

From Behind Our White Picket Fence Week 135
By Freddy and Eddy (www.freddyandeddy.com)

Sexual Deprivation

Dear Freddy and Eddy,

Very much admire your site, and envy your lives. Just ran across your sex tracker. Try this one for size. My wife and I have had sex twice in about twenty years. (I am now 63). We gave three grown children.

I do not believe in divorce. I am a man who LOVES sex, and a good lover too. Try and imagine what it is like. No, don't bother: it is impossible to imagine what it is like to be a virile, weight proportionate, well-educated man (I have an earned PhD), with a sex avoidant wife, who calls me honey, does my laundry, cooks my meals, but hasn't even allowed a passionate kiss in twenty years, beyond two orgasmic events about four years ago on our anniversary. Have been to about our different therapists across the years. A No soap. I will not ask again. The pain of further disappointment is too much to bear,

You will tell me to divorce. Can't, won't.

Sex is available to me outside my marriage, but to do that means forsaking the person I am called to be in exchange for orgasms. . . . So the next time you two are enjoying each other, remember how lucky you are. And remember there are people out here who lead lives not merely of quiet desperation . . . these are lives that make death seem a relief. There is no one who loves sex more than I do, nor misses it more. Perhaps you could have some sort of column which deals with the kind of reality I face--not susceptible to more flowers, more sweet treatment, more romantic environmental changes, and certainly not to watching a porn flick together. She would not do so. She is just plain avoidant. Thanks for letting me vent. I know a wonderful woman who is available to me anytime I want, for a modest emotional price. Very sexually compatible, trust me. But my religion forbids this. – Stuart, Irvine, CA.

Stuart, it's not about believing in divorce or not, but about belief in marriage, which you do not have at this point. What you have is a maid who does laundry and cooks, not a "wife" in the sense most of us believe defines the term. Obviously, we're not getting the full story from her side, but based on the limited information you've provided we can only express sympathy for your decision to follow the old adage of making your bed and laying in it. If we were to go without passion in our own marriage, to us there'd be no point in continuing – religious beliefs or not (and we're dubious any religion would support your sexless marriage decision, anyway).

For those who counter with the "Til death do you part" argument," citing examples like Christopher Reeve or some situation in which one partner is incapacitated and unable to perform sexually, we can only counter with our own opinion that the two situations are not comparable. In your case, there is no physical barrier to prevent intercourse, thereby

making the dearth of sex and intimacy a choice, not a necessity. You choose to live with a woman who feels no compulsion to show affection toward you and that's just plain sad. As such, living in an intimacy deprived relationship for 20 years isn't noble in the least and waiting for death to bring relief a crime against both of you.

For our part, it's not really about having sex or the number of orgasms we achieve, but the fundamentally deeper experiences that lead to those things. Last Sunday, for example, we took a couple of hours in the afternoon to lay on the couch with our son away on a play date, talking about this or that and quietly reveling in just *being* together. We didn't engage in hot sex, reach for lube, or play with toys (though the opportunity was certainly there); indeed, we didn't even turn on the television. We... just... laid there, with the most sensual aspect nothing more than a stroke of a few hairs or soft brush of a finger across a cheek. Think of it as an orgasm of solitude, in which our energies, trust, and respect of 20 years mingled in perfect sync for that brief period. To sacrifice this level of intimacy for the sake of clean laundry and a good meal would be a betrayal of the entire concept of love.

We'd like to thank Tracy in OC for the gorgeous Burning Man pendants we received in our mail box! We will be wearing them on the playa this summer and we hope you'll come find us in Kidsville to share a glass of wine in our RV (maybe a hit on the vaporizer?). We truly appreciate the gesture.

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