"But what if it happens again?"

A line had been crossed. The only guarantee I could give her was that I would never leave her. I would always be there for her when she needed me. She would have to leave me.

That I would always be there to look after her, if she needed looking after, she took for granted. I think I proved that during the more than eight years she struggled with the twin afflictions of lung cancer and kansasii that would eventually compel her to reluctantly leave me forever. Her respirologist, in a final report on my Lucette's condition, noted what he considered extraordinary devotion on the part of a spouse. It wasn't. It was her due and a promise kept.

After the episode with Anne, my Lucette was obviously doubtful that I still loved her the way I used to—at least, until the broken condom incident.

Anne didn't come into work the next day. She called just before lunch and asked if I would come over. She met me at the door dressed in some sort of swimsuit with frills. I didn't care to come in and told her it was over. She said she was sorry about the night before, and turned around, asking me to follow.

The bottom backside of what I took to be a one-piece swimsuit was nothing more than a piece of crinkly fabric, slightly wider than a G-string, stretched between two squarish, kissing buttocks. It reminded me of the behind that Cybil Shepherd bared in *The Last Picture Show* when I was younger.

She started walking up the stairs that led to her bedroom, those attractive buns moving to the rhythm of her slow climb as if begging me to follow. I did.

When I got there, she was already sprawled across the bed, resting on her elbows and facing me with legs spread apart and bent at the knees. There was no mistaking that nearly irresistible come-hither look. I

stopped looking at her face when she surprised me with another feature of her outfit. She reached down and released a snap holding the V of fabric covering what Allah and Muhammad referred to as her "private parts."

I looked down at an exquisite manicured patch of curly hair that pointed like the tip of an arrow to a place that looked none the worse for wear despite Anne's reputation for being nice.

Even when there was no time for foreplay, Anne just oozed lubrication. I knew I could easily slide in there, a prelude to a no-holes-barred last session, and none would be the wiser. But that would have been disrespectful of my Lucette and taking advantage of a person I also had feelings for, whether she minded or not.

Anne inviting me to enter her private domain the way she did was in keeping with the stereotype Allah and His spokesman have of women: that they are addicted to sex, and left to their own devices, would open their legs for every Tom, Dick and Harry, and even attempt to rape a man who would rebuff their advances, then claim they were the victim.

In Joseph, son of Jacob's story in the Koran, Allah explains why women who complain of rape are usually lying, and how you can tell, using the example of the wife of an Egyptian who bought Joseph. She would attempt to seduce the reluctant Joseph after being told by her husband to make his stay an honourable one.

12:21 And the Egyptian who bought him said to his wife: "Make his stay honourable; perhaps he will profit us or we may take him for a son." Thus We established Joseph in the land and taught him the interpretation of dreams. Allah has control over His Affairs though most people do not know.

12:22 When he was fully grown, We gave him judgement and knowledge, and thus We reward the beneficent.

12:23 And the woman, in whose house he was, sought to seduce him. She closed the doors firmly and said: "Come." He said: "Allah forbid. It is my Lord who gave me a good abode. Surely, the wrongdoers do not prosper."

12:24 Certainly she made for him and he would have made for her if it were not for a sign from his Lord. And that was to divert him from evil and indecency. He was indeed one of Our sincere servants.

A woman can also be expected to lie about a sexual assault, for example falsely accusing a man of attempted rape when, in fact, she was the aggressor.

12:25 They raced to the door, and she ripped his shirt from behind. When they met her husband at the door, she said: “What is the penalty of one who intended evil for your wife except imprisonment or severe punishment?”

Exceptionally, when relating this encounter, Allah concedes that men can, in rare instances, be the aggressors and describes how you can tell.

12:26 He (Joseph) said: “She sought to seduce me.” And a member of her household bore witness: “If his shirt was torn from the front, then she is telling the truth and he is a liar.

12:27 “But if his shirt is torn from behind, then she lies and he is one of the truthful.”

While admitting that men are, on occasion, forceful in the pursuit of intimacy, Allah makes another generalization about women: *that they are skilled in the art of deception*. Notice the plural, “you women,” in verse 12:28:

12:28 When he (the husband) saw that his shirt was torn from behind, he said: “This is part of your guile, you women. Your guile is indeed very great.”

This perfidious behaviour and their destructive, insatiable urge is why women must be kept under close supervision—under lock and key, if necessary.

That Anne liked sex is obvious. It’s a natural urge that, in my opinion, women find easier to control than men. Allah perhaps—His spokesman almost definitely—was projecting personal insecurities when urging women to cover up, and tasked their fathers and later their husbands to make sure they did. This is not to protect women from themselves, but from the weakness of men unable to control their lust for females who expose even the most innocuous part of their anatomy, with Muhammad the poster boy for such men.

Allah, it is clear, was extremely attentive to His spokesperson’s sexual needs. This is evident, for example, in a revealed truth (an immutable fact communicated to a mortal by a god) where he laid out, in some detail, all the females Muhammad *could* have sex with, including “believing women” who threw themselves at him because of his exalted

position. I interpret the phrase “who gives herself freely to the Prophet” in the following revelation as allowing Muhammad to break one of Allah’s most strict prohibitions: sex outside of marriage.

33:50 O Prophet, we have made lawful, for you, your wives, whose dowry you have paid, what your right hand owns (slave-girls) out of the spoils of war that Allah gave you, the daughters of your paternal uncles, the daughters of your paternal aunts, the daughters of your maternal uncles, the daughters of your maternal aunts who emigrated with you, and any believing woman who gives herself freely to the Prophet, if the Prophet desires to marry her, granted exclusively to you, but not the believers. We know what We have prescribed for them, regarding their wives and what their right hands own, so that you may not be at fault. Allah is All-Forgiving, Merciful.

Muhammad's outspoken child bride Aisha told her husband how she felt about Allah's readiness to indulge him in everything sexual. This included something as mundane as granting her husband—in the most sacred of scriptural text, of all things—the right to reschedule a wife's turn in his coitus rotation, or even denying a spouse the pleasure of his company for as long as he wished.

33:51 You may defer any of them you wish, and take in any of them that you wish or any that you may have cut off. So you are not liable to reproach. For thus it is more likely that they will be delighted and will not grieve, but be content with what you have given each one of them. Allah knows what is within your hearts; and Allah is All-Knowing, Clement.

Narrated Aisha:

I used to look down upon those ladies who had given themselves to Allah's Apostle and I used to say, "Can a lady give herself (to a man)?" But when Allah revealed: "You (O Muhammad) can postpone (the turn of) whom you will of them (your wives), and you may receive any of them whom you will; and there is no blame on you if you invite one whose turn you have set aside (temporarily).¹ (33:51) I said (to the Prophet), "I feel that your Lord hastens in fulfilling your wishes and desires."

Bukhari 60.311

Allah's most pathetic pandering to His spokesperson's all-consuming lust would prove particularly detrimental to both the physical and emotional wellbeing of orphans.

Muhammad was already married to six women, not counting concubines and slave-girls, who could, depending on the circumstances, satisfy any sexual yearning, when he walked in on his daughter-in-law Zaynab when she was almost naked. He just had to have her.

During the time of ignorance (before Islam on the Arabian Peninsula), men adopted orphaned boys who then became part of the adopted father's lineage and were considered *de facto* progeny, e.g., a legitimate heir. Because laws and traditions at this time did not distinguish between an adopted or natural-born son, the taboo against marrying your natural son's wife extended to adopted descendants.

A legal way had to be found for Muhammad to marry his daughter-in-law, who also just happened to be his cousin. The Law-Maker was only too happy to oblige His greatest and last spokesperson by changing the status of adopted sons from sons to "brothers in religion," Revelation 33:5.

33:4 Allah did not create two hearts within the breast of any man; and He did not make your wives, whom you compare to your mothers' backs; and He did not make your [adopted] sons your sons in fact. That is your own claim, by your words of mouth. Allah speaks the truth and He guides to the Right Path.

33:5 Assign them to their own fathers. That is more equitable in the sight of Allah; but if you do not know their real fathers, then they are your brothers in religion, your adopted fellow Muslims. You are not at fault if you err therein; but only in what your hearts intend. Allah is ever All-Forgiving, All-Merciful.

Demoting adopted sons to "brothers in religion" made their wives, upon divorce, eligible to be taken in marriage by the adoptive father.

33:37 And [remember] when you said to him whom Allah favoured and you favoured: (this is addressed to Zayd regarding his wife Zaynab) "Hold on to your wife and fear Allah", while you concealed within yourself what Allah would reveal and feared other men, whereas Allah had a better right

to be feared by you. Then, when Zayd had satisfied his desire for her, We gave her to you in marriage; so that the believers should not be at fault, regarding the wives of their adopted sons, once they have satisfied their desire for them. For Allah's Command must be accomplished.

Leave it to Allah to come up with an excuse for Zayd (also spelled Zaid) wanting to divorce Zaynab, which neatly encapsulates His view of women as commodities. It has nothing to do with Zayd wanting to please his father-in-law and the most powerful Arab ever, but because he "had satisfied his desire for her." This left God free to give her to His cherished spokesman so that he, in turn, could quench his craving for his irresistible cousin.

After Zayd prudently divorced Zaynab, Muhammad was free to marry the object of his lust, Allah having relegated her former husband to no more than an acquaintance for whom His spokesman provided room and board.

Orphaned boys were almost unknown in the Arab world until Allah changed their status so that His spokesman could marry his adopted son's wife. The revelation changing the relationship between adopted sons and their surrogate parents—allowing Muhammad to add his former daughter-in-law to his collection of wives, concubines and slave-girls—resulted in an untold number of children in the Islamic world from that day onward with no living person to call father.

God may have regretted creating orphans, where before there were only sons, so that His spokesman could satisfy his lust for his cousin and daughter-in-law, to send more than a handful of revelations about looking after their welfare.

Muhammad's adopted son, now brother-in-religion, would die in one of the innumerable bloody, pitiless battles waged to convert the people of the Peninsula and beyond. God's spokesman ordered that the women mourning Zayd's passing a little too loudly be silenced, but that proved impossible.

Narrated Aisha:

When the news of the martyrdom of Zaid bin Haritha, Ja'far and 'Abdullah bin Rawaha came, the Prophet sat down looking sad, and I was looking through the chink of the door. A man came and said, "O Allah's Apostle! The women of Ja'far," and then he mentioned their crying.

The Prophet (p.b.u.h) ordered him to stop them from crying. The man went and came back and said, "I tried to stop them but they disobeyed."

The Prophet (p.b.u.h) ordered him for the second time to forbid them. He went again and came back and said, "They did not listen to me, (or "us": the sub-narrator Muhammad bin Haushab is in doubt as to which is right)."

'Aisha added: The Prophet said, "Put dust in their mouths."

I said (to that man), "May Allah stick your nose in the dust (i.e. humiliate you). By Allah, you could not (stop the women from crying) to fulfill the order, besides you did not relieve Allah's Apostle from fatigue."

Bukhari 23.392

Anne's brazen exhibitionism should have, according to our in-and-out-of-this-world dynamic duo, caused me to experience a Pavlovian-like reaction, an uncontrollable urge to dive right in, then and there, and jump her bones. Instead, I repeated that it was over and went back to work.

Wanting to experience the closeness, the physical intimacy that only intercourse makes possible, let alone the desire to procreate, is an urge that both sexes use to influence the other. Anne's provocative display of what Allah and His spokesperson consider to be for her husband's eyes only was obviously meant to influence my behaviour toward her, perhaps by reminding me what I would be missing if I broke up with her over what had transpired the day before.

It didn't work, but there is absolutely nothing wrong with her sending such a clear and unambiguous, not to say, memorable message.

Anne was on probation. The next day when she was supposed to return to work, there was no Anne. Dennis, the public servant to whom I reported, said that he had kicked her off the team because she was a disruptive influence (she wasn't). Why now? I don't know.

Being on probation, she risked losing her job. A heated argument ensued and we almost came to blows. If it was about the affair, I was just as responsible, if not more, and it was none of Dennis's business. I quit in protest.

Before I could make it out the door, I was intercepted by Dennis's boss inviting me into his office. He knew I was worried about Anne losing her job. He assured me that, before that happened, he would find her a better one elsewhere, as long as I did not quit. He was true to his word.

It took a few weeks to secure the position, during which time Anne would have nothing more to do with me, avoiding me like the proverbial plague. The last time I saw her at work, I was having a cigarette (I quit smoking a long time ago) in a place I used to go to be alone with my thoughts. She came by to say thank you. She would shortly be taking a new position in another building and had just found out that by quitting my job—if only for a few minutes, as it turned out—I had saved hers.

With Anne, I had not yet learned to separate sex from love. When I was having sex, I was making love. This meant falling in love to a certain degree with whomever I was doing it with, even if I could not admit it. That would have to change if I was going to keep my promise to Lucette.

It would change, thanks, in part, to the young woman who got me interested in reading the Koran and to whom *Remembering Uzza* is dedicated.

Mary

On Crescent Street in Montréal, there is a two-story building with two spacious outdoor balconies. One is an extension of a well-appointed restaurant that takes up the entire top floor; the other, an extension of the first-floor Cheers-like bar, only bigger. Beneath it all is a nightclub where disco went to die and found a new lease on life when I was there.

The building, which encompasses the restaurant, the bar and the disco, is called *Thursdays*—in French, "Les Beaux Jeudis," though even its French clientele call it *Thursdays*. *Thursdays* is where I met her.

It was late Tuesday night and the place was not very busy. Not because it was Tuesday at *Thursdays*, which was a party every night of the week, but because there was a raging snowstorm outside. I was nursing my second gin and tonic when she walked in, the most stunning black woman I had ever seen.

There was the white of her eyes as they searched the semi-darkness that separated her from me. There was her long, braided black hair that swung back and forth as she made her way to the bar where I was sitting.

My grateful eyes took in that body with nothing but curves wrapped in a short, tight, white satin dress covered with a mesh-like material, ending in fringes that stroked her skin as she walked.

She sat two stools to my left and crossed her legs, exposing a muscular black-as-coal thigh straining against the white mesh.

Her dress was square-cut along the top with only the crests of her ample, perfectly round breasts showing, so close together that you couldn't have slipped a sheet of paper between them.

It was only a matter of time before our eyes met, and when they did, I said hi; she said hello. I said *bonjour*; she said *bonsoir*. She asked if she could move closer. I said *bien sur*.

Mary spoke near-perfect French. Not that high-pitched, hysterical, pretentious French spoken by Parisian snobs and *garçons de café*, but a happy, melodious French, not unlike in tone to the English you might hear on a beach in Jamaica.

With so few of us in the bar, the DJ didn't mind, after I slipped him a few dollars, playing a few tunes from my younger days. I asked if she would join me on one of *Thursdays'* two dance floors. She chose the one with the disco ball and a circular rotating platform.

I couldn't dance then and still can't, but that was okay; she did enough dancing for the both of us. I was quite happy to stand there shuffling my feet and watching her. She danced wildly, she danced gracefully, she danced seductively, moving around the entire space, never taking her eyes off me.

Eventually, still swaying her hips in that sensual sideways motion with just a hint of back and forth action, she moved closer and closer until she was near enough to wrap her hands around the back of my neck, then thrust those hips forward so hard that I thought she might have broken something.

When it was time to leave, I offered to walk her to her car. The snow had really piled up. The Chateau Royale, my hotel, was just across the street. She asked if she could spend the night. I agreed.

I think it was when we were alone in the elevator that she mentioned that if we got to know each other better, there would be a price to pay. I thought I was doing her a favour only to be told that it could cost me! I had never paid for sex, though, like many men, I *have* paid for expensive dinners hoping that intimacy would follow.

As we were getting undressed, Mary told me her rate: \$240 an hour. She was grateful enough to only charge me that amount for the entire night. It was almost midnight and I had to be at work first thing in the morning. Even if I had been interested, it was not a great deal. We spent the night facing away from each other; she lay on one side of my king-sized bed and me, on the other.

The next morning, she was not smiling, but I was. Is there anything more pleasing to the eye than a woman you first saw naked the night before getting out of bed in the bright morning light to take a shower? But she didn't shower. I had to be content watching her get dressed and walk out the door.

I thought that was that. I don't remember how many days had passed when there was a knock at the door in the middle of the night. There she was, asking if she could sleep over again. Sure, why not?

She again got undressed and into bed, still on her side but a little closer to mine. When I crawled over and put my arms around her, she didn't seem to mind – she even lightly pressed her hips against my lap while reminding me that anything more came with a price. No money would again change hands, but it was quite pleasant not having to sleep alone.

The same scenario was repeated a few days later, except this time I didn't have to crawl halfway across the bed. I just rolled over and there she was. Again, I wrapped my arms around her, my forearms beneath her breasts acting like a push-up bra, as if they needed one. Even when moving around the room with nothing on, Mary's impressive breasts seemed to defy gravity.

This time it was not a light tap; her hips pushed back hard, and she started moving them like a stripper trying to perform a lap dance while lying on her side next to her client. In no time at all, her posterior's impressive twins had trapped what they had aroused in the narrow canyon between them.

An obstinate erection that didn't care what time it was, or what my brain wanted, would have to be content spending the night pressed against her backside, hoping the sensation of being stretched out and more than half buried between the soft and smothering buttocks of a young African woman might bring release in a dream. But it wasn't over; far from it.

There was no talk of money when she raised the leg that was on top, bending it at the knee and forming an archway that easily allowed a hand to come through. Her behind moved out of the way just long enough to grab what it came for, taking me to a place already moist in anticipation.

There was no frenzied thrusting – just a slow, silent back and forth with only the occasional peek outside the entrance of a tunnel with no exit. She didn't moan much during the entire time and I didn't make any of the sounds that men make when they feel like the dam is about to burst, plunging in with renewed vigour as if wanting their entire body to disappear into that too-narrow opening.

I thought I heard a whimper when her cushioning bum jerked forward, each cheek pressing hard against the other as they left the comfort of my lap. It was not the spasmodic clench-and-release that is your assurance that you have made your partner very happy and a testament to your competence as a lover. Her hips returned to my lap shortly after,

pressing hard against the base of what was slowly deflating inside her before slipping out to momentarily rest on that black, muscular, smooth-as-silk thigh.

Wow, unprotected sex with a hooker?! That was bit reckless, I hear you telling me. When that working girl puts a condom on you before penetration, or even before oral sex, it is not for your protection but hers.

When Mary parked me outside the entrance to her vagina as an invitation to press on and make myself at home, she knew an exchange of bodily fluids was inevitable. But she also knew, from our time together not having sex, that I would not put her out of business for any length of time. Still, if it had not happened the way it did, I would have insisted on her sheathing it before I went in, or done it myself.

There was another thing about Mary that I would later discover was unusual for a woman in her profession. She always smelled nice, even when all you could detect was her body odour and not some light fragrance that could not have camouflaged anything.

Hookers and cheating wives look to the same solution if they don't have time to shower or bathe after sex: they pour on the perfume to mask the scent of the man and the deed. That meant that whatever Mary was doing with other men did not involve full body-on-body contact, or that she met her clients at their hotels, after which she would shower. This also explained why it had not been a priority for her to do so before leaving my apartment to make her way home on previous mornings. The reason for her sporadic visits would also become evident: those were the evenings she was too late to catch the last metro.

She got up first the next morning and took a quick shower while I was still wiping the sleep from my eyes. She asked for money, but only for a cab to get her home. She lived off the Island of Montréal so it was an expensive ride. The underground metro, with a station less than a block from my hotel, would certainly get her there faster than a cab fighting morning traffic all the way to Longueuil.

I was happy to give her the fare, even knowing she would probably take the faster, cheaper way home. I even threw in money for breakfast—a *good* breakfast. It was still a better deal than the price she quoted me that first night, but this was never about the cost. Maybe sex with me was not that bad, compensated by cab fare and breakfast, and

it was not simply the convenience of my apartment that made up the difference. Who am I kidding?

I was in my forties and her, maybe twenty years younger. I was not the young man a prostitute might prefer to the older man who could offer more for her favours, like in the following hadith in which temporary marriages are sanctioned by God's spokesman.

Sabra Juhanni reported:

Allah's Messenger (may peace be upon him) permitted temporary marriage for us. So I and another person went out and saw a woman of Bana 'Amir, who was like a young long-necked she-camel. We presented ourselves to her (for contracting temporary marriage), whereupon she said: What dower would you give me?

I said: My cloak. And my companion also said: My cloak. And the cloak of my companion was superior to my cloak, but I was younger than he. So when she looked at the cloak of my companion she liked it, and when she cast a glance at me I looked more attractive to her.

She then said: Well, you and your cloak are sufficient for me.

I remained with her for three nights, and then Allah's Messenger (may peace be upon him) said: He who has any such woman with whom he had contracted temporary marriage, he should let her off.

Sahih Muslim 8:3252

According to another narrator, that approval is implicit in Revelation 5:87, which God's spokesman recited when he allowed temporary marriages.

Narrated Abdullah:

We used to participate in the holy wars carried on by the Prophet and we had no women (wives) with us. So we said (to the Prophet). "Shall we castrate ourselves?"

But the Prophet forbade us to do that and thenceforth he allowed us to marry a woman (temporarily) by giving her even a garment, and then he recited: "O you who believe!

Do not make unlawful the good things which Allah has made lawful for you." Qur'an 5:87

Bukhari 60:139

The holy warriors from the preceding hadiths had obviously not received any females—wives *or* daughters—as their share of the booty. That would have eliminated the need to seek sex with a prostitute. A revealed truth within a hadith (both reinforcing one another) meant to reduce the reluctance of some believers to raping wives in front of husbands who survived their encounter with the Muslims.

The Apostle of Allah (may peace be upon him) sent a military expedition to Awtas on the occasion of the battle of Hunain. They met their enemy and fought with them. They defeated them and took them captives.

Some of the Companions of the Apostle of Allah (may peace be upon him) were reluctant to have intercourse with the female captives in the presence of their husbands who were unbelievers. So Allah, the Exalted, sent down the Qur'anic verse: (4:24) "And all married women (are forbidden) unto you save those (captives) whom your right hands possess."

Abu Dawud 2.2150

In areas controlled by the Muslims, a prostitute was usually the slave-girl of a believer who willingly accepted to have sex with men other than her owner for compensation.

24:33 Let those who do not find the means to marry be abstinent, till Allah enriches them from his Bounty. Those whom your right hands own and who wish to pay for their emancipation, conclude a contract with them, if you know that there is some good in them, and give them of Allah's wealth which He gave you. Do not force your slave-girls into prostitution, if they wish to be chaste, in order to seek the fleeting goods of this life. Whoever forces them, surely Allah, after their being forced, is Forgiving, Merciful.

Sunni doctrine doesn't allow for temporary marriages as a means of getting around Allah's prohibition against pre-marital sex, in spite of

God implicitly allowing slave owners to pimp out slave-girls who did not care to remain “chaste.”

As for those sayings of Muhammad allowing it, respected Sunni scholar and author of *The Lawful and Prohibited in Islam* quotes a companion of Muhammad, a fellow by the name of Al-Juhani, who claimed that after the conquest of Mecca, God’s spokesperson abrogated his earlier ruling and said, henceforth, all temporary marriages were forbidden. Nonetheless, you will find the largest brothel in the world in a Sunni country. It’s an entire village, that of Daulatdia in Bangladesh, one of twenty government sanctioned brothels (as of 2019).

The greatest number of temporary marriages are performed in Shia Iran, held in unofficial brothels where you will find an imam who is prepared, for a price, to proffer a temporary marriage certificate. The payment for sex is deemed to be her dowry so believers can avoid going to hell for having sex with a woman outside of actual marriage. The hypocrisy never fails to astound.

I suppose that I, too, was being a hypocrite, pretending that paying for an expensive cab ride — which she probably did not even take — was not paying for sex. The pretending stopped when her nocturnal visits began interfering with the work for which I was getting well paid.

I ended my nights with Mary somewhat abruptly. I told the night clerk not to let her come up to my apartment anymore. To tell her, if necessary, that I was no longer a guest of the Chateau Royale. I did not expect him to go that far, but he did. It was inevitable that I would run into her again and have to admit that, no, I had not moved out. She was somewhat humiliated and disappointed that I had not had the courage to tell her in person that I wanted to end “our arrangement.”

Sex was now out of the question. Instead, we started meeting for dinner where we eventually had the conversation that resulted in my dedicating *Remembering Uzza* to her.

I wanted to know about the world she left behind. I remember the first time I asked her about her home in Africa. We were having dinner at *Thursdays'* second floor restaurant, enjoying the patio on a warm summer evening. I wanted to hear about the lions, the tigers, the tropical rainforest, the endless summers...

She laughed. Her country was not like that at all. It was dirt roads, arid dusty fields, and no wildlife to speak of. As far as the tropical forest was concerned, there was almost none left.

On other nights, she talked about her family. Her father and mother remained in Africa. She hinted at a relationship that seemed to be her prime motivator for immigrating to Canada: to escape a marriage in the Islamic tradition, which she once described as "god-sanctioned rape."

Remembering Uzza is dedicated to that young woman from Africa whom I met one snowy night almost twenty years ago, who inspired me to go on a voyage of discovery of a religion like no other. *Uzza* should have been the culmination of that journey wherein I imagined her spending an evening in a bar in conversation with patrons talking about what I have learned.

I had a client who dated mainly prostitutes and avoided serious relationships. His motto was "it's cheaper to rent than to own." Bob in *Remembering Uzza* is based on his personality; I gave him a copy of the book. At fifty-something, he expressed disappointment with how things had turned out. He envied what I had had with Lucette and told me how lucky I had been.

I was no longer having sex with Mary, but another line had been crossed and I no longer cared about the money, which I could afford. After Mary, I became an easy mark for all the young to slightly older women who dropped by *Thursdays* looking to entice a patron into paying for sex. I would end it all after, of all things, having sex for free with a young stripper who forced me to confront the morality of what I was doing.

Jasmine

I don't consider prostitution an ignoble profession if nobody gets hurt and it's what you want to do, but it's not for everyone and it should not have been for me. Paying for what Lucette gave freely out of love for me, and the pleasure she got when I returned that love, should have been sufficient. If I could say no to Anne, why could I not say no to these young women? Booze and loneliness obviously played a role, but it's no excuse.

I don't remember her name, but since Jasmine comes to mind, that is what I will call her. With Jasmine, I was to spend the most enigmatic night of my life.

Jasmine was a young stripper working the day shift at a strip club around the corner from *Thursdays*. I barely recognized her when she walked into the bar. It was the first time I'd seen her there. She sat on the stool next to me and bought herself a drink. Being from Toronto, she didn't speak much French, but she knew I spoke English when she spotted me at the bar.

Jasmine's skin was a dark brown, not black. She had the curves but not the robust physique of Mary. Mary braided her hair, while Jasmine's hair was all curls, a lot like Little Orphan Annie; black curls, like a halo surrounded an angelic face, making her look almost too young to be buying a drink, let alone stripping for a living. She was returning to Toronto the next day. Her mood was somewhat sullen; not what you would expect from someone trying to seduce you into paying for sex, which I assumed was her intention when she first sat down next to me.

It was early in the evening and she was still nursing whatever she had ordered when she turned to me and said, "I'm tired of this. Can we just go over to your place and watch television?" That is what we did.

She did not sit at one end of the couch but toward the middle, so I did the same after turning on the television and getting us each a beer. We put our feet up on the coffee table and looked at each other, then she smiled. I put an arm around her shoulders and gently drew her in. That sullen mood slowly disappeared as we talked about I don't remember what, ignoring what was on TV. It was inevitable that I would hazard a

kiss, something you don't do to a working girl. She kissed me back, if only a little. I'm not a fan of tonsil hockey so it was just fine.

Maybe I was wrong about her. She had not demanded any money up front or mentioned any hourly rate and what was included. She had done none of the things that working girls do when they get you where they want you. Instead, it was like taking a girlfriend back to your place for the first time.

She giggled when I started unbuttoning her blouse with my free hand. There was no frenzied undressing, just a slow, methodical removal of garments with generous kisses to show my appreciation of what was being revealed.

She didn't grab at it or stroke it using the classic three-finger grip, or any other grip. She just lightly touched it now and then, as if by accident, but the sensation was enough to add a few centimetres.

I had her lay back in a semi-sitting position, her shoulders resting against an arm of the sofa, legs raised facing me with her heels only a few inches from her bum. I usually didn't care to—what is the phrase?—go down on a partner who may have, even days earlier, had sex with someone other than me.

With Jasmine it felt different. With Joyce I only rounded third base my first time at bat; with Jasmine I would get to linger there a while as if she were a high school sweetheart I hoped to persuade to go all the way. There was another reason my head was between her legs. I had already touched her there, gone inside hoping to draw out more of the natural lubricant that would avoid me rubbing her excitable 'little man in the boat' the wrong way but finding what I was looking for in short supply.

At this point, if she had not done so at the beginning of proceedings, a working girl would have reached for her tube of K-Y Jelly and generously coated the entire area, inside and out; not my Jasmine. I was now convinced she was not that kind of girl, at least not that night with me.

I slowly parted her legs and moved down, giving her belly button more than a passing kiss before reaching what, in my dimly lit living room, stretched out before me like a short, sparkling rivulet of pink barely visible between two brownish, hair-free contoured ridges.

There would be no hands wrapped around my head making sure I stayed glued to it, or hands pushing me away because the sensation

was becoming too intense. She did, however, play with my hair, a sure sign that she was not totally enthralled by whatever I was doing down there. Nonetheless, my efforts were partially rewarded with a sufficient increase in the lubrication that would ensure a smooth glide back and forth.

I might have taken the time to put on a condom, but I had used up my supply making sure I was protected when Mary crawled into bed after our first time bareback. Jasmine didn't have any protection either, another sign that she was genuine.

I crept back up that incredible body of hers until I was again staring into her eyes. There was no sign of disappointment, just anticipation. It was not just her eyes, but her smile and parted lips waiting to breathe. Her expression never changed, except for her smile, which fleetingly became a grimace when I crossed the threshold and morphed into a sly grin when she detected that it was over.

There was no warning. I had not felt any urge to increase the pace when suddenly, I was flooding her insides. It felt like the spasms that announced there was more to come, no pun intended, would go on forever. It was like how it happens in dreams, the best of dreams.

The fact that I came and she didn't even come close was to be expected. Even if I had managed to last all night, it was not going to happen, that was obvious from the very beginning. Assuming she was at least eighteen, she could have been making love to a friend of her father, something that I suspect, for most girls, is not a turn on.

What about a grandfather? That is what the fifty-three-year-old Muhammad could have been to the child he contracted to marry when she was six, and first had sex with when she was nine. Jasmine knew what to expect and still, I had some difficulty getting her to a state of arousal that made for at least a pleasant sexual experience, if only mind-blowing for yours truly.

How would a man ten years older than me prepare a girl at least half Jasmine's age to be bludgeoned by his manhood, if he could even be bothered? It is obvious that Aisha didn't have a clue what this old friend of her father's intended to do to her, based on her account of the blessed day. It was all hush-hush. She was taken off her swing set, her face was wiped clean, and she was taken by her mother to sit on Muhammad's lap.

"My mother came to me while I was being swung on a swing between two branches and got me down. My nurse took over and wiped my face with some water and started leading me. When I was at the door she stopped so I could catch my breath. I was brought in while Muhammad was sitting on a bed in our house. My mother made me sit on his lap. The other men and women got up and left. The Prophet consummated his marriage with me in my house when I was nine years old. Neither a camel nor a sheep was slaughtered on behalf of me."

Tabari IX:131

Unlike Muhammad's many other marriages, the most famous and impactful was not publicly celebrated, the meaning of "Neither a camel nor a sheep was slaughtered on behalf of me." The fact that the day God's spokesman took Aisha's innocence was not "celebrated" is a clear indication that Muhammad knew the whole thing was unseemly and that his kinsmen would not have been keen on toasting his having sex with a child.

Muhammad could have easily picked up the child sitting on his lap and, remaining sitting, impaled her then and there, but I doubt that is how it happened, and not only because of the bloody lap that would ensue from the tearing of the child's hymen and perhaps other tissues. He probably instructed her to get on her hands and knees, after which, if he had not already done so, removed her dress, or simply lifted it up and over, exposing her pristine "private parts," for all intents and purposes his property to do with whatever he fancied.

In the mandatory marriage contract under Islamic law, the bride guarantees the groom unfettered access to her vagina and whatever other parts of her body Allah considers private but her husband's to do with whatever is permitted under Islamic law. As Muhammad makes clear in the following hadith, there is no derogation from this written undertaking.

Narrated Uqba:

The Prophet said: "The stipulations most entitled to be abided by are those with which you are given the right to enjoy the (women's) private parts (i.e. the stipulations of the marriage contract)."

Bukhari 62.81

Without further ado, God's spokesperson would have then grabbed his child bride's hips with both hands, not only to steady her but to keep her from trying to move away as he relentlessly pummeled her from behind. A squirming child beneath him would have made first positioning himself, then forcing his way inside her more difficult than it need be. But this is not the only reason Muhammad probably did it the way he did.

From what I remember reading in an issue of *Le Point*, a "French weekly political and news magazine," from behind is how Muhammad and Arab men of his time preferred to engage in intercourse. There are at least three demonstrable reasons for this preference—four, if you count Muhammad's plausible example on how to first have sex with a child to whose vagina you have been granted, via a legal document and God's blessing, exclusive and unrestricted access.

Arab man wore the equivalent of long flowing robes which may not have been unlike today's thawb or thobe, an ankle-length garment, usually with long sleeves. The female equivalent could be said to be the Abaya. If you wanted a quickie during the day, the wife simply lifted up her robe, exposing herself and leaning against something, or simply got down on all fours. You then lifted the front of your garment with one hand and used the other to guide your manhood—without rubbing it, for that could be considered a sin, that of masturbation—into her exposed finery, another euphemism used by Allah and His spokesman to describe the parts of a female's anatomy that are for her husband's eyes and use only. What could be simpler?

A variation of the above, if you were out in the open or in a communal tent and wanted a modicum of privacy, was demonstrated in a scene from *The Good Kill* about the use of drones in Afghanistan. You should not need to hit your intended with a haymaker to get her to lie down, as in the following example.

In this scene, which may or may not have been staged, a drone is filming a woman in a courtyard sweeping patio stones. A man dressed in what appears to be a traditional flowing robe enters the courtyard and without so much as a "by your leave," punches her, sending her crashing to the ground in a heap with her back to him. He then mounts her unresponsive body and reaches beneath his clothing, then hers. If it was not for the assailant's discernible rocking movements beneath the tangle of fabric, none would be the wiser.

He is obviously a busy man, so after only a few energetic thrusts, he gets up, makes a few adjustments to his clothing, and continues on his merry way. The motionless figure then stirs to life, grabs her broom, and resumes sweeping as if what had just happened was nothing out of the ordinary. Maybe it wasn't; maybe it was her husband's way?

The first levels of Paradise will mostly comprise believers out in the open, reclining on couches next to and facing each other (houses and palaces being reserved for the more worthy such as martyrs in Allah's Cause).

37:43 In the Gardens of Bliss;

37:44 Upon couches, facing each other.

Narrated Samura:

The Prophet said, "Last night two men came to me (in a dream) and made me ascend a tree and then admitted me into a better and superior house, better of which I have never seen. One of them said, 'This house is the house of martyrs.'"

Bukhari 52.49

In Paradise, of course, you will not need to immobilize your houris before getting down to business; how you have sex with a lack of privacy, however, may be similar to the man and woman in the courtyard.

Finally, as you get older, especially if, like Muhammad, you have more than one wife—and young ones, at that—whom you must service on a regular basis, the position that will literally get you the most bang for the buck without tiring you out is the one demonstrated with Anne and Mary. You both lie down and the man enters the woman's front passage from behind. The rest of the body can relax while the hips do most of the work.

As an added bonus, non-Muslim women can surreptitiously help get themselves there, if that is problem, by discretely massaging the sensitive nerve bundle that does not get much attention due to the angle of penetration, the G-spot notwithstanding.

For the young women and teenagers who were part of Muhammad's coitus rotation, his having intercourse with them from the back undoubtedly made it easier for them to imagine, if they were so inclined,

that it was someone much closer in age making love to them—something they would never get to experience.

No man has had more of an impact on an imperfect world than the so-called perfect human being. Muhammad's every action, for those who believe in his perfection, are to be emulated as closely as possible so that they, too, can come as close to perfection as its personification. In the year 624² or thereabout, a fifty-three-year-old Dark Age illiterate, revered as the perfect human, forced his manhood into a nine-year-old's vagina, and by his example, made it the inalienable right of every Muslim man to do the same.

In May 2006, the Iranian Parliament voted to make it compulsory for girls under the age of 15 and boys under 18 to require court approval to get married. This vote was quashed by the Guardian Council whose responsibility it is to ensure that all laws passed by Parliament are compatible with Islam. It overruled the Parliamentarians because of Muhammad's example, thus reaffirming the right of men to take children as wives.

A nine-year-old child would have had no idea what to expect on her wedding night, and Muhammad admitted as much when he said that a child's consent was her silence.

Narrated Abu Huraira:

The Prophet said, "A matron should not be given in marriage except after consulting her; and a virgin should not be given in marriage except after her permission."

The people asked, "O Allah's Apostle! How can we know her permission?"

He said, "Her silence (indicates her permission)."

Bukhari 62.67

Aisha knew from experience that this was a specious justification for having your way with a child, and told her husband, in so many words, only to have him repeat his revolting claim.

Narrated Aisha:

² There is some disagreement as to the year Muhammad first had sex with Aisha. I have chosen the date agreed upon by Professor John Esposito, Justin Wintle, and obviously others.

I said, "O Allah's Apostle! A virgin feels shy."

He said, "Her consent is (expressed by) her silence."

Bukhari 62.68

Without informed consent, as silence supposedly implies, a woman's—let alone a child's—vagina will be mostly dry, free of the extra lubrication that comes from sexual arousal and facilitates penetration to avoid abrasions, tears, and other such injuries common in rape victims.

The depiction of then twenty-nine-year-old Emilia Clarke's wedding night rape scene from *Game of Thrones* (next page) caused quite an uproar. Imagine instead the face of an innocent nine-year-old girl who is being mercilessly raped from behind, looking at you in fear and pain (image may be subject to copyright).



It should leave you nauseated and outraged that this is still happening to children because God's alleged spokesman and acclaimed perfect human being did it first. If that doesn't make you sick to your stomach, there is something seriously wrong with you.

In one way, Aisha was luckier than many child brides. Muhammad, by favouring quantity over quality, probably never built up an adequate sperm count, which would explain his difficulties in conceiving. Perhaps Allah should have been more specific when He said that He cre-

ates humans from water: that He meant what is swimming in the fluid itself.

25:54 And it is He who created from water a human being; then he made him a kin by blood or marriage. Your Lord is All-Powerful.

In the sub-Sahara, where Islam is making the greatest advances at this writing, *Modern Ghana* news magazine reported on an extraordinary increase in a condition called vesicovaginal fistula or VVF, where the afflicted experience "the continuous involuntary discharge of urine into the vaginal vault." The magazine goes on to explain that the increase is mainly a result of children giving birth:

Thousands of underage child-wives are abandoned by their pedophile husbands when these little girls develop VVF and dribble urine - a complication of obstructed labour during underage child birth.

Whatever the reason for the perfect human being having sex with a child, it should not be an excuse for causing so much misery and suffering to this day.

Of all the religions that have come and gone, and those that still plague our existence, none has proven more detrimental to the welfare of children than the one whose founder's example is very much the essence of the religion.

It is not only a matter of creating orphans where once there were only sons; it is not only about sanctioning grown men taking children as wives, and impregnating them before it is safe for them to give birth. It is so much more. It is about creating a world of violence and death that is unsafe for children because the religion's founder valued terror as a means of getting people to submit to his will and to the will of the god for whom he claimed to speak.

Narrated Abu Huraira:

Allah's Apostle said, "I have been sent with the shortest expressions bearing the widest meanings, and I have been made victorious with terror."

Bukhari 52.220

After resting in Jasmine's arms for I don't remember how long, I got up and asked if she was ready for bed. She took my hand and I led her to

the bedroom. That night, for the first time since arriving in Montréal, I was cuddled. I imagined myself with my Lucette. That, and what Jasmine said the next morning when I offered her some money, set me on a path to a renewed self-respect—redemption if you like—and isn't that what angels are supposed to do?

She refused to accept anything from me. She was not a prostitute; she was a dancer, and she hadn't had sex with me for money. She was lonely, and it just felt right. To accept my money would make it all wrong.

She wrote the name of the strip club she normally worked at in Toronto on a piece of paper and handed it to me, then walked out the door. I never saw her again.

Josée and Roberta

Allowing young women to seduce me into paying for sex when I had a wife at home whom I loved and who loved me back was not right, as my time with an angel reminded me. I had to do something. I would need some help, and one of the men behind the bar was more than happy to provide it.

My regular bartender had been at his job for more than ten years. He knew these mostly young women who walked in alone and left with the proverbial john. We agreed on a signal. If the girl who cozied up to me was a working girl, he would discreetly nod his head and, before she had a chance to even introduce herself, I would turn to tell her: "No, thank you."

Most just smiled, got up and walked out the door, their cover blown. As mentioned in the story of Mary, *Thursdays* tolerated prostitutes who could pass themselves off as regular girls, trolling for customers as a sort of service for their out-of-town and foreign visitors mostly. They were, in effect, part of *Thursdays'* business model. This is one reason why my bartender could not overtly intervene and tell them I was not interested. With his surreptitious assistance I became a trolling working girl's kryptonite, and that suited me just fine.

Pretty soon, the stools next to me were taken up by women—and occasionally men—who showed no interest in me. I returned the indifference until, one day, a voice to my left called out, "What are you, some kind of snob that you won't talk to us?" That voice belonged to a tall blonde named Josée sitting next to a petite brunette whom I will refer to as Roberta.

Josée and Roberta did not normally sit at the bar but at a table close by, usually accompanied by people I took for friends when they made their grand entrance between 5 and 6pm. Josée and Roberta, I would soon discover, were a two-person marketing firm specializing in promoting new drugs to the medical profession. When I met them, that new drug was Viagra.

After a short conversation, Josée asked if I wanted to join them for dinner at *Thursdays'* restaurant on the second floor. When we got upstairs, the maître d' rushed to welcome them as if they were royalty. We never had to wait for a table, and it was a good one at that.

They began inviting me to dinner at least once a week, whenever they were on their own or needed a fill-in. One such evening, with a doctor whom Roberta hoped would offer Viagra to his patients when it hit the market, was especially memorable. During these types of dinners, Roberta, the brains of the operation, needed me to keep Josée amused while she attempted to persuade a sceptical member of the medical profession to prescribe this impotence-busting wonder drug.

That night's hard sell was a urologist, I believe. He was adamant; you could not cure impotence with a pill! Impotence, he argued, was another symptom of getting old and men had to get used to it. In fact, he had said just that to a fifty-year-old patient who had recently developed the condition. He told him there was no cure, that his sex life, as he knew it, was over, and to learn to live with it.

While Roberta was trying to convince her doctor that his patient's sex life was not over, thanks to Viagra, Josée was, I think, trying to convince me that my sex life could only improve if I got to know her better—starting with her left knee, which she glued to my right. In Iran I could have had her flogged for committing *khalwat*, the sin of "close proximity." Under Sharia Law, you are guilty of *khalwat* if you are too close to or touching a person of the opposite sex for no good reason. *Khalwat* is not a trivial sin. In Iran, the punishment for committing some forms of *khalwat* is 99 lashes.

The Islamic prohibition against what most non-Muslims would consider innocent flirting, a normal process of getting to know a potential romantic partner, can have extremely violent consequences for young women and girls, such as the repeated rape of mostly young Muslim girls in such a civilized city as Paris. Samira Bellil wrote about the phenomenon in *Dans l'enfer des tournantes*, or *In the Hell of the Gang Rapes*, my not-entirely-accurate translation. This novel depicts the practice of men befriending girls as young as thirteen in order to have sex with them, then inviting their friends to do the same.

The young Muslim men featured therein, whose religion has denied them the opportunity to know the opposite sex as human beings, think of these "tournantes" as no big deal. They indulge in this vicious and reprehensible behaviour believing it to be sanctioned by the Koran since they target women and girls not conforming to Allah's ideal of the perfect woman. It is an ideal that even Mother Theresa, if she had chosen to become Muslim, to marry and stay at home, would have had difficulty living up to.

Samira Bellil fell into these "tournantes" when she tried to escape a home where she was brutalized by both her father and mother. Her story illustrates the cycle that happens when women are beaten by their husbands. Mothers, following their husbands' examples, beat their daughters. The daughters grow up expecting to be brutalized by their husbands and see nothing wrong in brutalizing their daughters in return. It is as if an entire community has been infected with *battered woman syndrome* on steroids.

Rather than come to the aid of their daughters who have been raped, the mothers in Bellil's book defend the rapists. The girls must have deserved it, just like when they are raped and brutalized by their husbands.

In much of Islam, a woman who is raped dishonours her family and therefore, the least she can expect is to be cast out of her former home with nothing but the clothes on her back. There is a reason why a large number of young Muslim women in France choose to make their homes their prisons. Outside the walls, waiting, are dangerous young Muslim men with the Koran on their minds.

Josée Stoquart of Gallimard Editions, the publishers of *Dans l'enfer des tournantes*, doesn't place the blame for the rapes entirely on the young men in her introduction to the book. She blames the khalwat, which does not permit even innocent flirtation and fraternization between adolescent Muslim boys and girls in a society where young men are bombarded everyday by sexual and pornographic images. This leads to a skewed view of what it is to have a romantic relationship.

Here is how Stoquart explains it (my translation):

[Young Muslim men] are caught in a contradiction between the inflexible demands of their cultural origins (religious fundamentalism, seclusion of women, polygamy...) and a cultural environment filled with erotic images. Flirting is not allowed, nor is friendship between boys and girls thereby heightening the sexual tension. The only sexual education available to these young people is from pornographic films; they have no other representation of what constitutes a romantic relationship.

These young people have no barometer and no appreciation of the gravity of their actions. For them "la tournante" is just a game and the girls, the objects [of that game].

The girls who are raped become, in the eyes of boys and the community, "des filles a cave" [basement girls, since most of the rapes occur in basements] to whom you can do anything. The violence for these girls is not only physical; ... they also have to confront the moral violence of a loss of reputation, the shame, the humiliation and the fear of reprisals should they complain [to the authorities].

When the girls were entertaining a client, Josée kept it to knocking knees. On other occasions when it was just her, Roberta and me, she would put the leg closest to me on top of my lap, the floor-length table cloth obscuring her maneuver, and invite me to stroke her thigh.

Did I tell you that Roberta usually wore a pant suit and Josée, a dress that ended about six inches above the knee? The first time she put a leg over on me, I looked at Roberta, who just shrugged her shoulders and gave me a look that suggested I just play along. And I did; I didn't want to lose my dinner invitation. It did not progress further than my placing a hand on her thigh and stroking, sometimes squeezing it a little.

Josée was a confident, exuberant woman who expected me to come around eventually. I remember one time it was just Roberta and I on the outside balcony on a nice summer's eve waiting for Josée to show up. She drove up Crescent Street in her white BMW convertible waving to the crowd, who waved back.

Josée drank too much while Roberta drank very little. They suggested that, if I was in town on a weekend, they could invite me for supper at their house in Westmount, the most exclusive and expensive part of town. There might have been more to this invitation than meets the eye. Josée, who was already outspoken about her desires when she was not drunk, added, "But you can't spend the entire night; I can't hold a fart that long." I kid you not.

That visit never materialized but those invitations didn't stop until I left Montréal, and I am grateful for that. All it took was squeezing Josée's thigh every now and then to avoid dashing her expectations.

The Nurse

My apartment remained welcoming to women in distress. Two of them stand out to this day. The first was a nurse. That particular morning, she had been giving an elderly psychiatric patient his bath when she left “for only a minute,” but when she returned, he had drowned.

We talked for hours. I tried to convince her that it was not her fault, getting her to talk about the good times. Still, every now and then she would wipe away a tear. When it was time to go, she had enough of her wits about her to realize that she was drunk; maybe it was not a bad idea to simply cross the street, with my assistance, and sleep it off at my place, as I had suggested.

I helped her get undressed, unfastening her bra and freeing two impressive milky white breasts. My Lucette used to say that more than a handful is wasted. My nurse gave no sign that she wanted me to test that theory just then, and besides, my mind was not there. Even if it had been, I could not see myself taking advantage of her vulnerable state.

She managed to remove her own panties—why she didn’t keep them on, I don’t know, and the mystery would only deepen—then asked if I had a t-shirt she could put on.

I had already pulled back the covers when she got into bed and laid on her on her stomach with one leg up facing away from me while leaving enough room for me to lie beside her.

She was somewhat of a big booty girl. Unlike Mary, my nurse was more of a flat big booty girl. Nothing wrong with either variation, except that her moderately curved behind and choice of sleeping position meant that my t-shirt now reached not much further than the small of her back, leaving nothing to the imagination as I drew the covers up and over her bum, all the way up to her shoulders.

I lay next to her and started stroking her beautiful blonde hair. Her eyes were closed as if asleep, but every now and then she would roll her hips into mine before quickly rolling them back to their original position. She was obviously struggling with a decision. Eventually I fell asleep with one arm across her broad shoulders.

What I like about the morning after is talking about what did, or did not, happen the night before and why. She was more than willing to do that.

First of all, she made it clear that she did not ordinarily go to bed with married men. She had dated one, hoping it would lead to something more, but it had proven a complete waste of time and she was not going to make the same mistake again. Last night she had been tempted. However, she liked to have sex face-to-face and only face-to-face. It's not that she did not like it from behind, but she hated anal sex and said you could never trust a man not to shove it 'in there', making you scream in pain, if you let him near it. I asked her if that had actually happened. She said yes.

She also said that, last night, she had been tempted, but couldn't make up her mind. This would explain the rolling hips and why she took off her panties and exposed herself the way she did.

Why didn't I stop playing with her hair and instead, with her offering it all on a platter, so to speak, trace my way down and help her decide? I'll never know. Sometimes, being a gentleman is not being a gentleman.

I believe her when she said she didn't care for the pain of anal intercourse, but perhaps not that night, when she may have wanted to be punished for losing a patient but could not go through with it.

It may be reaching, but it is a way of linking anal sex as punishment in Islam. A Sunni Muslim acquaintance intimated during a dinner party that anal sex is halal if done to chastise a spouse. Part of this conversation was recounted in *Remembering Uzza*, where Gerry takes on my experience as his own:

Gerry: I was at a party where I was having a conversation with the wife of a reporter from Tunisia. When her husband tried to join our conversation, she waved him off. He was not pleased. Later that evening, when I had a chance to talk with him with his wife within earshot, he said she would get it tonight. I asked what he meant by that. He said he was going to punish her that way.

Uzza: And what way would that be?

Gerry: Oh, come on, Uzza, stop it. You know what he meant.

Uzza: You go to interesting parties.

Gerry: But is it true? Do Muslim husbands use anal sex to punish their wives?

Uzza: I would not know. I am not married.

Archie: You said that his wife heard him. What did she do?

Gerry: She looked at him and shrugged her shoulders as if it was no big deal.

Uzza: Maybe it was not, what do you say, that big of a deal. And I am not saying that to disparage her husband's manhood. From what I have been told, it can be quite painful and the Koran does sanction pain as a way of disciplining wives. And Muhammad did say that you should not beat someone about the face and we are definitely nowhere near there.

Archie: That leaves out a blow job as punishment.

Uzza: Very funny...

You have to admire a woman's courage when it comes to sex, where just getting to the Big O is fraught with perils. When exposed and vulnerable, there is a risk of rape, such as when a partner decides to forcibly enter the back passage without consent or preparation and then pound away as if it was her vagina, causing unnecessary pain and suffering.

Some women, those whose fathers and brothers have a warped sense of honour, risk more than a pain in the ass for experimenting with intimacy in violation of a sexless god's rules as to when it is appropriate for them to do so and with whom. Then you have the unfortunate women living in countries where Hadd offences define what they can or can't do when it comes to interactions with men without risking their lives.

Hadd offences are violations of God's law where both the crime and the punishment are specified in scriptures. The most well-known Hadd offence in the Koran has to be the following:

5:38 As for the thieves, whether male or female, cut off their hands in punishment for what they did, as an exemplary punishment from Allah. Allah is Mighty and Wise.

In the hadiths, the most infamous Hadd offence has to be Muhammad's exhortation to summarily execute any Muslim who abandons Islam.

If somebody (a Muslim) discards his religion, kill him!³

This succinct incitement to cold-blooded murder is probably the single most influential scripture of all. When Muhammad boasted that, "I have been made victorious with terror," it was not only about using normal peoples' fear of a sudden brutal death to get them to believe, but to keep them believing.

Hadd offences involving sexual misconduct such as adultery or sex outside marriage, like that of apostasy, invite the death penalty. For a woman, this is usually a sure thing.

If a cleric or Islamic scholar is available, he is typically called upon to pronounce the death sentence. If none can be found, a holy warrior or any man able to quote a relevant revelation or hadith (a saying or example of Muhammad) can substitute as both judge and executioner.

This was the case in a gut-wrenching video from Afghanistan where a woman is seen standing before a holy warrior, her hands outstretched, pleading for mercy. She has been accused of having what Allah in His Koran condemns as 'illegal intercourse'. After listening to her supplication, the warrior raises his rifle and shoots her point blank.

Allowing mostly young religious zealots to summarily execute combatants and non-combatants, including mothers and daughters, increases the terror factor, which, in practical terms, means that a relatively small group of determined, pitiless individuals can control a large population.

Then there were the pathetic scenes, which may soon be repeated, of women being trucked into soccer stadiums following the Taliban takeover of Afghanistan; they were forced to kneel on the ground before being shot in the back of the head, to the obvious pleasure of the bearded men of all ages milling around. What most of these women were deemed guilty of doing can easily be surmised.

³ The full hadith:

Narrated Ikrima:

Ali burnt some people and this news reached Ibn 'Abbas, who said, "Had I been in his place I would not have burnt them, as the Prophet said, 'Don't punish (anybody) with Allah's Punishment.'"

No doubt, I would have killed them, for the Prophet said, 'If somebody (a Muslim) discards his religion, kill him.'"

Bukhari 52.260

My nurse acquaintance and I got dressed and went out for breakfast. She was glad we hadn't done anything. I, obviously, was not. When leaving the restaurant, she asked if I would divorce my wife for her. After Anne, I would not leave my Lucette for anyone, and that was a promise I intended to keep.

Diane

I was not going to include my time with Diane because I could not initially find within that relationship a connection with Islamic scriptures. Then I realized it was staring me in the face. When this lovely woman in her late twenties, early thirties, with maybe just a little too much makeup, sat down next to me, I looked toward my bartender expecting a nod, but instead I got a head shake.

When that pretty round face reminiscent of the happy face emoji turned toward me, I was the first to say hello. She wore more makeup than I have ever seen on any woman, especially around the eyes. Mascara-enhanced lashes, charcoal eyeshadow on both lids and under the brows, and a black eyeliner finish gave her a look one might describe as a mild case of raccoon eyes.

She was kind and nice to talk to, even if our conversation was mostly small talk. When she excused herself to go to the ladies' room, I turned to my bartender and asked: "Are you sure?"

Before she excused herself, she had asked a question I had never once heard in my now four years in Montréal, and it took me completely by surprise. There was still time to back out. It all depended on my bartender confirming that she was who she said she was.

"Yeah," he replied. "She works the cosmetic counter at The Bay on the next block." That explained the excessive eye makeup.

Muhammad was a real fan of face paint and fragrances. He used kohl around his eyes as adornment and protection from the sun. He used henna, a bright orange natural dye, to streak his beard. Women were allowed to use kohl as protection from the sun's harmful rays except during the grieving period for a dead husband. No exceptions!

Narrated Um Salama:

The husband of a lady died and her eyes became sore and the people mentioned her story to the Prophet. They asked him whether it was permissible for her to use kohl as her eyes were exposed to danger.

He said, "Previously, when one of you was bereaved by a husband she would stay in her dirty clothes in a bad un-

healthy house (for one year), and when a dog passed by, she would throw a globe of dung. No, (she should observe the prescribed period Idda i.e. waiting period) for four months and ten days."

Bukhari 71.607

Women are expected to not wear any fragrances when going out in public, as only men are permitted to do so.

The Prophet of Islam stated: "Any woman who perfumes herself and leaves the house, is deprived from the blessings of the Almighty Allah until she returns home."

Bihar al-Anwar

If a woman puts on perfume for any man other than her husband, she should bathe before attending prayers.

God will not accept the prayers of any woman who puts on perfume for a man other than her husband until she bathes from her (having applied) perfume just as she bathes after intercourse.

Makarim al-Akhlaq

Muhammad's love of perfumes bordered on the obsessive:

The Most Noble Messenger was so fond of applying perfume that he would skip his supper so as to procure his needed perfume. If perfume was not at his disposal, he would soak the perfumed scarf of his wife and rub his face with it so as to be perfumed.

Likewise, before going out he would always look at himself in the mirror or water, and groom himself to such an extent as to always be an embodiment of adornment and dressing well. He would apply so much perfume that his beard had turned white as a result.

An-Nisa'i

You must love not only perfumes to be a Muslim, but meat as well.

Three women approached the Prophet one day. One of them said, "O Prophet! My husband has shunned the company of his wife."

The second said, "My husband has stopped eating meat!"

The third said, "My husband has stopped using perfume!"

Hearing the women, the Prophet was upset. He saw that misguided ideas were beginning to take root amongst his followers.

Although it was not the time for any mandatory prayer, he proceeded to the mosque. He went in such a great hurry that even his cloak was not properly placed on his shoulder and one end of it was touching the ground. He ordered the people to assemble in the mosque. People rushed there leaving aside their tasks.

The Prophet ascended the pulpit and said, "I have heard that my companions are getting wrong ideas."

He added, "I am Allah's Messenger, I eat meat and delicious food! I wear good clothes! I wear perfumes and keep the company of my wives and have conjugal relations with them! Whosoever opposes my ways is not my follower!"

The Prophet has repeated this sentence on several occasions: "One who does not adopt my ways is not a Muslim."

Wasa'il

Sohrab, whom I introduced in *Falling for Uzza – Part 1*, had a Muslim man's love of perfumes⁴. I could never bring myself to tell him that he was using too much of a good thing. That was not a problem for my

⁴ One of more than a dozen warnings about not befriending unbelievers which Abbas ignored:

3:28 Let not the believers take the unbelievers for friends, rather than the believers. Whoever does that has nothing to do with Allah, unless you guard against them fully! Allah warns you to beware of Him (warns you of His anger); and unto Him is the ultimate return!

 "Allah has warned us in the Koran, do not befriend the kuffar (a derogatory term for unbelievers), do not align yourself with the kuffar; the verses are so many and so numerous I can't recite every one of them."

From an exhortation made to students from a British madrasa by Abu Yusuf Riyadh-ul-Haq, an Islamic scholar based in the United Kingdom, not to associate with Christians and Jews.

BBC documentary, British Schools, Islamic Rules

Lucette. Sohrab referred to her as his sister. He needed to be told, and being told by a friend was better than a stranger.

Early one morning when Sohrab came to see me, the fragrance he wore was particular overpowering and my Lucette had yet to have her morning coffee. Still in her bathrobe, she shouted from the top of the stairs that he smelled like a woman. Not the words I would have used. Sohrab, the gentleman, took it in stride, and they both laughed. He promised to tone it down and he did.

When Diane sat next to me at the bar, I thought I had everything under control until she asked that unexpected question. We had been talking for maybe an hour or two when she looked at me and said: "Would you like to come over to my place?" How could I refuse, especially after my bartender had confirmed that she was genuine?

With Diane I had the type of relationship that bordered on the normal, and I liked that. We would meet after work for drinks and, if there was time, drop by my place for a bout of intimacy before dinner at *Thursdays* or another of Montréal's fine dining establishments. When we got home—funny that I would call my hotel apartment *home*—she would do as my Lucette did, getting ready for bed by first removing her makeup—though with her, it was obviously a more elaborate affair. Like my Lucette, I didn't think she needed any.

The sex was nothing exceptional but that was fine with me, not that she didn't want to spice it up. Once when I was at her place, I observed that she did not have a VCR. "If you buy me one," she said, "you can rent whichever porn you like and we'll do whatever is on the tape." For some reason, I could not be bothered.

I should have bought her the damn VCR and more. It was obvious from her apartment furnishings that working the cosmetics counter at a department store was not all it was cracked up to be. Her company was what I needed at the time, and she freely gave of it. I should have shown my appreciation beyond paying for dinner and drinks.

Back in Ottawa for the weekend, I had brought some work with me. When I did that, Lucette was more than happy to empty my suitcase. I was busy at my computer in an adjacent room when she appeared in the doorway twirling a scarf. "Where did this come from?" she asked.

I had a good idea, but honestly did not know for sure, so I replied: "I don't know."

My Lucette knew better, and she let me know in her own way, one that was also a warning for me to be careful. She twirled the scarf a few more times. "It's not even silk," she said. "I would be wary of women who leave cheap scarves in a married man's suitcase," and she went back to emptying said suitcase.

We never talked about it again, but I knew I had let things go too far. I decided to do something about it and, as usual, I would make it difficult to go back on my decision and learn to live with the regret.

We were back at *Thursdays* – where else? – having an after-dinner drink at the bar before turning in when I noticed a young man eyeing Diane. He didn't escape her notice either. When the young man took a bathroom break, I followed him and stood at the next urinal, then stated the obvious: "You like the girl I'm with, don't you?"

He started apologizing, perhaps worried I was there to beat him up or something. I put his mind at ease. "If you like her, you can have her. Follow me and I'll make the introductions." That is what he did, and that is what I did. I encouraged Diane to have a good time with him because I had to leave. She knew I was dumping her. God, how I hate that term! It was now the sad face emoji staring up at me.

Before walking out the door, I took one last look back; her expression had not changed. The next morning when I woke up, there was no Diane next to me. What a horrible morning that was! There was no turning back, which was the whole point of the way I broke it off. Sorry, Diane. I hope you had a good time.

Cancer Girl

I did not know it then, but after almost five years, my time in Montréal was almost up when I met a young woman to whom I will refer as *cancer girl*. Just like Norm from Cheers, I had my favourite seat at the bar. When I made it to *Thursdays* after work that day, the stool next to me was occupied by a young woman who didn't seem interested in talking to anyone. She may have been there most of the afternoon, judging from the way she was slumped over her drink. She wasn't drunk, though; just despondent. That morning, she had received confirmation that she had cancer, one of those below-the-belt types. Her prognosis, she was told, was good but there were no guarantees. She might need to wear a wig at some point during her treatment.

If that was all, she was fortunate. Muslim women may not, under any circumstances, add to their god-given hair, even if God decides to take most of it back. Muhammad's decision to ban wigs and hair extensions for women had again to do with his falling out with the Jews of Medina after they refused to accept him as a legitimate spokesman for the Almighty, that honour being reserved for the Chosen People.

This break was formerly recognized by Allah in a series of revelations where He goes to great lengths to explain His decision to have Muslims prostrate themselves in the direction of Mecca instead of Jerusalem.

2:142 The ignorant among the people (among the Jews and polytheist Arabs) will say: "What caused them (the Prophet Muhammad and the believers) to turn away from the former Qibla towards which they used to turn (Jerusalem)?" Say: "To Allah belongs the East and the West. He guides whom He wills towards the Right Path."

2:143 And thus We have made you (the Muslim nation) a just nation, so that you may bear witness unto the rest of mankind, and that the Messenger may bear witness unto you. We did not ordain your former Qibla except that We may distinguish those who follow the Messenger from those who turn on their heels (return to disbelief). It was indeed a hard test except for those whom Allah guided. Allah would not allow your faith to be in vain. He is Clement and Merciful to mankind.

2:144 Surely, We see your face turned towards heaven (yearning for guidance through revelation). We shall turn you towards a Qibla that will please you. Turn your face then towards the Sacred Mosque (the Sacred Mosque of Mecca, the Ka'ba); and wherever you are turn your faces towards it. Those who were given the Book (the Jews and Christians) certainly know this to be the Truth from their Lord. Allah is not unaware of what they do.

Muhammad considered the Jews' use of wigs and hair extensions cheating.

Narrated Sa'id bin Al-Musaiyab:

Mu'awiya came to Medina for the last time and delivered a sermon. He took out a tuft of hair and said, "I thought that none used to do this (i.e. use false hair) except Jews. The Prophet labelled such practice, (i.e. the use of false hair), as cheating."

Bukhari 72.821

God's spokesperson cursed an unfortunate woman who only wanted to improve her appearance after a sickness caused her hair to fall out.

Narrated Asma (the daughter of Abu' Bakr):

A woman came to Allah's Apostle and said, "I married my daughter to someone, but she became sick and all her hair fell out, and (because of that) her husband does not like her. May I let her use false hair?"

On that the Prophet cursed such a lady as artificially lengthening (her or someone else's) hair or got her hair lengthened artificially.

Bukhari 72.818

In another account of the poor woman's plea to allow her daughter to wear a wig to save her marriage, it is an equally insensitive God who will curse her if she does.

Narrated Aisha:

An Ansari woman gave her daughter in marriage and the hair of the latter started falling out. The Ansari women came to the Prophet and mentioned that to him and said, "Her (my

daughter's) husband suggested that I should let her wear false hair."

The Prophet said, "No, (don't do that) for Allah sends His curses upon such ladies who lengthen their hair artificially."

Bukhari 62.133

Allah will also curse the one who assists in lengthening the hair of another. Don't do it; it's not worth it!

Narrated Aisha:

An Ansari girl was married and she became sick and all her hair fell out intending to provide her with false hair. They asked the Prophet who said, "Allah has cursed the lady who artificially lengthens (her or someone else's) hair and also the one who gets her hair lengthened."

Bukhari 72.817

Muhammad, on more than one occasion, banned both wigs and tattoos in the same breath.

Narrated Ibn Umar:

Allah's Apostle said, "Allah has cursed such a lady as lengthens (her or someone else's) hair artificially or gets it lengthened, and also a lady who tattoos (herself or someone else) or gets herself tattooed."

Bukhari 72.820

Just like with my nurse, I ended up at my apartment with my cancer girl but on the couch, me on my back and her on top, both fully dressed and talking late into the evening. I had to work the next morning, so at some point I had to get to bed. She said she would rather sleep on the couch if that was okay. Getting a pillow and a blanket, I made her as comfortable as I could. She kept her clothes on, if only temporarily.

I don't know how long I had been asleep when I was awakened by the light from the bathroom. She was standing in my doorway naked, the light from the bathroom behind her silhouetting her pleasantly curvy figure. She turned around to switch off the light and crawled into bed with me.

I don't usually sleep on my back but that is how I greeted her. She stretched out next to me and put her head on my chest. I know women

don't usually join you in bed with nothing on because they just want to cuddle, but sex was not where my mind was at, and I was dead tired. I fell back asleep almost immediately, only to be awakened with her on top, riding me as if her life depended on it. There was no mistaking the urgency, but I didn't let her finish.

Maybe I was dreaming of my Lucette making love to me, which my cancer girl took advantage of. That would explain my reaction when I was woken up by her frenzied lovemaking and didn't see the woman I expected. I literally picked her up and pushed her aside. I am sorry for that. I should have let her finish and then taken her in my arms and told her everything was going to be alright.

When my Lucette was mistakenly diagnosed with an aggressive cancer in both lungs and given four to six months to live, then too, making love took on a renewed urgency while she awaited the result of a second biopsy. This would reveal that she only had cancer in one lung and an infection in the other. When her father died, through tears, she had also asked me to make love to her; the same happened when her mother died. What my cancer girl and my Lucette wanted to do at a time when death was in the air was celebrate life.

A man from the Dark Ages and the god for whom he claimed to speak perverted the celebration of life that is consensual sex, transforming it into sex that will be there for the taking in Paradise as an incentive to kill and be killed on behalf of a pitiless, thin-skinned deity who can't be bothered to do his own dirty work.

3:140 If you have been afflicted by a wound, a similar wound has afflicted the others (the unbelievers). Such are the times; We alternate them among the people, so that Allah may know who are the believers and choose martyrs from among you. Allah does not like the evildoers!

3:141 And that Allah might purify the believers and annihilate the unbelievers.

3:142 Or did you suppose that you will enter Paradise, before Allah has known who were those of you who have struggled, and those who are steadfast.

3:143 You were yearning for death before you actually met it. Now you have seen it and you are beholding it.

Kill and die on behalf of Allah, and you will be beholden to death for the promised reward of female facsimiles that will provide you with assembly-line sex for an eternity.

56:22 And wide-eyed houris,

56:23 Like hidden pearls;

56:24 As a reward for what they used to do.

Muhammad's praise of houris was unrestrained and, like the god he spoke for, shameless in using their appeal to get gullible young men to kill and be killed on their behalf.

Narrated Anas:

The Prophet said, "A single endeavor (of fighting) in Allah's Cause in the afternoon or in the forenoon is better than all the world and whatever is in it. A place in Paradise as small as the bow or lash of one of you is better than all the world and whatever is in it. And if a houri from Paradise appeared to the people of the earth, she would fill the space between Heaven and the Earth with light and pleasant scent and her head cover is better than the world and whatever is in it."

Bukhari 52.53

For the cold-blooded killers in Allah's Cause, the so-called holy warriors, it's a win-win situation whether they live or die.

Narrated Abu Huraira:

I heard Allah's Apostle saying, "The example of a Mujahid (Muslim fighter) in Allah's Cause—and Allah knows better who really strives in His Cause—is like a person who fasts and prays continuously. Allah guarantees that He will admit the Mujahid in His Cause into Paradise if he is killed, otherwise He will return him to his home safely with rewards and war booty."

Bukhari 52.46

Islam is the only mainstream religion that promises limitless fornication opportunities in exchange for the murder of its detractors. The immorality of killing those who refuse to accept your god as their own and being rewarded for it plumbed new depths of depravity. Claiming

that it brings dignity from on High only makes the incitement to murder more disgusting, if that is even possible.

Narrated Anas bin Malik:

The Prophet said, "Nobody who enters Paradise likes to go back to the world even if he got everything on the earth, except a Mujahid who wishes to return to the world so that he may be martyred ten times because of the dignity he receives (from Allah)."

Bukhari 52.72

Chantal

Chantal lost her mother to breast cancer when she was in her teens, perhaps earlier. I think Lucette reminded her of her mother, and Chantal reminded my Lucette of the daughter she never had. She got to know Lucette while working for me part-time in the two years I continued as a consultant after returning to Ottawa from Montréal. Most of that time, I worked out of my home office with Chantal helping out.

Lucette and Chantal enjoyed each other's company and it showed. When Lucette would open the front door and announce her arrival with a joyous, "I'm home," Chantal would bounce down the stairs, shouting, "Lucette's home, Lucette's home," greeting her before she had a chance to close the door behind her. Chantal would often help Lucette with dinner and then stay for part of the evening. Yes, this is the same Chantal that you have already met.

Chantal thought her father would make a better husband for my Lucette and "maybe we should introduce them," as I obviously did not deserve the woman who "absolutely adored me." She was unable to suppress an expression of disbelief when she said that. I adored Lucette too, though I did not realize just how much.

I must admit to fantasizing about being the married man Chantal had been seeing the last few months that she worked for me. Who wouldn't? I don't think Chantal realized the effect she had on me when she stood next to me in shorts or tight jeans that drew attention to her nice round bum as I tried to focus on explaining the work that had to be done that day. The view was even more enticing when she curled up in the fetal position on the office couch to take a nap.

It was a nice distraction, I must admit. What I did not care for was her prattling on about who was enjoying what the seam of her strained white shorts, which now barely reached down to the top of her thighs, dug into while she slept. It was enough having to resist offering to scrub her back when she jumped in the shower before running to meet her adulterer (yes, I am aware of the irony) for a nooner.

I asked her repeatedly not to talk about her sex life with that man. In a Muslim country, she could have been stoned to death for having illegal intercourse. In Muhammad's time it was a sure thing, especially if he was the judge. The married man Chantal was having sex with, a lawyer

no less, could have easily talked his way out of a death sentence as God's spokesman always looked for ways to spare stoning the adulterer, but not the adulteress.

The following are two cases of illegal intercourse adjudicated by Muhammad which illustrate this fact. The first involves a woman pregnant with another man's child:

Malik related to me from Yaqub ibn Zayd ibn Talha from his father Zayd ibn Talha that Abdullah ibn Abi Mulayka informed him that a woman came to the Messenger of Allah, may Allah bless him and grant him peace, and informed him that she had committed adultery and was pregnant.

The Messenger of Allah, may Allah bless him and grant him peace, said to her, "Go away until you give birth."

When she had given birth, she came to him. The Messenger of Allah, may Allah bless him and grant him peace, said to her, "Go away until you have suckled and weaned the baby."

When she had weaned the baby, she came to him. He said, "Go and entrust the baby to someone."

She entrusted the baby to someone and then came to him. He gave the order and she was stoned.

Malik's Muwatta 41.41.1.5

God's mouthpiece was not as quick to condemn a man who confessed to committing illegal intercourse to be stoned.

Narrated Abu Huraira:

A man from Bani Aslam came to Allah's Apostle while he was in the mosque and called (the Prophet) saying, "O Allah's Apostle! I have committed illegal sexual intercourse."

On that the Prophet turned his face from him to the other side, whereupon the man moved to the side towards which the Prophet had turned his face, and said, "O Allah's Apostle! I have committed illegal sexual intercourse."

The Prophet turned his face (from him) to the other side whereupon the man moved to the side towards which the Prophet had turned his face, and repeated his statement.

The Prophet turned his face (from him) to the other side again. The man moved again (and repeated his statement) for the fourth time.

So when the man had given witness four times against himself, the Prophet called him and said, "Are you insane?"

He replied, "No."

The Prophet then said (to his companions), "Go and stone him to death."

The man was a married one. Jabir bin 'Abdullah Al-Ansari said: I was one of those who stoned him. We stoned him at the Musalla (the praying area outside a mosque) in Medina. When the stones hit him with their sharp edges, he fled, but we caught him at Al-Harra and stoned him till he died.

Bukhari 63.196

In fact, in another account of the same event, it is clear that while he had no qualms about sentencing a female to be stoned, sentencing a man to the same fate left him somewhat moved. The chagrin that Muhammad experienced in having to sentence a man to be stoned to death is very much evident in his demand that the people who said he had died like a dog be punished by eating from the decaying corpse of an ass. In addition, while stoning cannot purify a woman who has committed adultery, it seems to have that effect on a man guilty of the same offence. She is going to Hell, and he, to Paradise.

Narrated Abu Hurayrah:

A man of the tribe of Aslam came to the Prophet (peace be upon him) and testified four times against himself that he had had illicit intercourse with a woman, while all the time the Prophet (peace be upon him) was turning away from him. Then when he confessed a fifth time, he turned round and asked: Did you have intercourse with her?

He replied: Yes.

He asked: Have you done it so that your sexual organ penetrated hers?

He replied: Yes.

He asked: Have you done it like a collyrium stick when enclosed in its case and a rope in a well?

He replied: Yes.

He asked: Do you know what fornication is?

He replied: Yes. I have done with her unlawfully what a man may lawfully do with his wife.

He then asked: What do you want from what you have said?

He said: I want you to purify me.

So he gave orders regarding him and he was stoned to death. Then the Prophet (peace be upon him) heard one of his companions saying to another: Look at this man whose fault was concealed by Allah but who would not leave the matter alone, so that he was stoned like a dog.

He said nothing to them but walked on for a time till he came to the corpse of an ass with its legs in the air. He asked: Where are so and so?

They said: Here we are, Apostle of Allah (peace be upon him)!

He said: Go down and eat some of this ass's corpse.

They replied: Apostle of Allah! Who can eat any of this?

He said: The dishonour you have just shown to your brother is more serious than eating some of it. By Him in Whose hand my soul is, he is now among the rivers of Paradise and plunging into them.

Abu Dawud 38.4414

If it was a woman accused of illegal intercourse, God's spokesman might not even bother hearing her side of the story before condemning her to death.

Narrated Zaid bin Khalid and Abu Huraira:

The Prophet said, "O Unais! Go to the wife of this (man) and if she confesses (that she has committed illegal sexual intercourse), then stone her to death."

Bukhari 38.508

It was a sunny summer morning; Lucette was away at the Shaw Festival in Niagara-on-the-Lake with a girlfriend, a yearly tradition,

when Chantal showed up for work. She went on and on about spending the weekend with her married man on his boat. She was happy and I couldn't take it anymore.

I spoiled it for her, for me and for my Lucette: I fired her then and there, telling her to leave, and that was that. Like with Diane, there was no turning back, which may have been my way of avoiding falling any harder for Chantal and risking hurting my Lucette again.

SEX IN THE HEREAFTER

Paradise – The Nuts and Bolts

Location and Construction

Heaven is just above the clouds, supported by invisible pillars anchored in the earth, and that is the truth; but you probably don't believe it.

THUNDER

13 Ar-Ra'd

*In the Name of Allah,
the Compassionate, the Merciful*

13:1 These are the verses of the Book; and that which has been revealed to you (Muhammad) by your Lord is the truth, but most people do not believe.

13:2 Allah is He Who raised the heavens without pillars that you can see; there He sat upright on the Throne and made the sun and the moon subservient, each running for an appointed term. He manages the [whole] affair and makes clear the Revelations so that you may be certain of meeting your Lord.

Heaven and Earth are made of the same materials. This would explain the need for pillars to stop it from crashing to the ground.

21:30 Have the unbelievers not beheld that the heavens and the earth were a solid mass, then We separated them; and of water We produced every living thing. Will they not believe, then?

The rivers that run on what have to be massive layers of Paradise, and which irrigate its gardens, may also be the source of the precipitation that rains down on Earth. Rainwater, which science tells us comes from the surface evaporation of the oceans and then condensation, may actually be recycled water from Heaven.

31:10 He created the heavens without pillars that you can see and laid down in the earth immovable mountains, lest it shake with you, and scattered throughout it every variety of beast. And We have sent down water from heaven, thereby causing it to grow in it every noble kind [of plant].

31:11 This is Allah's Creation; so show Me what those apart from Him have created. Indeed, the wrongdoers are in manifest error.

Allah compared His Paradise to a skyscraper in the sky.

40:64 It is Allah Who made the earth a fixed station for you and the sky a high edifice. He fashioned you in a shapely manner and provided you with the good things. That for you is Allah, your Lord; so blessed be Allah, the Lord of the Worlds.

After taking care of things here on Earth, Allah remodelled Heaven into seven levels.

2:29 It is He Who created for you everything on earth, then ascended to the heavens fashioning them into seven, and He has knowledge of all things.

It took only two days to fashion the seven levels of Heaven after their splitting from the mass that was Earth and Paradise combined, an accomplishment for which Allah is justly proud.

41:11 Then He arose to heaven while it was smoke, and He said to it and to the earth: "Come over, willingly or unwillingly." They said: "We come willingly."

41:12 Then He completed them as seven heavens in two days and assigned to each heaven its proper order. And We adorned the lower heaven with lamps as protection (from the demons). That is the determination of the All-Mighty, the All-Knowing.

While busy renovating Paradise, Allah was not unaware of what He had created below.

23:17 We have created above you seven spheres, and We were not oblivious of the creation.

You should be able to see the lowest of the seven levels from the ground.

50:6 Have they not beheld the heaven above them, how We erected it and adorned it, and it has no cracks?

Revelation 67:3, which follows, may be Allah's way of emphasizing that all seven layers of Paradise are without the cracks that tend to become visible, over time, in man-made structures.

THE SOVEREIGNTY

67 Al-Mulk

*In the Name of Allah,
the Compassionate, the Merciful*

67:1 Blessed be He whose hands is the sovereignty and He has power over everything.

67:2 He Who created death and life so as to test you as to whoever of you is fairer in action. He is the All-Mighty, the All-Forgiving.

67:3 He Who has created seven stratified heavens. You do not see any discrepancy in the creation of the Compassionate. So fix your gaze, do you see any cracks?

Stare too long or too often skyward and you will strain your eyes.

67:4 Then, fix your gaze again and again, and your gaze will recoil back to you discomfited and weary.

Gardens and Springs

Each of the seven levels of Paradise has at least one garden under which a river runs, what most of us would call an oasis.

22:23 Allah shall admit those who believe and do the righteous deeds into Gardens, beneath which rivers flow. Therein they shall be adorned with gold bracelets and pearls, and their raiment there shall be of silk.

The gardens of Paradise form one colossal garden indeed.

57:21 Vie with one another unto forgiveness from your Lord and a Garden the breadth of whereof is like the breadth of the heavens and the earth; it has been prepared for those who believe in Allah and His Messengers. That is Allah's Bounty which He confers upon whoever He pleases. And Allah is the Great Bounty.

Each level of Paradise contains two gardens with much greenery and two gushing springs, in addition to fruit trees such as the drought-tolerant pomegranate and those ordinarily found in an oasis, such as palm trees.

55:62 And beneath them (the two gardens) are two other gardens.

55:64 Of dark green colour.

55:66 Therein are two gushing springs.

55:68 Therein are fruits, palm trees and pomegranates.

Buildings

Scattered across these gardens, or on their periphery, are buildings made of bricks. Members of Muhammad's audience taunted God to rain down a few bricks if His spokesman was telling the truth.

8:32 And when they said: "O Allah, if this is indeed the truth from You, then rain down upon us brickstones from heaven, or inflict upon us a very painful punishment."

While Allah does not mention any buildings made of pearl, Muhammad said he saw one there; a building intended for married women only, and it is *HUGE*.

Narrated Abdullah bin Qais:

Allah's Apostle said, "In Paradise there is a pavilion made of a single hollow pearl sixty miles wide, in each corner of which there are wives who will not see those in the other corners; and the believers will visit and enjoy them."

Bukhari 60.402

By "enjoy them," God's spokesman means "fuck them," as does Allah in Revelation 4:24 where He mentions those entitled to a dowry: "Those of them you have enjoyed." Revealed truth 4:24 is a continuation of the rules relating to marriage on Earth, which is why I have included the preceding verse about close relatives whom you shall *not* enjoy.

4:23 Unlawful to you are your mothers, your daughters, your sisters, your paternal and maternal aunts, your brother's

daughters and sister's daughters, your foster-mothers who gave you suck, your foster-sisters, your wives' mothers, your step-daughters who are in your custody, born to your wives whom you have lain with. But if you have not lain with them then, then you are not at fault. [It is also not lawful to marry] the wives of your sons who are of your loins, or to take in two sisters together, unless this has already happened. Allah is truly All-Forgiving and Merciful!

4:24 Or married women except those your right hands possess (captives of war or slave-girls). This is Allah's decree for you. Beyond these it is lawful for you to seek, by means of your wealth, any women, to marry and not to debauch. Those of them you have enjoyed, you should give them their dowry as a matter of obligation; but you are not liable to reproach for whatever you mutually agree upon, apart from the obligatory payment (the dowry). Allah is indeed All-Knowing, Wise.

God and His spokesman prefer using euphemisms when talking about coitus. I, too, prefer less in-your-face, if more clinical, descriptions such as "having intercourse" when an apt metaphor doesn't come to mind. Sometimes, however, there is only one word or expression that fits.

Words like intercourse imply a consensual activity enjoyed by both parties, which the term "fuck" on its own, as in "he fucked her," does not. However, even without further information, you may not assume rape. In Paradise, as was the case on Earth, females will have one overriding responsibility: to be fucked in Allah's service (the same goes for *houris*) so that He may reward men with the experience. Consent for married women, slave-girls and female captives are not theirs to give, but Allah's.

2:223 Your women are a tillage for you. So get to your tillage whenever you like. Do good for yourselves, fear Allah and know that you shall meet Him. And give good news to the believers.

It can't be rape because men do it with Allah's blessing and encouragement, and it is obviously not about making love, which is not one-sided; in other words, "fuck them" – literally and figuratively – says it all.

Tents in Paradise will be like hollow pearls, but it is their height, reaching as high as half the width of that impressive pearl-like pavilion, that will have you straining your neck in amazement.

Narrated Abdullah bin Qais Al-Ashari:

The Prophet said, "A tent (in Paradise) is like a hollow pearl which is thirty miles in height and on every corner of the tent the believer will have a family that cannot be seen by the others."

Bukhari 54.466

Most of Heaven's buildings may be multi-level (not unlike a modern apartment complex) and located above a source of fresh water.

39:20 But those who fear their Lord will have chambers over which other chambers are built and beneath which the rivers flow. That is Allah's Promise. Allah does not break His Promise.

Some believers will be rewarded with the equivalent of a penthouse.

25:72 Those who do not bear false witness; and when they pass by idle talk, pass by with dignity;

25:73 And those who, when reminded of the Sign of their Lord, do not fall down upon them deaf and blind (turn a deaf ear).

25:74 And those who say: "Our Lord, grant us, through our wives and progeny, beloved offspring, and make us a model for the God fearing."

25:75 Those shall be rewarded with a high chamber (in Paradise) for their steadfastness, and will be received therein with greeting and peace.

25:76 Dwelling therein forever. What a delightful resort and lodging!

Single-family dwellings are also likely to be conferred.

29:58 Those who have believed and done the righteous deeds, We shall install them in chambers in Paradise, beneath which rivers flow, dwelling therein forever. Blessed is the wage of those who labour!

29:59 Those who stood fast and in their Lord they trust.

Some will even have their own palaces.

25:10 Blessed is He Who, if He wishes, will accord you better than that – Gardens underneath which rivers flow, and will build palaces for you.

Still others will receive a piece of land to call their own.

39:73 And those who feared their Lord will be led to Paradise in throngs. Then, when they have reached it and its gates are opened, [they will enter it] and its keepers will say; “Peace be upon you; you have fared well, so enter it to dwell therein forever.”

39:74 And they will say: “Praise be to Allah Who has been truthful in His Promise to us and has bequeathed upon us the land, wherein we are able to settle in Paradise wherever we wish. Blessed is the wage of the labourers!”

Couches

The most often mentioned accommodation, if you can call it that, are couches stretching to infinity. Paradise is a temperature-controlled environment where there is no night as we know it, and where food will be brought to you or available to be picked off a handy fruit tree nearby. This may be all that is needed to accommodate the billions upon billions of men, their houris and the odd wife—though let us not forget the ubiquitous jinn, whose existence will be explained later—without transforming large tracks of Paradise into a suburban nightmare.

76:13 Therein, they shall recline upon couches, and they shall see therein neither [blazing] sun nor bitter cold.

76:14 And its shades shall come close to them and fruit-bunches shall be brought down.

With everyone in such close proximity, it is understandable that God would remove any hatred from the loungers to avoid clashes among brothers in faith.

15:47 We shall remove all hatred from their hearts, and as brethren they shall recline, facing each other, upon couches.

Hatred for the despised unbelievers, however, is everlasting. The loungers will mock the fully aware unbelievers burning in Hell, whose

living bodies are never fully consumed by Allah's Fire—God makes sure of that—which illuminates His netherworld's perpetual night.

4:56 Those who have disbelieved Our Signs, We shall surely cast them into the Fire; every time their skins are burnt, We will replace them by other skins, so that they might taste the punishment. Allah indeed is Mighty and Wise!

83:34 But today, the believers shall laugh at the unbelievers.

83:35 Upon couches, they gaze around.

The Beast Below

Hell, according to God's spokesman, will be dragged by thousands of angels on Judgement Day and anchored beneath Paradise, ready to receive those whom Allah condemns to burn in its depth for eternity.

The Prophet said: "Hell will be brought forth that Day by means of seventy thousand ropes, each of which will be held by seventy thousand angels."

Sahih Muslim 40.6810

They may not have to drag it too far if Muhammad's explanation as to the seasons, or what causes summer and winter weather, has any validity.

Narrated Abu Huraira:

The Prophet said, "In very hot weather delay the Zuhr prayer till it becomes (a bit) cooler because the severity of heat is from the raging of Hell-fire. The Hell-fire of Hell complained to its Lord saying: O Lord! My parts are eating (destroying) one another. So Allah allowed it to take two breaths, one in the winter and the other in the summer. The breath in the summer is at the time when you feel the severest heat and the breath in the winter is at the time when you feel the severest cold."

Bukhari 10.512

Allah may have created a gigantic fire-breathing monster, if a revelation that anthropomorphizes Hell is any indication.

50:30 "On the Day We shall say to Hell: 'Are you full?', and it shall respond: 'Is there more to come?'"

Believers in Paradise who have the stomach for it and who, like Allah and His spokesman, take pleasure in witnessing the suffering of sceptics, will be able to both see and be heard by their kin burning in Hell.

37:50 Then, they will advance one towards the other asking each other.

37:51 One of them will say: "I had a comrade;

37:52 "Who used to say: 'Are you then one of the confirmed believers?'

37:53 "Will we, once we are dead and have become dust and bones, be really judged?"

37:54 He said (to his companion): "Are you looking down?"

37:55 He looked and saw him in the centre of Hell.

37:56 He said: "By Allah, you almost caused my perdition.

37:57 "But for my Lord's Grace, I would have been one of those brought forward."

Those on fire in Allah's beastly torture chamber will not blame the omnipotent god, whose grace was not forthcoming, for their plight, but instead will invite Allah's curse on those who led them astray.

7:44 And the people of Paradise will call out to the people of the Fire: "We have found what our Lord promised us to be true; so have you found what your Lord promised to be true?" They will say: "Yes." Thereupon a caller from their midst shall call out: "May Allah's curse be upon the wrongdoers;

7:45 "Who bar [others] from Allah's Way and desire it to be crooked; and they disbelieve in the Hereafter."

Seven Stacked Sexopoles

56:15 Upon beds interwoven with gold;

56:16 Reclining upon them, facing each other.

56:17 While immortal youths go around them,

56:18 With goblets, pitchers and a cup of limpid drink.

56:19 Their heads do not ache from it and they do not become intoxicated.

56:20 And with such fruit as they care to choose;

56:21 And such flesh of fowl as they desire;

56:22 And wide-eyed houris,

56:23 Like hidden pearls;

56:24 As a reward for what they used to do.

In addition to houris, the lounging men enjoying a meal of chicken and fruit with non-alcoholic beverages will be offered a selection of wide-eyed maidens who also “resemble hidden pearls.”

37:45 A cup of pure spring water shall be passed around them;

37:46 Snow-white, a delight to drinkers.

37:47 Wherein there is no gall and they are not intoxicated by it.

37:48 And they also shall have wide-eyed maidens averting their gaze.

37:49 They resemble hidden pearls.

Scholars are all over the place as to who these maidens are. Respected Islamic information site Islamicstudies.info speculates that these maidens are probably “innocent girls who died immature and Allah will recreate them as young and beautiful women.” That is as good a far-fetched explanation as any.

In addition to the houris skilled in the sexual arts, some believers will also be able to enjoy extra-virginal virgins.

56:35 We have formed them originally;

56:36 And made them pure virgins,

56:37 Tender and unageing,

56:38 For the Companions of the Right;

56:39 A throng of the ancients,

56:40 And a throng of the latecomers.

The Companions of the Right refers to "of the Right Hand," i.e., believers who were given their book of good and bad deeds in their right hand on Judgement Day before being admitted into Paradise. Remember, in Islam, right is good, left is bad. As to "the ancients," one explanation is that it is a reference to those who first embraced Islam, and conversely "the latecomers" were the last to do so. Why God would make such a distinction is not clear as is His distinction between your run-of-the-mill virgin and a pure one, until you read Islamicstudies.info's explanation of Revelation 56:36:

This signifies the virtuous women of the world, who will enter Paradise on the basis of their faith and good works. Allah will make them young no matter how aged they might have died in the world; will make them beautiful whether or not they were beautiful in the world; and will make them virgins whether they died virgins in the world or after bearing children. If their husbands also entered Paradise with them, they would be joined with them. Otherwise, Allah will wed them to another dweller in Paradise.

The maidens may be hot, but the jinn are even hotter. Literally!

55:56 Therein are maidens lowering their glances and they have not been touched, before them by any man or jinn.

55:15 And He created the jinn from tongues of fire.

Of all the characters in the Koran, jinns (referred to collectively as the jinn) are the most fascinating. The caricature of the genie is undoubtedly based on this creature of the Koran. The jinn are Allah's most versatile and mischievous creation. They even have a chapter of the Koran named after them: Surah 72, *The Jinn*. Pre-Islamic Arabs believed in the existence of the jinn which may explain their significant presence throughout the Koran.

The jinn are a race of their own. Both humans and the jinn will be asked to deny the bounties that are the couches they recline upon and the fruit trees within reach.

55:31 We shall attend to you, O two races (jinn and humans)?

...

55:54 Reclining upon couches whose linings are of brocade and the fruits of the two gardens are near at hand.

55:55 So, which of your Lord's Bounties do you both (jinn and humans) deny?

What to make of a curious revelation where wives are to be found reclining with their husbands surrounded by their spouses' promised rewards?

36:55 Today the Companions of Paradise are busy enjoying themselves;

36:56 Together with their spouses they are reclining on couches in the shade.

Wives will avert their gazes as they compete with wide-eyed maidens, pure virgins and the houris for the attention of their lolling husbands.

38:49 This is a Reminder and the God-fearing will surely have a fair resort.

38:50 Gardens of Eden whereof the gates are wide-open for them.

38:51 Reclining therein and calling for abundant fruit and beverage.

38:52 And they have mates of equal age, averting their gaze.

38:53 "This is what you are promised for the Day of Reckoning.

38:54 "This is our provision which will not end."

According to Allah's spokesman, "And they have mates of equal age" from Revelation 38:52 means that, upon entering Paradise, men and the odd woman will be transformed into 30- or 33-year-olds. This is revealed in a saheeh hadith, a saying of Muhammad that is considered "sound and healthy."

With regard to their ages, they will all enter Paradise at the age of strength and youth, thirty-three years old. It was narrated from Mu'aadh ibn Jabal that the Prophet (peace and blessings of Allah be upon him) said: "The people of Paradise will enter Paradise hairless, beardless with their eyes anointed with kohl, aged thirty or thirty-three years."

al-Tirmidhi 2545

That only leaves the "round-breasted mates," those provided with an Allah-supplied breast enhancement who were previously deficient in that respect.

78:31 The God-fearing will score a victory,

78:32 Gardens and vineyards,

78:33 And round-breasted mates,

78:34 And a brim-full cup.

55:77 So, which of your Lord's Bounties do you both (Jinn and humans) deny?

55:78 Blessed be the Name of your Lord, full of majesty and splendour.

Deserving males who would rather have white-skinned, immortal boys waiting on them instead of purified wives, virtuous blushing maidens, pure virgins, or voluptuous, aroused houris will not be disappointed.

52:24 And boys of their own will go around them, as if they were hidden pearls.

76:19 And there go round them immortal boys; when you see them, you will think that they are scattered pearls.

What do you call a place where men lounge, reclining, drinking with other men and picking from platters of food while deciding which female, or perhaps adolescent boy, on parade will next service them? A whorehouse comes to mind.

Just like the operator of a well-run brothel, Allah keeps His supply of facsimiles and the real thing out of reach until needed.

55:70 Therein are beautiful virtuous maidens.

55:72 Wide-eyed, cloistered in pavilions.

55:74 No man or jinn touched them before.

55:76 Reclining upon green cushions and superb rugs.

You could, perhaps, compare it to a whorehouse in Shia Islam territory that recognizes temporary marriages, if Allah allowed such marriages in Paradise. The alleged branding of the houris only reinforces the permanency of a match made in Heaven.

44:54 Thus it will be; and we gave them wide-eyed houris in marriage.

52:20 Reclining on ranged couches, and We shall wed them to wide-eyed houris.

According to Malcolm Clark, Professor Emeritus of Religion at Butler University, in a Tradition of the Prophet, one of the houris' voluptuous breasts is branded with the name of her husband and the other with the name of her husband's benefactor, Allah. This will certainly make it easier for men to keep track of their herd of houris, making accidental fornication with another owner's filly less likely.

Even if temporary marriages were allowed in the Hereafter, a whorehouse is where you go to have sex. In Paradise, you may have sex just about anywhere, anytime: on those open air couches is assumed; in the tent; and in the apartment, house or palace you have been assigned by Allah depending on your devotion to His Cause while in the land where a digestive track is not a luxury.

Jabir reported:

I heard Allah's Apostle (may peace be upon him) as saying that the inmates of Paradise would eat and drink but would neither spit, nor pass water, nor void excrement, nor suffer catarrh. It was said:

Then, what would happen with food?

Thereupon he said: They would belch and sweat (and it would be over with their food), and their sweat would be that of musk and they would glorify and praise Allah as easily as you breathe.

Sahih Muslim 40.6798

Believers will even engage in sex in mosques, which, in Paradise, are private property.

Narrated Ubdaiddullah Al-Khawlani:

I heard Uthman bin Affan saying, when people argued too much about his intention to reconstruct the mosque of Allah's Apostle, "You have talked too much. I heard the Prophet saying, 'Whoever built a mosque, Allah would build for him a similar place in Paradise.'"

Bukhari 8.441

In Paradise, from His perch in the 7th heaven—it is a safe assumption that the greatest god of all can see through anything—Allah, like the ultimate voyeur, will be able to watch His favourite gender doing it ad nauseam, having provided them, according to a respected 16th cleric, with permanent erections with which to pummel, one after the other, the engineered “appetizing vaginas” with regenerative hymens.

Each time we sleep with a houri we find her virgin. Besides, the penis of the Elected never softens. The erection is eternal; the sensation that you feel each time you make love is utterly delicious and out of this world and were you to experience it in this world you would faint. Each chosen one [Muslim] will marry seventy [sic] houris, besides the women he married on earth, and all will have appetizing vaginas.

Al-Suyuti (died 1505)

Men will be able to do it 24/7 since they won't require sleep or grow weary from all that pounding, and they will be grateful to Allah for that as well.

15:48 They shall not be touched by fatigue therein, nor will they be driven out.

35:34 They say: “Praise be to Allah Who lifted off our sorrow. Our Lord is indeed All-Forgiving, All-Thankful.

35:35 “He who out of His Bounty has made us dwell in the Abode of Everlasting Life, where no fatigue will touch us, nor any weariness.”

People having sex everywhere Allah looks will be the result of men having, apart from toasting their good fortune and praising God, next to nothing else to do, with no ultimate truth left to discover and everything done for them—including making what they eat disappear like

magic once it has entered the esophagus, so that even a trip to the can is unnecessary.

The most pathetic reason why fornicating in Paradise will be so prevalent is that you will have no one to care for. Any young daughters still at home when they died will, when resurrected, be your age and married off to a guy you never met by Allah. The same goes for male children, now thirty-something men; Allah will have married them off to houris and spinsters and given them a place of their own. All your male relatives, including your father, grandfather and so on, will have similarly been looked after, now thirty-something and enjoying their own real and fake females. Some may even be enjoying a greater number than you on a higher level of Paradise because of a more ghastly murderous sacrifice in Allah's Cause, a level to which you will not have access, even if a stairway between the different levels Paradises is available.

With everyone fornicating their brains out because they have not much else to do, a more apt description for Paradise than a whorehouse might be a sex metropolis or more precisely, seven sexopoles; like different layers of a wedding cake, each is separated and held up by pillars not unlike those that stop the entirety of Paradise from crashing into the Earth. On the top layer, reminiscent of the statuette of the bride and groom, Allah sits on His Throne with His beloved spokesperson, the one who explained it all, by His side.

Cleric Mohammed Yusuf, the deceased leader of Boko Haram, Nigeria's largest gathering of holy warriors (whose designation literally means "non-Islamic education is a sin"), said in a 2009 BBC interview that a round Earth, space, and the stars are all an illusion created by Allah. He maintained that the universe is what the Koran says it is: a seven-layered Paradise anchored to a flat Earth with the sun acting as a large lamp to illuminate it all.

78:12 And built above you seven mighty [heavens]?

78:13 And created a shining lamp?

Much of our earthly existence is occupied with the pursuit of knowledge and the ultimate truth. Who would have thought that the ultimate truth, exclusively revealed to a 7th century illiterate, is a seven-stacked oasis? Or that the layer closest to the earth is a well-guarded canopy lit by lamps which we mistook for stars?

21:32 And We made the sky a well-guarded canopy; and they still turn away from its signs.

41:12 Then He completed them as seven heavens in two days and assigned to each heaven its proper order. And We adorned the lower heaven with lamps as protection (from the demons). That is the determination of the All-Mighty, the All-Knowing.

Muhammad, in his description of Paradise, reminded his listeners that there are ways to ensure a place in the best accommodations Paradise has to offer.

Narrated Samura:

The Prophet said, "Last night two men came to me (in a dream) and made me ascend a tree and then admitted me into a better and superior house, better of which I have never seen. One of them said, 'This house is the house of martyrs.'"

Bukhari 52.49

What God's spokesman refers to as Firdaus may be the place to find the best houris a god can manufacture.

Narrated Anas:

Um (the mother of) Haritha came to Allah's Apostle after Haritha had been martyred on the Day (of the battle) of Badr by an arrow thrown by an unknown person.

She said, "O Allah's Apostle! You know the position of Haritha in my heart (i.e. how dear to me he was), so if he is in Paradise, I will not weep for him, or otherwise, you will see what I will do."

The Prophet said, "Are you mad? Is there only one Paradise? There are many Paradises, and he is in the highest Paradise of Firdaus."

The Prophet added, "A forenoon journey or an afternoon journey in Allah's Cause is better than the whole world and whatever is in it; and a place equal to an arrow bow of anyone of you, or a place equal to a foot in Paradise is better than the whole world and whatever is in it; and if one of the women of Paradise looked at the earth, she would fill the whole space between them (the earth and the heaven) with light, and would fill whatever is in between them, with perfume,

and the veil of her face is better than the whole world and whatever is in it."

Bukhari 76.572

The 9/11 terrorists obviously took Muhammad at his word. Right now they are in Firdaus pounding houris on their couches, feasting on fresh hymens and grapes for an eternity, all the while enjoying the spectacle of the men, women and children they slaughtered roasting in Hell.

Sex is Allah's reward for doing good, with men like the 9/11 terrorists obviously doing the most good in His eyes.

55:60 Shall the reward of beneficence be other than beneficence?

Was it worth it, the promised sex in return for so many innocent people dying a horrible death? Some blown to bits, others burnt alive by exploding jet fuel and still others jumping to their deaths in the plaza below to escape the fire above; the survivors of the initial attack crushed between slabs of concrete as the buildings collapsed, their lives squeezed out of them like so much toothpaste.

Even if sex *is* better in the Hereafter, most people would not think it worth the price. But, what if it isn't? What if sex is not better in the Hereafter and you could prove it and change the minds of people like Muhammad Atta, the ringleader of the 9/11 terrorists?

Indispensables

Clothing

It was narrated from Abu Dharr (may Allah be pleased with him) that the Prophet (peace and blessings of Allah be upon him) said: "Al-Sham (Greater Syria, including Palestine, i.e., the Levant) is the land of the gathering and the resurrection."

On Judgement Day, while you're standing there on a plain somewhere in the Middle East waiting with perhaps a trillion people or more to be judged, look around you. If your final destination is Paradise and you're not easily distracted, these are the last people you will ever see naked, except for your houris or the wives who were grateful for your munificence.

Narrated Aisha:

Allah's Apostle said, "The people will be gathered barefooted, naked, and uncircumcised."

I said, "O Allah's Apostle! Will the men and the women look at each other?"

He said, "The situation will be too hard for them to pay attention to that."

Bukhari 76.534

You may all have the same body type, be the same age and all copulating like crazy, but you must still avoid showing too much skin if out in the open—for example, having sex with a houris on one of Allah's "ranged couches"—out of respect for Allah's abhorrence of public nudity.

52:20 Reclining on ranged couches, and We shall wed them to wide-eyed houris.

20:118 "You will certainly not be hungry therein, nor be naked."

Even in Hell, you shall not be naked. On Judgement Day, groups of people deemed unworthy of Paradise will be clothed in garments made of pitch, a form of tar, which will feed the fire burning their faces. They

will be chained to other individuals undeserving of Allah's compassion or mercy and marched into His Hell.

14:49 And you will see the wicked sinners on that Day bound together in chains.

14:50 Their garments made of pitch, and their faces covered with fire.

Once safely inside the belly of the beast, their pitch gowns will be replaced by custom cut garments of flame that will leave their heads exposed, onto which hot water will be poured, followed by a beating with an iron rod.

22:19 ... To the unbelievers, garments of fire shall be cut up and over their heads boiling water shall be poured;

22:20 Whereby whatever is in their bellies and in their skin shall be melted.

22:21 And for them are iron rods (to beat their heads with).

Feel a god's pervasive and inevitably contagious sadism!

22:22 Every time they want, in their gloom, to get out of it (the Fire), they are brought back into it. [And it is said to them]: "Taste the agony of burning."

Of course, the stones, which along with people feed Allah's Fire, will not require any coverings.

2:23 If you are in doubt as to what We have revealed to Our Servant (the Prophet Muhammad), then produce a surah similar to it and call upon your witnesses other than Allah (that is, the gods you associate with Allah), if you are truthful.

2:24 If you do not do that, and surely you will not, then guard yourself against the Fire whose fuel is men and stones, prepared for the unbelievers.

Sex is the carrot, Hell is the stick, and quite the stick it is. The previous revelations are just a sample of the horrific things God will do to the unbelievers once He gets His hands on them, which children are expected to have committed to memory by the age of seven as part of their indoctrination into Islam.

There is a very common ceremony practiced throughout the Muslim world called Khatmi-Qur'an. It is meant to recognize and celebrate a

child's first full reading of the Koranic text in Arabic. Most children complete the first full reading of the Qur'an between the ages of four and seven.

It is the mother's responsibility to get her children to the Khatmi-Qur'an. Mosques around the world have the equivalent of Sunday school classes to assist in getting children "to master the proper pronunciation and to read the text clearly from the first verse to the last."

What will it be: a green silk gown and an eternity fornicating your brains out, or a garment of flames and being spit-roasted for the same length of time like the hapless Abu Lahab?

111:1 Perish the hands of Abu Lahab, and may he perish too;

111:2 Neither his wealth nor what he has earned will avail him anything.

111:3 He will roast in a flaming fire,

111:4 And his wife will be a carrier of fire-wood,

111:5 She shall have a rope of fibre around her neck.

Allah has made the choice obvious, even for children.

44:51 However, the God-fearing are in a secure place;

44:52 In gardens and well-springs.

44:53 They wear silk and brocade facing each other.

Everyone will be personally dressed by Allah, though you may have to wait awhile; the first He will dress is Abraham.

Narrated Ibn Abbas:

The Prophet said, "You will be gathered (on the Day of Judgment), bare-footed, naked and not circumcised."

He then recited: 'As We began the first creation, We shall repeat it: A Promise We have undertaken: Truly we shall do it.' (21:104)

He added, "The first to be dressed on the Day of Resurrection, will be Abraham."

Bukhari 55.568

Don't worry. There is little chance of Allah running out of gowns before it's time for Him to cover your nakedness.

It would be difficult for gods acting in concert to look after the welfare of those in Paradise while attending to the roasting of the unbelievers in Hell, let alone a god on his own. A similar situation was faced by God's spokesman when confronted with an equally daunting but human-scale problem: getting hordes of believers to behave as Allah intended in the here-and-now until God took over in the Hereafter. With a little help from Allah, the problem was made manageable by taking away the believers' free will.

33:36 It is not up to any believer, man or woman, when Allah and His Messenger have passed a judgement, to have any choice in their affairs. Whoever disobeys Allah and His Messenger have gone astray in a manifest manner.

Allah will do the same in Paradise. Like His spokesman, He, too, but even more so, will severely limit the choices available to those invited into His home in the sky, thereby making the whole Hereafter much more manageable for one god.

In simplifying things for Himself, God greatly diminished the sexual experience. For all intents and purposes, He completely eliminated the excitement of the precursors to the main event. The actual sex, as you will also discover, is greatly diminished in intensity and the gratifying post-coitus visuals severely downgraded, especially for men, because Allah, did what only a god can do, and that is tinker big time with what takes place during and after an orgasm in women and a climax in men.

The most limiting of choices has to be in clothing. A silk gown and brocade is fine for lounging—if that is all you will doing for an eternity, then maybe you won't need a pair of jeans or any other type of garment for that matter—but did Allah have to make them all green to match His green carpets, rugs and cushions?

18:30 As for those who believe and do the good deeds, surely, We will not waste the reward of him who does the good work.

18:31 Those shall have Gardens of Eden, beneath which rivers flow, bejeweled therein with bracelets of gold, and wearing green *clothes of silk* and brocade, reclining therein

on couches. Blessed is their reward and fair is the resting place!

God, in promoting His green silk and brocade gowns as the definitive fashion statement, reminds me of the times I accompanied my wife to buy a fancy dress or business attire. It was never just about the fabric or the colour, but how you would accessorize it, and the same goes for Allah.

76:20 If you look there, you will see bliss and a vast kingdom.

76:21 Upon them are green silk garments and brocade; and they have been adorned with silver bracelets, and their Lord has given them a pure potion (wine).

76:22 “This indeed has been your reward, and your endeavour has been appreciated.”

What about matching gold bracelets? Don’t forget the pearls.

35:33 Into Gardens of Eden they enter, wherein they are adorned with gold bracelets and pearls and their clothing therein will be silk.

This type of marketing pitch should not come as a surprise when you consider God’s choice of a merchant as His last and greatest spokesman, the one who would correct what other prophets miscommunicated, such as Jesus when he preached that we should all unconditionally love and forgive.

All the silk and bling could not make up for the thrill of watching Joyce first pull down her jeans, then pull them back up after we had had sex.

A full-length silk gown and jewelry could not make up for the sight of Anne—in a sexy number that could have been from Victoria’s Secret, a company that achieved fame and fortune by designing clothing to excite—inviting me to follow her bouncing, bare buttocks up the stairs to her bedroom.

If only God, in choosing an oasis on the Arabian Peninsula as His template for Paradise, had kept some of the traditions of the pre-Islamic Arabs, which included running around the Ka’ba naked during the Hajj to the obvious enjoyment of those around them.

Narrated Abu Huraira:

In the year prior to the last Hajj of the Prophet when Allah's Apostle made Abu Bakr the leader of the pilgrims, the latter (Abu Bakr) sent me in the company of a group of people to make a public announcement: 'No pagan is allowed to perform Hajj after this year, and no naked person is allowed to perform Tawaf (circumambulation) of the Kaba.'

Bukhari 26.689

8:35 Their prayer at the House (the Ka'ba) is nothing but whistling and clapping; so taste the punishment for your disbelief.

The people objected to Muhammad taking the fun out of the Hajj, saying that their fathers only did what God had commanded, an affirmation that Allah denied before telling His spokesman how to respond.

7:28 When they commit an indecency, they say: "We have found our fathers doing it, and Allah commanded us to do it." Say (O Muhammad): "Allah does not command indecencies. Do you impute to Allah what you do not know?"

During the pre-Islamic Hajj, animals were released unharmed as part of the celebration. This did not sit well with God's spokesman—nor, obviously, with God, who reserved one of his patented atrocious punishments for the first person to perform this public display of caring for animals destined for the dinner table.

Narrated Said bin Al-Musaiyab:

Al-Bahira was an animal whose milk was spared for the idols and other deities, and so nobody was allowed to milk it. As-Saiba was an animal which they (i.e. infidels) used to set free in the names of their gods so that it would not be used for carrying anything.

Abu Huraira said, "The Prophet said, 'I saw Amr bin Amir bin Luhai Al-Khuzai dragging his intestines in the (Hell) Fire, for he was the first man who started the custom of releasing animals (for the sake of false gods).'"

Bukhari 76.723

Muhammad could have insisted on the release of animals in the name of Allah instead of other gods, but rather preferred that they be brutally

put to death in a celebration of Abraham's willingness to sacrifice his son to the god for whom he claimed to speak.

During the one-day Festival of Sacrifice (Id-ul-Adha) that signals the end of the pilgrimage, animals are slaughtered with abandon, not only in Mecca but around the world, as Muhammad demonstrated. His method lives on in halal meat production to this day: the animal's throat is slit while it is still standing, then is left to bleed to death.

Narrated Sahl bin Bakkar:

The narration of Anas abridged, saying, "The Prophet slaughtered seven budn (camels) while standing, with his own hands. On the day of 'Id-ul-Adha he slaughtered (sacrificed) two horned rams, black and white in color.

Bukhari 26.770

In modern abattoirs, the animal is stunned into unconsciousness before it is dispatched with a sharp instrument. In a study done for the French Department of Agriculture (Animal Protection in Slaughterhouses: The Question of Ritual Slaughter), a calf slaughtered the way Muhammad demonstrated will take as long as eleven agonizing minutes to die while it bleeds out, fully aware.

In Paradise, with food popping in and out of existence as required and Allah having rendered all animals species extinct, except perhaps for His beloved cattle, the gratuitous cruelty of ritual slaughter will not be an issue.

Food

47:15 The likeness of the Garden which the God-fearing have been promised is this: rivers of water not stagnant, rivers of milk whose taste has not changed, rivers of wine delighting its drinkers and rivers of distilled honey. Therein they have every variety of fruit and forgiveness from their Lord too...

During the summer months preceding the September 11th massacre, Muhammad Atta and the leaders of the three other flights spent many hours making plans at the Olympic Bar, a strip club in Las Vegas. It was obviously not for the food, but probably to remind themselves of Paradise's main attraction, which they would get to enjoy before summer came to an end, and not after Judgement Day like the vast majority of believers.

Small- and big-time murderers in Allah's Cause get to avoid a zombie-like existence below ground while waiting on Allah to call it quits on His Creation.

For most of what Islam has to say about what happens to a human being after passing away, we must look to the sayings of Muhammad. If you thought Allah's description of what He intends to do to unbelievers and sinners when he gets His hands on them was about as bad as it could get, you haven't read His spokesman's account of what will be done to them in the grave. Don't try to make sense of what you are about to read, and don't let it give you nightmares.

According to Muhammad, the whole death thing starts innocently enough. Forty days before a person dies, a leaf with the soon-to-be-deceased's name on it falls from a tree in Paradise just beneath Allah's throne. 'Izra'il, the angel of death, picks it up and schedules a pick-up forty days hence. Even believers, Muhammad said, will be taken aback when 'Izra'il comes knocking. When he shows up on their doorstep, even after they have been warned of his coming, they will still ask: "Who are you?"

Be that as it may, the last person the soon-to-be-departed will see is not the angel of death, but two angels who have been patiently and anonymously recording their bad and good deeds over a lifetime. These two angels, in the blink of an eye, will present the soon-to-be-deceased with their lifetime of good and bad deeds.

With *this was your life* formalities out of the way, the person's living, thinking, seeing, able-to-feel-pain soul will sink into the ground where they died, but not before 'Izra'il has finished extracting it from the still-warm body, drawing it out like rough cotton through the eye sockets.

Like birth, death in Islamic Traditions is meant to be a painful transition. Satan will offer to relieve a believer in Allah's good books from some of the pain caused by 'Izra'il's appalling soul extraction method. If the poor tormented soul can't stand the pain and accepts Satan's offer to reduce its suffering, Hell awaits come Judgement Day. It will be sorry it could not stand the excruciating discomfort just a while longer.

If the extracted soul is meant to go to Hell, it will be given a glimpse of life in the grave and its final destination on Judgement Day. The horror-struck soul will then briefly escape 'Izra'il's grip to fly to heaven and try all seven doors to the seven levels of Paradise, only to be turned back by the angels guarding its entrances.

It will be forced to return to 'Izra'il, who will then stuff it back into the already-decaying corpse, and the re-constituted soul-body combo will begin its new life in a cramped space below ground with walls constantly closing in on it, making every breath a laboured one. Those in Allah's good books, on the other hand, will be provided with spacious graves complete with curtains and a bed.

After the living dead have settled into their zombie-like existence, two black-skinned, blue-eyed angels by the names of Munkar and Nakir will burst into their graves and start questioning the decaying remains as to their religious beliefs for forty days non-stop—to what end, I do not know, since the Koran states that a believer enters Paradise based on their records of good and bad deeds or at Allah's discretion. One question related to other gods the living corpses used to worship may cause some to incriminate themselves, to reveal that they were unbelievers.

7:37 For who is more unjust than he who fabricates lies about Allah or denies His Revelations? Those will get their share of the punishment ordained for them. When Our Messengers (the angel messengers of death) come to take their souls they will say: "Where are those upon whom you called besides Allah?" They will say: "They have left us" and they will bear witness against themselves that they were unbelievers.

A corpse will also be asked if it ever spoke ill of Muhammad. If it only said good things about him during its living, breathing life above ground, God's spokesman said that all will be forgiven.

Narrated Anas:

Prophet Muhammad said, "When a human being is laid in his grave and his companions return and he even hears their footsteps, two angels come to him and make him sit and ask him: 'What did you used to say about this man, Muhammad?' He will say: 'I testify that he is Allah's slave and His Apostle.' Then it will be said to him, 'Look at your place in the Hell-Fire. Allah has given you a place in Paradise instead of it.'"

In Hell, Allah revealed, unbelievers will be hit about the head with an iron rod; in the grave, they will be beaten with an iron hammer, according to Muhammad.

Prophet Muhammad added, "The dead person will see both his places. But a non-believer or a hypocrite will say to the angels, 'I do not know, but I used to say what the people used

to say! It will be said to him, 'Neither did you know nor did you take the guidance (by reciting the Quran).' Then he will be hit with an iron hammer between his two ears, and he will cry and that cry will be heard by whatever approaches him except human beings and jinns."

Bukhari 23.422

The interrogation over, the grave's occupant will continue to get a twice-daily visit, until Judgement Day, from another angel. He has not come to chat, but to open those curtains to a pleasing or horrifying view.

Life in the grave for unbelievers and other sinners will be uncomfortable to the extreme. If this claustrophobic, agonizing existence—which combines both physical and psychological terrors to achieve an unprecedented level of horror and pain—were not what Allah has in store for unbelievers, Muhammad would probably be remembered today as one of the greatest sadistic minds the world has ever known.

Wanting to bypass life in the grave may be as great an incentive to die in a sacred explosion as getting the first crack at those houris, in what may not be that different a setting from the bar the 9/11 terrorists frequented, with young women on parade offering samples of their wares. The big difference, of course, will be that in Paradise, Atta and his cohorts will be granted title to the manufactured facsimiles, like wives they would acquire on Earth, free to do with them what they will.

Then why, you may ask, shred yourself to pieces detonating a sacred explosion—which has to be extremely painful for more than an instant, with your still-living head popping off your exploding body like a cork from a bottle of champagne—in order to be one of the first to have sex with a houri? If you are contemplating donning that suicide vest filled with explosives designed to send shrapnel spraying sideways, this is a question I hope you will ask yourself after reading about sex in the here-and-now versus sex in the Hereafter.

With real women as wives, you will be able to gulp down more than a glass of milk, plain water, or water mixed with ginger or camphor. You will be able to sip wine that has not been tampered with so as to remove its maturing qualities. If you don't overdo it, it will make a more relaxed lover out of you. Under ordinary circumstances, women like that, and so will you. You will not be in such a rush to get to penetra-

tion, and once you're in, it will extend your stay by slowing the production of what must eventually come gushing out.

Of course, alcohol also lowers inhibitions, which means your spouse may do things to you she would not have considered otherwise, leading to pleasant surprises. Of course, your houris are programmed to do whatever you want whenever you want. That can get old very quickly, trust me. A woman under the influence is also more likely to let you do stuff that God hasn't programmed His houris to allow out of an elevated sense of propriety, the type of stuff that is banned in the Koran and that will undoubtedly be banned in Paradise. Do you really want to miss out on everything a real woman has to offer?

The unpredictability of people under the influence represents a real challenge for micro-managers and control freaks like Allah and His spokesman, especially during wartime when discipline is the key to winning most battles.

Scholars have managed to take the hodgepodge of chapters (mostly arranged from shortest to longest) and separate them into what is referred to as the Meccan surahs, those revealed during Muhammad's time in his hometown, and the Medinan surahs, the chapters revealed during his stay in Medina where he sought refuge after his kin ran him out of town for preaching what they considered a hateful and intolerant doctrine.

The Meccan surahs could be deemed the "carrot" surahs, in which Muhammad tries to get his kin to submit to the Will of Allah on his say-so and expounds on the benefits of doing just that. For example, in the "carrot" surahs you will find the following revelation about wine:

16:67 And from the fruits of palms and vines, you get wine and fair provision. Surely, there is in that a sign to a people who understand.

After finding refuge in Medina, Muhammad (or Allah; take your pick) decided that only the hard way would get people to see the light. The "stick" surahs, as my moniker would suggest, are generally more violent and unequivocal in their visceral hatred of the despised unbelievers. Because the Medinan surahs came later, any verse in those chapters that contradicts an unassailable fact revealed in a Meccan surah will ordinarily abrogate the earlier revealed truth. For example, the following Medinan revelation nullifies Allah's earlier statement about wine in a Meccan surah.

5:91 The Devil only wishes to stir up enmity and hatred among you, through wine and gambling, and keep you away from remembering Allah and from prayer. Will you not desist, then?

It should not come as surprise that revelations damning alcoholic drinks came after the only battle that the Muslims lost under Muhammad's leadership during the Arabian conquest, that of Uhud.

Narrated Anas:

I used to offer alcoholic drinks to the people at the residence of Abu Talha. Then the order of prohibiting alcoholic drinks was revealed, and the Prophet ordered somebody to announce that.

Abu Talha said to me, "Go out and see what this voice (this announcement) is."

I went out and (on coming back) said, "This is somebody announcing that alcoholic beverages have been prohibited."

Abu Talha said to me, "Go and spill it (i.e. the wine)," Then it (alcoholic drinks) was seen flowing through the streets of Medina. At that time the wine was Al-Fadikh.

The people said, "Some people (Muslims) were killed (during the battle of Uhud) while wine was in their stomachs."

So Allah revealed: "On those who believe and do good deeds there is no blame for what they ate (in the past)." (5:93)

Bukhari 60.144

With no wars in Paradise, why serve only non-alcoholic beverages? Wine not only lessens inhibitions but also invites spontaneity, another wonderful thing about real women that the houris will not possess. By definition, impulsive behaviour cannot be programmed, even by an omnipotent coder. What if some inebriated couple, on the spur of the moment, decided to run through the streets of Paradise naked or do something even bolder right there where everyone could see them? Better to be safe than sorry, I guess.

Allah talks about rivers of wine; whether these rivers will flow with red, white or rosé is not mentioned. Red is assumed, as white wine only came into its own centuries after the end of the Dark Ages during which the Koran was revealed. It is obvious that rivers of wine will not

be the result of fermentation, so don't expect the multitudes of aromas, flavours and textures that come from that time-consuming process.

Fermentation is what leads to alcohol, so I wouldn't expect the wine that Allah keeps in sealed containers for his pet-believers, which He expects them to fight over, to be much better than that which the less favoured will sample by dipping their cups into the aforementioned rivers.

83:25 They are given to drink from a sealed wine;

83:26 Whose seal is musk. Over that, let the competitors compete;

83:27 And its mixture is from Tasmin (a spring in Paradise);

83:28 A spring from which the well-favoured drink.

As to the food, don't be fooled by revelations like the following about having "whatever souls desire" served on plates and in cups of gold.

43:70 "Enter Paradise, you and your spouses joyfully.

43:71 "Platters and cups of gold shall be passed around them, and therein shall be whatever souls desire and eyes delight in, and in it you shall dwell forever."

What the soul desires is what Allah has on His menu, a very limited menu that His spokesman would find more than adequate for his needs, but not most people. In both the Koran and the hadiths, the exception and not the generality is the rule.

Food often plays a social role and enhances relationships that have grown beyond the adolescent expectations of our soon-to-be mass murderers from Saudi Arabia ogling strippers at the Olympic Bar. For example, the nice dinner my Lucette had planned when she met me at the train station was more than a prelude to a night of intimacy: it was an integral part of it; the foreplay before the foreplay, you might say. Foreplay is what gets your partner to where you want to her to be when you get there, unless all you care about is your own gratification, which seems to be the case for those who would blow others to bits for sex with impassive female reproductions in Paradise.

My Lucette would spice up the foreplay before the foreplay by keeping me guessing as to what was for dinner. With a limited menu and a God who decides when dinner and breakfast will be served – lunch appears to be out of the question – this will not be possible in Paradise.

19:62 They hear therein no idle talk, but only: "Peace"; and they receive from their provision therein morning and evening.

Lucette was a fantastic cook, at ease preparing dishes from a variety of cuisines, from French to Chinese with frequent forays into Italian food. Each meal was usually accompanied by a healthy serving of vegetables. Don't expect that type of variety in Paradise, and if you like vegetables with that serving of chicken, you may be out luck. Vegetables are not usually found in an oasis, which, unlike fruits, may explain their lack of mention as to what you might expect in Paradise.

43:73 Therein you have abundant fruit from which you will eat.

You will not have to worry about keeping an eye on your belongings as you reach for that fruit.

44:55 They call therein for every fruit in perfect security.

You may think you are eating the same fruit over and over, but don't believe your eyes; believe Allah.

2:25 Proclaim the good news to those who have believed and have done the good works; they will have gardens under which rivers flow. Every time they get some of the fruits with which they are provided, they will say: "This is what we were provided with before", because they are given each time something that looks like it. They will also have their pure spouses there, and they shall live there forever.

The following revelations are unclear as to whether it is those who were pious while in the land where a bladder and urethra were essential to your well-being, or those who are pious in Paradise itself, who will drink from a spring gushing water mixed with camphor and whose capacity increases the more people drink from it.

76:5 The pious will surely drink from a cup whose mixture is camphor,

76:6 A spring from which the servants of Allah shall drink, making it gush abundantly.

Muhammad, as benefits Allah's choice of a merchant as His ultimate spokesperson, was a stickler for accurate measurement. Allah is no dif-

ferent when describing how loungers will be served ginger drinks by those legendary immortal boys with alabaster complexions.

76:15 And cup-bearers shall go round them with vessels of silver and goblets of glass,

76:16 Goblets of silver which they measured exactly.

76:17 And they are given therein to drink a cup whose mixture is ginger.

76:18 A spring therein is called Salsabil.

76:19 And there go round them immortal boys; when you see them, you will think that they are scattered pearls.

Beef dishes may also be available, assuming Allah allows the beasts of Paradise to be slaughtered. Cattle were probably domesticated there by Allah or His angels—my understanding of "subdued" in Revelation 36:72—after which eight pairs were sent down to Earth in Revelation 39:6.

36:71 Have they not seen that We have created for them, of Our Handiwork, cattle whereof they are now the owners?

36:72 And We subdued them to them, so that of some are their mounts and of some they eat.

39:6 He created you from a single soul; then, out of it, He made its mate, and brought down for you of the cattle eight pairs...

Apart from fruits, and perhaps beef dishes as a break from all those "fowl" servings, there is no mention of other types of dishes on Allah's menu. However, this does not mean there are none. In the Koran, Allah does allow the eating of fish.

5:96 Lawful to you is the catch of the sea and its food as an enjoyment for you and for travellers; but unlawful to you is the game of the land so long as you are on pilgrimage. Fear Allah unto Whom you shall be gathered.

As a bonus, God's spokesman revealed that the first 70 thousand to enter Paradise will be served a portion of fish liver. Yummy!

Narrated Anas:

Abdullah bin Salam heard the news of the arrival of Allah's Apostle (at Medina) while he was on a farm collecting its fruits. So he came to the Prophet and said, "I will ask you about three things which nobody knows unless he be a prophet. Firstly, what is the first portent of the Hour? What is the first meal of the people of Paradise? And what makes a baby look like its father or mother?"

The Prophet said, "Just now Gabriel has informed me about that."

'Abdullah said, "Gabriel?"

The Prophet said, "Yes."

Abdullah said, "He, among the angels is the enemy of the Jews."

On that the Prophet recited this Holy Verse: "Whoever is an enemy to Gabriel (let him die in his fury!) for he has brought it (i.e. Qur'an) down to your heart by Allah's permission." (2:97)

Then he added, "As for the first portent of the Hour, it will be a fire that will collect the people from the East to West.

And as for the first meal of the people of Paradise, it will be the caudite (i.e. extra) lobe of the fish liver...

Bukhari 60.7

What may be inferred by Gabriel's communication to Muhammad about meals for early arrivals is that you may not have much choice in what Allah serves as the meal of the day, and this is understandable: He is but one god with billions upon billions of people to feed. If the angels and jinn also require nourishment, the number of meals Allah will have to prepare every day could easily exceed a few trillion.

Maybe His houris, like the android Data of *Star Trek: The Next Generation*, will not require sustenance; besides, with most real women in Hell, where the diet is even more limited than in Paradise, it will ease the pressure on Heaven's one and only chef.

44:43 The Tree of Zaqqum (the Tree of Bitterness) will certainly be

44:44 The food of the sinner.

44:45 Like molten lead, which boils in the bellies;

44:46 Like boiling water.

One of the reasons that the majority of women will spend an eternity on fire in Allah's Hell is for not acting more like the houris; that is, always ready to let husbands enjoy them, no matter the time and place, showing gratitude for all their husbands do for them out of the goodness of their hearts.

Narrated Ibn Abbas:

The Prophet said: "I was shown the Hell-fire and that the majority of its dwellers were women who were ungrateful."

It was asked, "Do they disbelieve in Allah?" (or are they ungrateful to Allah?)

He replied, "They are ungrateful to their husbands and are ungrateful for the favors and the good (charitable deeds) done to them. "

Bukhari 2.28

A deceased woman whose husband is glad she died will go to Hell, end of story.

The Prophet said: "If a woman dies while her husband was pleased with her, she will enter Paradise."

Tirmidhi

Of course, if houris don't eat, then food cannot be part of foreplay and that is a shame. It will make building a meaningful relationship—if that is even possible with a facsimile programmed for non-stop fornication—even more difficult.

Smell

You will be able to smell Paradise from quite a distance. In the following hadith, "a distance of forty years" is assumed to be the distance traveled on camelback during that time.

Narrated 'Abdullah bin 'Amr:

The Prophet said, "Whoever killed a person having a treaty with the Muslims, shall not smell the smell of Paradise though its smell is perceived from a distance of forty years."

Bukhari 53.391

The third holiest site in Islam is a rock beneath the Dome of the Rock, part of the Al-Aqsa Mosque complex on Temple Mount in Jerusalem. Muslims believe this is the rock from which Muhammad ascended to Heaven one magical night in 621 on the back of a winged-horse named Al-Buraq (also spelled al-Burak) to meet with the Boss. It was during this meeting with God that the number of prayers a believer must perform every day was negotiated.

Please note that Sahih Muslim, in the following hadith, does not use quotes to identify spoken words.

It is narrated on the authority of Anas b. Malik that the Messenger of Allah (may peace be upon him) said: I was brought al-Buraq Who is an animal white and long, larger than a donkey but smaller than a mule, who would place his hoof a distance equal to the range of vision.

I mounted it and came to the Temple (Bait Maqdis in Jerusalem), then tethered it to the ring used by the prophets.

I entered the mosque and prayed two rak'ahs in it, and then came out and Gabriel brought me a vessel of wine and a vessel of milk. I chose the milk, and Gabriel said: You have chosen the natural thing. Then he took me to heaven.

Gabriel then asked the (gate of heaven) to be opened and he was asked who he was. He replied: Gabriel.

He was again asked: Who is with you?

He (Gabriel) said: Muhammad.

It was said: Has he been sent for?

Gabriel replied: He has indeed been sent for. And (the door of the heaven) was opened for us and lo! we saw Adam. He welcomed me and prayed for my good. Then we ascended to the second heaven. Gabriel (peace be upon him) (asked the door of heaven to be opened), and he was asked who he was.

He answered: Gabriel; and was again asked: Who is with you?

He replied: Muhammad.

It was said: Has he been sent for?

He replied: He has indeed been sent for. The gate was opened.

When I entered 'Isa b. Maryam and Yahya b. Zakariya (peace be upon both of them), cousins from the maternal side, welcomed me and prayed for my good.

Then I was taken to the third heaven and Gabriel asked for the opening (of the door).

He was asked: Who are you?

He replied: Gabriel.

He was (again) asked: Who is with you?

He replied Muhammad (may peace be upon him).

It was said: Has he been sent for?

He replied He has indeed been sent for. (The gate) was opened for us and I saw Yusuf (peace of Allah be upon him) who had been given half of (world) beauty. He welcomed me prayed for my well-being. Then he ascended with us to the fourth heaven.

Gabriel (peace be upon him) asked for the (gate) to be opened, and it was said: Who is he?

He replied: Gabriel.

It was (again) said: Who is with you?

He said: Muhammad.

It was said: Has he been sent for?

He replied: He has indeed been sent for.

The (gate) was opened for us, and lo! Idris was there. He welcomed me and prayed for my well-being (About him) Allah, the Exalted and the Glorious, has said: " We elevated him (Idris) to the exalted position" (Qur'an 19:57). Then he ascended with us to the fifth heaven and Gabriel asked for the (gate) to be opened.

It was said: Who is he?

He replied Gabriel.

It was (again) said: Who is with thee?

He replied: Muhammad.

It was said Has he been sent for?

He replied: He has indeed been sent for. (The gate) was opened for us and then I was with Harun (Aaron-peace of Allah be upon him). He welcomed me prayed for my well-being. Then I was taken to the sixth heaven.

Gabriel (peace be upon him) asked for the door to be opened.

It was said: Who is he?

He replied: Gabriel.

It was said: Who is with thee?

He replied: Muhammad.

It was said: Has he been sent for?

He replied: He has indeed been sent for. (The gate) was opened for us and there I was with Musa (Moses peace be upon him) He welcomed me and prayed for my well-being. Then I was taken up to the seventh heaven.

Gabriel asked the (gate) to be opened.

It was said: Who is he?

He said: Gabriel

It was said. Who is with thee?

He replied: Muhammad (may peace be upon him.)

It was said: Has he been sent for?

He replied: He has indeed been sent for. (The gate) was opened for us and there I found Ibrahim (Abraham peace be upon him) reclining against the Bait-ul-Ma'mur and there enter into it seventy thousand angels every day, never to visit (this place) again.

Then I was taken to Sidrat-ul-Muntaha whose leaves were like elephant ears and its fruit like big earthenware vessels.

And when it was covered by the Command of Allah, it underwent such a change that none amongst the creation has the power to praise its beauty. Then Allah revealed to me a revelation and He made obligatory for me fifty prayers every day and night.

Then I went down to Moses (peace be upon him) and he said: What has your Lord enjoined upon your Ummah?

I said: Fifty prayers.

He said: Return to thy Lord and beg for reduction (in the number of prayers), for your community shall not be able to bear this burden, as I have put to test the children of Israel and tried them (and found them too weak to bear such a heavy burden).

He (the Holy Prophet) said: I went back to my Lord and said: My Lord, make things lighter for my Ummah.

(The Lord) reduced five prayers for me. I went down to Moses and said. (The Lord) reduced five (prayers) for me, He said: Verily thy Ummah shall not be able to bear this burden; return to thy Lord and ask Him to make things lighter.

I then kept going back and forth between my Lord Blessed and Exalted and Moses, till He said: There are five prayers every day and night. O Muhammad, each being credited as ten, so that makes fifty prayers. He who intends to do a good deed and does not do it will have a good deed recorded for him; and if he does it, it will be recorded for him as ten; whereas he who intends to do an evil deed and does not do, it will not be recorded for him; and if he does it, only one evil deed will be recorded.

I then came down and when I came to Moses and informed him, he said: Go back to thy Lord and ask Him to make things lighter.

Upon this the Messenger of Allah remarked: I returned to my Lord until I felt ashamed before Him.

Sahih Muslim Book 1, Hadith 309

During his visit with Allah, God's spokesman, as quoted in a Bukhari hadith about the celebrated visit, said: "I was admitted into Paradise

where I found small (tents or) walls (made) of pearls and its earth was of musk."

In Paradise, Muhammad will not have to lather himself with his favourite fragrance because its pungent smell will be everywhere, especially if you visit his private river in the Hereafter, a river that is not mentioned in the Koran.

Narrated Anas bin Malik:

The Prophet said: "While I was walking in Paradise (on the night of Mi'raj), I saw a river, on the two banks of which there were tents made of hollow pearls. I asked, 'What is this, O Gabriel?' He said, 'That is the Kauthar which Your Lord has given to you.' Behold! Its scent or its mud was sharp smelling musk!"

Bukhari 76.583

The smell of musk will not only emanate from the soil, but from the sweat generated from the eating of spicy foods common in regional Middle Eastern cuisine (the prevalent cuisine of Paradise) and from the perspiration of billions of humongous men sweating bullets during the sustained vigorous ploughing of their houris.

Narrated Abu Huraira:

Allah's Apostle said, "The first group of people who will enter Paradise, will be glittering like the full moon and those who will follow them, will glitter like the most brilliant star in the sky. They will not urinate, relieve nature, spit, or have any nasal secretions. Their combs will be of gold, and their sweat will smell like musk. The aloe wood will be used in their centers. Their wives will be houris. All of them will look alike and will resemble their father Adam (in stature), sixty cubits tall."

Bukhari 55.544

Whether a houri sweats during a spirited sexual workout with a man who can literally keep it up (pun intended) forever is a matter for scholars.

Even a wounded warrior's blood will smell like musk.

Narrated Abu Huraira:

The Prophet said, "A wound which a Muslim receives in Allah's cause will appear on the Day of Resurrection as it was at the time of infliction; blood will be flowing from the wound and its color will be that of the blood but will smell like musk."

Bukhari 4:238

Why God did not heal him when He put him back together to judge him is a mystery.

Narrated Abu Huraira:

The Prophet said, "Between the two blowing of the trumpet there will be forty."

The people said, "O Abu Huraira! Forty days?"

I refused to reply.

They said, "Forty years?"

I refused to reply and added: "Everything of the human body will decay except the coccyx bone (of the tail) and from that bone Allah will reconstruct the whole body."

Bukhari 60.338

If God's spokesman ever performed cunnilingus on any of his wives, concubines, or slave-girls shortly after their periods, he probably breathed in his favourite aroma.

Narrated Aisha:

A woman asked the Prophet about the bath which is take[n] after finishing from the menses.

The Prophet told her what to do and said, "Purify yourself with a piece of cloth scented with musk."

The woman asked, "How shall I purify myself with it?"

He said, "Subhan Allah (Glorious is God)! Purify yourself (with it)."

I pulled her to myself and said, "Rub the place soiled with blood with it."

Bukhari 6.311

Just to be sure, wash your private parts three times.

Narrated Aisha:

An Ansari woman asked the Prophet how to take a bath after finishing from the menses. He replied, "Take a piece a cloth perfumed with musk and clean the private parts with it thrice."

The Prophet felt shy and turned his face. So I pulled her to me and told her what the Prophet meant.

Bukhari 6.312

This pervasive musky odour will mask the sweetest smell of all, that of the woman herself. What houris might smell like, I haven't a clue, but if I had to guess...?

Musk is not on the list of fragrances that research has shown have the greatest impact on a man's sexual performance.

The combined odor of lavender and pumpkin pie had the greatest effect, increasing median penile-blood flow by 40%.

Second in effectiveness was the combination of black licorice and doughnut, which increased the median penile-blood flow 31.5%.

The combined odors of pumpkin pie and doughnut was third, with a 20% increase. Least stimulating was cranberry, which increased penile blood flow by 2%...

Psychology Today: The Science of Sex and Smell, October 2019.

Musk is not even in the top ten fragrances women and men rated as having the properties of an aphrodisiac, which are as follows: pumpkin, lavender, vanilla, strawberry, jasmine, ginger, black licorice, cinnamon, doughnut and pink grapefruit. Then again, men with permanent erections won't require an aphrodisiac to be turned on and neither will their houris; it's their default (and only) state. It may be too much trouble for a god who likes to keep things simple to supply something normally not found on a desert oasis in the Arabian desert, such as doughnuts, to make the sexual experience slightly more pleasurable for the paucity of real women He will allow into his Paradise.

Musk—in moderation—is a lovely fragrance, but is that the only scent you want to tickle your nose for an eternity, whether you're simply

lounging or enjoying the women, real and fake, that God has put at your beck and call?

Scenery

An oasis is a nice place to visit but would you want to spend an eternity on one, even if the smell was not always that of musk? Even if the only form of entertainment was not one-on-one sex 24/7 and watching people writhe in pain on fire in Hell below? Even if you could dress in more casual clothing of varied colours, and all the people you encountered didn't look like you and were not the same age, and you could talk about whatever you wanted? Even if the floor covering, the furniture, and accent pieces everywhere you looked were not all green like the matching robes everyone will be wearing? Even if God offered a more varied menu that catered beyond an Arab desert dweller's palate, one that included wine stronger than grape juice, vegetables and desert?

Allah, like His spokesman, is set in His ways and there is no altering His Words or His Creation, so you're stuck with His Paradise.

10:64 Theirs is the good news in the present life and the Hereafter. And there will be no alteration of the Words of Allah. That is the great triumph.

30:30 So, set your face towards religion uprightly. It is the original nature according to which Allah fashioned mankind. There is no altering Allah's Creation. That is the true religion; but most men do not know.

You certainly won't be able to complain to management!

78:35 Therein, they do not hear any idle talk or denunciation.

78:36 A reward from your Lord, a sufficient gift;

78:37 The Lord of the heavens and the earth and what lies between them; the Compassionate to Whom they do not have the power to speak.

When He separated the mass that was the Universe into Heaven and Earth, Allah could have made Paradise another Earth with its varied vistas, but instead focused on transforming the enormity of His domain in the sky into a place in which His spokesman would feel right at home.

Joyce was the girl with whom I was intimate for the longest period of time before I met Lucette. We did it everywhere my car could take us: in the mountains, in the forest, in open fields, by the sea, by lakes and rivers...and yes, we also did it in comfortable beds. The car provided us with the opportunity to have sex hundreds of miles from our homes in all kind of different locales which made the sex that much more exciting and memorable. We also did it in the car with the rain falling, the snow blowing, the Sun shining, with a hovering moon on the horizon visible through the back window... You get the idea.

Even if you decided to move about Paradise with your string of houris in tow, the place you end up will be very much like the place you left behind, and you will have traveled all that distance on foot for little or no reward. There will be no cars in Heaven, obviously, but also no horses or camels, although Muhammad did mention seeing the angel Gabriel in full battle gear leading his horse, intent on helping the Muslims win the battle Badr—which they did.

Narrated Ibn Abbas:

The Prophet said on the day (of the battle) of Badr, "This is Gabriel holding the head of his horse and equipped with arms for the battle."

Bukhari 59.330

The only animal mentioned in the Koran as inhabiting Paradise and on which you could ride is cattle, Allah's favourite animal—they get even more mentions in his Koran than camels, 35 to 23.

40:79 It is Allah Who created for you the cattle, so that some you may ride and some you may eat.

However, before you can ride them in Paradise, Allah will have to round them up.

42:29 And of His Signs is the creation of the heavens and the earth and the beasts He has scattered abroad in them; and He is able to gather them together, whenever He wishes.

For a god who allegedly created such a diverse planet—with vast oceans, mountain ranges that reached above the clouds, beaches that stretch to the horizons, unbounded plains and forests—to model His entire Paradise on His spokesman's corner of the world is a testament to Muhammad's unparalleled influence with God.

The contrived blandness of the people of Paradise and their self-same attire, the blandness of the food and the place itself with its uniform smell of musk and unchanging scenery, leaves much to be desired as an inspirational setting for sex for an eternity.

What about its main attraction, sex with houris? Will this make all the pain, destruction, death and murder worthwhile?

Let's Get Physical

Let's get animal, animal
I wanna get animal
Let's get into animal
Let me hear your body talk
Let me hear your body talk

Physical by Olivia Newton-John

Written by Steve Kipner and Terry Shaddick

In Islam, we leave our animal state behind only when we stand in worship of Allah, and even then, only when women, whom Muhammad explicitly compared to dogs and donkeys, do not interrupt your prayers.

Narrated Aisha:

The things which annul the prayers were mentioned before me. They said, Prayer is annulled by a dog, a donkey and a woman (if they pass in front of the praying people).

I said, "You have made us (i.e. women) dogs and asses.

Bukhari 9.490

Aisha said [to Muhammad]: "You have made us equal to the dogs and the asses."

Sahih Muslim

As the Phoenicians are the best sailors in the world, so their women excel all others in weaving, for Minerva has taught them all manner of useful arts, and they are very intelligent.

Homer c. 8th century BCE

The smart women of Homer became the dumb as asses women of Muhammad. A man of letters called women intelligent; an illiterate called them stupid.

Narrated Abu Said Al-Khudri:

The Prophet said, 'Isn't the witness of a woman equal half that of a man?'

The women said, 'Yes.'

He said, 'This is because of the deficiency of the woman's mind.'

Bukhari 6.301

The lumping of animals and women as “things” that interrupt a prayer as well as Muhammad’s remark about “the deficiency of the woman’s mind” explicitly convey the message that females are akin to quadrupeds and just as dumb. As to the male gender, the simple fact that Islam applauds men who accumulate females whom, like a stallion with his mares, he jealously guards and fucks in rotation, says it all.

From this point forward, except when writing about women who have a place in my heart, I will no longer play Allah’s and Muhammad’s game of using euphemisms like “enjoy” when they mean “fuck.” The young men and women He and His spokesman hope to persuade to kill and die on their behalf should have a full appreciation of what Paradise is all about. By calling, to use an abused cliché, a spade a spade, I hope to dispel any notions they might have about a romantic afterlife that might make eternity, in even the dullest of settings, bearable.

We all like to “get animal” every now and then, especially when we’re young. It is part of what we are, although a recurrent fleeting activity, one that rises above what most animals do in the simple act of seeking consent, does not define us. Islam is not of the same opinion. For Allah and His spokesman, our animal state is our natural state, a state where both male and female are in a near-constant state of arousal, meaning consent is implied and seduction unnecessary; as it is in the now, so shall it be in Heaven. When we die, according to Islamic scriptures, we do not gravitate to a higher plane of existence where we leave our corporal wants and needs behind; we take them with us to a place in the sky where our alleged all-consuming craving for the pleasures of the flesh only increase in intensity, as does the means to satisfy it. This is Allah’s grand reward for leading a god-fearing life.

Sex by the Numbers

All Allah’s afterlife has to offer as a distraction for an eternity is sex, nothing but sex. Sex in a bland, unchanging setting whose enduring sameness, from its identical people to invariable scenery, will quickly lose much of its charm.

Even if you get the maximum 72 houris—at the cost of impressing Allah by committing a truly horrific mass murder—all programmed to expertly execute the 64 positions of the Kama Sutra, this will still leave

you with only 4,608 different coital experiences. That is, assuming that each manufactured vagina is built to different specs and not all calibrated to provide the same sensation from penetration to climax – what science refers to as the mean intravaginal ejaculation latency time (which in the here-and-now takes, on average, 5.4 minutes).

Four thousand six hundred and eight may seem like a big number, but we *are* talking an eternity here.

There will be a lot of non-stop fornication in Paradise with nothing much to do, think or talk about, just fuck and eat. And by a lot, I mean everybody will be doing it almost all the time, at least for the first few years, at which point even fucking will become dull and repetitive. Like the rest of the dreariest of paradises imaginable, this should leave many wondering if it was worth the atrocities committed on Allah's behalf to get there before everyone else.

Based on the average intravaginal ejaculation latency time of 5.4 minutes, a man could conceivably have sex with 11 houris per hour. With an eternity ahead of you, you may want to take your time and space them out every hour or so, between snacks. That still means, with a maximum number of houris each performing a permutation of the 64 positions of the Kama Sutra per fucking session, you will have tried every position with every single one of your houris in about 192 days. (Remember: in Paradise you don't need sleep, get tired, or lose your erection.) You could, of course, try adding some variety, such as having your houris please each other while pleasing you – except that would involve two people of the same sex playing with each other's private parts, which is prohibited in the here-and-now and will be prohibited in the Hereafter, of that you can be sure.

As Sam Harris explains in his bestseller *The End of Faith – Religion, Terror and the Future of Reason*, these so-called victimless sex crimes committed by consenting adults in private are still being prosecuted in mainly Muslim countries because God, who sees all, does not like watching people do that kind of stuff, like the aforementioned threesome with your houris. He only likes to watch people having conventional sex: sex between a man and a woman, one woman at a time, where the end result is penis-in-vagina penetration.

He does not mind watching couples touch each other's private parts, that is, masturbate each other, but that's it. Pleasuring yourself is out of the question; He does not like watching that at all. As for the money

shot, an expression most often used to describe a pornographic scene where the actor withdraws from the vagina so that you see him ejaculate, that's not going to happen—but more about that later.

One houri per hour requires just over six months to get back to the beginning and start over, and over and over for millions of years and then some. But don't feel too bad, men; for the few real women whom Allah will allow into his Paradise, things will be much worse. They will spend most of eternity waiting their turn, competing with manufactured, large-breasted nymphomaniacs for their husband's attention.

The young woman in the Prologue remarked how she had been taught that, in Paradise, she, too, would be able to have sex with a variety of men. Not so, according to Hamas, which quotes God to back up their claim.

According to David Cook, author of *Understanding Jihad*, this question was posed on the Hamas website by a prospective female suicide bomber unsure about the "rewards for a female martyr." Would she get the equivalent to the male suicide bomber who is promised a "fairly extensive harem of women in return for martyrdom?"

Question: I wanted to ask: what is the reward of a female martyr who performs a martyrdom operation; does she marry 72 of the houris?

Answer: ... The female martyr gains the same rewards as does the male, with the exception of this one aspect [the houris], so that the female martyr will be with the same husband with whom she dies. "And those who have believed and their progeny, followed them in belief. We shall join their progeny to them. We shall not deprive them of any of their work; every man shall be bound by what he has earned" [52:21]. The one who is martyred and has no husband will be married to one of the people of Paradise.

A Semenless Experience

There is another three-word phrase sometimes used by a woman to express affection for the man making love to her without the intention of impregnating her. When spoken out of love, not just lust, these three words will leave almost as strong an impression as her first time saying, "I love you." Traditional Muslim men will never hear these words, either here or in the Hereafter, out of love nor out of lust. In the now, it is because he is directed by God to deposit his sperm in the receptacle

He has provided for that purpose, a receptacle that has no say in the matter. In Paradise, men will stop producing semen altogether, so the request in that venue is moot.

When I started making love to Margaret, I practiced coitus interruptus. We had been having sex for maybe a couple of weeks, and I was about to do what God's spokesman warned against when I heard that evocative three-word expression: "Come inside me." I did, and after I rolled off her, she pressed her body against mine, the top of her head beneath my chin. Suppressing a shiver, she whispered: "You're inside me; part of you is inside me." It's corny, I know, and a person my age recounting those words might have you gagging. Well, too bad!

Why am I telling you this? A man ejaculating his sperm into a woman's vagina is part of the bonding experience of sex between two people who care for each other. Whether she says it out loud, out of love or lust, or doesn't say it all, when a woman with a choice allows a man to leave part of him inside her, she is acknowledging that he is special to her in some way, and that acknowledgement is not lost on her lover.

Houris know nothing about this bonding ritual. These mindless creatures are yours to be fucked, not to bond with, and they will fuck you in return, whether you have feelings for them or not, for that is their built-in purpose. If Allah had wanted you to bond with His houris, he would not have deprived you of a bonding agent.

3:185 Every soul shall taste death; and you shall receive your rewards in full on the Day of Resurrection. Whoever is removed from Hell and is admitted into Paradise wins. Life in this world is nothing but an illusory pleasure.

Sex without semen is, of this there is no doubt, the illusory pleasure. Your pelvic muscles will still go through the motions associated with orgasm, one has to assume, but there will be nothing to force out from the opening at the end of your penis.

[An] orgasm [in men] is also associated with powerful and highly pleasurable pelvic muscle contractions...

Ejaculation occurs in a series of rapid-fire contractions of the penile muscles and around the base of the anus... The nerves causing the muscle contractions send messages of pleasure to the man's brain.

NCBI National Center for Biotechnology Information website.

In Paradise, how the pleasure centres of the brain will interpret these muscle contractions meant to expel semen is anyone's guess. What that 16th-century Egyptian cleric had to say about semen-free orgasms being "utterly delicious" should be taken with a ton or two of salt by anyone contemplating perishing in a sacred explosion to experience one.

This same cleric concluded, from Muhammad's claim that the people of Paradise "will not urinate, relieve nature," that the anus, no longer needed, will disappear along with the butt crack, leaving the people of Paradise with a posterior in the shape of a cushion⁵. That would definitely rule out anal sex. If you want to give anal sex a try, you will have to do it in the here-and-now.

How did we go from a perfectly normal, if a little messy, transfer of bodily fluids to mimicry where nothing is expelled? You may notice a trend here: any output from the body's orifices, from the nostrils to the anus, that might leave a stain or require disposal will no longer be an issue in Paradise. Semen would have to be near the top of the list. Imagine more than a trillion people fucking 24/7 with semen leaking out of billions of vaginas, doing what it did to my pants my first time with Joyce all over Allah's lovely green rugs, green cushions and green upholstery. They would soak up the stuff, leaving Allah with a never-ending unholy mess to clean up.

Obviously, God has no intention of picking up after His guests. This seems to be the conclusion of scholars and clerics based on a verse of the Koran and a saying of Muhammad. I will let the good folks at Islam Question & Answer (Q&A), "a website which aims to offer advice and academic answers based on evidence from religious texts in an adequate and easy-to-understand manner," explain why men in Paradise will not be hosing their spouses, inside or out, with their semen, whether these women are facsimiles or the real thing.

In Paradise, a husband has sexual intercourse with his wife and they both find pleasure, but this is done without releasing semen.

Allah the Almighty says: "And they will have therein purified spouses, and they will abide therein eternally." [Quran 2: 25]

⁵ *Sexuality in Islam* by Abdelwahab Bouhdiba

Commenting on this verse, Mujaahid and 'Ataa' may Allah have mercy upon them mentioned that the people of Paradise are purified from menstruation, urine and semen.

Also, it was reported on the authority of Abu Umaamah may Allah be pleased with him that the Prophet, sallallaahu 'alayhi wa sallam, said that the people of Paradise have sexual intercourse with their spouses with a male organ that does not drain and a desire that does not subside.

There is another bonding ritual where a woman does not just passively accept a man's semen, but actively seeks it. This is what Anne did without being asked when she moved to the end of the bed, kneeled, wrapped her lips around it and persevered. To quote Samantha Jones of *Sex and the City*, "They don't call it a blow job for nothin. It's hard work." Not only that, but it takes practice to make even an average length penis completely disappear without gagging—even if it is not necessary for a totally enjoyable experience—and to develop the techniques that will get the job done before the jaw gets too sore to continue.

When it all comes together, pun intended, oral sex can be as exciting as coitus, if not more so, because there is a strong visual component adding to the intense sensations and the undeniable satisfaction of a loving partner's commitment to your pleasure.

We are impressed by partners who, like Anne, will take it all the way to please us and not simply engage in the act as a mere prelude to penetration or in expectation of reciprocity (although that can be fun, too). Just like the first time invited to come inside a lover's vagina, it will not leave the recipient of such devotion unmoved.

Of course, Allah could easily program His houris to do the "job" on cue, but on cue is not what it's all about and just doing the "job" is not really where it's at. I'm showing my age. Women know that, for men, there is a fascination with what Muhammad described as "water [that] is thick and white" and what she will do with it, or allow her lover to do to her, when it comes shooting out, such as spraying any part of her body he fancies. Her willingness to have her body be her lover's canvas makes the bonding experience even more memorable by bringing out the creativity in the artist. You can imagine the possibilities, but only if you can produce the stuff in the first place.

Muhammad's idea of a varied sex life appears to be a different vagina for every day of the week, if not every day of the month. He may have been a breast man (see the following hadith about fondling his child bride's breasts), which would explain the aforementioned "round-breasted mates" featured as heavenly companions.

Narrated Aisha:

The Prophet and I used to take a bath from a single pot while we were Junub. During the menses, he used to order me to put on an Izar (dress worn below the waist) and used to fondle me. While in Itikaf, he used to bring his head near me and I would wash it while I used to be in my periods (menses).

Bukhari 6.298

So don't expect Allah's houris to do more than present their genitals for you to fuck and their breasts for you to fondle.

Unlike with the women you may have fucked in real life—assuming you are not so lacking in curiosity that you did not take a few to bed before settling on the houris—there are a variety of evocative scenes you will not witness or experience in Paradise that strike a chord with the visual sex. Studies using erotic audio-visually have demonstrated that when it comes to sex, for women it's the mood that inspires, while for men it's the visuals⁶. Visuals that will be impossible to recreate in Paradise, such as a blow job with semen; and let us not forget the not-so-aptly named creampie, a word that describes both the act of creating the so-called pie then having your lover show you what you left behind as it slowly leaks out.

Forget the visuals; what about a man's now-useless balls, which no one may care to play with unless Allah programs his houris to kiss and fondle them? It won't be same as when they had a purpose and your partner could pay them attention to encourage their hard work. Of course, that is only relevant if a utilitarian god lets you keep them.

Just like houris who are not real women, men in Paradise will not be real men, so young men, enjoy being real in the here-and-now for as long as you can! Don't let older men convince you that sex is better in

⁶ Chung, W., Lim, S., Yoo, J. & Yoon, H. (2013). "Gender difference in brain activation to audio-visual sexual stimulation; Do women and men experience the same level of arousal in response to the same video clip?" *International Journal of Impotence Research*, 25, 138-142.

Paradise. They are lying. With you out of the way, it leaves more real women for them to enjoy in a way only a real man can.

Allah should have left, if not increased, the proverbial icing on the cake for the young men (and increasingly, the young women) who would sacrifice so much for Him.

Women also lose out from Allah serving young men a bland cake from a restricted menu in recognition of their sacrifice, and it's not only women who appreciate the additional dimension that semen brings to their lovemaking. There is a practical aspect to male ejaculation that Allah might have considered before deciding to end its production in the Hereafter.

New research has investigated the role that male ejaculation plays in female sexual satisfaction for the first time. The preliminary study found, among other things, that many women report experiencing more intense orgasms when their partner ejaculates.

The findings appear in *The Journal of Sexual Medicine* (September 28, 2018).

"The study was mainly informed by clinical observations. During my practical, clinical work I noticed that women have very strong opinions regarding men's ejaculation — and I am not speaking about the clinical criteria that most research usually focuses on such as intravaginal ejaculation latency time or how long the man can control or prolong his ejaculation," explained study author Andrea Burri of the European Institute for Sexual Health.

They found that 50.43% of women considered it very important that their partner ejaculates during intercourse.

"Quite a lot of women indicated that they themselves experienced more intense orgasms when their partner ejaculated, or when they had the feeling that the partner's ejaculation was more intense, and/or when he expelled a greater ejaculate quantity (subjectively felt)."

From PsyPost, "a psychology and neuroscience news website dedicated to reporting the latest research on human behavior, cognition, and society."

Unlike for men, there is no mention in any scriptural exegesis (explanation or interpretation of a text) consulted to demonstrate how God will make up for the decrease in sexual satisfaction occasioned by the loss of a fully inserted spasmodic penis sending jets of hot sperm crashing into a woman's cervix.

Try explaining to your houris what it was like having sex with a female into whom you ejaculated—assuming you had such an experience before you killed yourself—and what effect it had on her. They wouldn't have a clue. Their loss, and yours as well!

I found nothing in the Koran or in the hadiths of the Sunni canon about a houri experiencing an orgasm. This does not mean that they couldn't, but since they are designed for men's gratification, why would God bother? There would be complex programming involved in a facsimile mimicking the multifaceted physiological changes that accompany the buildup to an orgasm, as described by actress Jennifer Morrison in the television series *House*.

Pupils dilate. Arteries constrict. Core temperature rises; the heart races. Blood pressure skyrockets. Respiration becomes rapid and shallow. The brain fires electrical impulses from nowhere to nowhere. Secretions spit out of every gland. Muscles tense and spasm like you're lifting three times your body weight. It's violent, it's ugly and it's messy [and] ... unbelievably fun.

Why would He bother if all men care about is fucking virgins, as seems to be Allah's impression, meaning that what really turns you on is your partner's lack of experience and discomfort, not necessarily her pleasure? It is much simpler for Him to regenerate the hymen of these virgins so that when it's their turn again, for the millionth time and then some—again, we are talking an eternity here—you have an identical experience, over and over...

If doing it with a virgin is what you imagine as the ultimate sexual high, you will miss out on a lot, especially if you expedite yourself to Allah before you have time to experience sex the way it has evolved from the days of the caveman who simply mimicked animals. You will be missing out on sex with a context and purpose, one perhaps beyond the awareness of our caveman's ancestors.

A houri is, in essence, a sophisticated sex toy made to look and behave like a demure virgin, even after she has been fucked for the millionth time. It is simply a plaything that God programmed with the skills of a

veteran whore, perhaps capable of giving you a semenless blow job, but it won't be the same.

Houris are pleasure mates who are soulless and programmed to please believing men's every carnal desire.

Yahiya Emerick, American convert and bestselling author of The Complete Idiot's Guide to Islam.

Those counterfeit virgins will always be waiting, so stick around to experience what I believe most fathers would agree is the best sex of all: starting with the intent of creating another human being all the way to being intimate with the mother-to-be as her pregnancy progresses to its magical conclusion. Having never had children, I can only imagine the full experience, but from what I have been told it is one to be savoured and cherished forever.

Procreation in Paradise

3:14 Attractive to mankind is made the love of the pleasures of women, children, heaps upon heaps of gold and silver, thoroughbred horses, cattle and cultivatable land. Such is the pleasure of this worldly life, but unto Allah is the fairest return.

3:15 Say: "Shall I tell you about something better than all that?" For those who are God-fearing, from their Lord are gardens beneath which rivers flow, and in which they abide forever [along with] purified spouses and Allah's good pleasure. Allah sees His servants well!

With men no longer producing semen and Allah bragging that what he has to offer in Paradise is better than life with children and wives who menstruate (as per the reference to "purified spouses" which includes houris), you would expect the issue of having children in Paradise to be settled, but you would be wrong. Again, it all comes down to the observations of a man who claimed to know just about everything that goes on in the Hereafter.

A companion of Muhammad, a fellow by the name of Abu Saeed al-Khudri, reported that: "The Messenger of Allah (blessings and peace of Allah be upon him) said: 'If the believer wishes for a child in Paradise, the pregnancy, birth and growth will occur within an hour, as he wishes.'"

However, a majority of scholars seem to disagree, quoting another saying of Muhammad where he affirms the opposite: "The people of Paradise will not have children there." They bolster their argument with the fact that Allah will purify the real women that make it to Paradise from the scourge of menstruation, whose role in procreation, unlike Allah and His spokesman, they are fully aware.

The following is the full, somewhat surreal discussion on Islam Q&A as to whether one can have kids in Paradise. If you are a childless young man or woman contemplating a sacred explosion, read carefully; if the majority of scholars are right, you will be giving up a lifetime of joy, which includes the experience of raising children.

Arabic terms used within this discussion are defined below for the benefit of all readers.

Saheeh, i.e., authenticated, as in an authenticated saying of Muhammad. The sayings of Muhammad are graded as to their degree of reliability, and a saheeh hadith inspires the greatest confidence as to its veracity. Most hadiths were collected approximately 200 years after Muhammad's passing by men who travelled the land, seeking people who may have known of people who knew of people who were contemporaries of Muhammad, who could pass down to future generations what they remembered of his words and actions.

Da'eef (also spelled da'if), i.e., weak; a saying of Muhammad where there is a break in the chain of transmission and/or the integrity of the narrator is suspect, or simply not enough people remember hearing about it. A weak hadith can still be considered a legal precedent, depending on the circumstances and the school of Islamic law.

Isnaad refers to the chain of narrators.

Sunan usually means collection, as in a collection of the sayings and actions of Muhammad, also referred to as the Prophet's Sunna.

Maniy is a liquid that Muhammad may have mistaken for a woman's ejaculate, but is actually fluid that is sometimes expelled from a female's urethra during sex. In another posting on Islam Q&A, its form and function is described as follows:

Praise be to Allah.

What comes out of a woman may be maniy, madhiy or regular discharge, which is called "moisture". Each of these has its own characteristics and rulings that apply to it.

With regard to mani: It is thin and yellow. This is the description that is narrated from the Prophet (peace and blessings of Allaah be upon him): "The water of the man is thick and white, and the water of the woman is thin and yellow." Narrated by Muslim (311).

There is pleasure when it is emitted, and desire ceases immediately after it is emitted. Needless to say, no female ejaculate will appear in Paradise.

From Islam Q&A, the answer to "Will there be pregnancy and childbirth in Paradise?"

Ghareeb: one meaning is "strange," as used below.

Jiddan: one meaning is "very." It is not unusual to find transliteration of Arabic into English on such sites as Islamqa.info. What is interesting here is that you don't find such transposition for common English words such as "very" and "strange" that have no religious significance. They are used here in the order presented in an Arabic sentence to describe a saying of Muhammad as "very strange," which is strange in itself.

Except for minor editing to conform to chosen nomenclature (such as changing Bukhaari to Bukhari, Allaah to Allah and hadeeth to hadith), as well as adding paragraph breaks for readability, this text is presented as found on *Islam Q&A* on April 28, 2020.

Answer:

Praise be to Allah.

Some of the scholars are of the view that if a person wishes to have a child in Paradise, Allah will fulfil that wish for him. They quoted as evidence for that the report narrated by at-Tirmidhi (2563) in his Sunan from Abu Sa'eed al-Khudri (may Allah be pleased with him) who said: The Messenger of Allah (blessings and peace of Allah be upon him) said: "If the believer wishes for a child in Paradise, the pregnancy, birth and growth will occur within an hour, as he wishes." Classed as saheeh by al-Albaani in Saheeh al-Jaami', 6649

What is meant is that the pregnancy will occur and the child will be born and will grow to the age of perfection, which is

thirty years, as the person wishes, i.e., the child will be male or female and so on, in accordance with the person's wishes.

This is the view of many of the scholars.

Some of the scholars said that in Paradise there will be intercourse but there will be no children. This view was narrated from Tawoos, Muhaajid and Ibraaheem an-Nakha'i.

Imam al-Bukhari (may Allah have mercy on him) said: It was narrated from Abu Razeen al-'Uqayli that the Prophet (blessings and peace of Allah be upon him) said: "The people of Paradise will not have children there."

The hadith referred to by al-Bukhari was narrated by Imam Ahmad (15773) from Abu Razeen al-'Uqayli (may Allah be pleased with him) in a lengthy hadith in which it says "The righteous women will be for the righteous man, you will enjoy them as you enjoyed them in this world, and they will enjoy you, but you will not produce children."

Ibn al-Qayyim (may Allah have mercy on him) said: It has the dignity and light of Prophethood which suggests that it is saheeh. However it was classed as da'eef by al-Albaani in Zalaal al-Jannah, and Shu'ayb al-Arna'oot said: Its isnaad is da'eef and is a series of unknown narrators.

The hadith clearly states that there will be no childbirth, but there is a difference of opinion as to its soundness.

With regard to the hadith of Abu Sa'eed (may Allah be pleased with him), "If the believer wishes for a child in Paradise, the pregnancy, birth and growth will occur within an hour, as he wishes", it was noted that its soundness is subject to further discussion. Hence Ibn al-Qayyim said concerning it: Its isnaad meets the conditions of soundness, but it is ghareeb jiddan. Haadi al-Arwaah, p. 213

And he said: With regard to this hadith of Abu Saeed al-Khudri, the best of its isnaads is the isnaad of at-Tirmidhi, who determined that it is ghareeb and that it is only known from the hadith of Abu's-Siddeeq an-Naaji, and the wording of the hadith is not sound. End quote.

Imam Ishaq ibn Raahawayh (may Allah have mercy on him) said concerning the hadith of the Prophet (blessings and peace of Allah be upon him), "If the believer wishes for a

child in Paradise, the pregnancy, birth and growth will occur within an hour, as he wishes": But he will not wish. What is meant by the words of Ishaq is that the words of the Prophet (blessings and peace of Allah be upon him), "If the believer wishes ..." are hypothetical) i.e., if the believer were to wish, but in fact he will not wish).

Ibn al-Qayyim mentioned a number of reasons why it is most likely that there will be no childbirth in Paradise, such as the following:

1. The hadith of Ibn Razeen.
2. The words of Allah, may He be exalted (interpretation of the meaning): "Therein they shall have Azwajun Mutahharatun (purified mates or wives)" [an-Nisa' 4:57]. They are the ones who have been purified from menses, nifaas (postpartum bleeding) and so on.

It was narrated that Mujaahid said: Purified from menses, stools, urine, sputum, spitting, maniy and childbirth.

3. Allah, may He be glorified, made pregnancy and childbirth along with menses and maniy; if women were to become pregnant in Paradise, menses and other discharges would not cease for them.

4. It is proven in as-Saheeh that the Prophet (blessings and peace of Allah be upon him) said: "There will remain in Paradise surplus space, and Allah will create a creation for it and cause them to inhabit it (the surplus space)."

Narrated by Muslim, 5085. If there were to be childbirth in Paradise, then this surplus space would be for those who would be born there, and they would be more entitled to it than others.

5. Allah, may He be glorified and exalted, says (interpretation of the meaning): "And those who believe and whose offspring follow them in Faith, to them shall We join their offspring" [at-Toor 52:21].

Here He tells us that He will honour them by joining to them their offspring that they had in this world. If they were to have offspring in Paradise, Allah would have referred to them as He referred to their worldly offspring, because they

would be delighted with them (the hypothetical offspring in Paradise) as they were delighted with their children in this world (i.e., the fact that He mentioned only the worldly offspring indicates that there will be no offspring in Paradise).

6. Either we say that there will ongoing procreation in Paradise or that it will continue until some point, then cease. But both ideas are impossible, because the former implies endless birth of new individuals, whilst the latter implies the end of one of the pleasures of the people of Paradise, and that is impossible. And we cannot say that there will be procreation and people will die to be succeeded by others, because there is no death there.

7. People will not grow in Paradise as they did in this world, so the children of its people will not grow and become bigger, and the men will not grow. Rather these children will remain small and will not change, and the adults will be thirty-three years old and will not change either. If there were any child-birth in Paradise, then the child would have to grow until it became an adult. It is well known that children who die will reach the age of thirty-three without growing.

Then he said: Paradise is not the realm of procreation; rather it is the place of eternal abode and those who are in it will never die and be replaced by their offspring. End quote.

Haadi al-Arwaah, 1/173

And Allah knows best.

Something Better Than All That

In the Koran—and in the hadiths, as far as I am aware—there is no such thing as making love, whether it be with real women or Allah's facsimiles. It's all about a man having the God-given, inalienable right to enjoy, at his leisure, what God refers to as a woman's private parts.

By signing the marriage contract, the bride agrees that, when it comes to sex, she has no more rights than a *houri*. If she is submissive, like her mindless imitation, and allows her husband to plow her wherever and whenever he likes (remember Allah's comparison of women to fields to be ploughed: "Your women are a tillage for you. So get to your tillage whenever you like"), she will be allowed into Paradise where she will have to compete with irresistible sex androids for her husband's attention. And that, in a nutshell, is the best that any woman can hope for in the Hereafter.

Compared to women, men are privileged in both this world and the next. However, the world where they are most advantaged when it comes to sex is this one; that much should now be obvious. Sex is better in the here-and-now, even with women who are as submissive as *houris* because they fear they can do worse than Paradise, or they want to avoid a beating.

4:34 Men are in charge of women, because Allah has made some of them excel the others, and because they spend some of their wealth. Hence righteous women are obedient, guarding the unseen (their sex) which Allah has guarded. And those of them that you fear might rebel, admonish them and abandon them in their beds and beat them. Should they obey you, do not seek ways of harming them; for Allah is Sublime and Great.

Sex is infinitely better with women you, or God, haven't intimidated into having sex with you, but who will let you seduce and romance them. It is also better when you are a whole man and they, real women capable of excitement at the prospect of receiving what only a man who has not been emasculated can provide. This enhances the sexual encounter for both men and women, and can lead to the raising of a family, when the time is appropriate.

In the end, what really makes the sex in this world the best sex you can get anywhere is when you are having sex with a woman you care about, one with a soul who has not been programmed to behave like a robot; when this happens, you are making love with her mind and soul, not just her body. You are reaching out to her on a much deeper level, and she is doing the same to you. It is this dimension of the human sexual experience that makes it unique and elevates it far above what Allah has in mind — and it's a lot more fun to boot!

AFTERWORD

The Replacements

19:63 Such is the Paradise which We shall give as inheritance to those of Our servants who are God-fearing.

In the last seven years, 14 per cent of all suicide bombings – one in seven – have been by children.

Boko Haram has used more female suicide bombers than any other militant group.

The price of paradise: 82 facts you didn't know about suicide bombers. *The Irish Times* (2019, April 18).

As more young people realize they are being duped, those who would rule us in the name of a violent and immoral deity will increasingly look to children to be their instruments of terror in Allah's Cause.

From Remembering Uzza:

Bob: How do you get little boys to blow themselves up anyway?

Uzza: You play on every little boy's fantasy of being all grown up. You tell them that, literally, in a puff of smoke, they can become a man if they are willing to help Allah get rid of the bad people.

Archie: You have to wonder why there are no old geezers blowing themselves up with a promise of eternal youth and orgies galore.

Archie: They know better, and with every gullible guy blowing himself up, it leaves more young women and girls for them. They are no fools, just like the Prophet was no fool.

Bob: Young girls are also blowing themselves up. What's in it for them?

Uzza: Not much. This is why the process of getting girls to do what young boys will do without much persuasion is slightly

more complicated and brutal. Turning little girls into mass murderers is a challenge, but holy warriors have proven themselves up to the task with little girls increasingly outnumbering little boys as suicide bombers.

Gerry: How do they do it?

Uzza: The transformation usually begins with the rape of god-fearing girls by fighters in Allah's Cause. It is meant to make them feel a heart-breaking guilt for having brought dishonour on their family, a shame so intense that death seems preferable.

Gerry: But why do they not just kill themselves and not harm anyone else?

Archie: Or wait for their father to kill them?

Gerry: Archie, this is serious.

Archie: I am being serious.

Uzza: Rape makes a shamble of a young girl's fantasy of marrying her prince charming. What nice young man would have her as his beloved bride now that she is no longer a virgin? Only Allah, she is told, can now make her dream come true. Not in the here-and-now, but in the Hereafter, if she has the courage to kill herself and take as many of His enemies as possible with her.

Parents who find it honourable to care for their daughters, who cherish them even after they have made a mistake or have been preyed upon by holy warriors, are their daughters' best guarantee they will survive to make them proud and fulfilled.

Mothers, when indoctrinating their children into an ideology that embraces death, cannot do much about the violence and gratuitous sadism to which their children will be exposed as they prepare them for the Khatmi-Qur'an. However, they can, in the process of reading with them the Koran from beginning to end, convince them that killing themselves, even when it results in the death of a big bunch of unbelievers, will cost them Paradise.

There is a verse in the Koran often repeated after a suicide bombing in the West, which may have more to do with not killing yourself fighting over worldly goods, that is used to convince non-Muslims that Allah is against suicide.

4:29 O believers, do not consume your wealth illegally, unless there be trading by mutual agreement among you; and do not kill yourselves. Allah is indeed merciful to you!

A mother might use this deceit to shield her boys from the influence of dissolute men who would deprive her of the joy of watching her babies grow up into men. As adults, they will be capable of deciding for themselves whether dying in a holy explosion is how they want to help those who would ruthlessly rule the world on Allah's behalf.

APPENDIX

What Every Jihadi Bride Should Know

What Every Jihadi Bride Should Know is mainly for adolescent girls enamored with the idea of becoming the bride of a holy warrior believing they will find fulfillment and purpose in the bed of the ultimate bad boy.

Some may be offended by the following, and you should be. If you have teenaged daughters who might be susceptible to ISIS propaganda, be grateful, for it is meant to take the romanticism out of joining the ranks of those who are more interested in killing and violence than love and tenderness.

1) Except for the hair on their head, brides are expected to be, on their wedding night, as hairless as a baby.

Before leaving to join ISIS or a similar organization, get a Brazilian, not forgetting your armpits. Getting rid of your pubic and armpit hair under battlefield conditions will definitely be more unpleasant than a wax treatment at a salon, and the often brutal ripping of pubic hairs, even if done by another woman, can cause genital deformities.

2) Under no circumstances, before meeting with your welcoming committee, should you apply perfume or mask any body odour with aromatic deodorants or wash your hair with a scented shampoo. (They will not see your hair if you take the reputation-saving precaution of covering it up, but they also must not smell it!) Women are expected not to wear any fragrances when going out in public, only men.

The Prophet of Islam stated: "Any woman who perfumes herself and leaves the house, is deprived from the blessings of the Almighty Allah until she returns home."

Bihar al-Anwar

The Prophet held that perfume worn by a woman was an incitement to lust and we certainly would not want that.

3) Virgins are the most sought-after prize among holy warriors. If you have never had sex and can prove it, it is unlikely you will be asked to do the dishes

or volunteer for a suicide mission. Expect to be taken by a commander or to be given as a reward to a holy warrior who has killed the most of Allah's assumed enemies, i.e., the most violent and pitiless.

Don't expect to join your Prince Charming on any unbeliever-slaughtering adventure. You might be a distraction from the job at hand, and we also would not want that. For the Prophet and his out-of-this-world Patron, the sight of a single strand of a woman's hair, the outline of a breast or swaying hips—what Allah refers to as a woman's finery—can cause a man to experience a Pavlovian-like reaction, an uncontrollable urge to hump the owner of such "finery" then and there, which is why He imposed such a severe, uncompromising dress code on women.

24:31 And tell the believing women to cast down their eyes and guard their private parts and not show their finery, except the outward part of it. And let them drape their bosoms with their veils and not show their finery, except to their husbands, their fathers, their husbands' fathers, their sons, the sons of their husbands, their brothers, the sons of their brothers, the sons of their sisters, their women, their maid-servants, the men-followers who have no sexual desire, or infants who have no knowledge of women's sexual parts yet. Let them, also, not stamp their feet, so that what they have concealed of their finery might be known. Repent to Allah, all of you, O believers, that perchance you may prosper.

4) In Islam, young men are not expected to learn about sex by forming relationships with the opposite sex outside of marriage. This can lead to unrealistic expectations, such as that your virgin-bride will be as skilled as a veteran whore on your wedding night.

Anticipate a severe beating or violent raping, or both, if you don't live up to a holy warrior's ideal of the perfect bride.

5) Expect to be treated in accordance with your status as a dim-wit in the eyes of Allah and His spokesman.

2:282 ... And call to witness two witnesses of your men; if not two men, then one man and two women from such witnesses you approve of, so that if one of them (the two women) fails to remember, the other will remind her...

Narrated Abu Said Al-Khudri:

The Prophet said, 'Isn't the witness of a woman equal half that of a man?'

The women said, 'Yes.'

He said, 'This is because of the deficiency of the woman's mind.'

Bukhari 6.301

6) Expect your first of many pregnancies within a matter of months or less, as all forms of birth control are forbidden, including coitus interruptus which the Prophet frowned upon. One of a handful of hadiths to that effect:

Narrated Ibn Muhairiz:

I entered the Mosque and saw Abu Said Al-Khudri and sat beside him and asked him about Al-Azl (i.e. coitus interruptus).

Abu Said said, "We went out with Allah's Apostle for the Ghazwa of Banu Al-Mustaliq and we received captives from among the Arab captives and we desired women and celibacy became hard on us and we loved to do coitus interruptus. So when we intended to do coitus interruptus, we said, 'How can we do coitus interruptus before asking Allah's Apostle who is present among us?'"

We asked (him) about it and he said, 'It is better for you not to do so, for if any soul (till the Day of Resurrection) is predestined to exist, it will exist.'

Bukhari 59.459

7) If your hymen is no longer intact, no holy warrior may want you. You may only be asked to cook and wash behind a partition ("If you ask them for an object, ask them from behind a curtain. That is purer for your hearts and theirs" 33:53) for those doing the killing.

You can always volunteer to be a suicide bomber; terrorist groups never have enough of those. The upside: Allah will wed you to that husband you may have been looking for when you joined a terrorist army and you will be able to thumb your nose at the women who preferred to stay home.

4:95 Those of the believers who stay at home while suffering from no injury are not equal to those who fight for the Cause

of Allah with their possessions and persons. Allah has raised those who fight with their possessions and persons one degree over those who stay at home; and to each Allah has promised the fairest good. Yet Allah has granted a great reward to those who fight and not to those who stay behind.

The downside: you will have to compete for your new husband's attention with up to 72 houris, irresistible female facsimiles who know more about pleasing a man than Cosmopolitan magazine.

8) In the here-and-now, the wife of a holy warrior, especially a successful one, will have to compete with up to three other wives and as many slave-girls as he has been given from his share of the war booty.

Narrated Abu Huraira:

I heard Allah's Apostle saying, "The example of a Mujahid (Muslim fighter) in Allah's Cause — and Allah knows better who really strives in His Cause—is like a person who fasts and prays continuously. Allah guarantees that He will admit the Mujahid in His Cause into Paradise if he is killed, otherwise He will return him to his home safely with rewards and war booty."

Bukhari 52.46

4:3 If you fear that you cannot deal justly with the orphans, then marry such of the women as appeal to you, two, three or four; but if you fear that you cannot be equitable, then only one, or what your right hands own (captives of war or slave-girls). This is more likely to enable you to avoid unfairness.

9) It's not considered rape (but you will know better), and there is nothing you can do to stop it because having his way with you, with or without your consent, whenever and wherever he pleases, is a man's God-given right.

2:223 Your women are a tillage for you. So get to your tillage whenever you like. Do good for yourselves, fear Allah and know that you shall meet Him. And give good news to the believers.

You will be expected to sign a marriage contract in which you relinquish all control over what Allah considers your "private parts" to the holy warrior you are about to marry.

Narrated Uqba:

The Prophet said: "The stipulations most entitled to be abided by are those with which you are given the right to enjoy the (women's) private parts (i.e. the stipulations of the marriage contract)."

Bukhari 62.81

10) *Expect to be beaten unless you do exactly as you are told or in anticipation that you might "rebel" after discovering that the bed of a holy warrior is not a bed of roses.*

4:34 Men are in charge of women, because Allah has made some of them excel the others, and because they spend some of their wealth. Hence righteous women are obedient, guarding the unseen (their sex) which Allah has guarded. And those of them that you fear might rebel, admonish them and abandon them in their beds and beat them. Should they obey you, do not seek ways of harming them; for Allah is Sublime and Great.

If he beats you like he would his camel, it may be small comfort to know that he can't have his way with you immediately afterward.

Narrated Abdullah bin Zam'a:

The Prophet forbade laughing at a person who passes wind, and said, "How does anyone of you beat his wife as he beats the stallion camel and then he may embrace (sleep with) her?"

Bukhari 73.68

11) *A husband sodomizing his spouse, even with her consent, is frowned upon, unless as a form of punishment or to enforce discipline.*

It's not the means that matters when it comes to using pain to discipline a wife, but the part of her body a husband chooses upon which to inflict that hurt. A man will not be held to account for the punishment he inflicts, so long as he spares his beloved's face.

Narrated Abu Huraira:

The Prophet said, "If somebody fights (or beats somebody) then he should avoid the face."

Bukhari 46.734

Narrated Umar ibn al-Khattab:

The Prophet (peace be upon him) said: A man will not be asked as to why he beat his wife.

Abu Dawud 11.2142

12) *You will be largely confined to the home of your husband for the rest of your life as if you were a contagious disease.*

Narrated Usama bin Zaid:

The Prophet said, "After me I have not left any affliction more harmful to men than women."

Bukhari 62.33

A lifelong quarantine, during which you will only be allowed out dressed in a full-body covering, means you will be deprived of sunlight, therefore are more likely to die before your time from diseases associated with lack of vitamin D—but not before experiencing significant weight gain, headaches, bladder issues, constipation, diarrhea, and so on.

13) *The difference between a blushing bride and a discarded spouse is three short words: "I divorce you!"*

2:229 Divorce may be pronounced twice. Then they (women) are to be retained in a rightful manner or released with kindness. And it is unlawful for you [men] to take back anything of what you have given them, unless both parties fear that they cannot comply with Allah's Bounds (by obeying His commands). If you fear that they cannot do that, then it is no offence if the woman ransoms herself (pays money to be set free). Those are the bounds set by Allah. Do not transgress them. Those who transgress the bounds set by Allah are the wrongdoers.

Don't let "release with kindness" fool you, or God's admonition to the husband not "to take back anything of what you have given them"; that is not the way of someone who fights for sex and possessions. Expect him to make your life even more miserable until you agree to give him back everything, including your dowry, before he divorces you; the meaning of "ransoms herself."

14) *You still want Paradise, even with the limited pleasures it has to offer women? Then above all else, be grateful to your husband, no matter what, for the worst may be yet to come!*

Narrated Ibn Abbas:

The Prophet said: "I was shown the Hell-fire and that the majority of its dwellers were women who were ungrateful."

It was asked, "Do they disbelieve in Allah?" (or are they ungrateful to Allah?)"

He replied, "They are ungrateful to their husbands and are ungrateful for the favors and the good (charitable deeds) done to them."

Bukhari 2.28

15) *Finally, be steadfast in your support of your husband's pathological hatred of unbelievers and heretics, for, should this hatred ever diminish to the extent that he starts questioning what Allah expects of him, he is going to Hell and so are you; like Eve so long ago, you will be blamed for your husband's failings.*

37:22 Gather together those who were wrongdoers, their spouses and what they used to worship;

37:23 Apart from Allah, and lead them to the path of Hell.

