

## SEX and RELATIONSHIPS

### *It's well known ....*

*There are no closed doors to an open mind. But common sense is required here, folks. There's no point in having a mind so open that your brains fall out.*

- ◆ The tragedy about mating relationships is that we are all wrong and all right some of the time.
- ◆ All of us get it right some of the time but none of us get it right all of the time.

### **Hence the attraction of relationships ...**

**'We are all striving to get it right all of the time.'**

### *For Example ...*

Everyone knows the story about the confused girl who knows two men and she is attracted to both and doesn't know which of them she should choose.

In order to help her with her decision, her loving parents ask her to describe the two men and her description goes something like this ...

#### **Confused Girl**

Well, the first guy is really, really nice. He's very spiritual and doesn't have any interest in money, career or material things. He has long hair and a beard and he dresses in cheap clothes and tells everyone to question the religion and customs and rules in their society and ignore them if they do not get you closer to God.

**Loving Parents**

*(seriously not impressed but trying hard to hide their disapproval)*

Oookkkk ... And what about the second man?

**Confused Girl**

Well, the second guy couldn't be more different. He is very concerned about his image, believes very strongly in law and order and is really, really determined to succeed in his career. He loves his country and doesn't drink or smoke or even eat meat. And he believes the worst thing any man can do is to cheat on his wife.

**Loving Parents**

*(very relieved)* My dear! There is no contest here. You're a bit young yet and we don't want to talk down to you etc. but ... for your own happiness ... you must go for the second man.

*Her parents go for the second guy without hesitation or discussion with the girl. And, deep down, wouldn't we all? Don't we all want what is 'best' for our children?*

**Unfortunately, the first guy is Jesus Christ**  
**... and the second guy is Adolf Hitler.**

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And this is the dilemma facing everyone, since the beginning of time. How do we separate the wheat from the chaff?

### A wee bit of wisdom

- There is no potion for Infinite Wisdom. And (as Van the Man said) there's no Guru or no Method or no Teacher to help you get there.
- We can only judge in hindsight and then we're all experts ... and without hindsight we're idiots. So, stop being experts.
- In affairs of the heart, only an idiot calls himself an expert.

**You can only advise the younger generation what you think is best and then sit back and watch them make their own mistakes and create their own masterpieces ... which will be pretty similar to your own mistakes and masterpieces.**

### Non-Earthly Alien

Another tragic thing you Earthlings should keep in mind is that, even when the people of their time knew what kind of man Hitler really was and what kind of man Jesus really was ...

- 🍌 95% of the people loved Hitler
- 🍌 95% of the people hated Jesus

Ahhh yes. The incessant power of propaganda and being 'cool and charismatic' over common sense and good judgement. But that's another story.



## Bitches and Bastards

An English speaking guy I once knew (whilst I languished in that foreign hell) rang me one evening and desperately wanted to meet. He was a good looking guy, successful in every way, buckets of money and definitely a bit ... to put it mildly ... rough. There was nothing smooth about this guy and, naturally, the girls really, really, really loved him.

Anyway, when I arrived at the designated pub, he was upset. His woman was going to leave him. She had enough. I knew what he meant. I witnessed some of his exploits.

**Me**

Seriously though. How bad is it this time?

**Jerry**

She caught me.

**Me**

OK ... but she caught you before.

**Jerry**

Yeah. But this time she caught me with a real slut ... In her house ... (*shouting*) In her bed ... I couldn't talk my way out of it.

**Me**

(*shocked*) Jeez. There's no easy way to say this, Jerry. That's bad. This is definitely very bad. I'm sorry. OK.

**Surely every normal person reading this must know, it doesn't get much worse than this.**

So, there then followed that horrible few seconds / minutes / hours when I could only sit there with my hand on his shoulder and watch him, bent over his beer, with his head in his hands and I could only say stuff like ... 'It'll be ok, man, seriously', 'the greatest darkness is the hour before the dawn', 'there's always light at the end of the tunnel' etc.

Suddenly he straightened up and stared defiantly at me.

**Jerry**

What the hell's wrong with them Eddie?

**Me**

Who?

**Jerry**

Women.

**Me**

Sorry, but that could take me a while. How long have you got?

My attempt to lighten the atmosphere was ignored and he continued angrily ...

**Jerry**

When she met me I was a bastard. She knew I was a bastard. She was totally turned on because I was a bastard.

I even told her about all the stuff I did behind the backs of the other women I lived with before. No problem to her. It just gave her at least one more orgasm each time we had sex. It was a total turn-on for her.

And that's normal, Eddie. Girls love guys like me.

There was no doubt ... Jerry was right. Girls totally love guys like him.

### Aside

*(One eventful evening we were in a bar and he was obnoxious, definitely trying to start a fight with every man there. Unfortunately for him, the men weren't interested.*

*Pissed and pissed-off, he looked around at his adoring female audience, took one by the hand and left with her without saying a word to her. They didn't leave to discuss quantum mechanics, or so I imagine.*

*Anyway, capitalising on the adoring audience, I attempted to charm a few of them. They avoided me like the plague. They instinctively knew I just wasn't brutal enough to be interesting.)*

Jerry's problem is a common one. Girls are totally turned on by a bastard.  
In fact, in a woman's world there are only two kinds of men ...

### Bastards and Husbands

▶ A **Bastard** is a guy who sees the world and all in it as things he can use and abuse for his own ends. He is a Viking, a Hun, a Hell's Angel – call him what you want. Females are just sex objects and, therefore, the bastard, no matter how obnoxious, can do no wrong and is treated with complete respect by females.

▶ A **Husband** is a guy who puts his own desires second to the desires of his wife and family. Females see him as not a real man at all (*albeit on a subconscious level and they would swear on a stack of bibles that they don't think this way*). And the husband gets nothing, except that he gets to pay the bills and gets all the abuse and gets all the guilt that he isn't performing as a good man should ... and how dare he expect otherwise.

### *But, there's a twist. A very massive twist ...*

Females desperately want to marry a bastard and have babies with him etc. In that way, they are a completely separate species from men.

### *Aside*

*(Men want to have naughty sex with the slut ... but they definitely do NOT want to marry her and have babies with her.*

*Men are about tribe and nation and family. And protecting them with our lives if need be. They don't want the inevitable turmoil a woman like that would bring. Whereas, girls can't get enough of bastards and all the babies and turmoil they bring.)*

Almost all women will completely disagree with that in the cold light of day, arguing strongly that a woman is looking for a nice, dependable, romantic man and definitely nothing resembling a bastard. But, given the heady cocktail of a late night and lots of alcohol, the complete opposite is true.

### ***'In Vino Veritas' (In Wine there is Truth)***

*This is what the Romans said about this situation. Alcohol frees the real woman who is trapped inside the charade she is forced to act in daily life. But, with the liberation of alcohol, the mask is off and the truth is out.*

*The total bastard is exactly what she is looking for. And woe betide any nice guy who attempts to chat her up. She will swiftly insult him before she walks off, wagging her barely clad tits and ass for any potential bastard who may be watching and giggling with her bastard-loving friends about the pathetic nice guy who tried to chat her up.*

### **But there's an even bigger twist ...**

- 🌈 Girls want to have sex with a really bad bastard (*which is understandable*)
- 🌈 AND miraculously transform him into a loving, caring husband (*which is not understandable at all*).
- 🌈 They see that as their mission in life and it's programmed into them by evolution, for whatever reason nobody can explain.

But, unfortunately, it's not going to happen, girls. Sorry to throw a cold wet blanket on your hot hormones but ... no way is that going to happen.

### **Aside**

*And the same girls will invariably be sobbing into their tea or coffee, shortly afterwards, with a naïve girl, as they describe their extreme bad luck in meeting only bastards, every time. An honest, experienced man or woman can quickly explain what their 'problem' is. But the solution – to only go with nice guys – is too bitter a pill for them to swallow.*

The total bastard they want to have sex with will, most definitely, be the same total bastard the very next day.

And, if the deluded girl should settle with him, she will have the same experience as the woman who marries the alcoholic and be genuinely surprised that he didn't have a Road to Damascus conversion on their wedding day and shun the Demon Drink for the remainder of his life.

### *For Example*

- ◆ One woman I knew illuminated this conundrum for me. After about two years together, I left her and felt bad about it. She was a good woman and she deserved a good man ... well ... better than me anyway.
- ◆ After we split, we would meet regularly and, as time progressed, I was disappointed that she hadn't met another man.
- ◆ So I kept suggesting to her a cool, late bar she should go to, explaining at length that the guys there were younger and better looking and nicer than me. And single.
- ◆ But she was clearly not interested and eventually I had to question why. She camouflaged well at first but I kept probing.
- ◆ In all our time together, I never saw her get angry, but she suddenly did then and shocked me as she exploded ...

### **Ex Girlfriend**

You're right. I know that bar. I know the men there. You're right. But ... what's wrong with you? You know me. I want a Dangerous Man.

Something that's not predictable and ... definitely not NICE.

Even a married man will do ... that's enough danger to make it exciting.



**Me**

(shocked) But ... I wasn't married.

**Ex Girlfriend**

But you're dangerous. Don't tell me you're not. You are! OK!

*So, there you go folks! And here's me, like a schmuck, thinking I was a sweet little thing when all along I'm a dangerous bastard and I didn't even know it.*

- I guess that's why fathers have traditionally decided who their daughter should have sex with i.e. who they married.
- When I was young, I agreed with the feminist ethos in my mother's house. I believed this traditional father's role was definite proof of male aggressive, chauvinist behaviour. Surely this should be the decision of the woman? How could anyone NOT accept that?

**Then I grew up ... and got experienced.**

And now I know exactly why fathers behave this way. Fathers (*with a few exceptions*) have only the long term interests of their children at heart and his job is to protect them as best he can.

**My Two Cents**

- I'll bet any amount of money that the father of Jerry's woman would have done everything to prevent her being with Jerry and her mother would tearfully say 'How lovely that they are so much in love'.
- And Jerry himself will do everything to prevent his daughter being with someone like him.
- But the tragedy of modern, anonymous city life is that fathers are prevented from doing their job properly. It's considered out-of-date and definitely not 'cool'.



## Genitalia

*(Behind every great man there's a woman  
and behind every great cock there's a man.)*

Both sides make fun of the other's genitalia. And both sides are completely right.

Male and female genitalia are definitely something that happened in the sludge of evolution and definitely not designed by the 'Great Architect'.

- ◆ **Female:** Have you ever seen one of these things close-up? I mean, in the raw, in the flesh ... and not prettied up like in porno. For men with weak hearts, a close inspection is definitely NOT advised. Definitely verboten for the squeamish and spiritually inclined.

It's fair to say, it is not the prettiest sight on this pretty planet of ours, that's for sure. An Unholy Oyster with mysterious layers of foreboding curtains and drapes that hide ... What? ... Teeth? ... Scissors? ... a Machete?

The only thing your poor frightened Little Guy knows is that he shouldn't be forced to venture alone into the Great Unknown.

- ◆ **Male:** What goddam 'Architect' created that? For sure it's a design flaw that wasn't recalled by the Manufacturer. And every man, in every generation, is too embarrassed to complain.

Who wants a piece of turkey neck hanging between his legs? And an onion bag clinging on to it for dear life?

Why can't it be nicely tucked up inside the body ... and emerge when needed, like females and other more sensible male animals do.

No way. Absolutely no way. There is it for all to see and laugh at ... at all times ... in all its spectacular ugliness.

But seriously folks, the difference between an Earthling man or woman is far greater than most people (and especially aliens) realise.

- For example, a woman's body is really a machine, a baby-making machine ... with only one little bit missing that is, tragically, needed to kick the whole operation off.
- By complete contrast, a man's body has only a very small bit devoted to baby-making (*well, in my case, it has been described as quite a substantial bit ... but, nevertheless, small by comparison to females or so I'm told*).

### My Two Cents

Truth be known ... I'm just kidding. My cock is not much bigger than average, despite the many female protestations that I am severely underestimating him.

However, as so many totally satisfied and very lucky females who have experienced my awesome powers in bed over the years have said to me ... 'You sure know how to use him, God love you'.

### *Incidentally ...*

*My arm length is about 2 inches longer than the average man which has caused me untold frustration throughout my fashion-deprived life in finding a shirt or jacket that fits properly.*

*So, maybe it isn't shoe size after all. Hmmm? I'm so naïve. How silly of me.*

But, apparently, my gonads are a lot bigger than average. This is according to the many aforementioned delighted girls who discovered this.

Like a schmuck, I thought all men were the same in that department ... but it looks like I was again seriously mistaken.

- ➡ It turns out, balls are as varied as the stalk to which they're attached. I can only take these girls word for it because I have no intention of discovering the truth of this for myself.
- ➡ Call me old-fashioned if you will but, somehow, investigating the contents of men's trousers is not something that I care to do ... now or ever.
- ➡ However, as the great Homer Simpson admitted ... I am intrigued.

**And, there is no doubt, our gender definitely determines the length of time men and women spend talking about relationships and sex ... especially sex.**

- ◆ The average bunch of women can gladly while away hours and hours talking about this stuff. It is an eternal fountain of wonder and mystery that just gets more interesting with each passing hour.
- ◆ The average bunch of men spends the same length of time talking about cars and football and suchlike rubbish. Sex is given 3 – 4 minutes (5 minutes tops).

In fact, the length of time men devote to talking about sex is exactly the same length of time they take actually doing it. (It must be a subconscious thing.)

Yes. It's more brutal than women's chat ... but it is over in a shockingly short period of time.



## Sex and Religion

- **All religion is obsessed with sex. Always was and always will be, it appears. But, it also appears that sex is tangled up with religion.**
- **But surely religion should be about spiritual matters so there should be no relationship with sex at all ... but there clearly is.**

Without being too graphic here, let's consider what the average woman says when she's coming-off. She may not be aware of it (few of us are) but what she says is something along the lines of ...

### **Godly Female Orgasm**

God ... Oh, my God ... God ... Oh God ... God ...

**And this can be repeated over and over and over again.**

I can't help wondering ... what if the 'Ask and Ye Shall Receive' bit in the Bible were true and God suddenly appears – clearly not impressed at being called into such an ungodly bedroom (or bathroom or kitchen table or the back seat of some banged up car or wherever the action is taking place).

### **God**

What? What is it? I'm a busy man. What do you want?

In a moment of blinding clarity, the shocked woman would instantly regret she hadn't shouted for a warehouse full of shoes and handbags and a really rich man.

Ignoring God, she would call out as before – in her coming-off voice – while looking expectantly around the room.

### **Godly Female Orgasm**

Diamonds ... A bag full of precious diamonds ...

(pause) A thousand gold bars ... or even a few hundred gold bars ...

(pause) Cash ... Cash ... Lots of cash ... in large bills ...

In the country in which I now reside – the living hell that is the Czech Republic (*why Lord, why? What the hell did I do to you, man?*) people have the same religious background as their parents i.e. zero religion.

And, curiously enough, when your average woman is coming off here, they don't mention God at all. Not a word. All I ever hear is ...

### Un-Godly Female Orgasm

Eddie ... Oh, Eddie ... Eddie ... fukk yeah ... Eddie ... etc.

But I have a few problems with this quasi-religious situation ....

- 📦 Yes, I admit it's touching and yes I'm flattered and ...
- 📦 Yes, you are not the first people on Earth to get me and God mixed up and ...
- 📦 Yes, I admit there are indeed strong similarities between me and God, but ...
- 📦 Contrary to a large section of popular opinion ... **I am not God.**



## Coming-Off

All my life I have been heavily intrigued by one sex conundrum – whether simulated in mainstream movies or done 'for real' in porn. And the conundrum that has intrigued me so much is ... Men Coming Off .

(Aka ... *orgasming, ejaculating – and at least 1,000 other naughty words that readers of tabloids know*). The shock was that ...

- Men are coming off ... silently
- Men are coming off ... even standing on their feet
- Men are coming off ... without even a whimper sometimes

### **What the hell is that all about? Hello!**

Surely that is not how men come-off in the Real World ???

I mean ... men do not come off like they had a hiccup or a bit of a fright or, or a bit of a cough or, at the most extreme, a sneeze brought on by a bit of an allergy.

Jesus Christ! ... Do me a favour guys, at least **pretend**. A Real Man's orgasm is ...

- ⦿ a seismic event
- ⦿ the end of the world as we know it
- ⦿ a Kiss-Your-Sorry-Ass-Farewell-I'm-Outa-Here kinda thing

The French (*not a million miles away from the title of Sex Experts of the Universe – as folklore would have us believe*) call it 'La Petit Mort' ('The Little Death'). Those guys call it 'The Little Death' and – as far as I'm aware – they are absolutely right. OK.

Although, as my real mortal death approaches, I am aware that one of these 'Little Deaths' I keep having might one day soon be the Real One. **The Big Death.**

And so, as the dreary decades of my unfulfilled life pass, I fear it is not the dreadful misrepresentation on mainstream movies or the weak little reality orgasm on porn ...

**:-( It is me who is the mutant )-:**

My Come-Offs – as every fortunate female who knew me in the biblical sense throughout the decades can testify – have been described as uncannily reminiscent of, and I quote ...

- 'a predatory wolf – suddenly trapped in a snare and very furious about it'
- 'something completely alien – definitely not of this Earth'
- 'a demonic thing from Hell – so scary it should not even be described'

@@@@@@@@ **Karen** @@@@@@@@@@

Karen was the really big love of my life – and she always will be. We were a lovely meeting of minds – and it will remain evergreen, I guess. Although I have many sweet memories of her, I can never forget her reaction ... the first time we had sex.

There I was – exhausted – after having survived the 'Petit Mort' of my titanic come-off and the satisfaction of knowing I was bloody good over the past hour or two.

And, as we lay there throughout the blissful after-glow, I couldn't help noticing that her entire body was shaking with emotion – that she seemed to be trying hard to suppress.

Naturally, I thought it was her ecstasy at first, or maybe another of her orgasms, but slowly there came a terrible dawning. The emotion wasn't ecstasy as I first surmised.

It was laughter.



- ★ She was desperately trying (unsuccessfully I may add) to hide her laughter.
- ★ Let me repeat again ... she was trying not to laugh out loud after we had sex for the first time.
- ★ The dawning of this truth was terrible but ... there was no doubt it was true.

And, although it became our party piece for the people we told the story to for so many times afterwards, it was definitely not easy for me to find it amusing at the time.

Let's face it ... it was not something your average man would find endearing. And, although I never aspired to be considered 'your average man' it was not easy for me to deal with.

What made it worse was she tried to hide it as best she could. She had her face positioned away from me and her hand over her mouth but her body was shaking and convulsed with laughter.

Eventually, I cleared my throat and found the courage to speak to her in an easy unconcerned manner (*which I had internally rehearsed*) ...

'OK. So, you are clearly laughing and clearly trying to hide it. I'm sure you realise that some, more sensitive, men out there might get upset if their woman is barely able to prevent themselves from laughing out loud after they had sex for the first time. But not me ... no way!

Thankfully, I am one of these modern men who accepts stuff. For example, I thought I was nothing short of spectacular just now. I thought I was a Force of Nature that impressed the hell out of you – but it appears this is not true at all. I was just a Figure of Fun that impressed the laughter out of you.'

(*uncontrollably laughing at this point*) 'I'm really sorry. It was great.'

'Yes, I know it was – you lucky girl. But, may I be so bold as to enquire as to why you are in the throes of laughter afterwards?'

'I just couldn't believe how noisy you were.'

'Noisy?'

'Yes, noisy. Eddie ... everything about you is noisy. But you probably don't know it. And I just knew you would be noisy when you came off. But you were a lot noisier than I imagined you'd be. So ... it was funny. Funnier than I thought. OK. Sorry.'

'Not funny, my dear. What happened just now was devastatingly sexy and had you been more experienced you would have relished it.'

*(Maybe I should add here that I found Karen in a convent where the nuns had taken a vow of silence. But that's not really true. The vow of silence bit is made up.)*

**However, I should add here that she was the most wonderful woman I had ever met and the one I should have married.**

- Every morning when she was awake, she would ask me to sing the song I had composed for her throughout the night *(because I kept telling her that I stay awake every night composing another new song for her)*.
- So, I would sing my 'new song' and she would love it ... every song ... no matter how poor it was and even though it bore an uncanny resemblance to the song I had composed to her the previous night – and also the night before that. But it didn't matter. She loved them all.
- And she would ask me to sing Leonard Cohen's song beginning 'I love You In The Morning' while I held her close. We had a very beautiful affair.
- I tracked her brother down a few years after we separated – only to discover that she was already happily married and that was it. That was the one and only time I experienced the devastation they talk about in books and songs and I vowed never to experience that heart-ripping emotion again.
- And, it's also true, every day of my subsequent miserable life, I have been persecuted by the Other Side (the Cosmic Order or whoever governs our Earthly lives) because I decided not to marry her.

**When I get to the Other Side, may God forgive me  
as I face His disdain at my stupid decision.**

@@@@@@@@ **Janet** @@@@@@@@@

**Many moons later I had met a girl – who I always  
think of as my Marble Statue.**

Janet was the whitest person I ever met. She was not just Irish white – she was transparent Irish white. The only colour on this girl's entire body was her blue eyes.

But she was also remarkably talented and intelligent – despite the stereotype. She had loads of PhDs etc. and she even sang and played classical piano very well. She was perfect physically, intellectually and emotionally.

**And, just like all of the other girls I had hitherto known, I made  
no sexual move on her when we started dating. In keeping with  
the Bowie persona, I was as asexual as any man (or eunuch) could  
possibly be. I liked 'getting to know' my woman first.**

● Our typical date went like this ...

We would meet in a pub and chat and have lots of laughs etc. And, when I decided the evening was over, we would walk outside and while still chatting and laughing, I would stop a passing taxi, say goodnight and kiss her cheek, pay the taxi driver and hold the door as she entered.

● After about 6 dates which followed the same format, there was a sudden change.

One evening when we emerged from the pub and I stopped a passing taxi, kissed her cheek and said goodnight ... she didn't get in. She just stood there on the pavement.

Then, mustering up all the defiance her cultured personality could muster, she looked at me confused and hurt.

'Why do you never invite me back to your house?'

(Like all previous girls at this point – she was bewildered by my lack of interest. She knew she was a girl that any normal man would want – and she was right. So she presumed I must be gay or married and it intrigued her / frustrated her / drove her mad. Could it be that I wasn't gay or married and I just didn't fancy her? And, although she had no idea of my 'Grand Plan', this is exactly what I had been waiting for.)

(casually) 'Would you like to come back to my house'

(defiantly) 'Yes'

'OK. Let's go'

I got in the taxi with her and off we went to my house. Easy Peasy. The pressure was off me now.

### *My Two Cents*

*(OK. I'm not 100% sure about this but, from my experience, this is the way it should be. It should be like in all of nature. The female should invited herself. It shouldn't be the male doing everything he can to get the female into bed ... and then be under pressure when she accepts. It should be the male wooing the woman - without attempting sex - until she wants to have sex with him. The birds, bees, lizards and lions all do it this way. They impress the female with what they have to offer (plumage, strength, intelligence, whatever) and then allow the female to accept them – or not.)*

- ➡ In bed, because she was a Virgo and not experienced, I was as considerate and sweet as any man could possibly be (I let her be on top).
- ➡ But she did experience some of my legendary powers between the sheets. Finally, I reached that point of no return.
- ➡ Now, I don't know what other men experience when they are coming off, but for me there is no way I can be standing on my feet or engaged in 95% of what is illustrated in the Kama Sutra.

### Aside

*To reduce the decibel level of my screaming / roaring / demoniacally-growling sounds that emanates from me, I have to ram a pillow into my mouth or (if I have already thrown the pillows out of the bed) I have to bite hard into the mattress. Otherwise I will waken the dead ... all the way back to the early 14<sup>th</sup> Century.*

And so ... that night, I bit hard into the mattress.

- Anyway, the next thing I became aware of was Janet had pulled herself away from me and was out of the bed and going frantic in the middle of the floor. And I'm talking, absolutely hysterical.
- She was literally dancing naked there and her incredibly white body was glistening in the dark room like some manic ghost. And she was panting...

'Oh, my God ... Oh, my God ... Oh, my God.'

I've had a few surprising reactions to my legendary come-offs before but none on this scale – or was she just having a very strange come-off herself?

Again, let me reaffirm, I don't know what other men are like when they are coming-off, but there is no way I can have a conversation – or anything remotely resembling a conversation – when I'm coming off or for a while afterwards.

So I had to watch this hysterical white apparition dancing madly on the floor beside me and staring at me till I, eventually, released my bite on the mattress and found my breath ...

*(bewildered)* 'Are ... are you all right?'

*(tentatively, she slowly stopped her mad dance)* 'Yes, Are you all right?'

'Me? Yes ... I sure am. Couldn't be better.'

When I was finally able to convince her I was indeed OK, she sat down on the bed beside me and was overcome with emotion. Lots of sobs and tears.

I sat up and put a comforting arm around her and waited appropriately before asking her what had just happened. Embarrassed, she eventually found her voice.

'I thought you were having a heart attack.'

(*relieved*) 'Dam! I'm sorry. Maybe I should have warned you. I bite the mattress to stop me waking the neighbours ... all the neighbours ... all the way to the end of the street ... and in the nearby towns. Sorry!'

- ◆ **It transpired that the only other two men in Janet's sexual history had unnaturally silent come-offs ... just like the guys in porn.**
- ◆ **Jesus Christ! These abnormal men should be kept well away from women. They spoil it for the rest of us.**

### **Warning ...**

*So there you are girls! Be warned! Sex with me is definitely not for the faint hearted or squeamish.*

*Make sure you are strong minded enough to survive one of my orgasms – even a mild one – before you feel brave enough to seduce me into bed.*

*And, believe me girls, alcohol doesn't help either. This is a common misconception. Don't rely on good old reliable Mr Gordon or Mr Smirnoff. Drunk or sober, all girls are devastated by the experience ... and are never the same afterwards.*



## Chat-Up Lines

*(OK. Here's a joke – that may be millennia out of date – but I, troubadour that I am, will venture on, nevertheless.)*

So, there's this herd of cows in a field ... all closely packed and grazing defensively.

Two bulls, one young and one old, are on a hill overlooking the cows.

The young bull is frisky and macho and prancing around as he nervously stares at the cows. The old bull is nonchalant as he eats grass and doesn't pay them much attention.

### **Young Bull**

Come on! What are we waiting for? Let's run down there and have sex with one of the cows.

### **Old Bull**

No. Let's walk down there ... and have sex with all of them.

- 🍷 The spookiest thing of all, especially when you're young (and it doesn't get much better as one progresses in life) is the chat-up line. I find this no problem because I don't use them ... or I use my version of them, which is probably more accurate.
- 🍷 The tension that builds up between male and female is truly seismic ... completely off the Richter scale. Why? We all know we like to meet members of the opposite and contradictory gender ... so it should be a breeze, right?
- 🍷 It should be the easiest thing in the world. It should be like taking candy from a baby (*OK. Maybe that's the wrong analogy, but you get what I mean*).
- 🍷 But it definitely is NOT the easiest thing in the world.

**For some reason, chatting-up is like trying to walk through a goddam minefield ... with one leg already blown off.**

It's a battleground. Even worse, it's trench warfare of World War 1. And anyone who survived trench warfare is not fooled by any statistical bullshit or other items of regurgitated information from the officer class who were five miles behind the front lines.

**Unlike most guys who spend a few years in the trenches, I was 30 years in the trenches.** (*I met only one other guy who has as much front line experience as me and he was very shell shocked and desperately wanted out.*)

What bugged me every day of those 30 years is ... why is it a goddam battlefield in the first place? Sex should be fun, but clearly it is not fun.

### **Question**

*But, let's put things in perspective here. Come on!  
Sex isn't a matter of life and death. Is it?*

### **Answer**

*Yes ... that's true. It's much more important than that.*

Throughout my trench warfare days, guys marvelled at how I walked up to a bunch of tightly packed females (obvious defensive formation) and chat to them.

### **The Guys**

Jeez. How did you do that? What did you say to them?  
What did you talk about?

### **Me**

Ahhh ... I don't really know. Let me think.  
Yeah. We joked about their jobs and stuff.

### **The Guys**

You mean you didn't plan it?



**Me**

What's there to plan? They came out here to talk to guys.

**The Guys**

Yes. But ... they're babes. You know ...

**Me**

We are babes to them. And anyway, babes come out here to talk to guys. Just don't try to get them having an orgasm with your opening line. They've heard them all before.

**And they have. Pretty females have heard all the lines before.**

- ➔ If you fancy a woman, move in but take your interest away from her and give it to her friends. Your disinterest in her will make her hot as hell for you (*hopefully*).
- ➔ I've heard all the theories and made all the moves and some of it works. But, deep down, the tragic truth is ... I have no interest in getting a moron into bed.
- ➔ What's the point? A cool masturbation is way better. OK, it's a tad lonely and pathetic ... but way better, I'm sure any man will agree, it's better than getting a moron into bed (*unless, of course, that man is a rock star*).
- ➔ Admittedly, HER bed is not as bad as YOUR bed but you still have to talk your way out of there next morning. Believe me, it's definitely not better than a good wank.

**If I can't get a bright woman into bed then, thank you very much ...  
I'm not interested ... even if she has gravity-defying, monster hooters.**

**Reconsidering ...**

OK. Let me re-think that last bit again.

Amمم, well maybe if she can at least read and write ... or maybe ... pretend she can read and write ... or ...

**Anyway, I've evolved a more brilliant (but infinitely more risky) strategy.**

Bearing in mind that a babe has heard it all before, I have perfected a few lines that (hopefully) she hasn't heard before.

- But, I warn the feeble-hearted reader at this point. This is, to say the least ... delicate.
- The response from the babe is totally depends on her cranial development.
- Also (and crucially important) what you say cannot be said in anything resembling a 'sexy' way. It must be delivered in as casual, non-sexual and nonchalant a way as you can muster, under the trying circumstances.
- Your brilliant opening line can be met with the zombie stare of the simian, nightclub dwelling fart (not all blonds) who has been thrust into contact with someone light years ahead of the primordial soup in which she is still living.

But I soldier on, God love me.

In the past, some of my (maybe controversial?) introductory comments were things like:

### **Controversial Intro?**

OK. From observing you, it's my belief that we couldn't really have a successful relationship. You don't seem my type.

But, I reckon we could have quite a good casual sex relationship.

Possibly SM, slave/master type of thing? I have an opening in that department at the moment. My last slave recently died of love.

So ... what do you say?

**But when this type of thing was being used by idiots, I dropped it.**

### For Example

I used one of my more popular (*but definitely very risky ... even bright girls can hate it ... careful, guys*) opening lines once in Norway, in a cool pub I used to frequent.

It was the usual far-more-men-than-women kinda place and, tragically, the men were real competition. You guys know what I mean. Bottom line ... I hadn't a chance.

- Anyway, I was standing alone and beside me were these four (bigger, better looking, richer, younger etc.) guys.
- In comes this TOTAL BABE. Even, by Norwegian standards ... she was a total babe.
- While her friend goes to the bar, she stands dramatically in the centre of the room, enigmatically looking around (as babes tend to do) ... knowing that every male (and most female) eyes were scrutinizing her.
- After picking up the courage, one of the guys beside me went to her and delivered some 'brilliant' chat-up line. She politely smiled and dismissed him.
- Minutes later his friend tried his luck. His devastatingly clever opener (which I presume it was) was met with the same polite but obvious dismissal.
- I watched the guys despair and decided to show these (bigger, better looking, younger etc.) guys how to do it. I walked up to the babe and politely said ...

### **Me**

OK. Let's be really honest here ... You have small boobs.

But I have an unnaturally small penis ... so maybe ... you know ... maybe we can make this thing work?

Thankfully, she was intelligent as well as a babe. She almost died laughing and when she eventually straightened up and recovered, she kissed me.

And ... not just a wee peck on the cheek, mind you. This was a full-throated, tonsils-tickling, saliva-swapping, bejaesus kiss.

Which caught me by surprise ... to put it mildly. I had positive reactions to this line before, but this reaction was truly Shakespearian.

Anyway, the long, wonderful kiss finally came to an end and, as she was looking lovingly at me, the four rejected guys approached us belligerently and said to her in English ...

**The Guys**

So ... just because he is an English speaker, you fancy him.

**Me**

*(intervening)* No boys. It's not because I speak English.

It's because I have something that you guys clearly don't have.

I have an unnaturally small penis.

- 🍷 The guys enjoyed the joke as much as the babe. I had removed all the sexual tension from the situation ... as this line always does.
- 🍷 The guys chatted with us and were cool and invited us to a party which we accepted and, unheard of in a place like Norway, they had loads of drink.
- 🍷 Loads and loads and loads of free drink. Vodka, Whiskey ... the works.

**It was like I had finally died on my way there and  
had arrived in Norwegian Heaven.**

### An Irish Queer

The definition of an Irish Queer is a man who likes women more than alcohol.

And, unfortunately, I being a non-queer Irishman, who couldn't believe this wonderful bounty of free booze (*in a country where booze prices are so so high that respectable people have been known to sell their children into sexual slavery for a beer*) ... I partook too freely of that bounty that evening, I fear.

**(Though I do remember (vaguely) dancing with The Babe ... which means I was extremely pissed.)**

- anyway, I awoke next morning ...
- all alone on a couch in a lovely flat ...
- the place completely empty ...
- The Babe gone ...
- found the front door and left ...
- never to be seen again.

### **Sad to think ...**

Clearly, there is an extremely pretty love-struck sheila wandering around aimlessly somewhere in Norway, as I speak (write), still confused about whether I was actually serious or not about the size of my penis.

And, believe me my dear, you will never know ... unless you rescue me from my present drab, hellish Prague life and drag me back up there.



## Talking About Norway ...

*(OK. Here's another joke)*

A Portuguese guy meets a German guy who he thinks disrespects him.

**Portuguese guy :** You Germans think you are so great. Do you realise that we Portuguese had built perfect ships that sailed every ocean and circumnavigated the entire Earth a hundred years before you Germans had even built a sea going ship.

**German guy :** Yes, that is true. But that's because if German women were as ugly as Portuguese women we would have circumnavigated the Earth a hundred years before you Portuguese.

.....

The first encounter between the Irish and the Norwegians was the Norwegian Vikings who plundered and occupied Ireland from 795 to 1014. They got their wives from Norway and all was well (for them).

In the Battle of Clontarf, the Norwegians were finally defeated and they expected to be sent back home. However, the Irish said they can stay but only if they become Christian and married Irish women.

You can't imagine the shock and horror this was for them. Becoming Christian was bad enough but having to stop taking pretty girls from Scandinavia and having to knuckle down to the misery of only having sex with the radically ugly Irish women for the rest of their lives was too much for many stout-hearted men – so they fled to England where the Vikings from Denmark still had control there.

.....

I lived for exactly two years in Norway and lived for 1.7 years in the Baltic States (who are very similar to Scandinavians) but nothing in the world prepared me for Norway on the Sex and Relationships front.

Not only are Norwegian females generally pretty and have no problem taking the initiative but they are also somewhat downright predatory.

It's great that females take the initiative because it removes a bit of pressure of us guys but ... Sweet Jesus and all the Saints in Heaven (or various other Catholic expletives) ... surely there must be some decorum here? Must there?

And by no means am I a gorgeous guy and never was. George Clooney and Tom Cruise or whoever else the girls consider sexy is a million miles away from me. I had a cheeky smile, good at chatting them but that was it. The only explanation was that maybe I fulfilled something that these Norwegian girls had conjured in their Gaelic-starved minds. Maybe?

### Example 1 ...

A few months after arriving in Oslo and unable all my life to go to a place with pop, disco or various other junk music diarrhoea – I found a place that had live rock bands.

The place had an amphitheatre structure and I was standing a few tiers higher than the stage. The music was the usual four young guys trying (unsuccessfully) to play their three chord songs at maximum volume.

I became very aware of two good looking, sexy young women sitting near the stage and looking behind them at the rows of people. They were much taller than average and had a huge guy standing behind them who was simply looking at the band and nothing else seemed to be happening in his Easter Island head.

Suddenly the girls spotted me, clearly discussed me and one waved at me to join her. I waved back, made room for her beside me and indicated that she join me. She moved over on her bench and made room for me and again indicated that I should join her. Fearing that this could go on for the rest of our lives and realising that sitting was better than standing, I relented and joined them and immediately explained my situation.

**Me :** Look. I'm living with my girlfriend but I can talk to you if you want.

**Woman :** (*without reacting to that*) Do you like Norway?

**Me :** Its great. Totally love it. The only problem is that Ireland is part of the EU and not Schengen and Norway is part of Schengen and not the EU. So the police are a bit difficult about giving me approval to stay.

**Woman :** We are all police detectives. Give me your number and I can help you with that. And (*indicating with her thumb to the static Easter Island guy behind her*) he is from Germany and is living here with us for a week.

Gladly, I gave her my number and slowly turned my head and looked up ... and up ... at this towering figure standing behind us. If you thought Arnie Schwarzenegger was an impressive muscular guy when he was young you would have to seriously re-wire your mistaken mind on encountering this guy. Arnie was a limp-wristed wimp.

This guy could easily pick up two fully grown man with both his hands and bang their heads together and casually cast them aside while still chewing his gum and looking at the rock band.

Saying Hello etc. to him was impossible. His huge arms were folded on his huge chest and he never looked down especially on such an inferior weed as me – although it was clear, because of my jokes, he was desperately trying to suppress a smile and a burst of laughter on his solid granite face.

After healthy chit-chat with the girls for an hour or two, the conversation turned.

**Woman :** Well Eddie ... as you can see, we are two women and he is just one man. It was very good last night but we are looking for a second man to be with us tonight.

Well, knock me down with a feather, they were asking me to be part of a sex four-some. Naturally, I thought the girls have a good and naughty sense of humour.

**Me :** (*continuing the 'joke'*) Are you kidding. Hello? Look at the size of that guy. How can I compete with him.

**Woman :** (*not getting the joke*) Yes. OK. He is a very big man. But there is no competition. You don't have to compete with him. Just do whatever you want.



**Me :** (*shocked*) OK. So, you're not kidding. You're serious. But ... the minute I met you, I told you I have a woman at home.

**Woman :** (*looking at her watch*) Yes. But it is now 1.30am. We are getting a taxi to my place and you can then get a taxi to your woman at 7am. There is no problem.

The music was now over and the ladies stood up and I realised just how tall they were – taller than me, 6 feet plus. (All three looked like escapees from some Alien breeding laboratory or a continuation of the Nazi Lebensborn project.)

When again I said I was going home, she casually said she can make it difficult for me with the Norwegian police. Stunned, I stopped and pointed an angry finger at her.

**Me :** Do not say anything like that again.

**Woman :** (*clearly hurt*) But why are you making problems? We are friendly.

When we got outside – the other two were sitting in a taxi with the door open and both ladies telling me to get inside. That was it – I had to get away. As I moved away quickly from them, the absurdity of the situation was blinding. Here I was – terrified of having sex with two very sexy Norwegian females that no hetero male in his right mind would refuse. I darted into a narrow alley I already was aware of, knowing they hadn't seen me and knowing the taxi couldn't enter and feeling like a Jew trying to escape an einsatzgruppen patrol hell bent on killing me.

After some time, my phone rang. Jesus! I forgot I'd given them my number. I answered.

**Woman :** (*angrily*) Eddie. This is ridiculous. We are driving around everywhere but we cannot find you. Where are you?

I listened breathless as she raved on like this for a while, didn't reply, switched off my phone and exited through the other end of the alley.

When convinced I had actually escaped, I relaxed a little and tried to make sense of it. Throughout my sex shattered life, I've had girls coming on strong before but they would eventually take no for an answer. They certainly wouldn't threaten me and stalk me afterwards.

- And I couldn't tell my girlfriend when I got home, nor afterwards. She would either not let an obviously irresistible guy like me out alone again or, worse still, laugh at me for being afraid of two very normal Scandinavian girls – sexy, lascivious and horny as Hell.
- But ... why did that woman ring me and, therefore, leave her number on my phone. I could have taken it to the police headquarters and make a complaint against her. Although she could do the same against me and her colleagues wouldn't give me the Schengen police stamp that I needed.
- Also, she mentioned the time I could leave her place to be 7am. That means she was expecting a 4 – 5 hour sex session. Although the powers I possess between the sheets has been known for many decades as legendary (or words to that effect), still even 4 hours may be a session a tad long even for a guy like me, I fear.
- And the huge German guy who never uttered a word from his unemotional face (except when trying to suppress his laughter at my jokes), when sitting in the taxi, was looking up at me with eyes that were ... pleading and fearful. He was begging me to come into the taxi. Afterwards, I put the pieces together and realised why.
- That poor guy (no matter how huge he was) was why the girls had chosen him and probably got a great sex session from him. But the thought of another session the following night was too much even for his stout heart. He was desperate for me, or anyone at all, to take the pressure off him. And this cool, innocent Irish guy was perfect.
- Anyway, the Lebensborn project is the only real explanation, however scary that explanation is.
- And I certainly didn't resemble a Nordic Aryan guy in any way so I was probably just their bit of rough (or more likely, smooth) for that night.

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## Example 2 ...

Almost one year later, now separated from my original girlfriend and living alone, quite close to the rock music place where I had met those predatory sex vixens, I took a few deep breaths and ventured inside again one dreary Saturday night.

It was the usual place as before and again I ventured a few tiers above the stage to a more advantageous position. Whilst the usual incredibly poor rock music played at max volume, I remained aloof and nervous till I was satisfied that my predatory stalking girls from the past were definitively not there.

I relaxed and 'enjoyed' the night – chatting to guys and girls at the one little bar.

At the end of the night I made my way to the exit, went outside and stood in the shade of the doorway. It was raining (Irish drizzle) but nothing that the elements could deliver that would prevent me walking home.

I put a cigarette in my mouth (pathetic smoker that I was back then), lit it and put my collar up in a ridiculous attempt to protect me from, the drizzle. But, before heading away, a female voice said 'Can I have a light'.

.....

Shocked that I might again behold the tall, full bodied, sex sirens that had scared the bejaesus outa me the last time I stood there, I stalled awhile before turning to face her.

But she was very unlike the ladies of my previous experience. Smaller than me and endowed with the usual Norwegian good looks, I lit her cigarette

**Girl :** Where are you living?

**Me :** Drammensveien.

**Girl :** I live in Nobelsgata. That's half way there. Can we walk together?

*(Again, how did she know I was an English speaker? But they do, up there, they do!  
I must look so fundamentally non-Scandinavian, they don't have to ask.)*

It was only polite to let her walk with me till she was at her street. Although Oslo is a very safe city and very few females are attacked there compared to the sexually repressed madness of English-speaking countries, it was a Saturday night and it was also normal that she wanted male company on her way home, as a precaution.

As we walked in the drizzle, I realised she was definitely 'chatting me up'. That's OK. She has every right to do that as all women have that right. But, tragically, I don't sleep with a girl I just met on a first night. (A law I made myself since I returned from Australia when I was 30 years old that I have (almost) lived by ever since.)

When we reached Nobelsgata and while I was saying Goodnight, she blurted out ...

**Girl :** Do you want to come to my flat for a coffee?

Yes, it's the traditional euphemism for sex and I realised she was a nice girl and was only being natural but, although I was free, the memory of the various Nordic predatory females that I had previously encountered remained large. I leaned my face close to hers and spoke in a slow menacing manner.

**Me :** Look. You probably think I'm a sweet Irish guy ... and in many ways I am ... but I want you to know that ... deep down ... I'm a Total Bastard.

I said this while looking unblinking into her eyes intending to remind her of the vulnerably position she was in on a dark Saturday night. I could have been anyone, reprehensible and violent, that she knew nothing about. So, instead of moving away as I thought, it had the opposite effect. Also unblinking, she immediately responded.

**Girl :** Wow, that is so sexy.

I said Goodnight again and walked down Drammensveien while she remained standing on the corner of Nobelsgata – clearly wondering what went wrong.

So, don't think you can scare off a turned-on Norwegian girl with trying to frighten her with her vulnerable position and the danger she could be in. It will only enhance her ardour.

### Example 3 ...

One night, whilst weaving my way, precariously through the thick snow, down Drammensveien returning home from the Irish bar (the Kilkenny) in down-town Oslo, I encountered an angel.

*(You must realise, I was not drunk. It's impossible for anyone to get drunk in Oslo. Because of their old Lutheran religion, they despise alcohol consumption and charge three times more for it than in a normal country. Even Elon Musk would downright refuse to pay these drink prices and storm out of the place. My former girlfriend, who looked forward to a bottle of wine every month or so, had to stand in queue in an alcohol shop, with a piece of paper (which the good shop had provided) in her hand and the name of the wine she wanted written on the paper. No chance of choice, you understand. When she would get to the counter, the guy would take her piece of paper and disappear and eventually reappear with her bottle. If her wine wasn't there, there was no debate. She would have to write another bottle of wine and queue again and pay five times what she would pay in a non-Lutheran country. Jesus! And these people, reduced to docile sheep in a Methadone clinic, were Vikings a mere thousand years ago. )*

Anyway, it was a beautiful night with feathery snowflakes aimlessly wandering down to Earth without a care in the world about where they would land. And I felt at one with the snowflakes and they surely must be at one with me. I loved them – each and every one of them – as radically different as they supposedly are – as they glistened slowly past the high trees, past the street lamps, past my face and past my pleading outstretched hands.

With a huge smile on her heavenly face, this apparition seemed to radiate light. She was wearing white clothes and her white face and hair seemed to illuminate everything around her, as she hummed a melody and slowly gyrated her body and 'danced' with each falling unique snowflake.

There was nothing on this big bright street that night, except me and this angel approaching each other and millions of fluffy snowflakes landing on billions of already fallen unique little miracles of nature.

As we passed, I said Goodnight and it appeared as if she had become rooted to the spot, turned and looked at me. *(Remember, up there it is very rare indeed to meet an English speaker or any foreigner for that matter. As previously noted, Bill Gates and his buddy Elon Musk would be storming out of any place they went into because of the unbelievably hellish prices.)*

**Girl :** Goodnight? You don't have to say Goodnight.

**Me :** And what would you prefer, madam? Good morning? Good Afternoon?

**Girl :** What I meant is, we can talk if you want. So, where are you going?

**Me :** Home. I live here on Drammensveien - in my sad empty flat.

**Girl :** I live on Drammensveien also.

**Me :** Leonard Cohen lived on this street when he was here and I love that my feet now walk on the same pavement as his.

**Girl :** I know. I totally love him. What's your favourite Leonard Cohen song?

**Me :** At the moment it's 'Closing Time'. I can't stop listening to it.

**Girl :** Look. I live in my parents house. So I can't invite you back. But we can go to your sad empty flat.

**Me :** *(stunned at how direct these people are)* Thanks but I will leave you now. And always protect that lovely person that I met tonight. Don't let anyone or anything take it away from you. You are perfect, my dear. Goodnight.

She remained stunned and rooted to the spot as I walked away through the powdery white night. When I arrived back at my sad empty flat, I was still trying to decipher what had just happened. How could a radically young pretty girl be interested in a late forties ugly guy like me? I looked in the mirror in an attempt to solve the conundrum.

At that time, I still had dark hair (a big turn on for the Scandinavian girls) but I was wearing a beanie cap. However, I had a thin line of dark hair around my mouth and chin. For all the world, I was the perfect Demon for her Angel.

But ... the girls totally love the Bad Boys no matter how lovely the girl is or how terrible the bad boy is. It's the oldest story in the world. Older than Shakespeare.

- ✓ lovely girl meets bad boy
- ✓ lovely girl chats him up and wants to shag him
- ✓ bad boy scurries away and returns to his sad empty flat

Also, I looked remarkably similar (in the twilight) to the black rappers who were all the rage at the time – but none of them made it that far north to survive the mind-bending cold and the mind-bending prices. Blonde pussies are remarkable desirable for these black gangsta guys but there were much cheaper blonde pussies to be had elsewhere.

So the Scandinavian blonde pussies missed out because of these damn cheap East European blonde pussies. It's amazing there wasn't a war – or a trade war or something.

I lived in East Europe for 15 years where parents actively encourage their daughters to get pregnant to a foreigner – any foreigner – so they can extract money. In Scandinavia, parents will meekly bring up the black child that their daughter brings into the house.

**WHEN WILL NORTHERN EUROPEAN PARENTS LEARN TO  
CONTROL THE SEX LIVES THEIR DAUGHTERS – LIKE  
THEY ALWAYS DID IN THE PAST.**

### **Example 4 ...**

Saturday Night in a watering hole close to where I lived, talking to a lady I had just met there. When 11pm arrived, the place was closed. No more hideously expensive drink to be had for love, violence nor money. ('Have yiz no home to go to' as the barmen say in Dublin at closing time.)

My new lady friend was shocked 'there just has to be somewhere else to go at this time'. But I already knew there wasn't – no point in looking. (In Sweden, they joke about Oslo being a cemetery – and they are not a million miles away with that.) I asked for her number and 'lets meet during the week sometime' and all that normal stuff. She seemed perturbed with this turn of events.

**Lady :** But you told me you lived close to here and you live alone.

**Me :** Yes. About ten minutes from here.

**Lady :** Well then. Let's go to your place.

**Me :** *(always stunned at how overt they are)* OK. And if you want to stay the night, I have two rooms and I can sleep on the couch.

**Lady :** *(staring defiantly and with abrasive voice)* I think if I am inviting myself to your flat it means I want to sleep with you.

**Me :** I'm sorry, my dear, I do not have sex with strangers. But I have no problem meeting you again and getting to know you.

But there was no way she was getting over my 'rejection' of her. We had just met an hour before but she was insulted that I refused to shag her. And clearly bareback was no problem, without even as much protection from the consequences as a mere condom.

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Guys (not just in Ireland, but everywhere on this planet Earth) are always shocked at my blatant refusal to have sex with sexy girls who want me. Their shocked remonstrations go something like this ...

- **Eddie. You're probably not even aware of it – but you are homosexual**
- **OK If you're not homosexual – you are a latent homosexual**
- **OK. Then you are in denial, Eddie.**
- **By saying 'No. I'm not in denial' ... can't you see 'you're clearly in denial'!**

Just in case you are mistaken into believing that Norway is entirely populated with incredibly lascivious, horny, sex-starving, predatory women – this belief is true, but only partly true. The rest of the population are men.

Seriously. Norwegians are lovely people and I wish I could win the Lotto or buy a gun to rob a very prosperous bank and live there forever *(Oh! And have a huge sun lamp in a tent that replicates the sun in the 9 months when the sun disappears. But that should be no problem if I won the Lotto or successfully robbed a prosperous bank.)*

But, in the meantime, I have to suffer on every day living in Ireland – with the spectacularly ugly females who don't even care that they are spectacularly ugly and are not even trying to correct this because their 'men' are too pissed to care. So I will probably remain living here till that glorious day arrives when I die and get release.



### Example 5 ...

My travel between Ireland and Norway was Dublin – London – Torp – bus to Oslo. Once, while sitting on the bus from Torp to Oslo, a radically young babe sat beside me. She had her blonde hair suitably spiked and a lot of metal attached to her eyebrows, lips, cheeks etc. and I could see there were lots of available seats on the bus.

Me : *(concerned fatherly)* A word of caution, if I may, my dear. You gotta be careful with all that shrapnel on your face. You may think it's cool – and it is very cool indeed, believe me – but if this bus should, inadvertently, go under a powerful magnet that the driver wasn't aware of ... Jesus!.

You would be sucked straight up and out through the roof of the bus, whilst you were having a lovely conversation with me and with no idea of your impending doom.

The Norwegian police, after having come aboard the bus and witnessed your bra, panties and shoes beside me and the hole in the roof of the bus that you had clearly been sucked out off – where would that leave me madam? Have you even considered my plight after that?

Me : Guys. I didn't touch her. Swear to God. She disappeared all by herself.

Police : *(very suspicious of foreigners)* So, what do you think happened?

Me : *(frightened)* The only thing I can think of is ... some American Bible People believe in a thing called 'The Rapture'. It's where people – the chosen people of God – are sucked up to heaven. So maybe this is just the beginning of 'The Rapture'?

And the last thing I would have heard and remembered before I became unconscious by their punches and kicks was 'Do you think we are idiots here? The Rapture ... The Bible ... some guy called God. What is all this bullshit, you American bastard ?

We laughed a lot till we reached Oslo. When we embraced saying goodbye and exchanging contact details, she held me closer than friends would normally do.

**Her :** By the way, I saw you on the plane from London and I watched you leave and followed you and sat beside you in the bus. Did you know that?

**Me :** No I didn't. But I'm so glad you did. However I did notice all the other empty seats which I put down to you not being observant. OK so let's see how we can progress with this relationship – between a very good looking young woman and an old boring bastard. To start with, it is your job to find a woman for me who is over 30 and I will do for you whatever you want.

Thus began a great relationship that did not progress in the way it should have because I refused to let myself be immersed fully and it bewildered me then and bewilders me to this day. I have never been able to explain for sure what was wrong with me then.

And she is still great. She has a website and I can still look at what she is producing and I (once) told her by email that she is a wonderful girl and she agreed with me that she is indeed a wonderful girl :-)

After writing this I feel like the Mike Scott song 'With a Bang on the Ear'. People like me and I wager Mike Scott keep doing what we love doing till we are too old to do it – successfully – or we are too disinterested to do it any more. And, to our horror, we realise we have let some really good ones slip and we pine to have them back.

I tried to get a few of my former girlfriends back but was unsuccessful. They were either married and wished to remain so or 'once bitten twice shy'. And so I am left to pine alone – into old age – older age – despair – and, no doubt, perdition.

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Norway was a place that was full of new sexual experiences and relationships – too numerous to outline here. The important thing is that the entire Nordic region, including the Baltic States, is full of very good-looking sexy girls. Irish girls have the charm, charisma, personality and talent but, tragically, they are a million miles away from good-looking and they don't even care that they are this way and what can be done to improve this. The lure of junk food and Guinness is too much for them.

Anyway, despite my tears and lamentations, the day came when I had to leave Norway. All my money was spent, the banks were impossible to rob and I couldn't get a job because I was too lazy to learn the language to pass a job interview.

*(In Norway where everyone speaks English better than the Brits (I mean, can anyone understand a Brit speaking English), in an attempt to protect their language, every job interview has to be done in the Norwegian language. But they have intensive Norwegian language courses, free of charge, to allow immigrants to pass their job interviews. It's amazing that we Irish, same population as Norway, don't have a similar law to protect our language. I'm sure you historians know why that is. It's because the English wouldn't accept it and they'd force the Republic of Ireland to stop being so independent.)*

I got a bus from Oslo to Prague – something like 28 hours non-stop travelling. First country was Sweden then the boat to Estonia. Turn right at Tallinn and go south through Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, then into the Czech lands to Prague.

At a stop in Sweden, a young couple and their friend got on and sat opposite me. Conversation is very beneficial for shortening a long journey and so I began talking to them. The couple began to get more physically acquainted with each other and that left me and their pretty young friend talking. But after some time, it became apparent to me that maybe I was bothering her because my brilliant repartee was met with short disinterested answers. Which was not nice ... C'mon?

### NOTE

The Norwegians often hinted at the unfriendly Swedes. This dislike was nothing compared to the Irish / English thing but it was there. And it is ironic because Sweden only occupied them for 100 years and Denmark had occupied them for 400 years – but they are much closer to the Danes.)

Anyway, I turned my back on my young 'companion', rested my head against the window and tried to get some sleep. We didn't speak next day and, when we reached Prague, we didn't say goodbye.

Later that day, I'm in the centre of Prague with a street map in hand. This was something I learned a long time before that. It's a great way to get to discover how friendly the people are in a foreign city and a great way to chat up girls.

After a while, a pretty girl comes along. I politely asked her did she know the best way to get to some street while pointing at the map. She doesn't even look at the map but instead says

**She :** 'Well, suddenly you're friendly.'

Although I had heard about the unbelievably corrupt and unfriendly place that Prague is, my instant thought was 'My God. This Czech girl speaks good English and is friendly', but then I realised what she had said.

**Me :** What do you mean? I'm always friendly?

**She :** You weren't friendly last night. At first you seemed very interesting and everything was nice and then you suddenly turned your back to me and went to sleep without even saying Goodnight.

Jesus! It was the girl from the bus. What! In a big city like Prague, that was one helluva coincidence. It seemed impossible – but it was true. (*Last night it was a dark bus and today was blazing sunshine – but how did she recognise me? My voice?*)

Anyway, we laughed about it all. And then laughed some more. She comes to Prague about twice a year – generally alone. (And it was not just the spectacular architecture, it was mainly for the great cocktail drinks that nobody can afford in Scandinavia.)

### NOTE

Scandinavians have a reputation for being mad drinkers (as distinct from us notoriously sober Irishmen, the flag bearers of the Temperance movement). But this is not true. We Irish do have the occasional alcohol libation of a Summer evening ... and the Scandinavians are as sober as The Amish when in Scandinavia and are as alcoholic as the Irish when they are not in Scandinavia.

**She :** This is your first day in Prague so, if you want, I can introduce you to some good places and some good booze.

**Me :** Thanks. I'd like that. I'm a booze hound myself but I don't want to peak too early. Can we meet at this same spot at 7 this evening?

When I convinced her I would definitely be here at 7, we parted and did actually meet there as planned (And during all the insane years living in the Czech Nightmare, when I would walk past that same spot – it was devastating to recall a former normal life – where girls were not gypsy trash who just wanted to steal your money.)

She took me to a place with cushions on the floor and 'cool' music and never-ending Absinth. I never drank that stuff before – even a wonderful guy like Vincent Van Gogh cut his ear off after some Absinth – OK, maybe a bit more than 'some' – but you get my point.). *In Dublin, your average man has his 'point' of Guinness and he doesn't run around cutting his ear off – or cutting anyone else's ear off either.*

But, to keep the Irish reputation alive, I stayed with this mad Scandinavian girl – Absinth for Absinth. When the two drinks would arrive, she would ceremoniously light the drinks and let the flames rise, then pass one over to me and we would lock arms and drink together. It was clearly a religious event for this Viking.

Clearly not able to stay afloat at this point and the last tram to the east of the city where I was staying was leaving soon, I apologised for my bad manners the previous night and – this time – said Goodnight to her. But she was shocked.

**She :** But the night is just beginning. There's so much to see. Don't worry about getting home tonight. My hotel is on the main street.

**She :** Thanks. But I don't have sex with a stranger. I made that law a long time ago. But I could stay in your room.

**She :** It's ok. Whatever. But you must see Charles Bridge in the snow. And we'll watch the sunrise there.

I didn't know who I was – never mind where I was – at this point. So I let her lead. She had too much enthusiasm to be curtailed by me.

When I got there – I was impressed. Who isn't when they see it first. We were on the old city side and across the river was the castle and below the castle was where I was to live for many horrific lonely years in the bizarre Hell that is the Czech Republic.

The cold that night was probably a mere irritation to this girl, it was second nature to them up there, but I will never forget the bone-chilling cold of Charles Bridge that night – and realising sunrise was hours away.

### Aside

*It is 800 years old, built by the Germans as was the neighbouring Charles University (the first German speaking university in 'Germany').*

*(A Czech girlfriend would later scream at me that the city of Prague is Czech. But I tried to explain that it isn't. It was built by the Hapsburg German-speaking Empire. And to appease her, I would explain that Irish people were not allowed into Dublin city for hundreds of years. When the Anglo-Normans built the walls around the city, Irish people were not allowed to live inside the walls. Only day-labourers and farmers selling their produce were allowed inside the walls – and be gone by night.)*

*To cross the bridge by day – especially in Summer – you need to be swinging a machete to make your way through the tourists. But when I first saw that bridge, it was deserted and the statues on either side casting shadows all around, I realised why Prague is supposedly the most haunted city in the world.*

*Incidentally, at the other end of the bridge where I lived for so long, there is a flight of steps leading up to the bridge. Every night coming home, I had to navigate through the shadows of the statues and then go down those dark steps that, half way down, had a picture of the Sacred Heart with the heart illuminated. And it was at the bottom of those steps that the atmospheric scene in the movie 'The Omen' took place – with the priest standing alone there. (Remember, the priest was surrounded by a camera crew. Every time I was there in the middle of the night, I was genuinely alone.*



- When we finally got to her hotel, the only thing on my mind was to try and get some warmth and hope the Absinth and cold hadn't done permanent damage to my fragile brain
- Two days later she returned to Sweden
- We had exchanged contact details but never met again
- But I will never forget her and that first wonderful evening in that nightmare city called Prague



## The Hunt or The Kill?

I once had a very Latin friend who loved hunting females. He was the only guy I ever encountered who devoted as much time and effort to this noble pursuit as I did.

And, like myself, he was decades perfecting this gentle art in many different countries.

But we had a fundamental disagreement about this graceful endeavour we found ourselves so consumed by and so fatally attracted to.

### His Motivation

He believed the whole point in hunting females was The Kill. And he certainly lived up to this belief.

Every night he went out, he returned with a woman. Never the same woman. And every morning she had to be gone by 11am. That was one of his sacred rules and it was shocking how it worked. His victim (sorry, female companion) would obey this and every other rule he had – without complaint.

### My Motivation

Like the fisherman who puts the living fish back in the water, I believed the fun in hunting was The Hunt itself and not The Kill. It was just socializing and the thrill of it all.

The flirt, the chat, entering a stranger's world and succeeding.

When it was obvious that my brilliant charm offensive worked and I probably could have her if I wanted – that was it for me. That was enough. I was satisfied ... and I moved on.

**But my behaviour was akin to blasphemy to his Latin temperament. He was not just surprised by this, he was downright angry about it.**



**Latin ex-Friend**

But I could see ... you had her. And then you said ... Goodnight?

**Me**

Yes. I could see she wanted me ... and that was enough.

**Latin ex-Friend**

But the whole point of hunting is to Kill.

**Me**

The whole point in hunting is the thrill of the hunt. The Conquest, not the Kill. Once it's successful, it's over. I prefer to stay hunting.

**Latin ex-Friend**

But it's about hunting for sex and then getting it. Not refusing it.

**Me**

Yes, it's about sex and that's what I'm doing as well. But without all the sticky bits. Especially next morning, when the booze goggles are off and you have to separate from her as skilfully as you can whilst battling a titanic hangover. Hunting is about fun.

**Latin ex-Friend**

So, you have the talk of a lion but the heart of a lamb.

**Me**

Maybe. But the wise lion lies down with the lamb and is at peace with his killer instinct under control for a better life with the lambs.

**So, maybe he was right and my behaviour was just a waste of time. But it was certainly better than watching TV.**



## Sexual Attraction

### **They say a man chases a woman until she catches him.**

It's true. But, I guess, the truth lies with who's telling it. So, let's see how it all pans out ...

- A straight man is sexually interested in a woman's body
- A gay man is sexually interested in a man's body
- A gay woman is sexually interested in a woman's body
- A straight woman isn't remotely sexually interested in a man's body (despite what the non-stop barrage of American TV and movies that is written, directed and produced by fantasist men in their fifties and sixties). It's not the bulge on the front of his pants she's interested in. Hello! It's the bulges on the sides of his pants ... his pockets

### **Unless, of course, he happens to be a rock star or a movie star (or a bastard).**

Then the woman is terribly interested in his body. No matter how repulsive, it can do no wrong and is very, very sexy indeed.

But that's because he's way up the tree in the male pecking order and, again, it has absolutely nothing to do with his body being sexy.

.....

**So, however terrible it is to say this, the worst possible thing to be is ... a straight man, who isn't a rock star or a movie star which is about 99% of the straight male population.**

**Doesn't seem fair, does it guys? Oh and ... just to salt up the wound a bit ... we must provide the money for this relationship.**

**Maybe I'm being a tad disingenuous. A woman does like a man's body ... but only if it gives her money, security and babies. But lust? Well, no ... not really ... thanks.**

### Aside

*Ultimately, the best any man (who isn't a rock star or a movie star) can hope to be is a **Beast of Burden** for women. Carrying stuff for them from office to office, room to room etc.*

Surely the day is fast approaching when a genuine guy will approach a girl he fancies and his contrite, nervous opening line will go something like this ...

### **Genuine Guy**

'Hi. Well ... I'm not violent ... and I'm not a drug user or drug dealer ... and I never abused a woman in my entire life.

I'm sorry to admit all this ... but it's the truth.

So, apart from that ... is there any chance of a date?'

The girl, undoubtedly with her tits and ass hanging out of her non-existent clothing and who was hoping to attract the very things this pathetic tax-paying idiot isn't, will reject him with complete contempt and giggle with her similarly retarded friends. Boys will just have to adapt and modernise and become violent, else they will get no female attention.

### A swift change of topic

Has people noticed there seems to be a strong correlation between sexual deviation and intelligence. One gifted writer / composer / scientist after another ... sexual deviants.

Sexual deviation is either responsible for or a product of original thinking ... a creative mind. I don't know why. It just seems to be.

Of course this shouldn't become a great excuse to your average moron who decides to become a sexual deviant. There should be some kind of examination to pass, with accreditation or something like that.

**There should be a licence to be a sexual deviant.**

## More Strange Sex Conundrums

- 🌐 For some reason, a lot of girls (*not always blonde, but normally*) think that it's not possible to have good sex ... except with a black man.

I've talked to black men about this and they are genuinely confused. They have no idea where white women get this opinion from. They have bad and good nights like the rest of us. But they don't dispel the myth. Would any man?

- 🌐 Why are girls radically attracted to the rock star who is too messed up on drugs or booze to even shag. Why is something basic like that not known to the girls? These guys are not even able to have sex – forget good sex.

The healthy, fit body is the body that clearly gives the best sex. But they are attracted to the opposite – the guy who can't even fulfil the sex role.

**(If these girls were living in the Third Reich, they would believe the guy in an SS uniform must be a Jewish Rabbi.)**

One experienced girl I once knew, after many bitter nocturnal non-events, learned to stay away from the loud-mouth, strutting rock star or wannabe rock star type. She learned to pick the clean, fit, healthy guy and ... teach him to be a bad boy in bed.

- ♦ It's the guy who can talk a great fight and can't punch his way out of a paper bag
- ♦ It's the guy who talks endlessly about football and can't kick a ball
- ♦ It's the guy who informs everyone he is the best driver in the world and can't drive in a straight line

**But ... it's the mouth the girls are attracted to. The Loudest Monkey.**



## (Bastard MosQuitoes and other Qs)

### \*\*\*\*\* 1<sup>st</sup> Law of Nature \*\*\*\*\*

**In all societies, groups, companies or  
crowds, there has to be present ... one  
bastard. At least one total bastard (or bitch).**

\*\*\*\*\*

This is one of the strangest phenomena of life on this natural Earth.

Why is that? Why can't a group of people be bastard-less or bitch-less. A group of non-bastards hanging out together or working together without the need for a bastard. Why not?

**But this is, apparently, not possible for Mother Nature.  
Demented girl that she is.**

For a group to form and be cohesive and successful they realise instinctively (clearly programmed into the brain's motherboard after a few million years of evolution) that their group needs a bastard. At least one total bastard.

### \*\*\*\*\* 2<sup>nd</sup> Law of Nature \*\*\*\*\*

**For every bedroom in a hot, humid climate,  
there has to be present ... one mosquito.  
At least one total bastard mosquito.**

\*\*\*\*\*

**Why not 10 or 20 mosquitoes or, better still, zero mosquitoes?  
Why is it always one?**

## *Maybe mosquitoes are like sharks???*

*When baby sharks are in the womb of their mother, they attack and kill each other ... and then eat each other ... until only one total bastard little shark remains alive and is then born. A true natural born killer.*

So, maybe whilst I'm innocently watching TV, about 20 mossies have somehow managed to get into my bedroom and, after horrible killing and cannibal carnage, only one terrifying killer mossie remains ... and awaits my gorgeous full-blood Irish blood.

### **It makes no difference if you ...**

- ★ Board-up or lock-up or seal-up your doors and windows
- ★ Get a bunch of heavily armed Nazi SS men with Rottweiler dogs guarding every door and window

As soon as you put the light out in your bedroom, there's that one total little bitch buzzing in your ear. She cleverly hides while the light is on and, under cover of darkness, she finds your defenceless blood.

### **And don't bother if you ...**

- ★ Leave the light on, she somehow knows when you finally get to sleep
- ★ Plug your ears and ignoring her, as I did on so many spectacular occasions. You will wake up an hour later almost eaten alive (well, most of the good bits eaten, anyway) tearing at your skin and cursing the day you were born

**Every night, you lie awake in your terrified bed waiting for THAT sound ... just like the German people had to lie awake every night in the early '40s waiting for the mass-murdering Terror Bombers of the British Air Force.**

- The sound begins away in the distance, so you're not sure if you are hearing it at first. (*'No, it's not ... I'm just imagining it. It couldn't be. Not again.'*)
- But you're not imagining it. You never are. Eventually, it comes too close to your ear to mistake it for anything else.
- So, you dive for cover under the sheet. But it's no good.
- With your heart pounding, your life flashes in front of you.

### **How do they get in? Jesus! Seriously! How do they get in?**

Clearly, this is proof of Reincarnation. There seems to be no other explanation. The same mossie is reincarnating every night ... after you've killed it the previous night.

You can see they didn't smash the glass in the window and they didn't make a hole the roof off or break the walls down etc.

### **The only non-spiritual way they achieved this feat is by Tunnelling.**

It appears, they get through the thick walls by digging tunnels that are far too tiny for us to see with our naked eyes. Even powerful microscopes may not detect these tunnels.

#### **Aside**

*In fairness, the Central European mosquitoes are a lot lazier than their Australian and Asian cousins and are a lot easier to kill. But they have the same unstoppable tenacity when it comes to breaking into bedrooms and buzzing incandescently in your tormented ears all bejaesus night. FUKK.*

Every time I wake up (with the aforementioned reincarnated mossie in my ear), I jump out of bed, screaming obscenities to High Heavens, put on the light and go berserk around the room swinging brooms, books or (only when I've really cracked-up) my fists ... till I finally squash the mossie against the blood splattered wall (my blood, all of it), climb back into bed and desperately try to subdue my pounding heart, this scene always plays in my mind ...

INT. MOSQUITO NEST - NIGHT

Two baby mosquitoes are huddled together, staring wide-eyed and clearly very frightened.

They speak with high pitched, stage-English accents (that the Americans love so much).

**Girl Baby Mossie**

Rupert. I know I've asked you before ... (*sob*) and sorry to ask again. But ... (*sob*) when do you think Mummy will return?

**Baby Boy Mossie**

(*suppressed sob*) Try to relax and go to sleep, Penelope.

Mummy said she would return ... and she always does.

**Baby Girl Mossie**

But she's gone ever so long this time, Rupert ... And remember when father didn't return ... and uncle Cecil ... and aunt Muriel and ... (*breaking down uncontrollably*) ...

Rupert holds his distraught sister close and bravely tries to comfort her, though he himself is sobbing bitterly and in need of consolation.



### So, in Conclusion ...

- Nature does not allow any group of people to be free of a bastard
- Nor does it allow a bedroom in hot, humid weather to be free of a mosquito
- They say Mother Nature knows what she's doing, but I seriously ... SERIOUSLY doubt this

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## Queues to get on and off planes

It makes no difference how long you have been travelling by plane, you will never get used to this curious phenomenon.

### ● Why do people queue to get ON a plane that has the seats already allocated?

They can stand for up to 25 minutes waiting in line to be admitted on to the plane. They can sit, but they choose to stand.

### ● Why do people queue to get OFF a plane?

Why is there a general panic when the plane comes to a stop. Everyone scrambling to get their bags down and squeeze into the tiny, packed aisle and to remain standing in this incredibly uncomfortable position for 15 minutes. They can easily sit during this time and wait while each row vacates the plane, but they choose to stand in a cramped huddled frenzy.

Their very life and the lives of all they hold dear depend on them getting off the goddam plane ASAP. I'm sure those very same nice people would gladly trample on fallen kids and old people just to get off the plane 10 seconds quicker.

The only explanation for this madness must be because of ...

- ▶ A residual 'fear of flying' from the early dangerous days of air travel
- ▶ Some order to 'vacate the plane immediately, there's a bomb on board' that I never heard.

### Prediction

*I can see a future landing upon us very shortly when people will be smuggling explosives onto planes, not for any terrorist purpose, but just to blow a hole in the side of the plane when it has touched down ... to get out of there a few seconds earlier.*



## The Look Theory

When I was much younger (and definitely a lot brighter than I am now) I developed The Look Theory. Basically it said ...

### **... The Look Theory ...**

*All you are and all you ever will be has very little to do with your talents, intelligence, personality etc.*

*It has almost everything to do with the way you look.*

*Who you ARE is not important at all, but what you LOOK LIKE is paramount to your success or failure on this Earth.*

### **For Example**

Women account for over half of the world's population and it's true they can be a President or a Queen or something titular like that. But for any nuts and bolts, hard finance or trade/commerce stuff, the spokesperson is a man ... or a woman who looks and behaves remarkably like a man. Marilyn Munroe need not apply.

But the Look Theory goes much deeper than old-fashioned gender or race bias. When these don't apply, there's a helluva lot more that does.

### **Face Paradigm**

*Face structure. The distance between all the points of your face (sides, eyes, nose, chin etc.) has to be in proportion to each other, or else ... you have a life of abject misery.*

*Recently, they have discovered the mathematical geometry equation that governs the Face Paradigm and so proved that it's real.*

For some reason, it was hard-wired into our evolving brains and there's nothing we can do about it. We are all biased. Clearly, nature wants it this way?

- One or two of these distances between the points on a face can be a little bit more or less and ... it can be actually attractive and sexy.
- A millimetre or two more or less and the distance then becomes something so repulsive that any regular-faced person would feel justified to grab the nearest club and beat the bejaesus out of the unfortunate owner of the irregular face.

### **Regular Face Paradigm**

safe ... secure ... can be trusted ... one of us ... to be treated with respect and dignity ... give him the job (or blow-job or whatever he wants).

### **Irregular Face Paradigm**

different ... unknown ... can't be trusted ... possibly dangerous and deviant ... not one of us ... zero respect ... alien ... beat the bejaesus out of him.

- And, it seems, the regular-faced ones think that the irregular-faced ones somehow CHOOSE their faces. Their face is somehow ... their decision.
- Maybe they think we wake up each morning and look at an array of faces hanging in our wardrobe ... and choose one.
- Then they would be justified in pointing out that the distance between our nose and upper lip, or whatever, is much too long or short or whatever.

**We don't choose our faces, you blithering morons.**  
**We were born with them**

Because of my absolutely insane face paradigm (*why Lord? Why was this mad face was given to me. What the hell did I do to you, anyway?*)

I was always the one singled out in any group, in any country, whatever the occasion.

I was always the schmuck picked-on ... no matter what the occasion.

- ⦿ Schools (*every one of them*)
- ⦿ Customs (*in all countries*)
- ⦿ Security checks (*everywhere*)
- ⦿ People selling stuff on the street
- ⦿ Ticket inspectors on public transport
- ⦿ Soccer hooligans on parade looking for a target
- ⦿ Nazi party marches who were looking for the guy who didn't exactly 'fit in' and beat him up
- ⦿ St Peter who, undoubtedly, won't like the 'cut of my gib' at the Pearly Gates and keep me barred forever from entry

**It didn't matter. I was the target because I didn't look regular.**

### NOTE

So, if you are thinking of using me as a mule to smuggle guns or drugs or whatever, rest assured that I will be the first picked on for interrogation in every line, wherever I go.

**Definitely, not a good idea – for all of us. OK!**

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## Fashion and Faces

**For some reason, just like clothes and hairstyles, faces can also be either fashionable or not fashionable, *(thereby challenging the Face Paradigm theory)*.**

- Before the Sixties, to have a face like a horse was definitely not sexy
- Throughout history, being cultured, refined, sexy etc. was without question ... a small mouth
- Then the Mick Jagger Effect kicked in and the Earth seems to have shifted on its axis or switched poles or something
- Before Jagger, if a woman had a mouth like Julia Roberts, her parents would hope she had a good personality, at least
- Sarah Jessica Parker's parents would have become raving alcoholics and cursed the day they shagged and inflicted such a horse face cruelty on an innocent child
- But, since the Sixties, not only is it OK for a woman to have a face like a horse (*and I'm not talking a mare here, I'm talking a war-ravaged stallion*) ... but it's also very desirable and sexy

*(Or maybe it was me who got off at the wrong planet  
or I'm locked in some Time warp, I don't know.)*

Tragically, since Jagger, the Earth seems to be in the control of the ...

**Girls With Extremely BIG Mouths.**

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## Multicultural Societies

Though my Look Theory applies in all societies, nowhere is it more verifiable than in the 'melting pot' of multicultural societies. There ... your success or failure has almost everything to do with the environment you find yourself in and very little to do with you.

I became crushingly aware of this in Australia. I had encountered it before Australia but it was something I could live with ...

- ◆ In England, it was there ... but not bad.
- ◆ When I arrived in California with my very Irish-looking girlfriend, it was really driven home.
- ◆ We got jobs in a casino in Lake Tahoe where there was a big variety of jobs available.
- ◆ She was given the best job ... HOSTESS ... greeting the people who entered, all smiles, compliments and fun, great tips etc. Her red hair, blue eyes and very fresh, freckled white skin was all that was needed. (*She was a wonderful and intelligent girl also, but that wasn't important, you understand.*)
- ◆ I was also given a job ... DISH-WASHING ... in the kitchens, very far away from the public gaze. It was the lowest job available. Only Mexicans (and me) worked there.
- ◆ The Renaissance person that I was ... my education, personality, humour etc. meant absolutely nothing.
- ◆ I realised very quickly that with my square television face, curly black hair and 'great' suntan the distant kitchen was hereafter going to be the only place suitable for someone as repulsive as me.

Not long before I left that job, I had to venture out to the restaurant floor to get something (with trepidation and fear of being hated by the 'normal' people who would despise my hideous darkness). The manager there talked down to me with the contempt that was usual for her when addressing a Mexican. When I answered, in my customary eloquent way, she was flabbergasted and visibly shaken.

**Restaurant Manager**

Aaaa ... Where are you from?

**Me**

Ireland.

**Restaurant Manager**

But ... but why are you working in the kitchen?

**Me**

That's where I was put.

**Restaurant Manager**

But this is ridiculous.

Wait ... I will get you a job as a waiter.

**Me**

It's OK. Thanks. I'm leaving in a few weeks ... and, anyway, the Mexicans are nice people to work with.

She was so apologetic that something as terrible as this happened to me. (If I was Latin American it was no problem, you understand.) She demanded to know who made this terrible decision and messed up my visit to California. And I had to tell her.

He was an English manager there, but I don't suppose it was anything anti-Irish. He was just concerned to have the right people ... the people who 'looked right' ... as floor staff. Must keep up appearances, mustn't we?

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### **And that was before I went to Australia ...**

And if I had any idealistic view left of this beautiful world we live in, before I went to Australia (that a person's true worth will overcome all obstacles ... no matter what etc.) it was definitely removed in Australia. Surgically removed.

**I was a fukkn Wog, a fukkn Daego, a fukkn anything their fevered, messed-up colonial minds could imagine. (Did I say 'minds'?)**

That's what I was. No doubt about it. I was left with no more illusion. It was hammered home the first hour I arrived there ... at the very airport, actually. I was a fukkn Wog according to a bunch of guys standing at arrivals – hysterically laughing and pointing at me etc.

It was bad enough with cars kerb-crawling (not just at night, sometimes in the middle of the day) and guys shouting abuse at me, among such pleasantries as ...

**'Go back to Wogland, you fukkin Daego, kunt.'**

But the worst part for me (still with some of my former panache intact) was moving in to chat up girls in a bar or nightclub. Stuff that was previously so easy for me as a sexy dark-haired Irish guy with lots of attention from girls ... was suddenly Hell.

- The sheilas were definitely not interested in being seen talking to some fukkn Wog
- And they let you know it. They made no attempt at disguising it
- And they LOVED letting you know
- They got such a buzz out of letting you know that you were a fukkn Wog
- And they all thought they were being original with their insults. Every piece of illiterate trash said exactly the same thing and their only intention was to degrade you and mess up your self worth and internal security. And they considered it normal behaviour ... AMAZING

### Aside

*And these same people probably wonder at the behaviour of ordinary Germans towards Jews during the Third Reich era.*

Six weeks after I arrived (my personality still not entirely crushed by the racist misery) I was walking to my boarding house from a nightclub in the wee hours of the morning when a car suddenly screeched to a halt beside me. Three guys jumped out.

**‘Go back to Daegoland, ya fukkin Wog. Ya fukkin wop.’**

- I did my best to deal with it. But they couldn't even hear my Irish accent
- If I had a flashing neon sign hanging round my neck saying IRISH or if I had it tattooed into my forehead, they wouldn't see that either
- I was a fukkn Wog because I looked like a fukkn Wog and I was going to get beaten up because I looked like a fukkn Wog

### **And they did.**

I could tell they were sober and I wasn't. *(They were clearly out on a wog-bashing or female-raping adventure which was very fashionable in Australia at the time.)*

I knew to go to ground, trying to defend myself on my feet would only make it worse.

The kicking from these three guys lasted, maybe just for two minutes ... but it was hours, believe me.

All the time, I was waiting for the kick that would cause me serious damage, but it didn't come ... or I just couldn't feel it yet.

### **And then, suddenly ... it stopped.**

**I realised that some Chinese guys had come to my aid ... and the heroes ran off, in classic Anglo Saxon cowardly fashion.**

- ★ When I got back to my boarding house, I discovered I was OK (bruised and beaten, but OK) except that one of the kicks to my face had knocked out one of my contact lenses and so I had to go back to the scene of the assault (incredibly difficult as all raped women can tell you) and search the pavement but couldn't find my lens so I was partly-blinded for a few days.
- ★ While those guys had a laugh and forgot about it the next day, like the raped woman, I had to live through it every day afterwards.
- ★ I had to learn fast to avoid late night walking, to stay low and not raise my head or smile in public. (I learned it was the smiling, confident Wogs they hated, not the beaten ones ... Wogs who kept their heads down and stayed off the street ... especially at night ... had a good chance of not being attacked all the time.)

### My Two Cents

*Incidentally, many years later, after having read Victor Klemperer's brilliant account of surviving being a Jew in the Third Reich, I recognised the similarities to my experience in Australia. (However crazy you may think that statement is, the effects of racism, sectarianism and prejudice on the victim are the same everywhere ... though the extent varies, of course.)*

### Epilogue

Fifteen years after I left, I returned to Australia for a back-packing holiday and talked to many Australians who were in their mid-twenties ... the same age I was when I arrived there ... and they were very different people from what I had to endure.

They empathised when they heard my accounts. They had heard similar accounts from older folk. And agreed with me when I said it was a good thing that Sydney is becoming an Asian city.

**The new generation of Australians are a big improvement.**



## Sex and Racism

There aren't many people who hate racism as much as I do. But there seems to be such a helluva lot of confusion out there about what racism really is.

**Let's hear an unbiased account (if such a thing exists).**

**Let's hear it from the alien green skin perspective.**

### **Non-Earthly Alien**

Anyone who targets – **negatively or positively** – another person because of the colour of their skin, religion or ethnicity and for no other reason ... is a racist.

This is understood by all members of the Galactic Council.

Yet, surprisingly, many of you genuine Earthlings seem to be confused about something as obvious as that.

For example, the ubiquitous spectacle of the black man with the white woman is the most obvious example of racism that anyone can witness on your city streets every day.

He rejects his black woman in favour of a white woman because (*besides the free sex which is definitely forbidden where he comes from*) he believes he is moving up in the mainstream of the white society he finds himself in.

### ***Remember ...***

*(As our non-Earthly friend may not realise ... this does not apply to a relationship that develops between a genuine man and a genuine woman of different races.)*

### **OK. So, let's examine what our green alien friend is saying ...**

In sociology, to identify with the social mainstream and to want to move up in it is understandable and we all do it. It's normal.

But, if this is right, why isn't there the same proportion of black women with white men?

- ◆ You see the problem? It's not difficult to understand. Walk on any city street anywhere in the world and do a head count. Something is wrong with the theory.
- ◆ And neither does the mainstream society theory explain the behaviour of the white woman ... as she would, supposedly, be moving down.

### **So, the angry debate goes something like this ...**

#### **Angry Realist**

Look ... this is easy. As everyone who ever stepped into a nightclub knows ... a lot of white women want a REAL man. That is, they want a man who knows how to fuck without being loaded down with the needs and sensitivities of the woman.

They think they can't get it from white men because ... no matter how brutal white men present themselves ... they were invariably brought up in a place where women were equal ... and this is a sexual turn-off for a lot of girls.

#### **Trendy Non-Realist**

So, the white woman wants a man who knows how a woman should REALLY be treated?

**Angry Realist**

Yes. An object with three fukk holes who has less rights and value than farm animals ... which is normally part of the African culture where he comes from.

And this is very horny indeed for European women. Ask them.

They believe white men have lost it ... they forgot how to fukk without seeing the female as a fukk object. And sex is the most fundamental part of what we all are.

**Trendy Non-Realist**

OK, as you probably imagine (or probably can't imagine) this is difficult for a modern person to take on board.

Let's see, now ... what's his motivation. Besides all the free sex and conscious-free sex you say he gets, what's his motivation?

**Angry Realist**

Believe me, sex is enough. Ask any man. But generally he has other motivations in mind.

After he has acclimatized to Europe, he moves to a younger blonder white unprotected female (*who is usually as inner-city, fatherless and culture-less as the older one*) ... who is equally 'in love with him'. The older one is left literally holding the baby (*while he is left holding his passport to European citizenship*).

And, amazingly, the fatherless, unprotected inner city women have no problem with her sexy black man ... no matter what he does.

And then she is audacious enough to expect white taxpaying men to support her baby! Her sexy black man's baby.

### **Trendy non-Realist**

OK. This is just too much. Can't listen to this any more.

### **Angry Realist**

And, these are the same taxpaying white men whose sexual advances she rejected with contempt and laughter ... because they were not real men. Sexy dangerous men.

Something is very wrong here, folks! Why is it being tolerated?

And to compound the absurdity, if you object to this terrible situation – it is you who is labelled a racist. Trendy people use this word as a weapon with hardly any idea of what it means.

**But before emotions reach fever pitch here, let's observe this again from a non-earthly, non-white or non-black perspective.**

### **Non-Earthly Alien**

Seriously, Earthlings ... why is this blatant racism acceptable to 'normal' society?

And the ironic part is that same society sees the white female and black male's behaviour as an example of non-racism ... when surely there is no greater example of everyday observable racism, in all its ugly form.

### So ...

- ▶ The black man's behaviour is understandable ... except for his racist rejection of black women which is completely unacceptable (*I've talked to black women about this and they know this reality better than anyone.*)
- ▶ The racist behaviour of the white woman, holding her black baby and expecting other white people to support it, is even more completely unacceptable.

### Aside

*But, maybe the blonde girls are right. For example ...*

◆ *The only thing I know about Boxing is  
'Don't Bet on the White Guy'*

◆ *And the only thing I know about Horse Racing  
is 'Don't Bet on the White Horse'.*

### So for about 95% of society ...

**The black man who is shagging a white women is a RACIST**

**The white woman who is shagging a black man is a RACIST**

**Biase and prejudice should not be acceptable in society**

**Surely, we are morally obliged to stamp out RACISM**

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### And the baby???

You will no doubt hear about the 'shared culture' that the interracial baby has.

Normally this is told to you by trendy people a million miles from the Earth (and, of course, the parents of the child).

Anyone who has culture, and all the depth and strength that it is, will tell you ...

### **'There is no such thing as shared culture.'**

And these innocent babies are born into a world of suspicion, prejudice and disdain – which they have no control over and was not of their making.

#### **Angry Realist**

This baby is just the product of two people who bring an innocent person into the world for purely selfish reasons.

Their reasons are, of course, completely different ... but try telling that to the white woman with a wet pussy who wants a black cock, convinced she will be getting better sex and the black guy who can't believe white guys are allowing him do this to their unprotected white women ... as he discards his black woman.

And, of course, he gets the Child Support money for all the babies he produces from all the unprotected inner-city girls.

- ◆ And what about the babies of these babies whose parents will have no choice in whether they want to have a 'shared culture' baby or not?
- ◆ A black baby born to two white parents is no problem to the trendies but it is a BIG problem to the parents and a BIG problem to the baby.

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### Non-Earthly Alien

In the USA, a man on Death Row for the brutal murder of women, will be snowed under with proposals of marriage from women.

This is impossible to understand ... but it's a real everyday reality on the Earth and, therefore, it must be examined.

These marriage proposals are always from white women who were brought up in an environment of equality of the sexes. Men MUST be respectful to women etc.

Where's the black women's proposals to these men who abuse and murder women? Are there any on record?

- Traditionally, a man's role was the care and protection of women and children. Even in the animal kingdom, this is the case.
- The most shocking thing the black/brown guys encounter when they come to European societies is the non-protection of European women by European men.
- If a European man visits their countries – which I have done on many occasions – he will have a lot of explaining to do and declaration of intentions etc. before he is allowed to be alone with one of their women.
- The black/brown guys are simply doing what men did since the dawn of time. And who can blame them? All men want access to unprotected women.

The blame lies in the 'advanced' social development of European society.

Throughout history, many tribes and nations have been wiped out by war and conquest and colonization (the Tasmanians, the Hottentots etc.) Modern Europeans are unique.

We are the first people in history to ...

VOTE OURSELVES OUT OF EXISTENCE

### **Angry Realist**

The problem is that Europe has 'advanced' to the point where women make mating decision for themselves independent of their society – with disastrous consequences.

Presumably, the supporters of this system are also prepared to support the child financially when the black guy (who has got his citizenship) moves on to a younger, blonder model.

Can we have a vote on this please?

Who is going to pay for these children? Clearly, it must be the people who support this and not the ones who don't.

In the future, when repatriation is the fashion, those women will be repatriated also ... to the country of their child's father.

Those who don't support this will pay for the woman and child in their new adopted country (which the father will be, undoubtedly, delighted about.)

Therefore, it is a win win situation. Everyone is happy.

And it is the only long-term solution to the mess that is now being created by the out-of-control parasites who control our society – normally through their political parties – and are exploiting the weakness of liberal democracy for their own political and financial ends.



## Movie 'Reality'

### *Shocking But True*

*When I was beginning to write movie scripts and learning the craft, it was explained to me the difference between Reality (the real world) and Movie Reality (the reality the ticket-buying public live in or want to live in).*

- In movies, magazines, books etc. it is almost always the man who wants sex and the women – not really. Men have powerful sex drives and women have headaches.
- Why is it so completely different from reality? It is men who are under pressure to perform.
- In my experience, girls just can't get enough. I thought it was just me till I did some research.

All genuine people agree, if the woman enjoys sex with her man, she simply can't get too much. There's no such thing as her refusing.

**So, I was perplexed about the media presentation till the awful truth dawned.**

### **The Awful Truth**

**It's presented in this way, because both sides want it presented this way. Men want to believe that they are these predatory, sexy beasts who want it all the time and women want to believe that they are interested in much loftier things like romance and love and not in base things like sex.**

And, when discussing reality, people regurgitate all they've, God help us all, heard or seen on movies. Why are people slaves to this rubbish?

Movies are generally written, directed and produced by men. So, what you're getting are the fantasies of men, usually older men, and bear little resemblance to real life.

**And, instead of pointing their fingers and laughing out loud at the absurdities on screen, the average suburban dweller sits there placidly absorbing the 'reality' that is being presented to them on screen. Why?**

- In the movies, you will constantly see an out-of-shape, ugly, mid-sixties man (eerily similar to the producer / director) entering a public house and sitting at the bar.
- And, sure enough, there she is ... she always is.
- Sitting alone at the bar, wearing an evening dress (an off the shoulder number, plunging neckline barely able to contain her bosom) ... a gorgeous female apparition ... a babe that surely Michelangelo crafted ... normally about thirty five years younger than him ... looking at him ... wanting him.

### **Where are these bars?**

#### **Seriously folks, WHERE ARE THESE BARS?**

I've been in every bar in this goddam world and I've never seen a woman like that without at least three or four good looking guys buzzing around her like flies.

She definitely would not be sitting alone at the bar ... HELLO!

So, already the audience, who live in the real world and are not mentally unwell or strung out on some drugs, should be rolling around in the aisles laughing. So, why aren't they?

- Anyway, back to movie reality. Our ugly, old guy might make a token gesture to indicate he's flattered ... for example, smiling confidently as he pulls some of the remaining long hair on the side of his head over his large bald patch.
- And when her lust overcomes her and she approaches him, he politely informs her that he ... 'is taken' ... 'got work to do' ... or something like that.

### And the Moral is ...

Our ugly, old hero is a decent family man and is, no way, going to be taken for an evening of great sex with a Jezebel like her.

- Eventually, our hero has to punch her or knock her off her stool or something to get away. This girl has got the serious hots for him and he is forced to take some 'appropriate' action acceptable to good suburban middle class values.
- So, now it's OK for the males in the audience to jerk off (*hopefully, when they go home*) to what they would have done ... if only they didn't have the same values as our hero.




### Unbelievably ...

*In the movies, females are invariably just prostitutes or gangster's molls and all females mysteriously disappear off the planet by the time they reach 40.*

*And the really odd thing is that females seem strangely at home with this portrayal of females.*

*It must fulfil some basic need they have ... otherwise they wouldn't pay money to watch this trash.*

Females are represented, with varying peaks and troughs, in pretty much the same stereotype. They are ...

-  Powerless and vulnerable and love their vulnerability
-  Emotional and definitely deceitful
-  Really, really bitchy towards other females

**Where are the women who are taking action against this trash? Even verbal protest, where is it? They are over 50% of the population – but not a whimper.**

**I fear there is no protest because the male perpetrators on screen are ... dare I say it, ladies ... (dare, dare ... OK, I will). They are sexy, Right. They are not husband material. They are bastards.**

**Yes, they're horny. They're the fantasy men for women. Isn't that right, girls?**

The James Bonds ... busily shagging a different woman each night with no responsibility or talk of contraception, pregnancy, condoms, disease etc. (*The real world doesn't get a look in, does it girls!*)

**But ... it's OK. He's a bastard. He's cool. Right?**

- ➡ But dare an inoffensive, respectable man in the office, very like your man at home, lovingly bringing up his family (definitely not a James Bond personality), call them 'love' or something affectionate like that.
- ➡ Wow, are these same women suddenly strong and liberated.
- ➡ They have found their voice and they'll show that inoffensive, respectable husband type man that women need to be treated with respect.
- ➡ The years of guilt about getting wet to the abusive female-degrading man in the movies and, no doubt, in their real-life relationships, suddenly erupts to the surface.
- ➡ They have found the male perpetrator, the source of all their misery and with their new found equality ... they attack him with all they've got.

### *My Two Cents*

*It obviously never dawned on them that the same inoffensive man calls the men in the office 'mate' or something like that.*

*Strange, selective hearing.*

*Or if it did dawn on them, they would probably think that he wants to have children with men. Sick weirdo that he is.*



## LOVE

Inner-city Dublin love can go like this – as a previous relationship I've had testifies. In response to me joking her that she doesn't REALLY love me, she angrily defends ... 'Oi do do fukkn love ya, ya dick. Oi do be tellin' ya all da bleedin' toime'.)

*All this 'do be do be do' Dublin stuff never fails to remind me of Frank Sinatra or even morse code, just like Rossini's overture to his William Tell Opera never fails to remind me of The Lone Ranger.)*

- Anyway. Love between a mating couple can happen. Deep down, I believe it's possible and it's great when it happens.
- But to present it as some ideal that must be aspired to, is so full of destruction to its unfortunate believers.
- It is the sad effect of all the Hollywood distortion and all the childish fantasy stories of princesses and princes 'falling in love' and 'living happily ever after'.

### NOTE

Every psychiatrist's clinic is crammed full of disillusioned casualties who were given a steady dose of this poison all their lives.

Of course their lives are unfulfilled. Of course they didn't meet that perfect person who is out there and was meant just for them ... and only them. Their Soul Mate.

### This is a real human tragedy

**Unfortunately, they swallowed this rubbish until it has ruined their otherwise valuable lives, just like all drugs and poisons do.**



When a typical man says to his sexual partner that he loves her what he is really saying is very different ...

### Typical Man

'I'm saying I love you and that means if you have sex with another man ... I will hate you.'

### Non-Earthly Alien

And his 'love' may be so intense that, though she may flee to the remotest corner of the Earth, he will hunt her down like the mangy dog she is ... and kill her.

- ★ But, his instinct is understandable and real.
- ★ Every monkey in the tree and lion in the savannah is exactly like him. It's genetic.
- ★ He wants to nurture and protect his offspring and not another guy's offspring.

**But his 'love' is not real. Like 100% of this kind of love, it's based on purely selfish reasons**

- 🍌 The guy who needs his food cooked and his house cleaned is definitely 'in love' with his woman if she does this.
- 🍌 The woman who really hates to be alone or who wants a baby, falls 'in love' very fast with the first 'appropriate' man.
- 🍌 The guy who always hated the nightclub scene and having to chat up girls, falls head over heels 'in love' and clings to it as if it were dearest life itself.
- 🍌 The woman who doesn't like her job or the people she works with and can't wait to be a housewife, falls desperately 'in love'.
- 🍌 The woman or man who simply likes good regular sex will, for sure, fall 'in love' ... but only with the person who can deliver good sex and definitely will not with the person who can't deliver it.

### My Two Cents

Throughout my blighted life, I have always told my female partner that she is free to have other sexual encounters if she wants.

*Within reason, of course. I didn't want her shagging everyone I knew ... men, women, farmyard creatures, extra-terrestrials etc. (Well, maybe women. Maybe that's OK. I could live with that).*

But, crucially, her sex life is hers ... and not mine.

However, it's amazing when you bestow such freedom how tenaciously a person will cling to obedience and even slavery.

It could explain the slave mentality, maybe even post-colonialism itself. *(For example, when the Brits 'gave' the slave Irish their freedom the big majority of them became more post-colonial than before.)*

And, even more shocking, when I tell men that I say this to my partner, they react with undisguised shock and sometimes downright revulsion and even anger. It's as if I betrayed everything about my gender.

Maybe it's because I'm convinced (well, almost convinced) that she can't possibly find a better sex partner than myself ... and maybe other men are terrified at the thought of the very opposite of this.

I can never fully identify where this very negative reaction, from both men and women, comes from. Though I wager everything I own, it comes from the same place that racism, intolerance and violence comes from.



## Love (another perspective)

What's it all about, anyway. Only a tiny fraction of people achieve a love like Heathcliff and Catherine, yet we all read Wuthering Heights and we all 'understand' the awesome power and majesty of this love.

- ◆ We all may know it but we also know we will never experience it
- ◆ It will forever remain a whimsical notion, a flowery mountain top, but we desperately want to get there
- ◆ We all want to be kings and queens of our own little castles on Penniston Crag

Does it mean that in one of our previous lifetimes we did experience it and, therefore, it is known to us and if we don't experience it again we will be unfulfilled? Because we instinctively know it is the most indelible part of being a full human being on Earth?

So, why doesn't it happen to everyone, or to a sizeable minority even. Why is it so rare ... this greatest thing that can happen to a person?

- ◆ Some say it's the very reason we are alive, the flowering of that part of God that was planted before our birth and resides forever within us throughout our lives.
- ◆ Some say when we close our eyes we can see that other part of ourselves ... our Loved One. The part that makes us whole ... brings out the best in us and allows us to live as we were meant to. We can sometimes even see the very face and body and life force of the person charging us, filling us. Or is that just the greater self that we all contain, a wish fulfilment, a guardian angel?
- ◆ Some say that the love between Cathy and Heathcliff was a bad thing, not to be sought after or desired because, in reality, it is unhelpful and ultimately destructive. In the everyday world, this love would tear us apart and everyone associated with it.
- ◆ Some say it is just the child in us unable to live without the unconditional love given to us by a parent.

### **My Two Cents**

**No matter what anyone says, every one of us would gladly give up all the relationships we ever had ... to live for one full day as a Heathcliff or a Catherine, when they were together on Penniston Crag.**

### **I often wonder what Emily Bronte was next reincarnated as. My God!**

This woman was a wild Leo, a brilliant Celt, who throughout her very short life was forced to subdue her passions to the claustrophobic world she found herself in.

The result was intense frustration and fear and anger ... and Wuthering Heights.

So, what if she were alive today? She'd probably be making a very persuasive, argument to her friends about how Bojangles nightclub is far superior to The Rockoff nightclub because the boys there really knew how to shag girls.

She'd probably be happy contributing articles to 'City of Sex' magazine describing to teenage girls the 10 best ways to get their boyfriends into bed.

And so, for that reason, maybe we shouldn't judge others as the Good Book has already said before me. Maybe we are what we are because of the environment and circumstances we found ourselves in and not some loftier gift we were born with.

### **My Two Cents**

**I often wish I could fall in love with a wonderful flower and make her blossom even more. But deep down I know I'd be faking it.  
And, ultimately, I'd be a vexation to her and she would wilt.**

**Maybe the best contribution I can make is to find the right man for the woman I've come to know and love.**



## The Mating Game / Marriage

An old man once said to me (*and he thought he was being real original at the time*) ...

### **Old Man**

You don't have to buy the cow if you're getting the milk for free.

Tragically, even with our great 'social advances' the truth of this remains and will remain throughout the ages, I wager.

### **Women often forget that the mating game is just that ... it's a game.**

Those who play well will win and those who are too confident or too 'modern' or whatever to engage in such base behaviour ... will lose.

- Whether women like to think of it or not, sixty years of the contraceptive pill (or a thousand years for that matter) can't negate at least two million years of human anthropological behaviour.
- Mating with the female and the resulting offspring was of paramount importance to the male and to his nurturing and caring for them ... and having to find food for them ... and this is programmed into male behaviour and cannot be de-programmed any time soon (*well, not for the another two million years, anyway*).
- Women are at a physical disadvantage to men but (as Nature is fair) they are given a few good cards to play with. And they are given the best trump card of all ... around which the entire game should revolve (like the Queen in chess).
- They are given their body and nature placed men at a big disadvantage because of his need for it. So, men had to learn to play, and play well if they wanted to win.
- But modern man, in his devious scientific ingenuity, devised a major 'advance' for women.

- He allows them the 'facility' of throwing away their trump card in the first round of the game before the ardour of the other player is even tested. (*Even men who can't play at all, can win.*)
- Women's chances of success in the game are, therefore, severely curtailed and they have to, thereafter, rely on the benevolence or lack of skill of the other player in order to reach equilibrium.
- Generally speaking, if they lose their trump card too early (or their Queen if you prefer a chess analogy), they lose the game ... and they are always beholden.

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### **My mother and I had many hot debates about marriage.**

*(Well, truth be told, the word 'debate' is a bit loose here when describing an exchange with my mother. It was more a case of 'I'm definitely right and you are definitely wrong and I will treat anything you say with the contempt it deserves'. But, I digress.)*

#### **My Mother**

If you don't marry, the good ones will be gone.

#### **Me**

But there's a new good one born every minute.

While her lament on my disinterest in marriage was genuine, I was always confused by it.

She was right if time stood still ... but it didn't.

It was my challenge to attract a good one every year (*or every two years, which was the average length of my relationships*).

- \* All I've learned about marriage is that it's the same as all other relationships
- \* It's based on the Pecking Order and it's only fools who don't know this
- \* And the vast majority of these fools generally find a Mr Right or a Ms Right

### Pecking Order

Ms Right and Mr Right simply didn't get what they were originally looking for, that's all.

She didn't get the rich band leader or football captain or – dare I say – the rock star or movie star or just any filthy rich guy (or whatever her 'men at the top of the pile' were). So, she went for the next best thing.

And, when that didn't work, she slowly descended down through the ranks ... and further down ... and further down still ... until she eventually found ... Mr Right.

Similarly, Mr Right, having started at the top of his pile (very pretty, incredible body, socially acceptable, titanic hooters) also descended through the ranks ... even further down ... and still down ... till he eventually found ... Ms Right.

But isn't that what 'love' is all about, otherwise there would be no future generations?

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## True Love

Maybe I didn't love you at first or for a long time after ... even after marriage ... and childbirth. Maybe I didn't know what love was?

But then came the day when I overheard you describe to our little child this absolutely extraordinary creature you had seen in the woods.

Your eyes were shining with dramatic excitement and with the importance of what you were saying ... as our child was becoming increasingly wide-eyed and enraptured by the greatness of your story ... and the greatness of you.

You explained that this magical creature had the head of a ... rabbit ... and the body of a ... rabbit.

And I saw the delight grow on our child's face and his enraptured eyes and mouth open wider and wider. And I saw the delight grow on your face as you realised he understood your humour.

And I felt the same delight grow inside me also.

And suddenly I realised ... I love you.



That's all for now, folks. But I'm not finished yet. Stay tuned ...



All relationships end in tears

The man or woman standing at the graveside of their partner being buried after meeting at school many decades before when they were 17 is crying at their partner being buried.

The more you love, the more you cry

I haven't cried since my first year in boarding school – terrified that the other guys would hear it.

As an old guy, I cry alone often now – because emotions tear me apart easier than before. My resistance is weaker.

The lovely girls I should have married – but didn't, because I found a reason not to marry them.

The dreadful mistakes I made that destroyed my life and could have been avoided – like marrying East European gypsy trash that holds your only child as ransom till the money they want is paid.

The easy solution to this is easy ... DO NOT HAVE RELATIONSHIPS

But, as humans, we are compelled to have them.

There is no escape from this duty we find ourselves – in this lifetime.

So, what do we do – knowing all of our relationships end in tears