

**POSTMODERN**



**LOVE**

## **TWO PLAYS ON THE POSTMODERN WYMAN OF THE KALI YUGA**

### **1ST PART**

**“GIVE IT TO BEAVER: THE MEETING OF A TRADITIONAL AND POSTMODERN FAMILY”**

### **2ND PART**

**“M.G.T.O.W OR MANLINESS: A DIALOGUE BETWEEN DUDLEY DORIGHT AND SNIDLEY WHIPLASH”**

“GIVE IT TO BEAVER: THE MEETING OF A TRADITIONAL AND POSTMODERN FAMILY”



Traditional (T): Gather round family we are about to greet our long absent friends who have just arrived from America. Unfortunately we have not had the privilege of sojourning to that wondrous land. Let us welcome our friends. Here they are now I hear them knocking.

Post-modern (P): ‘Sup foo! Wha’s crackin loq! Jus’ playin’ wit chu homie y’all know dat! The chillin be here now – line up now chillin! I said line up now! Well dey don’t wanna line up so I’ll make de introductions: Laqueesha over der she just got her y’know whatcha call it ‘abortion’ – she be the first one of the litter ain’t but 12 year. D’other chil’ she be not 9 yet – I think – and she flunking her grades but dad o.k. she gon’ be jus’ fine once dem babies start coming! Sho nuff! Over der dat be de man of de house – he rollin’ wit de Blackface crew an’ cashin’ in big money – y’know what I’m saying! D’old man he done run off somewheres devil take ‘im and ain’t got no chil’ support. Don’t matter anyway he done no good fo’ nobody anyhow! Sheet de state be a betta father than he ne’er be.

T: Pardon me my good woman I believe you must have the wrong household for we are seeking the company of an old acquaintance and we have not the privilege of knowing yours. A thousand apologies

but we simply can't continue to dialogue with you as we must await the arrival of our good friends.

P: Whatchu talkin' 'bout!? Ain't you the Joneses from round the way? Y'all look like dey does!

T: I do apologize my good woman but our name is James and we have no knowledge of this group you reference. Please excuse us while we wait for our dear friends. And thank you for your time.

P: Sheet! (Walks off and door is closed)

P2 (the proper family): Greetings friends! Here we are after our long absence in the Americas back to the homeland of our ancestors. I would like to sit down and discuss our respective families good neighbour. By the way how much did you pay for your house? Ours was within the highest income bracket where we were staying and near the river. We had a large yard where the children could play when they were little. By the way they are here with us now. They are teenagers now as you know whereas they were young children when we last saw you. Let me introduce you: Jaden here is attending high school and is first in her class. She is also on the debate team and is a champion of human rights in the local multi-cultural club. She aspires to be a United Nations ambassador when she attains maturity.

T: She sure is a healthy young girl. But my so many tattoos – surely those are a sign of...

P2: Tattoos? Oh all the young girls get them nowadays! They are a way of demonstrating their liberation from heterosexual white male patriarchy and proving to the world that they have nothing to prove.

T: Indeed. She sure appears rebellious with all of her piercings and skimpy clothes.

P2: Her civics teacher who is a Ph.D. in cultural anthropology and head of the feminist community at her school advises all the younger girls to dress down as a protest against the treatment of women and girls as sex objects. By dressing down they demonstrate that they don't care if they are treated as sex objects because they transcend the norms of a rigid western patriarchal society.

T: But surely such a society is what enables them to 'dress down' as you would call it...what societal form would you prescribe in place of this 'patriarchal' one as you call it.

P2: Surely you jest! Only one remains, which is an egalitarian society wherein the boundaries between races and genders are broken down and substituted with a rainbow reality of love and peace. Such is the goal our dear daughter is striving to manifest. She has always espoused goal of a universal humanity genuflecting before the earth mother as their most gracious god and mother love.

T: Sounds very Christian this utopia of yours: (presumably those spoken of as human) somehow equalized in terms of the division of labour; all selflessly sacrificing their own personal selfsatisfaction for the 'earth mother' as you call it, an idealized concept of materialistic naturalism which is endowed with female qualities to bind the brainwashed slaves in happy obeisance to an abstract matriarchal god-form.- If not Christian then at least communist.

P2: I won't stand for being called a Christian! Nothing is more abhorrent to me than to be included in or compared to that group of patristic, violent totalitarian authoritarian personality types. The very notion makes me ill. However communism though it failed in past instances was and is a workable idealistic

philosophy worth another try. I truly believe this and look forward to its success.

T: Very well comrade we shall see what eventuates in this world once revolution begins. As to wealth redistribution I was quite nonplussed to bear witness to a large number of homeless yesterday.

P2: Homelessness! Truly a sad state when the world is the home of all. Wealth clearly must be shared and our family does its part – it's the least we can do with our vast fortune. We donate to several charities and love to bring joy to those in need.

T: Why then is there poverty in your own town and in mine? Where does all of this redistributed wealth go? There are many who still have nothing.

P2: It is given to those who are in real need – those in the third world who deserve a chance. Most of those who are local homeless are there for a reason.

T: And that would be...

P2: They are on drugs or from the lower classes and typically drunkards or work-shy. They are given plenty and yet still have nothing – their own fault.

T: I doubt they are all on drugs but if they are that should be remedied not encouraged or ignored with all of the wealth to be redistributed drug addiction would be a thing of the past – if it were justly distributed as most charities simply abscond with most of the proceeds for alleged administrative fees and send the remainder to third world countries so that they can conceive larger and larger populations which not only can't be sustained by technological means nor should be, but can't be sustained in terms of the natural environment either. Hence the feeding of the third world is to feed a problem which simply exacerbates over time. The more they are given the more chaos and destruction will ensue.

P2: The world can sustain billions more.

T: Should it? Is it not the contention of environmentalists that there are already too many mouths to feed, too many 'consumers' they say, and that the global population requires a decrease not an increase of current numbers?

P2: That may be so but still – they are an innocent group who deserve our help surely.

T: Perhaps it is nature's contention that they are not so deserving...?

P2: Here is our son fresh out of summer camp! It is a special camp where young men – he is 14 – go to learn to tolerate and understand the different cultures which so enrich our lives.

T: Cultures that are Trojan horses within our society and which proliferate as so many cancer cells: the rape culture of Muslim males, the gang culture of blacks and Asians – the list goes on.

P2: Not so! This summer camp – only for the elect of course – espouses an inclusive philosophy of diversity in which all are one and celebrate each other's differences in a holistic framework of harmonious love and peace. Our son was very pleased to discover that he is a homosexual and that he simply was suffering under the hegemony of repressive white male patriarchy that structured his developing self-understanding into a rigid mold that had to be broken. He broke that mold this summer

with his new lover Sam Goldberg. The camp counsellor was very eager to superintend their togetherness – her name is Sally Reitman.

T: Sounds like a very Jewish gathering.

P2: Well I'm not sure they were religious – but maybe? In any case our son has become a crusader for homosexual rights. He refuses to be repressed in his sexual exploration and self- discovery by the patriarchy. In a way this is his form of rebellion against the tyranny of this planet.

T: Which would that be?

P2: Why the fascists of course! - The authoritarian personality type which is biologically inherent in all white heterosexual males. It is the reason why I had got a vasectomy – to discontinue any possibility of procreation so that the hated white race will cease to conceive white people, given their inherent tendencies towards aggression and hegemonic oppression of visible minorities and women as well as the various genders. Oppression of all kinds will cease with the white male of course – it is inevitable!

T: But what about Jews – don't they have these same tendencies given their involvement in the slave trade of both whites and blacks, their fomentation of the major wars of history as well as their economic enslavement of the world's people through their banking system? Not to mention their mind control through the media that they control, as well as all major publishing companies and academia which they have perverted to suit their political ends.

P2: That's anti-Semitism! Whatever power Jews have in the world is probably gained through hard work and long suffering. Why would they have suffered so much in the holocaust if they were the cause of global strife? Couldn't they have put a stop to that madman Hitler?!

T: That would be a lengthy discussion. Consulting any revisionist historian would answer any questions you might have on these issues.

P2: In any case I'm sure whoever is controlling society is very cunning and that white male privilege is the ultimate factor.

T: Where is your wife?

P2: Oh we choose not to call it that as we have never formalized our relations. We like to keep an open relationship – more inclusive that way you see. We choose to live apart though I volunteered to take custody of the kids until they are of age. She is just too burdened with all of her duties as a public administrator and part-time professor at the local university teaching gender studies. She can manage though as she has a live-in girlfriend who was born in Somalia who helps her with the duties. They were together during our living together until we decided to choose separate dwellings as a means of preserving a safe space for each other. I not wanting to exert patriarchy over her nascent relationship with her Somalian lover – whose name is Freki by the way – decided it was best to relocate within our university town. The children of course were educated so that they would come to appreciate that pure love can only come in homosexual relationships as heterosexual relationships are by their very nature oppressive forms of patriarchy. Hence our son has become an embodiment of this pure love of platonic proportions.

T: And yourself – how are you doing? Have you written your book of poems yet as you had



communicated to me over the phone some years back in our brief conversation of those times?

P2: Yes I have and it is causing waves amongst the intelligentsia of the left. It is called 'Tears of the Downtrodden' and is dedicated to the young negress who presented at the United Nations conventions on racism. They are mementos of he who could never understand the plight of the voiceless, namely a heterosexual white male.

T: But if this negress is voiceless why is she presenting to the United Nations? That surely implies that she, as representative of her endless mass of putative victims, is being heard through being granted a global audience? I see now why your poems are so popular with the majority and have such mass appeal. Everyone loves a victim; it enables them to feel superior through a power dynamic where they are the master, the recipient being the slave. Thus they establish themselves in a position of greater power through conferrance of the object of desire upon that of they who desire – they exert power over the recipient – giving in order to take.

P2: Profound philosophy indeed but my motives are pure – I have nothing but love for all the children of the world and look forward to the day when all will sing the international global anthem under the rainbow flag of universal love and peace.

T: Shall we meet my family dearest friend? I have them awaiting us in the drawing room and they are eager to meet you and your children.

P2: Lead the way...

T: This is Johnny my eldest boy – he is but 15 and yet has become a nationally recognized chess grandmaster having just won this year's tournament in this region. He is also the captain of the football team and will be taking his team to the pennant this season.

P2: Barbarous sport! Such knuckle-dragging exercise is fitted only for the coarsest of brutes! And chess! A game which is merely war writ small, a microcosm of that terrible macrocosm which shrouds the world in darkness! Fie upon it! My young son would never partake of such crude combat – why, he is a lover not a fighter!

T: Pity...but we must all make our mark; some through the mud and blood of conquest and war, others through the mud of a different sort.

P2: Hmm...and who is this young girl? - Your daughter? But she is so old-fashioned-looking caparisoned in a raiment of slavery with her dress and bow in her hair – veritable shackles of domestic serfdom! Is this, comrade, what you are preparing your daughter for – to be the serf of a brute shackled to a stove and existing only to be at the beck and call of the coarse lusts of a ruffian – for what modern man would have tolerance for such inequality!

T: It is her wish to dress so – and I am proud of her choice. She is currently learning another musical instrument along with her expertise with the piano – the flute, and has been making straight A's in her courses. She aspires to be a teacher of youth who she understands need much guidance in this degenerate world. Observe – she and her mother have made a scrumptious pumpkin pie for you and your family!

P2: Look at my son he is continuing his sexploration – this time with the dog!

T: I must protest such vile acts in this house. Please, take your pumpkin pie and leave my residence.

P2: (taking pumpkin pie and throwing it at 'T'): Intolerant bigot! I can stand your attitude no longer. Come children let's go! Where is daughter? Son take a break from your exertions and let us look for her.

T: Where is my son? We must find them!

(Both enter into master bedroom and the son and daughter fornicating in the white sheets)

Mother: They make a perfect couple!



PART 2 "M.G.T.O.W...OR MANLINESS?"----->



M.G.T.O.W. or Manliness? – A dialogue between Dudley Dooright (D) and Snidely Whiplash (S)

D: Hold Snidely Whiplash you base-born son of a cur – I Dudley Dooright, hero of the Mounties am here – you shan't get away!

S: Curses you got me Dooright – let's make a deal: if I can best you in argument you must let me go and continue my nefarious schemes of brigandage – deal?

D: Whiplash I know that I am in the right and no sophistries on your part would ever be sufficient to best me – you shall have your debate! Now what topic is it that you wish to discuss? I need no preparation for honed am I as a keen blade in the realm of all manner of subjects: philosophy, politics, the sciences. Your feeble wit will undoubtedly be vanquished by my own. Now speak up – what shall the topic be?

S: I propose, since we are forever brought together over that hussy you are forever doting on, that we debate over the merits and demerits of they who are falsely called the fairer sex and strive to answer the question as to whether they are worth the effort beyond mere sport, in other words to phrase it in the form of a proposition: 'MGTOW or Manliness'.

D: I refrain from dispatching you now only as I have given my word to honour this contract with you for my Nell has never been nor ever will be infidelitous and though I at present have not received the favour of her affections I know her to be merely shy, demur in her expression of the like for myself. But pray, what do you mean by your proposition? What is 'MGTOW' and in what way is it contradistinguished from 'manliness', for by the disjunctive form of your proposition I infer that the two are in fact contraries.

S: As contrary as black and white Dooright! Yes as contrary as you and I though distinction is more subtle and misunderstood in the popular mind which you yourself judging by your swaggering devotion to your would-be paramour clearing replicate – their error that is.

D: Speak plain man – I understand nothing of this cryptic speech!

S: Very well Dooright what I mean is this: MGTOW is an acronym which denotes 'men going their own way' which means in the vernacular that practice or lifestyle adhered to by men who privilege themselves and their personal projects over playing the role of a white knight such as thee Dooright! Yes it means autonomy over matrimony, over slavery – it means freedom!

D: Freedom is the negative, there is no freedom save in chains! Without a woman in a man's life there is no refulgent beacon casting its charming glow over her hero and saviour, her provider and defender. This I would look upon as manliness – to self-sacrificially defend to the death if need be the frail and weak fairer sex which you sarcastically malign with your vile words. How could freedom exist when there is nothing to be free for and only 'free from', namely a woman. Given that this is the basis of life, the cradle of civilization, without the tender mother love of a fair maiden there would be no life!

S: Naiveté to the extreme Dooright! There are countless women in the world and countless men also. However, biologically there need only be a ratio of one man to many women – for within a polygamous structure there would not be any woman unpaired and those men who wish to play the

sucker's role could provide for many fair dames. Of course this assumes that society matters and it is not the individual alone who matters. You say freedom for what and posit woman as the prize! I denounce your prize and put in its place the goddess of wisdom, of learning and of artistic creation. The prize you seek can be found in the gutter for a few kopeks, in the dens of iniquity in the red light district. Life will go on Doorright, just as white knights such as you will continue to trip over yourself for the lights of your life – false lights I might add for the real light shines within! As to manliness this dutiful honour concept of yours is simply the manifestation of biological drives urging you to propagate the species and spread your genes to a posterity that depends upon such a transmission. Indeed Doorright it is the height of egotism to put yourself on a pedestal as the defacto ruler of the world without whom the species would cease. Such is the hypocrisy of the 'self-sacrificial' - as they envision their 'self-sacrifice' as the basis of the world's existence pivoting upon them as its axis.

D: Snidely what you say goes against all my better instincts...but perhaps you are right – perhaps these 'instincts' are merely biological drives which impel me unconsciously towards my own destruction, the destruction of all higher purpose that would otherwise be unrealized. Nevertheless I persist in my devotion to Nell, the love of my life – for her I would die if need be.

S: Doorright you are indeed a sucker who has made yourself a devoted slave to the caprice of a woman. For her favour you would cast away all wisdom and its fruits; you would dissipate your creative drive through low-minded puppy love what you laughably call 'love'. The real meaning of which is harmony which implies autonomy not subordination. Hence your love amounts to little more than self-hate as you have sold your autonomy for a pittance and acquired moreover a ball and chain shackling you to the mundane things of life.

D: Hypocrite! I observed you just yesterday on my rounds with a serving wench – how then can you affirm that my honourable devotion to Nell is not of a higher more exalted nature than your philandering with various and sundry base wretches from the lower orders?

S: You fail to distinguish Doorright between Eros and platonic love (sophrosyne). The partaking of wenching is merely an exercise of the will, a means of transcending the baser drives and thereby demonstrating mastery over them while simultaneously experiencing and thereby knowing them in their true nature. In your case you elevate these drives in your lack of illumination to the level of the goal of existence nullifying your own autonomy and identity in the act – it is a gesture of self-murder this wilful subordination to another and for no greater purpose than the realization of base drives, their gratification in animal tryst. In my case this tryst is merely a springboard to the divine, a consciousness raising and expanding pursuit which enables me to overcome the lower drives. Through their exercise they are transcended whereas in your case they are perverted and become the sole object of desire thereby consuming your energies in as you say 'devotion' which implies subordination to an external Other.

D: There is no higher form of consciousness than the recognition of another as receptacle of one's love; that one sees himself in the other and completes himself in that other. This is love and nothing could be more harmonious than self-sacrifice. This is what it means to be dutiful and to have honour – to have the willingness and the ability to sacrifice oneself for another without expectation of reward.

S: Again laughable Doorright! Extinction of the self is attained through such 'self-sacrifice' – it is even inherent in the very term. Such is the mark of the madman blinded by his biological drives. Have I not

yet proved to you that MGTOW is the way and your conventional brand of white-knighting – what you call ‘manliness’ – is merely folly and a delusion. MGTOW is the way to the higher consciousness this ‘manliness’ of yours is the way to perdition.

D: You contend then that this is extinction and that no higher mind can be cultivated through devotion to a woman? Why then do I feel so uplifted and full of happiness around Nell – oh Nell, Nell my truest love!

S: Your feelings and sentiments are merely the operations of the lower mind Dooright; they indicate no higher but rather a lower consciousness trapped in what the ancients call ‘Maya’ or ‘illusion’. The higher mind transcends this illusion and the sex magick rituals I undergo with my harem of maids – which I through my higher will could forgo on the instant – simply serves as a springboard to the divine.

D: Speak not of such vile practices Whiplash! Rather justify your claim that it is not manly to serve in self-sacrificial devotion a fair maiden. I contend that this is nobility itself.

S: I will refute your contention easily Dooright! And this from the standpoint of etymology: ‘manas’ means mind and its cognate ‘manliness’ simply means the embodiment of the higher mind. It is conventionally associated with masculinity as only men are able to attain this state hence the linguistic cognates used to denote and connote that which is ‘manly’ or ‘ma-sculine’, etc. Self-sacrifice in the sense of self-destruction which implies the sacrifice of the higher mind of which you are a part is blind folly and the mark of an undeveloped being. Such a being cannot even claim to be a ‘man’ let alone manly as it has no higher principle. Thus it is merely a hybrid at best of animal-man.

D: Truly Whiplash you are a word twister! When I mean ‘man’ I mean flesh and blood such as I or you! The higher principles you allude to either exist in all or are mere fictions, the sport of semanticists such as yourself who refuse to acknowledge the bare bones realities of life, namely that people cannot develop these metaphysical qualities you ascribe to them – that they are either there or they are not. To be manly is to be brave and courageous to sacrifice oneself for the greater good and for a woman especially! It is the duty of the strong to protect the weak and the weak to tend to the wounds of the strong! This Whiplash is the basis of life and how societies function!

S: Dooright will you never learn! We are not speaking of society but of the higher principles and states of consciousness. Such women as I partake of are alike to all women! – Mere stable sweeps and kitchen maids ripe for sport as a springboard to the divine. In order to achieve these states which are properly spoken of as ‘manly’ one must have a willingness to recognize for what they are these other alleged virtues of yours: mere chains to be wound around one’s neck and hobbles to transcendence. Once understood that in the capacity of a white knight it is you who are being ridden by the Red Queen then you will understand the necessity of dealing with the so-called ‘fairer sex’ in the proper way namely as a tool for immanent transcendence or nothing. They obviously serve the function of raising children but this need not concern us Dooright no matter how wilfully subordinate you wish to be, prostrating yourself at the feet of what you believe to be a goddess but who is in reality a mere whore!

D: To continue to malign woman in that way Whiplash is to incur my wrath! Only my word keeps me from shooting you down as the cur you are.

S: Too late now Dooright I see behind you your lovely Nell who wouldn’t want her white knight to harm another. You must consider her interests Dooright as her interests are your own near and dear to your heart. Nell enters into the conversation.

D: Nell! I have long been waiting to see you! Where have you been it has been so long and my devotion to you only waxes the hotter with absence?

N: Oh...Dooright, I mean Dudley...please forgive me I didn't notice you. I had come with a message for Mr. Whiplash.

D: Mr. Whiplash! – A message? (Nell walks by Dudley Dooright to Snidely Whiplash)

S: Here we are my sweet now let us have that message. (Reads message) - A discount at the tavern from my old affiliate barman boor. Care to join me my sweet?

N: So long as you're paying. They go off leaving Dudley Dooright open-mouthed.

Dialogue between Nell and Dudley Dooright

N: Oh Dudley I didn't notice you were there. How are you today – is everything going well with your job?

D: I am about to be promoted Nell and was eager to inform you of this fact as I also have a question to ask of thee.

N: Question? What question?

D: I have long favoured thee Nell but have long held back. Now I know that our love is genuine and that now is the proper time to propose to you a marriage between I and thee.

N: Love? You must have me mistaken for someone else...

D: Nay Nell that is mere coyness on your part. For you have always favoured me I can observe that from your general speech and demeanour – your sidelong glances and demur coquettishness that you were simply trying to intimate to me your true opinion of me and entice me to reciprocate your regard that I might make such an advance as this toward you.

N: Surely you jest Dooright!

D: Such a thing as love is no matter for jesting dearest Nell; nay it is for great jubilation such an occasion as this! To be wed! Surely such a thing comes but once in a lifetime – if the groom be lucky – else he will be nothing but a bridegroom or rather a bridesmaid – ha ha ha!

N: So it's settled then is it?

D: Truly! I knew you would consent! And my promotion is near also which means we will be so much better off in our budding nuptials.

N: Promotion – oh yes you mentioned that. How much would that be Dudley?

D: More than enough my dearest Nell!

N: I love you money – I mean honey!

## Post-divorce court: Snidely Whiplash encounters Dudley

D: Alas even a blackguard like you, Snidely, must concede that women are a cruel breed! It is not so... even though years of one's life are spent in devotion to a woman they are as not once that dove has transformed herself into a cruel hawk and wrenched one's heart from his chest carrying it away whiter he knows not for what again he knows not. Tell me Snidely how can women be made loyal and never stray from their doting manservant?

S: Dooright I see now you have finally learned your lesson and come to understand that she who you have heretofore regarded as unapproachable, immune to criticism is now the target of your bitterest gall making of her a veritable spittoon for your rancour. As to an answer to your question that would be an impossibility, an absurdity, as it is in the nature of woman – who is all one, all of a piece so-to- speak with only subtle variations as that of a chord plucked delicately it still remains within its range of octave – it is in their nature to stray. - For they are always seeking that which accumulates the most benefit to themselves and that comes in the form of status, money, and pleasures of the flesh. But pray when did this separation come about? What do you think precipitated her leave-taking? I see that now you are accoutred in the vestments of a lowly private whereas you had attained the position of a colonel?

D: Alas it is true I, through my devotion to Nell and her endless wants, had at one point committed a dereliction of duty – a minor infraction though blinded as I was with love for her and a desire to cater to her whims I forsook my greater duty and was thereby demoted to my current lowly station as a mere private. From thence Nell couldn't stand the disgrace she said of associating with lowly rabble such as myself and found another man I know not whom, who she said could afford her and would cater to her whimsy. I say good riddance and may he be cursed by her as she cursed me!

S: Now, now, Dooright – you are trying to make a housewife out of a whore. They must be treated as such and discarded when the sport has become wearisome; to be picked up again once the inclination arises. Like feathers in the wind they go where they want and seek what they will to the extent they can. Though never content they are forever in pursuit of satisfaction. They are a walking contradiction, an absurdity Dooright! Pay them no heed or simply heed them for who they are: an exploiter, a usurer. Make good sport of them Dooright or avoid them. No whore can be made into a housewife save with the purchase price of money and status – even then they are as wayward as a weather cock.

D: The question again plagues my mind – what base-born churl had absconded with my Nell?!

S: Hold Dooright! You do the gentleman wrong – it is not he who was the cause of your Nell's absence but her own inner nature. You have clearly not yet learned your lesson: that woman is merely an exploiter, a black widow spider who drains the blood from those flies she catches in her web. It is not the gentleman philanderer or white knight sucker who is to blame but she herself. The loyalty of a woman as I stated previously is to herself exclusively and at best can be hired out to the highest bidder whose claim upon her is merely ephemeral and like a wisp of perfume fades away in the wind directing itself along whichever current blows the strongest. He who creates the strongest current directs the course of woman. Or if you like another analogy he who has the greatest magnetic force impels women towards him as flies to jam even if he be the greatest shit the world has ever seen. They see, you see Dooright, the twinkle of jewels and other baubles – signals of wealth – flashing from



under the reek and, holding their nose, seek that which they desire though they must get their hands dirty.

D: Nevertheless Whiplash I can't help but feeling vengeful that my former possession should have been absconded with – or rather absconded herself with – I...

S: Dooright do you not yet understand that these feelings of yours are simply your innate biological drives that impel you to fulfill nature's imperative: the perpetuation of the species. Know that and you can thereby transcend the anchor which pulls you down to the depths into a world of cyclical decay 9-5 Monday to Friday – only to be let off from your drudgery to drown your sorrows. Why not live a life of creation, of productivity and joyous revelry – and women be damned as they have already damned themselves!

D: You're right Whiplash! Good on the fellow that beguiled Nell or rather benefited through his usage of her – and pity the fool if he played the white knight role; but perhaps mock him as he will have to learn the hard way and this will be a tough learning experience for him. Still I would like to know who that man was...

S: Dooright do you really wish to know? Yes? Well it is I who have put her into service, only the service that you yourself could have if you had only the knowledge you have now. Better luck next time Dooright! Perhaps Dudley Dooright was simply too naive and lacking in the manly virtues to be a powerful enough magnet to attract Nell? Perhaps, in spite of the social situation of the present M.G.T.O.W is merely a gesture of weakness and a poor excuse for failure however much of a survival strategy it may be.....