

BY SHANI ROY

was a born-again virgin for years. This had nothing to do with any Holy Trinity or Second Coming – it's the term I've given to someone who reluctantly abstains from intercourse for more than a month. In my case, it was years. It was a fallow period. It was also the time of my run-in with the three blind men or three wise mice – depending on the way you look at it. Of course, at the time I thought I had stumbled upon a coterie of celibate types who were part of some conspiracy to brand me Queen of Non-Fornication. But I was wrong. Each man had his own agenda – and it had nothing to do with conspiracy or me.

The first man was a firm believer in Tantric sex. He'd read Neale Donald Walsch's *Conversations With God* (Putnam) and owned a book entitled *The Art Of Sexual Ecstasy* (JP Tarcher), which was heavier than the Bible – in weight, that is. He used to lubricate his entire body with expensive extra-virgin olive oil, place sticks of incense in every nook and cranny (of his bedroom), play Björk's *Homogenic* softly, and soul gaze. He believed in saving semen. I don't know if he was aware of the fact that he stored copious amounts of little soldiers in his pouch. He seemed to be waiting to recruit his army for battle or some rescue mission on the day all men on earth would be deemed infertile. Maybe he thought he'd be saving mankind. So he did the opposite of ejaculate. Whenever the desire arose to shoot the cannon ball, he would abort the mission.

The second man was a reborn Christian. Say no more. What I

VIRGIN ACTIVE



Believe it or not, there are men out there who don't want sex

didn't know then is that, being reborn, he had to uphold certain responsibilities – namely avoiding any activity which would boost his libido. We all know the term 'Catholic guilt', but being reborn is like getting a second chance with double the guilt. One day, he told me he'd done some research and discovered that the Bible said, 'Thou shalt not sleepeth with a woman who is not your wife.' From then on we would have to behave like sister and brother. I thought this sounded ambiguous. Granted, I was not his wife, but how do we know what exactly was meant by these words? My only option at that point was to shed my Jewish identity, ask Jesus into my heart, become a reborn Christian (or join Jews for Jesus) and get married. Well, I have never before felt a stronger bond with my tribe, the Israelites. 'I decided to pass on the offer and flee from bondage. For 40 days and 40 nights I wandered.'

The third man was an Italian with what they call 'The Madonna/Whore Complex'. He's the type of man who refrains from kissing his wife on the lips – lips with which she would one day kiss their children good night. The woman in his life, for many years, was like a wife to him. To an Italian man, this represents 'mamma' – the Madonna. And the other woman in his life, me,

'I DECIDED TO PASS ON THE OFFER AND FLEE FROM BONDAGE. FOR 40 DAYS AND 40 NIGHTS I WANDERED'

was like his mistress – and to the Italian man, this represents the whore. We are talking archetypes here.

So this man felt too guilty about betraying his 'wife' to sleep with me, and was too taken with the Oedipus complex to sleep with his 'wife'. So he was chaste.

But I learnt, later on, that during his frequent trips flying to and from *Roma*, he had found himself someone who was neither his Madonna nor his whore. She was simply some arbitrary Italian broad he picked up while hanging around at the *gelato* vendor. So the 'wife' and I felt double-crossed; he felt fed up, dumped his scoop and ended up alone.

A friend called me up to inquire about the whole affair: 'So, are you still getting a piece of that Italian salami?' she asked. Well, that was the end of my spartan escapade. Now I look for men who want to go the whole nine inches. □