

On Virgins & Martyrs

by [G. Murphy Donovan](#) (December 2023)



The Virgin– Gustav Klimt, 1913

Describing virgins in Muslim paradise; “No saliva, no mucus, no excrement, no menstruation, and no child birth.”
–[Ahmad Khadoura](#),* Gazan Islamic scholar

Allahu akbar!

War is a funny in a way that few, save someone who has gone in harm's way, can appreciate. A little sick, yes; but black humor is often the only response to the absurdities of combat and related blood sports.

I remember an inscription carved into the lintel over the door of the gent's room at Tan Son Nhut Air Base in Vietnam. It read; "happiness is a dry shit," a modest, yet common, prayer from anyone who has ever done a war tour, or two, in the tropics where some level of dysentery is a constant companion.

Now an X (nee Twitter) warrior, I am amazed at the number of Islamic/ Muslim clerical TV/internet posts that encourage young men to die for Islam and a heavenly [reward](#) that promises 72—not 69 or 73—but precisely 72 virgins. If Muslim women get through the pearly gates, distaff martyrs if you will; apparently, they only get one man—but that lucky chap has a permanent erection.

And apparently, not all those heavenly consorts need to be females. Or so say various imams and Islamic scholars.

If heavenly bliss or the rapture is sex with [virgins](#) 24/7, then a Muslim man, even with help from angelic pharmaceuticals, needs to die young just have enough energy to get through the harem once every three years or so.

But realistically, who needs 72 of anything?

Male virginity, of course, is just not an issue for clerics, the prophet, or "you know who." Male sexual fidelity also, as we know it, doesn't seem to matter to mullahs either. At the same time, the doctrinal "infidel," those *kafirs* who do not or will not believe in "you know who," are worse than apostates,

blasphemers, and heretics.

Any non-believer might be [dispatched](#) to Hades on any given day just for drill. Ironically, Islamic theology provides angelic resorts and panty parties for suicide bombers and the like, yet offers little or nothing to dead victims.

So I got to thinking that the difference between Islam and the rest of us, theologically speaking, is low expectations. In short, women in general, and uncircumcised men in particular, have to learn to settle for less.



Gaza “journalist” Hassan Eslaiah embraces Hamas chieftain Yahya Sunwar

There are two billion Muslims in the world, so there’s little

chance Islam runs out of martyrs. Alas, the virgin supply might be another matter. Even Muslim girls tire of a culture where [fashion](#) is a hoodie, a pup tent, or a large black garbage bag. And let's face it; marrying a host of pious juvenile first cousins is still a little creepy even in Salt Lake City.

Yet again, contrasting reward systems that offer a choice between a firm bowel movement or 72 virgins should still be a no brainer for any aspiring martyrs.

Right?

Not so fast. If we step back and contemplate an eternity with 72 pre-pubescent minors and a future of giggles, shrieks, and Taylor Swift remixes, the paradise thing gets a little darker. Let's face it, Miz Swift makes a fortune writing songs about the creeps she has slept with, then dumped.

A Swifty might be the new distaff quickie!

And then there is the challenge of mating with 72 pubescent girls, which at best would require a whip, a whistle, a herding dog, and shift work.

The night shift sounds like a nightmare.

Seriously, 72 virgins would be hard work, pardon the pun, even for a professional hooker booker like Hunter Bidden—and think about the coke and Viagra pill bill.

So there's that to think about too.

Martyrdom for "paradise" may not be all it's cracked up to be. And let's be real, Islam has not had reformation, or a facelift, since 662 A.D.

So I was thinking why not raise *Question 72* at the UN, the EU, the Islamic Council, or maybe even the next Muslim Brotherhood smoker. Imams and Mullahs might fire up the hash *hookah* and

imagine a new doctrine if you will.

Why not reduce the heavenly performance burden and offer an option of just seven single tarts—no boner pills? Call it a diversity, equity, and inclusion rewards package. Let's say two blondes, two brunettes, and two red heads — and one lesbian. Yes, a lesbian sister wife, because every crusader's fantasy is that he someday meets a lesbian and convinces her to play for team straight.

Transvestites and transsexuals need not apply. Gender benders are not going to Muslim heaven even with 100 pronouns, top surgery, bottom surgery, and tenure at Starbucks.

And if we scrap the virginity mandate, the seven heavenly hotties could range in age from teen to MILF. Every harem requires a couple of adult woman to teach and make sure the marital crib doesn't become a circus trampoline—or a fire hazard.

And let's face it; virgins are more than a little, well, so yesterday. Nobody wears white anymore, even before Labor Day. And chastity is often just a polite euphemism for no dates, no suitors, or no prospects.

If demographics tell us anything, odds are that an age diverse heavenly seven might contain at least one acrobatic slut and an environmental vegan who makes homemade bran muffins.

Win/win all around, as they say in Santa Monica.

Alas, when theology, sex, and politics converge, reformation is always a tough sell. Nevertheless, when negotiations between the Ummah and little Satan/big Satan begin again, as surely they must; the virgin, chastity, and little boy stipulations in the Muslim martyrdom rewards package needs another look.

Yes, sex and religion will still sell: pubescence and

chastity, not so much. And when it comes to all real women, and some men, youth will always be wasted on the young.

Allahu akbar!

** For daily social, political, cultural, and religious updates on what passes for news and information in Muslim communities world wide, [see MEMRI TV](#) (Mideast Media Research Institute} website which monitors, translates and reposts content from over 100 channels in the multilingual Ummah, the Muslim world..*

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