

THE TYRANNY OF
AMBIGUITY

SHEPPARD

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**An Account of the Development of a System of
Human Behaviour Analysis called**

PROCEDURAL ANALYSIS

Simon Sheppard

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Part 1

Sugar and Spice

*Sugar and spice and all things nice
That's what little girls are made of.
Slugs and snails and puppy dogs' tails
That's what little boys are made of.*

Old English nursery rhyme

Preliminaries. Experiment Zero

June 1992	F22C	Female, 22, Croatian
	F25J	Female, 25, Jewish
	F26DQB	Female, 26, Dutch queen Bitch
	M31DS	Male, 31, Dutch squatter

The nurse asks me to take off my shoes, trousers and underpants and come through; round and round in my head, repeating like a scratched record, I can hear 'Into the valley of death rode the six hundred' while I walk, wearing just T-shirt and socks, into the surgery room. The doctor and nurse are preparing the instruments for the operation I'm about to undergo and I'm more than a little nervous. I lay on the table and the doctor makes several injections into the base of my penis. During the wait for the anaesthetic to take effect I resume a discussion with the doctor from a week before, when I'd been counselled about what to expect. I like this doctor because unlike many he's not afraid to admit that he doesn't know something. After a while all is ready and the doctor asks "Are you sure you want to go through with it?" I nod and say "Yes." I'm to be circumcised on medical grounds.

As I lay on the table the doctor is seated to my right, the nurse to the left, both are wearing gowns and masks, the full regalia. My penis is the centre of attention, green rubber sheets hide the rest of me. I lie back with my forearm over my eyes and concentrate on relaxing; their work begins in earnest. I try to fill my mind with neutral thoughts, or at least anything that doesn't involve sex or scalpels. I'm vaguely aware of something going on below but can't feel a thing. The doctor talks it through with the nurse, it's in Dutch and I don't follow it – I'm not paying much attention, just find the sound of it reassuring. After seven or eight minutes I'm brought round by the comment that "You're being very good, very quiet" and I tell them about the occasion some years ago when I cut my head after a shallow dive from the beach at Brighton. The nurse at the time found my conversation so interesting that she lost count of the stitches she was putting in, which was pretty disastrous later when they had to be removed from among my hair.

I bravely steal a glance at the works down below. In an instant I take in

my by now impoverished penis, with a ring of black thread starting to appear around it just below the glans, and an assortment of pieces of fleshy skin, some quite large, scattered around on the green rubber sheets. That's all I need to see; I close the shutter on my consciousness as far as the proceedings below are concerned and start a conversation with the doctor about genital piercings.

At first the doctor gave a gesture of disapproval but then he checked himself. I tell him about the old practice, in Casanova's day, of inserting stones, jewels and even bells beneath the foreskin, round about where my stitches are even at this moment going in. Piercing with rings has become the vogue among members of a fashionable clique in England, some of whom are known to me. Genesis P. Orridge, a subculture celebrity, is always eager to display his collection; he has to sit to piss. I tell the doctor and nurse that the Kali rings for females, placed along the labia, have been reported to enhance sexual pleasure. The doctor recalls that he has been called upon to remove such embellishments and, glancing at the attractive blonde nurse seated opposite him, makes the remark that they could make intercourse painful. I think not – I say at first – but then propose that if women vary in size as much as men there might be difficulties. The nurse cannot believe her ears; the doctor has warmed to the topic by this time and several times has had to ask me to repeat parts of my narrative he missed while concentrating on the work in hand. He tells me that in former times goats' eyelashes were sewn onto the sides of the foreskin for the same purpose. This is repeated for me, my wits being slightly dulled by the anaesthetic, before a vision emerges of a male organ garnished with the strong stiff eyelashes of a goat dancing inside an appreciative female one, the human eyelashes fluttering simultaneously in ecstasy at the other end. I collapse, if such is possible while horizontal, into fits of giggles and general shaking of laughter to such an extent that I worry that the stitches will become crooked.

M31DS had agreed to pick me up after the operation in his battered Ford Taunus Estate, which had body panels of multiple colours due to the acquisition of many of its major parts from local scrap yards. I expected to be unable to walk or cycle after the operation so he had promised to collect me from the hospital. I sat in the waiting room for a few minutes while other patients came and went, but became restless and went out onto the sunlit Kerkstraat. M31DS could be relied upon to be late but I fully expected the ramshackle car containing my dark-haired and scruffy squatter friend to come bundling down the narrow cobbled street sooner or later.

I settled on a doorstep in the late May sunshine to wait. Before long however a bicycle wheel was spotted lying against a wall, further down on

the other, shady side of the street. I walked down to take a look; it was a 28-inch rear wheel with a good tyre, valuable as a spare and it was purloined without hesitation. Setting it beside me I settled down again, this time in a cooler and shadier spot, to await the arrival of M31DS.

He was only ten minutes late and following a rearrangement of objects in the car, I and the bicycle wheel were accommodated. We drove through the narrow streets, sometimes inching past obstacles or through groups of people, as when we crossed the Leidsestraat. At other times M31DS would put on frightening bursts of acceleration, throwing the ton of metal around in careering fashion whenever the opportunity arose, as if it were a weightless levitated platform we rode upon. M31DS suggested a beer and, casting caution to the wind, I agreed. He began to pick his way towards the Prinsengracht, the outermost of the four central canals encircling the Dam.

By this stage it was about 4pm. The car was parked, a parking meter was stuffed with guilders and I gingerly walked the short distance to a bar on the end of the Raadhuisstraat. We sat on the terrace of BAR0 (Bar Zero) opposite the Westerkerk, the church which towered above us on the other side of the road. Just beyond it was the Anne Frank House. Sitting in the spring sunlight, with M31DS consuming four glasses of strong Dutch lager to my two all the while, we played a game of pointing out to each other the people we recognized passing by on the busy road before us. Some had been seen in the cafés and bars around the town or in BAR1, the café and restaurant inside the huge old grain silo where M31DS lived. I recognized someone who worked on the local squatters' magazine for which I had written several articles. A woman known to M31DS cycled by who was about 35 but had features wizened an additional 10 or 15 years by heavy amphetamine use. Yet more were known to him from his occasional work as a technician for a film hire company. A girl of about 18, with long blonde hair and wearing a bright red dress over a perfect body, walked proudly by less than a metre in front of us. By the time we had finished our beers my member, up to this point completely numb, had started returning to life. Dull sensations appropriate to its mutilation were starting to register on my consciousness, but the sensations were not yet strong.

We drove the final few hundred metres to the house and M31DS pulled up right outside so that I could walk, now more delicately, the shortest distance to the door. Then he drove off to find a parking place before joining me at the house for coffee and a joint to finish off our session.

My front door was at the top of some steps and metal railings ran around to form a handrail. Outside it, above street level, stood a petrified Christmas tree and pots of dead and dying plants. The house was a *kraak*, a squat, and much of what lay within followed a distinct style which had

earned its own adjective in the Dutch language – *krakelijk* (squat-like), a rich blend of rubbish and unconventionality.

A few minutes later M31DS seated himself opposite me in the narrow kitchen. After the coffee and only a single joint I remember saying “I think I’m going to have to crash.” It was only two short steps to the door but I didn’t reach even that: I collapsed onto one of the strips of carpet. M31DS sat unmoved; people lying on the floor if they felt like it was not so unusual in this environment. After a few minutes however I awoke, found myself on the floor and was helped upstairs to rest in a more suitable place; soon after that M31DS wound his own way homeward.

BACKGROUND TO THE STUDY. Most of the squats in Amsterdam had a colourful past and the house at Bergstraat 18 was no exception. My favourite story was from around ten years previously, when it had been occupied by young Greeks. A bantam chicken had been the sole occupant of what was now the workshop; the floorboards had been covered in straw. Apparently the Greeks, wanting to return home, had made the offer “You can have the house if you look after the chicken.”

The house had originally been part of a large complex, of which the *grachtenhuis* (canal house) around the corner had been the major part. The back of that house had been knocked through to connect with mine. Back in the days before the house was a squat, planning permission had been granted for a hotel but the real intention had been to make it into a kind of super-brothel. The moment the builders and decorators had moved out the squatters had moved in, much to the chagrin of the owner. Eventually a Court Order was obtained to evict the squatters but the very night before the bailiffs were due the entrance to the *achterhuis* of my house had been bricked up and plastered over, separating the two buildings, a ruse which had successfully deceived the official from the Court. Hence my house, four rooms above each other, each with a lavatory and washbasin at the rear, had been forgotten by the authorities, the water and energy companies and apparently the owner too.

When I first moved in there had been no water and electricity had come via a rooftop cable strung the entire length of the street. The first priority had been to get the water on but there was still no shower or bath. Plus, for the last year the house had been without any power. The ex-squatters (who now paid rent) at the end of the 50m stretch of cable would no longer supply electricity through it, so lighting was by candles and my washing was done by hand. Not even the electric spin dryer could be used, nor the vacuum cleaner or refrigerator, not to mention the computers and electronic test equipment in the workshop upstairs.

The rest of the street was a mixture of residences and brothels. It was not in the Red Light District, which lay on the other side of the Damrak,

but in a more normal area of central Amsterdam, actually a rather up-market part, and frequented by Dutchmen rather than tourists. There were ten windows altogether behind which women would sit while scantily attired, waiting and signalling for clients, but it was rare for all of them to be occupied simultaneously. Directly opposite the house was Coffeeshop 1, CS1, an exceptionally sleepy coffeeshop with apartments above it. At the other end of the street, on the corner which met the Singel, was a municipal cleaning depot. Sometimes the small trucks would form a queue along the street, the workmen exchanging grins and waves with the prostitutes, and the heavier water-carrying vehicles would rock the house like a boat on its sedimentary foundations. The water level of the Herengracht just a few strides away was only a meter below street level and all of it, going back even before around 1720 when the house was built, was reclaimed land.

From the kitchen the view of the street and the coffeeshop opposite was obscured by a collection of growing and petrified plants crammed against the large high window; the biggest was a yucca which almost reached the ceiling. The table, laid end-on to the window, was covered with miscellaneous flotsam and jetsam such as candles, tools, my coffee percolator, unwashed cups and the old Dansette portable radio which was my only communication with the wider world. The walls of this room in particular were covered with paintings, posters and graffiti. A walking stick, speakers and an assortment of other objects hung from wires strung across the ceiling.

The first flight of curving stairs led to the sleeping room, which also contained the stacks of wooden crates which comprised my filing system. Hidden away in the fireplace a depressed predecessor of mine had scrawled in pencil –

*The day's had a bad effect on me
It grows darker and darker
Endless wind and rain*

– which summed up the Dutch weather much of the time. It was in this room that the eerie stillness of the house could be most evident. Even when Dam Square less than five minutes' walk away was teeming with tourists and shoppers the street could be a hive of inactivity; excepting the sonorous chimes of the nearby Westerkerk, the house would remain deathly quiet in its own private tranquillity.

Due to the absence of electricity the workshop above now served as a post room. An attic contained a scattering of junk left behind by previous occupants of the house; the roof leaked with any significant downpour of rain.

FIRST LACK OF SECRECY. In much of the house it was possible to be observed by the neighbours living opposite and likewise I could see them. I was past caring about this by now and took no especial interest in their activities. This was not atypical; it was often this way for people in Amsterdam, with three or four-story flats facing each other across narrow streets: to draw the curtains felt as if one were being antisocial. On a small flat section of roof were pots of soil which, in the summer to come, would hold cannabis plants. From there it was possible to hear the trains arriving at Amsterdam's Centraal Station.

THE PRIMARY SUBJECT. My earliest memory, from the age of 3, is of returning home with my mother, younger sister and brother after a stay with relatives. There had been an argument involving a pot of hot stew being thrown into my father's lap. The house had been stripped bare by my departing father; the greenhouse which had stood in the garden had gone and everything had been taken, including the curtains and light bulbs.

Around a decade later one of my first experiences of courtship was making an appointment with a girl who had sat at her window to watch during my futile wait for her. From first childhood memory until my mother's death, shortly before these accounts were started, when one of her suicide attempts had finally been successful, I have felt like a ball trapped on a pin-ball table, reeling from one situation to another. From the first, from then until now, I have been propelled by external forces and thoroughly emotionally confused. I have elected to try to change that and, since the lessons look as if they will be too good not to share, to write an account of this systematic study of human sexual behaviour.

SEX DIFFERENCES AND MESS. While at university I had sat in on several courses and indeed found many more interesting than the mathematics I was actually studying. One was Sex Differences, the study of differences between men and women.

Furthermore I had been given an introduction to a new evolution theory, Mixed Evolutionarily Stable Strategies or MESS, by Professor John Maynard Smith. I had intended to take notes but had been so enthralled by his lecture that they were abandoned. This was how I was to interpret the results of the experiments and experiences which follow: using Sex Differences, differences between the sexes which have been reinforced over millions of years, and MESS in particular. Evolution theory was used as a constant reference to avoid disorientation.

I shall call a strategy *evolutionarily viable* if it is advantageous and heritable, i.e., it has a reason to exist and a means to exist. There may be a mixture of strategies so that, for example, an animal may not be strong but

intelligent, and successfully compete that way. (Evolutionary viability is at least similar to evolutionary stability but has been employed here to avoid falling foul of some very strict formal definitions of the latter.)

Peacocks have long tail feathers because the peahen always selects the male with the longest feathers. This has been verified by removing and replacing short lengths. Similarly, sexual selection accounts for the exaggerated forequarters of the buffalo and the long legs of the kangaroo. In each case the characteristic is a factor in breeding competition between males, and reinforces with each generation; each strategy is advantageous and heritable.

Further, and part of MESS in its wider context, everything can be analyzed in terms of costs and benefits. The ultimate test is whether the behaviour or feature is beneficial for the propagation of the genes.

After university I would occasionally talk about Sex Differences to my rather left-wing friends, but the topic would be received with disinterest and a suggestion that I talk about something else. My awareness of it had tended to fade therefore. Then I heard about the book *Brain Sex* by Anne Moir and David Jessel and discovered it to be practically my entire university course notes, complete with references. The second time this subject was learnt it was learnt for good.

It is essential to be honest. Enough mistakes and inaccuracies creep in without introducing them at the outset, and progress cannot be made if it is based on falsehood. It would be disingenuous of me to deny my own problems at this stage, not least that I was just recovering from a long illness. Probably at the outset of this study I could accurately have been described as a complete mess, and indeed in the light of my experiences it would be surprising if it were not so. Regardless, I thought, of how complex was the unique mix which was my particular problem profile (and mine was a particularly rich mixture), I would surely not be unique in suffering from them: one is never alone with a problem, even a collection of them, because there are always others in the same situation.

VALUE OF DIFFERENCE. STUDY OF EXTREMES. What I am trying to say by the emphasis on the unusual background of this study is that, due to its unorthodoxy, things could be seen from a perspective of contrast which is unavailable to many. If an unconventional course is followed and it fails, it confirms the orthodox approach. Conversely, if a different strategy is tried and found to be superior, it illuminates the deficiencies of the orthodox one. The value of difference is that it confirms or denies its opposite.

Examining extremes is a powerful method. Extreme situations have distinctive features which are readily perceived and once they are seen in acute form they become easier to recognize when milder. Thus if a house

is ablaze it can be seen from far away, but if only smouldering it may not be apparent. A heroin user who takes the drug infrequently may appear completely normal but with daily use the drug's physical and psychological effects become evident. A doctor might see the early symptoms of a disorder and be uncertain of the diagnosis, but after the disease has developed its characteristic features its diagnosis is immediate. The value of an extreme situation is that it can easily be recognized and understood, so that subsequently a milder one can be grasped more readily. This has direct relevance to these accounts.

By an astonishing, perhaps unique set of circumstances, what followed was an analytically documented second adolescence. When I started this study I considered, indeed was even confident, that the solution to my problems was entirely within my own power. Since they were my own, and no longer significant physically, they were theoretically within my own capacity to resolve. It was a challenge in itself and an approach which might just lead to some novel solutions to the age-old problems of human sexuality.

Sexual selection is supremely important: sex is everything, by evolution it has made us what we are and will also make us what we will become. There is a eugenic argument that reinforcing certain genes by the primitive practices which now prevail is undesirable. The present situation could hardly be worse: contemporary strategies for human pairing seem only marginally less crude than that employed by pigeons. Each generation has to start again from the beginning, making the same mistakes over and over again. In this regard the field of human relationships appears unique; if this were the case in science we would be in complete ignorance; if it prevailed in engineering all the bridges would fall down; in fact there would be no civilization as we know it. Attempts at systematic solutions to the problem, such as dating agencies or brothels, are largely operated by women, and it may be time for a male perspective. In short, a more considered and intelligent system of matching must exist, be it monogamously or polygamously.

PROTOCOL AND NOTATION. During the investigations I attempted to adhere to scientific method as much as was practicable, and following a British and scientific tradition there is a degree of understatement in many of the observations. Throughout the study I tried to be as methodical and systematic as I could and my own desire for sex was only a single and intermittent component in my motivation for undertaking it.

A notation evolved during the course of the study following the convention Mxx or Fxx, signifying a male or female of approximate or known age xx. My secrets are mine to give away but I do not have a mandate to divulge those of others.

Double quotes are reserved for something which was actually said or written while single quotes are used for the remainder, such as thoughts and phrases.

Bold-face normally denotes an archetype or definition; it is also used for the formal Propositions and Theorems to emphasize their importance, and these are believed to be susceptible to formal proof. The capitalized headings follow no strict convention and were added later, with the benefit of hindsight.

It is worth stressing the significance of the capitalized headings. Often they indicate a behavioural mechanism, many of which are defined for the first time here. Many important procedures were only identified on re-reading these accounts subsequently, and in many cases these headings enable the reader to identify a novel procedure even before it was recognized as such by the writer.

EXPERIMENT ZERO. My first experiment was not intended as such; it actually took place some weeks before my circumcision. I tried an obvious approach, arranging to meet a different girl for each working day of the week. I had a variety of motives for meeting them, none knew each other and all had been known to me for at least a week. Their average age was about 25.

On Monday I hoped to ravish a Dutch redhead of about 26 whom I met at the office where I worked sometimes. I gave her my address and asked her to come and visit me, stayed at home all day but she did not call.

F26DQB was again Dutch and a sex worker whose job talking men through their sexual fantasies on the telephone seemed to have affected her outlook to some extent; I had the impression that any approach would be interpreted as a sexual one. F26DQB had the most stupendous legs, was tall with long black hair and would wear a miniskirt and her other black gear around the town. Having seen and talked to her over the preceding months we met on the Damstraat one day and retired to BAR2, after which we arranged a meeting for the Tuesday of this week, but she failed to appear.

Wednesday brought meetings with two girls on the same day. In the afternoon I was to meet a boisterous Brazilian girl of about 20 whom I had met at Dutch lessons some months previously. I arranged to meet her during a ninety-minute interval in between her work in a restaurant. She had a Dutch boyfriend with whom I think she felt a little trapped and few other friends; I found her very likeable but had no expectation besides having a pleasant meeting. However when I called at her workplace at the appointed time she was not there.

That night I called at the home of an unalluring but friendly Dutchwoman of about 30. I had met her through the squat (i.e. pirate)

radio station on which I broadcast sometimes, Radio 100, and she was the only one of the five with whom I had formerly had sex. I arrived late, but by this stage my sense of urgency for these meetings was fading somewhat, to be told that she had retired to bed with a cold.

Thursday was a day of rest from this sequence and I spent the evening watching television and a former girlfriend, F25J, toying with her current live-in boyfriend on the couch in front of it.

Finally on Friday I was due to meet F22C, a dark-featured Croatian girl who had been living in Amsterdam for several months. She had obtained an income in the form of an *uitkering*, the Dutch social welfare money for those unemployed or unfit for work, by virtue of being a political refugee and with the help of a friendly lawyer. I arranged to meet her in BAR1, which we both knew well, but she was not there, being later told that she had been “Stuck in a meeting” in another part of the building.

CONCLUSION OF EXPERIMENT ZERO. F26DQB, in a chance meeting several weeks later, said that she had appeared for our appointment but claimed a misunderstanding as to the time and venue. We made another appointment and this time I let her specify every detail but again she failed to appear.

I concluded that this strategy was not an optimal one for me to fulfil any of my objectives.

CONSIDERATIONS IN THE UNFEMINATED STATE. It seems logical that sexual activity of any consenting and legal kind should be allowed, and in those situations and permutations which give the most pleasure, providing certain basic rules are followed.

THE SEX BUSINESS MEETING. A Sex Business Meeting is a formal meeting during which sex matters are discussed. One situation appropriate for an SBM might be when a male knows a husband and wife. It becomes evident that the wife desires the male, and he would like to oblige, but he doesn't want to go behind the back of the husband and make a cuckold of him. An SBM could be held to expedite an orgy or wife-swapping. A Meeting may be initiated by saying ‘Can we have a Sex Business Meeting?’ or ‘Do you want to have a Sex Business Meeting?’ Figure 1 is a set of rules to be observed during such a discussion.

Consideration should also be given to safety, that diseases are not transmitted, and privacy, that individuals involved in an SBM or subsequent encounters are not identified against their wishes.

FIRST THEORY. An attempt to rate different kinds of sex is made and this is followed by the first formal Proposition, Proposition 1.

Figure 1. Rules of a Sex Business Meeting

1. The start must be clearly defined. One person says: 'This is a sex business meeting.'
2. Normally and preferably an SBM should involve more than two people.
3. No sex, television or other distractions should be in progress during an SBM.
4. Anything can be said during an SBM and no tempers will be raised.
5. Agreements made during an SBM must not be broken.
6. A sex business meeting must be short; if it is longer than 15 minutes there are problems.

Table 1. Speculative Ratings of Different Kinds of Sex

	MALE	FEMALE
1st-rate	Multiple female partners with no condom	Husband
2nd-rate	Multiple female partners using condoms	Steady partner
3rd-rate	Loved one	
4th-rate	Friend	
5th-rate	Casual meeting or as a favour	
6th-rate	Prostitute (paid sex)	
7th-rate	Telephone sex (paid sex)	
8th-rate	Sex doll	
9th-rate	Sex film/pornography/voyeurism	

PROPOSITION 1. Females cannot tolerate naked masculinity.

DISCUSSION. Unqualified and unconcealed male sexuality, such as portrayed in music or film in the form of sex scenes or sexually evocative music, appears to be tolerable to females only when it is at a safe distance, for example when it is remotely viewed or safely manipulable with a volume control. If an ordinary male were to act in a blatantly sexual or aggressive manner his behaviour would be intolerable to females. The male hormone testosterone is known to be related to aggression; it may also be associated with low communicability with females, such as intolerance of indecision.

COROLLARY 1. Females oblige males to be dishonest to obtain sex.

DISCUSSION. Males learn very quickly that they must be dishonest in order to get what they want from females; if an adolescent male raises the prospect of sex as soon as it occurs to him he fails.

COROLLARY 2. The more powerful the female, the more dishonest the male must be.

DISCUSSION. Ultimately it will be necessary for a male to be dishonest in order to obtain anything from females. With females and female influence in the police and judiciary for example, it will be necessary for males to be dishonest even to retain their freedom.

The discussion of Corollary 2 above was not contemporaneous but was added later. My experiments and impressions are documented as they occurred but theoretical sections are given completely to avoid confusion and duplication later on.

Experiment 1. The Environment of Amsterdam

June 1992	F25D3	Female, 25, Dutch no. 3
	F28DEE	Female, 28, Dutch exaggerated ego
	F38PP	Female, 38, Polish prostitute
	M26DM	Male, 26, Dutch musician
	M28DG	Male, 28, Dutch grower
	M28DIW	Male, 28, Dutch intelligent wasted
	M28DSW	Male, 28, Dutch skunk worker
	M34EEI	Male, 34, energetic English-Irish

EXPERIMENT 1, SIT AND WAIT. My first deliberate experiment was inspired by the study of gorillas. Gorillas are supposedly closely related to humans and quite intelligent. However in their natural surroundings they do little except chew leaves. The young males show no interest in the females of their own troop, but a gang will go off and sit at the edge of a clearing, enthralled by the young females of a neighbouring troop. Thus here, already, is a parallel between gorillas and humans; the gorillas' behaviour is reminiscent of a human male, who can ignore his own sister but idolize someone else's. But gorillas produce nothing; they make no tools, leave no artefacts, simply drift along, moving from one source of succulent leaves to another. The question was: what did they do with all their intelligence?

In the wild gorillas slowly move around in a group of ten or so. The structure of the group is quite stable; occasionally another gorilla, typically a barren female which has been ejected from another troop, will follow at a respectful distance seeking to join it. Over a period of days it will move closer until it is either chased away or admitted. In the story I have in mind, a woman followed a troop of gorillas and was allowed to join it (I imagine that it would be harder for a man to accomplish this). The conclusion was that intelligence gorilla-style was dedicated to interpersonal relationships, or at least their gorilla equivalent. In other words, each gorilla was a distinct individual and the social group had an established hierarchy; considerable gorilla-hours were devoted to maintaining relationships within it. This was the totality of what the gorillas did with their time and not insignificant intelligence.

THE LEIDSEPLEIN. It is said that the Leidseplein is the most interesting place in Holland, although whether this is complimentary of the Leidseplein or disparaging of Holland might be open to debate. The Leidseplein is the Amsterdam equivalent of Leicester Square, with Dam Square comparable to Trafalgar Square, but both are on a much smaller scale than these famous London sites. The Leidseplein is surrounded by cafés and bars, the main cinemas and a few neon billboards blinking above it. Four tram shelters directly overlooked the Leidseplein and an audience would stand at them watching the goings-on. F38PP, a prostitute on my street with whom I was friendly, put me on to the Leidseplein by telling me that if I wanted sex all I had to do was sit there and gesticulate to passing women. This advice of course contained the obvious logical flaw that if it was really that easy F38PP would immediately be out of a job. This and a few similar comments by local women had led me to speculate that perhaps Dutchwomen had as little idea about men as the average British man had about women. During the summer the Leidseplein was busy with street entertainers and tourists; it was one of the focal points, if not the focus, of Amsterdam city life.

On the first day of the experiment I started by sitting some distance away from the Leidseplein but soon concluded that this was ridiculous and moved closer. The routine upon which I settled was to sit on the Leidseplein under a small tree, not far away from the main body of people concentrated around the stones and benches in the centre. There I sat for an hour each day, usually in the early afternoon, and waited for a girl or woman to come and talk to me.

My routine had initially included a slow walk with a bicycle to and from the Leidseplein along the Leidsestraat, the main causeway leading to it, but I found this too stressful. I had seen other males walking with bicycles on the Leidsestraat and it looked obvious that the bicycle was a psychological crutch. Thus I became self-conscious of the fact and abandoned this part of my routine. I had definitely felt better carrying something, for example an umbrella. It struck me that other psychological crutches might be wearing a scarf or having a bag of marijuana in one's pocket.

MORE PRIMARY SUBJECT. I am English, aged 35 but look younger, am 1.8m tall, weigh about 60kg, have blue eyes and curly brown greying hair. (To minimize the grey in my hair I would not wash it immediately before going out to do an experiment.) I have to say, putting modesty aside, because it is significant to these investigations, that I am good-looking. I may have problems but looks was not one of them. I speak with a Yorkshire accent.

In this experiment I was definitely not indulging in some kind of perverse game like sending tourists asking for the Red Light District in the wrong direction; for the first couple of days of this experiment I had not ejaculated since my circumcision, almost three weeks previously. If a female had approached me I would have been putty in her hands and a willing consort.

After the first afternoon's stint I was close to tears in the supermarket later that day. I wandered around trying to find something I felt like eating; there was nothing. At the delicatessen counter was a girl F25D3 I had seen before, with long blonde hair, slim with freckles on her face. I looked her directly in the eyes in an attempt at an exchange of smiles, nothing more, since I had already seen that she was accompanied. Her eyes rolled from side to side, up to the ceiling and around in an arc like the path of the sun. She had been observing me all the while in peripheral vision, while never actually meeting my gaze. I turned away in disgust.

I spent most of my time on the Leidseplein sitting with my back to the tree, occasionally dipping into a collection of Sherlock Holmes stories but mostly just watching the stage before me. Sometimes I would be pressed by crowds watching a performer who had taken up close to me, and at these times I had to stand to avoid being trampled on.

One day early on a fair, curly-haired girl in a jump suit played peekaboo behind a lamp post. I watched, unresponding, until she gave up. Two times women walked very determinedly towards me but then blanched and changed direction when I looked up. There seemed to be a wave of women at one point standing varying distances behind me expressing agitation, but they either stopped doing this or I ceased noticing them.

Once I saw a couple, the man with the Dutch 'preppy' look, with tweed overcoat flapping open, the woman rather chubby with a full figure in a dress. They were walking faster than usual diagonally across the Leidseplein. I heard the woman uttering "Tram, tram" in eager anticipation as they traversed the Leidseplein and passed by; she was rolling the 'r' in "tram" in exaggeration of the language in which every letter is pronounced. On another occasion I saw a woman of similar, if not larger build in a dark dress enveloping a man at one of the tramstops, the man pressed against the tram shelter and the back of the woman visible to me as they, or at least she, hungrily kissed.

One thing that occurred to me during this experiment which I thought about many times afterwards was the feeling I had of utter safety in my passive, female role. As I sat, waiting for a girl to come and talk to me, I realized that it was impossible for me to put a foot wrong. I was putting into practice the universal dictum that the only way not to make mistakes is

not to do anything. I couldn't make a wrong move, simply because no move was made. All I had to do was sit and wait.

FEMALE LAST DITCH STRATEGY, FLDS. Actually I wanted to terminate the experiment immediately I realized that I was adopting a Female Last Ditch Strategy, typically adopted by an older female: sitting alone, apart from a group of people, waiting for a target to come to her. I imagined the situation of a party where some of the guests go into the garden and a woman sits on her own on a garden wall, or stands apart from the other guests.

However I decided to persevere for a number of reasons. Firstly, I definitely had an idea by now that I was on to something. Also there was the state of the cloth baseball boots which I had fallen into the habit of wearing. These were very ragged and may have been spoiling my otherwise presentable appearance. There was a possibility that this had interfered with the first three days, so I subsequently wore my new bright red baseball boots. These would be more likely to attract attention and hence should increase the chance of a female coming to talk to me.

Another reason was that on the fifth afternoon I arrived a little later than usual and realized that I was beginning to identify the couples who had met only minutes before. One such was an exceptionally tall pair I saw heading into a café facing the Leidseplein, he stiffly, almost in a parody of politeness, directing his charge through the door. I considered that these couples were an especially interesting object for further study and resolved to continue with the experiment.

The high point of one session was seeing a couple, a girl of perhaps 11, blonde, pretty, with baby breasts and a boy of about the same age clasp each other around the waist completely unselfconsciously, maybe for the first time, as they circumvented the Leidseplein, walking together along the cycle track which ran around the square and away. 'If only it could always be like that' I thought. In Holland the age of consent for sex is 12.

A further observation was the reactions of the other males sitting around on the Leidseplein. It seemed that when I looked at them they would switch to using peripheral vision, and I wondered whether males used peripheral vision in the particular circumstance of another male observing them while they were hunting.

The incident which made me end the experiment was the arrival on the seventh day of an elder female with a group of five or six girls of about 13. One of the young girls was wearing tight thigh-hugging pants: it was a grey close-fitting body suit with pants which ended halfway above the knee. One was tall and slim and more sedately dressed, and one was an enormous whale of a girl who must have weighed 16 stone (100 kg) or

more. The latter was wearing a loose top and trouser bottom in a pastel colour, the outfit having probably been intended to mask the rolls of flesh but failing to do so.

Several of the girls took turns to flirt in front of me; the older woman shot sympathetic glances in my direction once or twice. The strongest flirting girl, the one with the tight-fitting body suit, had a neat, fully developed figure and pranced around for several minutes, at the end cocking her leg onto the base of the statue, around which some of the others were sitting, revealing the outline of her crotch. I remained stoic throughout, that is except once near the end when the tall and slim girl, seated at the base of the statue, rolled a can of cold drink over her forehead to cool herself. "*Ah, lekker!*" (Ah, nice!) she said; I could not suppress a brief involuntary smile. Eventually the troupe moved off, the obese one towering above the others, even dwarfing the elder female (who was not insignificant herself) attempting to execute a sexually provocative walk as she perambulated away from me.

RESULTS. The cumulated results were as follows. On one day a pair of women standing at the rear of the Leidseplein, quite close to where I was sitting, were approached by a single man, who was dark and may have been Asian, and the remaining woman whistled to me. She scurried away when I looked round impassively. Thus there appeared to have been three occasions when women tried to take the initiative but could not; one whistle and two attempted approaches, when women headed determinedly towards me, blanched and then diverted. All three abandoned on the slightest glance in their direction.

After seven sessions each lasting an hour, one man, probably a junkie, asked me for money on the sixth day and on the seventh day he and two foreign women holding babies asked for money also. Besides a handful of people I knew who passed by, and with whom I held occasional conversations, these were the only people I spoke to. The two woman beggars were certainly the only females to have initiated a conversation.

CONCLUSIONS OF EXPERIMENT 1. I arrived at the following conclusions:

1. Juvenile females display a particularly raw kind of flirting: Juvenile Signalling or Power Flirting. Juvenile females in particular have little idea whether they are regarded as attractive by males.

But chiefly and most significantly:

2. Females do not approach males.

THE ENVIRONMENT OF AMSTERDAM. The most popular Dutch hobby is stamp collecting. In Britain, by contrast, it is fishing.

The free expression of drives and emotions in Amsterdam was very conducive for the purpose of analysis. Sometimes it seemed that in Amsterdam you could be what you wanted, even if you didn't like what you were. Or, perhaps, that you could do what you liked, even if you didn't like what you became. The Dutch seemed to regard a lack of self-consciousness as an attribute, and the expression of basic emotions was encouraged. The consequent shallowness of character might be considered superficial but it did provide for an uncluttered appraisal of the mechanisms of human interaction.

Everything in Amsterdam seemed to be in delicate balance. Being over-enthusiastic was a mistake often made by newcomers – chopping down a small tree which was cherished by neighbours or throwing out a pile of apparently useless bicycle parts which someone had been saving – not realizing that this delicate balance existed. The Dutch were very quick to complain, although it was frequently evident that there was an ulterior motive, even if it was just that the complainant wanted to talk and the issue provided a ready topic. It often seemed that no-one talked unless they wanted something. Many complaints were about noise but the sound of a boat chugging down a canal in the early hours was as nothing compared to a dog barking all night as might be endured in England. The recipients of many of the complaints were the police. There seemed sometimes to be a great deal of selfishness: some people would become immediately and keenly aware if any activity around them could be to their detriment.

TRICKS. Criminality in Amsterdam was generally expressed as petty thievery and there appeared to be little violence. There was a constant presence of drug addicts who waited to trap the unwary. Almost all public lavatories in Amsterdam, including those at the main Public Library on the Prinsengracht, were lit with blue light to prevent addicts finding their veins. The addicts expressed a pronounced selfishness and distinctively voracious appetites due to their consumption of strong, addictive drugs.

Going easy on Amsterdam's drug addicts served at least two practical purposes. Firstly, if their presence on the street was tolerated, there would be less likelihood of them retreating into some deserted building to overdose and die unnoticed. Secondly, allowing them their staple source of income from stolen bicycles and minor con tricks prevented them from becoming too desperate and resorting to serious crime to satisfy their appetite. The local population only succumbed to each trick once, so the principal victims of the junkies and con men were the tourists. This generated a certain cynicism among the indigenous population, as the following incident may illustrate.

One day I was on the Nieuwendijk and I saw someone sitting on a blanket on the side. He was thin and had that characteristic look, with a notice saying that he had Aids and nowhere to live. My reaction was to think 'That's a new one' as I walked past. I went back later but he had gone.

FIRST COSTS. The trick of having a drink bought for you whenever money changes hands is an example of how costs can accrue solely from interaction with others. Two incidents can be related.

In the first, I wanted to borrow *f*100,- (100 guilders) from blond and stocky M28DG, and he withdrew it from a bank machine on our way to a bar. There, at a certain time, he handed over the money. Then I was obliged to buy a round of drinks from the cash just lent. This is fine to a point of course and all within the normal scheme of things. However in the second, completely separate example, the ploy was extended.

In Coffeeshop CS2 I was repaid the loan of *f*25,- by M28DIW, who then gave signals of expectation that I might buy him a drink out of it. The purchase of his drink was extended to one for myself, even though I had not planned to stay and have another. Later it struck me that the cost of the drinks amounted to about 20% of the amount lent. If the loan was for a month one could calculate what the yearly interest would be: it would be higher than any loan shark and, in the second example given here, the interest in this form – the cost of human interaction – was paid on lending money to someone, not on borrowing it. It might be said that one should be on the look-out for tricks like this but then the cost is merely displaced; one must instead devote attention, expending effort to be on one's guard against them.

DISPLACEMENT OF COST. A year before, shortly after returning from a trip to England, I met two friends in BIGBAR3, the large squat in the centre of Amsterdam which was the unofficial Squat Headquarters. I told them about the studio work I had been doing in England and they said that they would like to hear the results. Fishing into the lining of my overcoat, suspecting that I still had a cassette tape there, I went to ask the people behind the bar if they would play it, or at least the first track, an aggressive and powerful song about the Lebanon.

To my great surprise the male behind the bar refused to play the tape. I knew what the usual response to this request was at a normal bar: 'Yes of course we'll put it on but if we don't like it we'll just take it off and don't get upset if we do.' Yet here was I, a squatter in a squat bar, asking another squatter if he would play a tape by a band who, coincidentally, was largely made up of squatters. I persisted with my request but the others behind the bar agreed with the original decision.

PUSSY (AND OTHER) DISPLAYS. One day my attention was arrested while on my way to the shops. The current fashion of tight-fitting shorts had led to a phenomenon of pussy flashing. I had noticed this on several occasions but the following was the most memorable incident.

I was cycling past the terrace of a café on the Prinsenstraat, just before what I called Spectators' Corner, a site on the Prinsengracht where two cafés had corner terraces facing each other. The girl was about 25 and with a female friend of the same age. The Prinsenstraat was a busy thoroughfare so she must have been seen by fifty people at the very least.

She was smiling broadly as she sat on a wicker chair, the sort with continuous arm rests and curving back. On the sides of the chair however her legs rested; her knees were spread wide and the delicious pussy curves were revealed underneath the soft grey fabric of her shorts. The mound was proud and large, the two fine parallel ridges of flesh separated and clearly discernible. I stared agog as I cycled by and immediately thought of devouring it. It was still being displayed when I cycled past in the opposite direction 10 or 15 minutes later.

That would have been the end of the account but then I thought: why stop just when I'm enjoying myself? Those thin cloth shorts and bum and thigh-hugging leggings which cover, only just, finely shaped buttocks, making one want to slide one's hand along those inviting cheeks and downwards to tenderness and... you get the idea. Once so aroused, whether the female consents or not, sexual activity is desired.

The days were hot and the evenings warm and M31DS told me about a party he had been to in the Nieuwemeer. Everyone had got a bit drunk. One very attractive girl who had a boyfriend with her was leading a group of girls aged about 22-23 and ultimately all of them were dancing around in a circle topless. M31DS told me that he had gone outside on seeing this and I replied that I would have had to do the same. M31DS said "Everyone was doing what they wanted" but I remarked that the males were unlikely to have been able to do what they wanted on the sight of a group of young women dancing around with their breasts bared. In the face of such overt signalling, with the Open Legs Signal being probably the strongest signal a female can give, it is males who must control their sexual urges, including the vestiges of primitive mating systems when force and violence were used.

Many times I had passed a couple outside a café or bar and seen some poor sod of a Dutchman, totally engrossed in the female, head bent round and evidently investing a great deal of energy in her while she, obviously loving it, smiling, would signal strongly to me by direct and sustained eye contact as I passed by. This effect, which I termed Attraction Confidence, had also been seen many times in bars, cafés and coffeeshops. It was

obvious that females were much more likely to meet my eyes as I passed them on the street when they were accompanied by males. A similar observation was made by M28DSW, my gentle-mannered squatter friend and co-worker who lived on the other side of the Herengracht.

Noting this greater propensity for females to signal if they were accompanied, I fell to seeking an explanation in terms of evolution theory. It might be that they were trying to set up competition between males: the fittest male wins mating rights with the female. The more males in competition for her the happier she is, because she has a greater choice from which to choose a mate.

However there is an alternative explanation for this effect. Females tend to use peripheral vision while males tend to look directly. A female who is in a relationship with a male would be subject to and exhibit influence from him. Thus, being looked at directly by a female in these circumstances may not be a signal but only a male response from her. However my conclusion became that in this environment this component was so small that it could be considered insignificant.

The rest of the time, that is when females were not accompanied, they appeared to be terrified of meeting eye contact, and walked around without looking at anyone. In Amsterdam this effect was remarkably strong and consistent. If there happened to be accidental eye contact a female's eyes would expertly merge away: they would defocus almost imperceptibly and become glazed as peripheral vision came into use. Females would look at me directly from a distance and then appeared to rely entirely on peripheral vision at close range.

The potential clearly existed for deliberate signalling by females as a ready source of amusement and distraction for them. By this means they could attract ego-boosting advances and flattering attention. In my reflections on Attraction Confidence I fell to wondering whether I was examining the female ego in its entirety.

TROPHYISM. Going out to be seen with someone would be a mild and basic form of using someone as a trophy. In the case of a male using a female as a trophy, a female might want to belong to a male, to feel secure within that ownership. The male might share in the Attraction Confidence of the female. However there were repeated instances of a pronounced behaviour, some of which I found quite distasteful to observe. By far the most characteristic examples of trophyism were by females, to the extent that it appeared to be distinctly a female trait: 'Look at the man that I can catch.'

Theoretically, I thought, males would be less likely to tolerate being used in this way but nevertheless it was common. There were many instances of seeing a couple in a public or semi-public place (like a café or

bar) with a woman playing with her man's hair, or stroking him. In the acute case, with one girl whom I remember doing it on several occasions, and with two different partners, the male would be pawed continuously. Once I saw a woman walking along with her arms encircling a man, and it struck me that she was trying to wear him like a coat. A common instance of trophyism was stroking a man's backside in public.

Another frequently encountered syndrome I termed Leaving Politics, which seemed to be strictly enforced in the bars and cafés: a man always followed a woman out of the door, never vice versa. It was obviously considered by them to be significant.

There were also exaggerated displays of affection by a woman to a man if the woman perceived that another man was watching. The woman appeared to be using the man to enhance her esteem, presumably by attempting to make the onlooker jealous.

It was very evident that females wanted to be admired and, if possible, to be the centre of attention. This appeared to be the normal female concern, and it seemed also that the dominant females were the ones who could procure the most approaches from males. It was hypothesized that females measure their success by the quality of the males they are able to attract and can capture.

PROPOSITION 2. The status of the female is proportional to the status of the male she can attract.

COST-BENEFIT IN MESS. If a person is shopping in a market and sees two identical items on different stalls, the cheapest one is purchased; the cost is minimized. If one is superior, but both are the same price, the better one is purchased: the benefit is maximized.

Suppose that a person finds a packet of tobacco on the street; one of the generous pouches of shag for hand-rolling cigarettes which the Dutch typically carry. Most times a non-smoker finding the tobacco will save it and give it to a friend, not to a tramp he might pass on the street, who would probably appreciate it more. The reason is that some influence or other benefit might be gained from giving it to someone he knows; from the tramp there is no such prospect. In a shop the most dog-eared banknote is often spent first. The value of the crumpled banknote is the same as a new one, but the perceived value is less. These situations illustrate minimizing cost and maximizing benefit according to MESS and its application as a potent working theory.

PRIORITIES AND INSTINCTS. It is generally supposed that humans' priorities are sex, food and shelter, in that order. People will always try to follow their instincts, because following instincts makes them happy. Then

I say that instinct and feelings are synonymous, and that feelings are the engine of behaviour. As humans we are capable of controlling our instincts, but to do so takes effort, so that people will follow their instincts if they are able and avoid inhibiting them if they can.

The most widely adopted human policy is to follow the path of least resistance. It is the course to which most people adhere and instinct, limited by social norms and laws, plays an essential role in that policy.

A short time after the massive old grain store where M31DS lived had been squatted there had been an exhibition there. Candles were everywhere and in virtually every part of the immense building were sculptures and artworks, such as a huge mechanical bird which opened and closed its beak and noisily flapped its wings. People dressed as chess pieces played a real game in the enormous roof space, with the ethereal sounds of drums being carried along the metal pipes which ran throughout the building. Around 30 visiting Russians dressed as white druids and carrying candles formed a procession on the nearby promontory jutting into the River IJ; a police boat came to watch.

Since that heady time however things had become rather more sedate, although there were still occasional exhibitions and an annual party. On Sunday mornings a procession of cars regularly passed en route for some religious mission at the end of the harbour; in the summer the worshippers would be greeted with the sight of rows of empty beer bottles standing on wooden beams outside the main entrance, plus the occasional unconscious squatter who had not quite made it to his bed.

DISTRIBUTION OF GUILT. The incident to be related however took place in the bar at the far end of the building, here known as BAR1. It was a further example of human behaviour in Amsterdam, and perhaps particularly within squatter circles, being very uninhibited and easy to analyze. A somewhat unstable woman living on a boat moored beside the building had a dog which had produced puppies. She was unable to keep all of them so one Saturday she went into the busy bar, then also serving as a vegetarian restaurant, and asked everyone present if they would like a puppy. No-one did, so she returned to her boat, put one into a weighted sack and cast it into the river. She repeated this sequence identically on three consecutive Saturdays.

ANALYSIS OF BIGBAR3 AND BAR1 INCIDENTS. In the case of the refusal to play the tape in BIGBAR3, enlightenment came when it was realized that the bar staff were not paid; they were taking their payment in the form of control. Being able to refuse to play the tape was confirmation of that control. M34EEI, my black-haired, energetic English-Irish friend, summed

up the situation rather well: "Anyone that has any power, sooner or later will use it or else they wouldn't know they've got it."

In the second example of the woman drowning the puppies, she was attempting to distribute her guilt, alleviating her conscience by sharing the guilt with the other people in the bar, and by this means reduce her cost in terms of the unpleasant sensations of it.

MALE AND FEMALE EGOS. I and many of my friends worked with computers, often at microprocessor level. Once while we were in the workshop together M26DM had said "I prefer computers to women because computers always do what you tell them to." M26DM, like M28DG, had lived in the squat where I spent my first year in Amsterdam. There is the Otaku phenomenon among young Japanese males, who spend all their time in front of a computer and maintain relationships via the safe detachment of a modem and telephone line. Reportedly Otaku Males often have an irrational fear of being touched or assaulted.

The male instinct is to control and in his interactions with the computer he has a relationship which he can control completely. The computer is logical and predictable and the relationship a programmer has with it totally safe. There is no danger that the computer will get angry with him, or do anything he does not like, except perhaps crash occasionally. The computer satisfies the male imperative for control in this instance. I wondered: to what extent is this ego drive an expression of, or a substitute for, sex? The Otaku Male phenomenon is by no means confined to Japan.

Once I met a young Dutch blonde at a party at M31DS's squat who told me "If I want a man I just take one." F28DEE, a tall, short-haired redhead with a rather exaggerated ego who worked in Coffeeshop CS2, said "I could go out and get twenty men if I wanted." Then there were two incidents observed in my neighbourhood. Couples who had just met were seen standing on the pavement. In the first instance their conversation could be heard; the male was American, and working furiously, talking at an accelerated rate to the female. She was looking around, appearing embarrassed but pleased, and her gaze passed my direction. In the second the male was a Moroccan with a grossly pronounced nose, but both women were evidently Dutch, with blonde or fair hair. The Moroccan was smiling broadly but obviously didn't have a chance; she was humouring him.

Females seemed to regard it as flattering for a male just to be, or be seen, in their presence. After Experiment 1 I spent two days trying to get a control result and I was often ignored and had difficulty getting females to stop. (I wondered if this was a consequence of the lesbian scene in Amsterdam; there were quite a few posters advertising all-female clubs and events.) On one of these days some decorators working on the

Prinsengracht, where I locked my bicycle and paused before entering the Leidsestraat, found my evident apprehension amusing.

PERIPHERAL COMMENT SIGNALS. One of a pair of young Dutch girls I spoke to on the Leidsestraat said "I want to eat." On the Leidseplein I saw a pair of very attractive girls of around 17; they were Dutch-speaking but probably of South American origin. After looking at them I moved closer as they gathered round an entertainer, and said something which they seemed not to hear. Then I heard one of the girls say "Do you want to go to a restaurant?" to her friend, but there was no reply from the other girl. I believe that both of these remarks, spoken in English, were intended as hints in my direction, an invitation to follow or at least join the conversation, although I did not perceive them as such at the time. My reliance on English may occasionally have been a disadvantage but it also had an advantage in some instances: it was clear that the choice of language by females in certain circumstances was a signal.

The random and unmethodical approaches I made during these last two days served to set the terms of the subsequent experiment.

Experiment 2. Strategies. Dynamic Systems

July 1992

F16DGS Female, 16, Dutch gymnasium schoolgirl

EXPERIMENT 2, RANDOM APPROACHES. Around this time I had two phrases stuck in my brain and which came close to being uttered under my breath. The first, strongest one was 'Can you believe it?' but the second, which would sometimes manifest itself as I approached the Leidseplein, was 'I don't stand a chance.' They were like neurones stuck on in my brain, a familiar scratched record effect.

I was still in a virgin state after my circumcision six weeks previously and became conscious of a desire to lose my second virginity in some special manner. That Friday afternoon as I set out for the Leidseplein to start the experiment I imagined my grandmother telling me 'Don't come back without a girlfriend,' but in the event I made a couple of trips back to the house for coffee and a smoke between stints.

BREAKING. First, two bids were made away from my now familiar territory of the Leidseplein: in the Nieuwendijk, the long shopping mall which ran parallel to the Damrak. To three young girls about 15 I said "Hello, I'm looking for someone to talk to." They burst into giggles and I asked them what they were laughing at. "Wie! Wie!" (Who! Who!) one shouted. I presume, on reflection, it was not what was funny but who: it was me. In any event I broke: that is, I went my own way away from them. I also approached three girls of about 17 and this time they broke.

On the Leidsestraat I approached a Thai-looking girl with a friend but she was a mistarget, too late I saw that she was about 11 and not developed. "Je stinkt" (You smell) she had shouted at me although I don't believe she had been close enough to tell. At the Muntplein, on the corner, a woman of about 25 was struggling with a large wicker basket and I offered to help her home with it, but after a short conversation the offer was refused.

Then followed a more interesting encounter. Two 16-year-olds were sitting on the floor of the Leidseplein; one, who had been resting on her elbows, had a splendid figure. My target F16DGS wore light blue denim jeans and jacket and was a gymnasium schoolgirl from out of town. (A gymnasium is comparable to a British grammar school and she was rather

proud of the fact.) I sat and talked to her, with her friend occasionally joining the conversation. We exchanged names. Early on I said "I hope we can do something together" and she replied "We'll see what happens." She had braces on her teeth and was not bad looking and I think she worked out, after a while, what it was that had attracted me to her.

TELEVISION VISION, TVV. It took her some time because my eyes strictly remained in TVV – Television Vision. Much as I was tempted, I did not allow my eyes to wander over the lovely, trim shape of her body. Once she had ascertained what had attracted me to her she started flaunting herself in front of me.

Local females had a keen awareness of the object of male attention and a stray look at female body parts seemed to be capable of erasing any prospect of a relationship. The female appeared to conclude that your only interest was sex. Thus no matter how large or finely shaped her breasts or other parts, it was necessary to keep one's eyes rigidly above neck-level in a manner similar to the camera angles used on mainstream television. While watching television there is rarely an opportunity to see a female's backside as she withdraws, or to examine parts of her form in detail; the camera almost always stays politely above the waist. By immediately perceiving any stray glance, TVV is the first rule which females enforce and to which the male must conform if he is to have any chance of success.

During the encounter I made two proposals, one for the three of us to take a walk, later that we go for a coffee somewhere but both were refused. After 50 minutes I left them for a few minutes, promising to return.

Doubling back a few minutes later, out of sight on the other side of the Leidseplein, I approached a young blonde wearing bright white jeans among a group I had seen while I had been talking to F16DGS. I asked if we could sit together alone for 10 minutes by the nearby canal. She refused, saying something about fear: I replied "Perhaps people come here to try to overcome their fear." After a few minutes the group ran off laughing in twos and threes and I returned to F16DGS on the other side of the tram lines, but she had disappeared. Receiving a particular look from one of a pair of girls of about 22, I made a proposal which was again refused and concluded that the signal had been false.

At the end of the day I felt drained, making a tally of the approaches I had made; the count became a surprising 9 as I progressively recalled the events.

The following morning M34EEI remarked that I looked pale and drawn. Nevertheless, determined not to be discouraged, and not feeling at all desirous of sex (I was realizing that this was not my objective anyway), I did another session of random approaches – particularly to try to confirm

the approach patterns which seemed to be emerging from my notes of the previous day.

The second day, a busy Saturday, I made 5 approaches. A proposal was made to one of two strollers of about 14 which was unproductive; I broke. Two flaunters of about 16 were half-running and laughing as they crossed Dam Square, one of whom was pretty and provocatively dressed. I caught up with them at the bottom of the Kalverstraat. My proposal was to ask if I could take her for a coffee in a nearby café, to be told "Go fuck yourself." Taken aback I shouted after the now departing girl "No, you fuck yourself" but regretted it as soon as I had uttered it. She seemed pleased to have elicited such a response.

Later that day I bravely made bids for two lone signallers on the Leidseplein, a category I had hitherto avoided. This was because they were so obvious a target that with them I expected to have the least control. The first approach was to an overpowering German girl of about 23 who was sitting in a tram shelter. She signalled from there, giving me some kind of look, and I went over and sat beside her. The subject of cats came up, she had one. I mentioned my developing theory about cats being a sex substitute and asked her not to tell me its life story. She said something about a tram. I was given a piece of hashish; around this time I was given a small gift by several of the girls I spoke to. Eventually she broke, climbing onto one of the trams which were constantly pulling up in front of us.

PETS AS SUBSTITUTES: ANTHROPOMORPHISM. The following statements were made by local females known to me:

1. "My cats are my children" (owner of two cats).
2. "Fifty guilders is all I have to feed the family" (motioning towards cat with several kittens).
3. "He's a real man" (of a neutered male cat).

Females can express dismay on being told that cats will eat their kittens in times of food shortage. In America a man jumped from a high building onto concrete; his skull broke open and while a policeman was standing beside the corpse, waiting for an ambulance to arrive, a dog bounded away with the man's brain in its mouth. The reaction to this tale can be "My dog would never do that." The same claim is often made by dog owners living near rural areas on being challenged about their pet worrying livestock, after it has left a trail of terrified sheep and aborted lambs in its wake.

None of this was related to the German girl however. Another girl standing alone on the Leidseplein received a proposal from me but it was refused.

The last encounter of the day was with a pair of pleasant but not

especially attractive Negresses, one of whom gave me a longing stare as she passed by. I saw the signal out of the corner of my eye but had not time to appraise her before she disappeared behind a tram shelter. Following, I found the signaller attempting an emergency repair of her hair extension, trying to trim it with a key. Once I had fallen into conversation a complaint was voiced by the other girl about some black men who had earlier approached them coarsely. One said "With you it was a nice meeting" before they jumped onto a tram. I made a sad face at them, in joking fashion, as the doors of the tram closed behind them and they were whisked away.

EARLY CONSIDERATIONS OF APPROACHES AND BONDING. There was an impression that I had been used by some of the females to form an image of a future partner. Perhaps every time bonding takes place a template is created or modified. This would explain why people are often attracted to someone who resembles a former boyfriend or girlfriend in some way. I had on several occasions sensed that the young girls I was talking to were using me to help them formulate their template of a desired future partner.

I also seemed to be developing an image of a particular type of target, one to which I could respond with exceptional efficiency. This Primary Target seemed to be an entirely separate category. A potential Primary Target could immediately be recognized, even at a distance, and the absence of a time delay when responding to one was distinct. It was to this template that the girl in the bright white jeans had conformed.

Hunting may be traumatic for males because bonding can take place even before rejection occurs. That is, the male can rapidly become emotionally involved with the female. Applying evolution theory, there would be an advantage for the male who was prepared for sex before the female became so.

It was noticed that any minor transgression, such as picking up something on the ground, would be sufficient to destroy one's chances. It also seemed that women were incapable of coping with shy men. Why was this? Was it because it involved a lack of control by females? What, I wondered, was the evolutionary basis of shyness?

It may take me some time to get 'warmed up' when starting. The sequence observed during these early exercises was as follows:

1. Select target;
2. Follow a short while (at which time I would sometimes experience arousal);
3. Advance;
4. Approach, at which point something is said: the Approach Statement.

DIRECT AND INDIRECT PROPOSALS. A proposal shall be called direct if it demands a yes or no answer ('Can I see you sometime?') or an imperative is used ('Come with me'). It is indirect if consensus is sought ('We could go for a coffee, if you like') or an allusion is made ('I know a nice café near here'). A proposal specifically for sex shall be called a proposition.

EMERGING PATTERNS OF APPROACH EXCHANGE SEQUENCES. The following patterns of spoken exchanges were drawn from the experiment.

1. F: (Optional signal initiation)
M: Ambiguous proposal
F: Question
M: Direct proposal
F: Stall or stop (if the proposal is too direct)
2. M: Direct proposal
F: Ambiguous reply
M: Indirect reply
3. M: Ambiguous proposal
F: Refusal
M: Backup or modified proposal

Example 1: M: Direct proposal: 'Excuse me, can I have your telephone number?'
F: Direct reply: 'No.'

Example 2: M: Ambiguous proposal: 'I'd like to take you away with me.'
F: Indirect reply/question: 'Where would you take me?'
M: Indirect reply: 'Where would you like to go?'
F: Stall: 'I'm busy right now.'
M: Backup or modified proposal: 'Can we make an appointment for later?'

I was surprised by the rapidity of the exchanges and females' verbal dexterity when they were approached. Females are known to possess superior speech ability, particularly concerning rapidity of response. An approach may involve an elevation of stress for the male because of this. It also suggested that in most cases the female has initial control whether a signal is given or not.

CONCLUSIONS OF EXPERIMENT 2. The following conclusions were reached:

1. Do not ask a question which might immediately provoke a 'No' response. The answer will almost invariably be 'No.'
2. Control is lost immediately a proposal is made and a refusal is accepted. (Example: 'Shall we go for a walk?' 'No, I'd rather stay here.')
3. In order to maintain control a veiled or even direct proposal from a female should immediately be met with an alternative proposal.

STRATEGIES. Three animal strategies are given as examples. That of the cuckoo is to be parasitic, and displace competitors, while that of the cat is to Look After Number 1, reproduce prolifically, prey on other animals or be parasitic on humans. The pigeon expends the minimum amount of energy, reproduces prolifically and eats anything. An obviously strong strategy is fecundity, to be highly reproductive. Some strategies are formalized as follows:

LAN1: Look After Number 1	Self-interest above all other considerations.
TFT, Tit For Tat	'You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours.' Only do something for something in return. TFT is formally defined as 'cooperate on the first move then do as the opponent last did.' Thus if one of two TFT players defects the outcome is a continual sequence of non-cooperation thereafter.
GTFT, Generous Tit For Tat	Do things for others with a prospect of a return, but allowing for the possibility that there may not be one. GTFT is similar to TFT except there is a possibility of cooperation after a defection, so that GTFT can recover from the perpetual series of defections which two TFT players can fall into.

Generous Tit For Tat is found among sticklebacks and vampire bats. Sticklebacks will congregate in a circle while one swims to the side, takes a large mouthful of food and then return to the circle with it. The food will

then be chomped, spreading particles all around to be shared by the other fish. The only problem is that they forget which circle member has gone and which has not, so that some are able to freeload entirely. Vampire bats adopt a similar practice but will eject a member which consistently fails to take its turn. GTFT appears to be a very robust strategy. Not all strategies have been defined and modelled however.

DWIT. Another important strategy is DWIT: Doing Whatever It Takes. This is an especially strong strategy. Males sometimes use DWIT to obtain sex.

ORIGIN OF SEX. Sex is clearly an advantageous evolutionary strategy. One reason is that the resulting genetic variation provides a defence against co-evolving parasites and viruses. Another is that it removes detrimental genetic mutations. The major origin however may be that it engenders genetic diversity and this confers adaptability to changing environments.

RELATIVE COSTS OF SEX FOR MALES AND FEMALES. According to John Maynard Smith and others, the reason females are less willing than males to enter into sex is that the costs of sex for females are so high. For the male, coitus involves an intense burst of energy and he can then walk away, giving little or no further regard to the act. The female however must contemplate pregnancy and bearing a child, as well as nurturing it afterwards. Furthermore, in earlier times pregnancy could often result in the death of the mother, for example during childbirth. The evolutionary costs of sex for the female relative to the male are enormous.

INSTINCTS. PATHS OF RESISTANCE. We are assuming that instincts determine the default behaviour of humans, the paths of least resistance in which instincts play a predominant role. Instincts exert this influence either directly by emotional drives, or indirectly by the protracted evolution of social regulation and norms.

It seems that few people know precisely what they want, with most continuing through life striving for happiness, following a path of least resistance. This continues, and their course rarely alters except when some change of circumstance or crisis forces a change of direction. The role of law is to define a path of high resistance for activities which are considered socially undesirable.

Happiness is itself an instinctive response resulting from satisfying certain instincts. Dysfunction, and abnormal behaviour, can occur when suppressing instinctive drives becomes a habit. A major purpose of these investigations is to examine human instincts, and particularly their validity in the modern context. This would appear to be of special importance in light of the observations already made: we might say that our instincts are

our own and we have to live with them; they are never annulled but are only displaced.

PROPOSITION 3. Instincts are never annulled they are only displaced.

COROLLARY. The more directly instincts are discharged, the more psychologically healthy the individual.

DISCUSSION. Notable examples are the displacement of cost in BIGBAR3 and the distribution of guilt in BAR1. It is proposed that this also holds on the collective (societal) level.

INVALIDITY OF INSTINCT: THE TRAIN DRIVER. To demonstrate the invalidity of some human instincts we examine the guilt experienced by a train driver when someone jumps in front of his train. When this happens, for example on the London Tube, it can be so traumatic that a large proportion never drive a train again. Every approach to a station is a reminder of the event, and the people standing on the platform are a similar prompt that it could happen again at any moment. Perhaps 40% change jobs or take early retirement thereafter. Of course there is no blame on the driver whatever, who was only doing his job.

The basis of the train driver's emotions is that he is a man running across a field. As he runs he sees another, walking some distance away. The runner is on an intersecting course but he does not change direction. He continues and collides with the walker, who falls over and is injured. The runner feels guilty because he should have changed course to avoid the collision. If the walker was old and frail, and dies, then the runner (the train driver) feels guilt more acutely. This sort of scenario is the origin of the train driver's guilt.

A high level of guilt on killing a walker is consistent with the low likelihood of a fatality when moving at what would, for most of our phylogeny, have been natural speed. In evolutionary terms the train driver is a runner; now, however, he is controlling a machine which goes only backwards and forwards and takes hundreds of metres to stop. The train driver's instincts, the source of his emotions, have not caught up with technology. Before the steam locomotive no one had travelled faster than a galloping horse. Similarly, it is easy to forget that only a few decades ago it was common for whole families to share one bed.

MALE STRATEGIES. CONTROL OF INSTINCTS. The best male strategy for the survival of his genes is to impregnate as many reproductive females as possible. Obvious restrictions exist on this: the age of consent and the laws against rape for example. Hence a great deal of self-control is required by

males. His inclination may only be to ask 'Do you want to fuck' which, although not illegal, is also limited by social pressures.

Even among the primitive tribes in which we have spent the bulk of our evolution, a male who was incapable of controlling his instincts would inevitably have been killed. If he took another male's female for example, he would risk death at the hands of her male protector, especially if he were caught in the act of stealing her. The will of the female would have been of least regard; law and language would have been coarse or non-existent. A similar situation would have existed for a male who displayed uninhibited aggression. Later, law would have been imposed by the elders of the tribe, but the outcome would likely have been the same. Males who have been unable to control their biological drives have perished at the hands of other males, prisons being quite a recent innovation; their genes have become extinct. Thus male self-control has persisted over many generations.

There are few limitations on female instinctive drives, of which the paramount one may be to secure an ideal mate. There appear to be no social restrictions on this (and many other female drives) whatever.

THE COOLIDGE EFFECT. The Coolidge Effect is probably the principal male sex effect: that male sexual activity is proportional to the number of partners. The more partners the male has, the more active he becomes. The term reportedly originates from President Coolidge and his wife's observations of chickens, but the phenomenon is common to many animals. Only a single ram is required to service fifty sheep, or one bull a herd of cows. The Coolidge Effect has been demonstrated in various animals but apparently never in humans.

MALE TARGETING. Inexperienced males may be unable to cope with two targets simultaneously. A disproportionate number of approaches are made to shop girls because they are readily targetable by males.

MALE EXTREMELY HONEST STRATEGY. One male strategy is the Extremely Honest Strategy; the male breaks down and confesses that he has not had sex for x months or years, is desperate and/or lonely, needs a woman and in this or other ways is unreservedly honest. With sufficient preparation the female will often respond. However a pattern is established of the male being completely open, and this is to his disadvantage in any subsequent transactions with her. Perhaps the reason this strategy is successful is because the female is offered a relationship on such favourable terms that she is unlikely to refuse.

A TYPICAL MALE STRATEGY. A more typical sequence for the male is that he conceals his attraction so that the female, wishing to be desired but not necessarily wanting to commit herself to a relationship, is encouraged to progressively elevate her interactions with him to the point where he can successfully consolidate.

FEMALE STRATEGIES. In Amsterdam a facile female preoccupation with niceness was evident. Many males conformed to this obsequiously pleasant manner and this, it occurred to me late one night in BAR4, could be the product of the male alter ego. Let us say that a male's alter ego is an idealized version of himself, thought to be desirable to females. It may be that the environment of Amsterdam had been made favourable for the selection of partners by females, and the pervasive niceness was symptomatic of such an environment. Perhaps the doting attention I had seen females displaying towards animals was also an expression of it.

With the exception of prostitutes, females express a determined resolve never to involve sex in any kind of material transaction. Women in Amsterdam would refuse help from a man apparently because they feared that they would be under an obligation to provide something, particularly sex, in return. Females will also fail to provide sex when (to borrow a medical term) it is indicated; when a male is visibly frustrated or otherwise obviously in need of sex.

Around this time I heard about an advertisement in a local newspaper specializing in classified advertisements. A man was offering a flat to a girl if she would provide sex in lieu of rent. One could imagine a girl sitting in her room with a girlfriend, then her landlord below knocking on the ceiling with a broom handle, and the girl saying to her friend 'Excuse me for a moment, I've just got to pay the rent'!

While talking to several females who happened to be looking for somewhere to live I had surreptitiously made the comment, "You should find a boyfriend to move in with" as a proposed solution to their problem. On the three occasions I set this little trap the comment was either passed over without remark or even warmed to, despite its obvious parasitic implications. One I tested with this remark was F22C, the Croatian girl from Experiment Zero, and another was a young Dutchwoman who was later married.

CELESTIAL WAITING LIST. The Celestial Waiting List is a queue in which the male waits for a serially monogamous female to end her current relationship. Females may juggle male emotions in this way and use the promise, but not the reality, of sex to maintain relationships on favourable terms with males.

From the masculine perspective being on a CWL should not be tolerated, firstly because it is monogamous, and thus already sympathetic to the female, and secondly it is unlikely to be productive. It is generally incompatible with a new concept, although one which I am struggling to define, called the Indulgence of Romance.

THE INDULGENCE OF ROMANCE, IoR. A situation lacking IoR would be meeting a female in a bar: the female regards the association as valueless and disposable until there is an encounter in some other place, which must come about by chance, not arrangement. It is this element of chance which seems to be the essential component of IoR. However the ultimate IoR might be two males fighting (physically or virtually) for a female. It seems that for a successful invocation of IoR some intangible specialness must be involved.

SATIATION/INSATIATION. Satiation/Insatiation may be the principal female sex effect. It is that the more sex a woman gets, the more she wants. It is the effect expressed by the saying 'The only thing harder than turning a woman on is turning her off again.'

FIRST CONSPIRACY. Any conspiracy among females, to the extent that it exists, would appear to be less secret than innate. A number of potential explanations to account for females' unwillingness to indulge in sex for pleasure are proposed:

1. Females conspire to keep the cost of sex high. They prefer to reserve sex for finding a suitable mate, in accordance with their biological predisposition to secure a partner by whom they will produce children, with the important benefit of his support. A concurrent proposition, with equivalent effect, is that males do not conspire and thus become easy prey for females who do.
2. Females do not indulge in sex for pleasure because they are afraid of Satiation/Insatiation. They fear the awakening of desires which they would then be dependent on one or more males to satisfy.
3. Females do not like physical sex. Females who indulge in sex for pleasure are displaying a male characteristic.
4. Females cannot bring themselves to give control to males.

Evidence in support of this putative tendency for females to conspire is provided by 'unholy alliances' – coalitions between disparate groups

which coincidentally have a common goal. Examples are feminists who object to pornography uniting with religious groups with the same interest or, more directly, women's groups within the Houses of Parliament and other legislative bodies.

In Amsterdam, in contrast, there appeared to be a complete absence of conspiracy among males. Dutchmen would stare at others' girlfriends in the street and apparently try to steal them if the opportunity arose. There may however be a tacit conspiracy among males not to pay close attention to other males making approaches.

SEXUAL DEFINITION CYCLE. Sexual conditioning takes two forms, inherent and adaptive. Inherent male sexuality is fixed by a sequence of hormonal changes which are thought to take place in the foetal male brain around six weeks after conception.

In mammals the default state is to be female. (In birds it is the other way round, that is, the default state is to be male and if a modification process takes place then a female ensues.) The Y chromosome generates a pair of testes, which then produce testosterone to masculinize the brain.

The influence of testosterone is so powerful that it can override the chromosomes. If XX (female) chromosomes are present but, due to some variation, testosterone levels are sufficiently high, a male results, complete with male genitalia. There are other chromosomal deviations so that in reality five or six different sexes exist.

HOMOSEXUALITY. According to evolution theory, homosexuality is not a viable strategy and therefore it is highly unlikely to have a genetic origin. A homosexual individual is less likely to produce children and this, reinforced over thousands or millions of generations, clearly implies that conditioning for homosexuality must be something which takes place during the lifetime of the individual (including gestation). This is as certain as there is no such thing as hereditary infertility; one cannot have a eunuch for a father. In Amsterdam there were reports of high levels of promiscuity in both male and female homosexual circles.

MALE HOMOSEXUALITY. According to theory, male homosexuality is the result of the failure or interruption of certain phases in the masculinization process. The modern emphasis on social conditioning is almost certainly unwarranted. What is socially adaptable is biologically determined; one cannot learn to stop breathing, or eating, or many other things. A young male whose first successful sexual experiences were with another male might become conditioned to homosexuality to some extent, but he would be unlikely to continue as a homosexual if he did not like the feelings it inspired in him. Many males have had (or been enticed into) a homosexual

encounter at some point in their lives, but they do not become homosexual. However some otherwise heterosexual males may resort to homosexuality in exceptional circumstances.

Dörner has proposed three phases of the testosterone conditioning sequence:

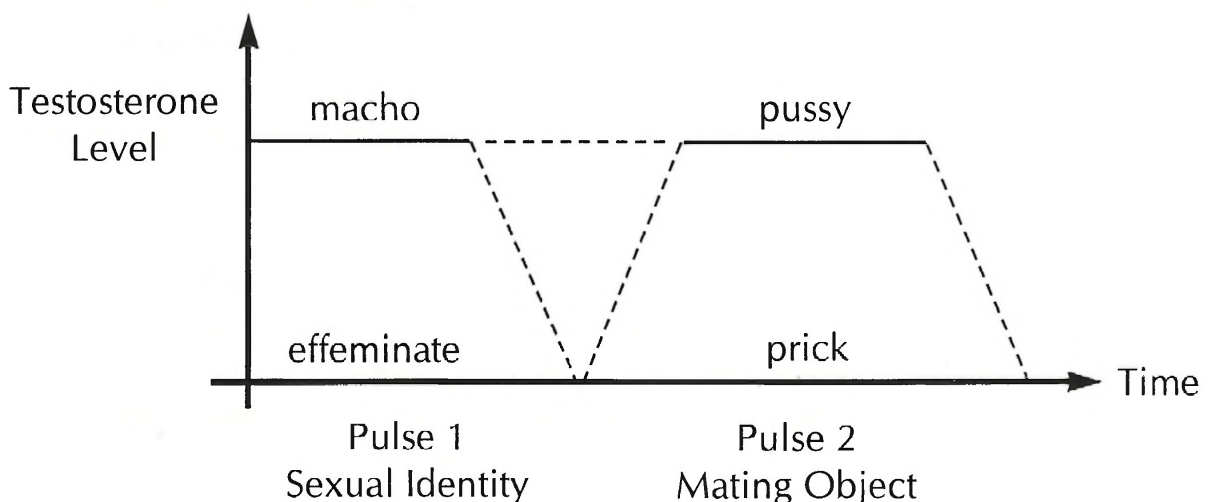
1. Sex centres, determining physical characteristics;
2. Mating centres;
3. Gender-role, determining gender behaviour.

Diamond suggested four phases:

1. Basic sexual patterning, determining aggressiveness or passivity;
2. Sexual identity;
3. Sexual object choice;
4. Control centres for sexual equipment.

There may be ten or twelve different phases. However for illustration we take two characteristics which are common to both the above systems to explain certain distinct male stereotypes. We assume that a first testosterone pulse determines Sexual Identity, while a second determines Mating Object. Four combinations are therefore possible, according to whether the testosterone pulse fails during the first half of the cycle, the second half of the cycle, during both, or not at all. Figure 2 shows the event chain, and the four possible outcomes are listed.

Figure 2. The Masculinization Process



1. Full masculine: a male with a masculine identity, a potentially aggressive and active individual who is attracted to the opposite sex. In this case testosterone level remains high throughout the masculinization process.
2. An individual with a masculine identity who is attracted to other males. This situation would result from an interruption of Pulse 2.
3. A male with a feminine identity, who may be effeminate and passive, and who is attracted to females. This would arise from disruption of Pulse 1 only.
4. A male with a feminine identity who is attracted to males, resulting from an interruption of both Pulse 1 and Pulse 2. (The received wisdom in Amsterdam was that this case was rare.)

FEMALE HOMOSEXUALITY. Female homosexuality poses a more intriguing question. For a normal female the testosterone level remains at or near zero throughout gestation, with little or no pre-conditioning stage. The normal source of testosterone in females is the ovaries and females without ovaries, such as in Turner's Syndrome, display exaggerated characteristics. They constantly dream of romance, marriage and babies, baby-sit at every available opportunity and display an acute lack of sense of direction, even being capable of getting lost coming home from school or inside their own home.

It can be argued therefore that true female homosexuality is uniquely due to chromosomal aberrations. Such variations are probably rare and consequently the only type of homosexuality in the chromosomally-normal female is adaptive. In other words, homosexuality in the vast majority of females is wholly attributable to will.

PARKINSON'S LAW. THE DYNAMIC SYSTEM. Parkinson's Law states that work expands to fill the time available. A good example is the task of decorating a room: if a week is available, a week it shall take. If only two days are available, it can be done in that.

Parkinson's Law is really just a special case of the Dynamic System. Everything has at least one upward pressure and one downward pressure, acting in opposition in a Dynamic System. For example, teeth usually have to be removed in pairs, because the one above and the one below counteract each others' tendency to grow out from the gum, so that an unopposed tooth invariably erupts and has to be removed. Similarly, a mouse population grows in proportion to its supply of food and diminishes in the presence of predators.

Clearly there is a need to define the upward and downward forces in human behaviour, particularly sexual behaviour, since this reflects and affects our evolution. Evolution is sex and sex is evolution; the two are inseparable and interchangeable.

SAFE SEX MEANS LESS SEX. If safe sex means less sex this might be another instance of the Dynamic System. There is bound to be an in-built psychological bias against using condoms: stopping the semen could be the most obviously non-viable strategy of all, short of killing oneself at puberty. There are a variety of means by which females can contrive to become pregnant, for example 'accidentally on purpose' forgetting to take the pill when feeling broody. Getting pregnant is an age-old method of trapping a male. Protection from pregnancy would mean less sex if females' subconscious motivation for sex was to have a baby.

FIRST INTIMATION OF THEOREM 2. I wondered if, as the standard of living increases, sex becomes more infrequent because its costs increase. This may be due to rising female expectations, particularly higher expectations of IoR. If this hypothesis is true then doing nothing is not an option.

CONTROL DYNAMICS. It was speculated that:

Males control females in order to obtain sex or other comforts;

Females control males to provide a sense of security;

Males control males to achieve some profit or objective;

Females control females only in roles which have been defined or created by males.

Sexual Anarchy. The Tyranny of Ambiguity

July 1992	F21DAOM	Female, 21, Dutch adored by older male
	F21DSC	Female, 21, Dutch squatter girl
	F28HJ	Female, 28, half-Jewish
	F30D	Female, 30, Dutch

The weekends were becoming increasingly stressful. As my naïvety was unfolding minor incidents which took place during my forays into and around the town were revealed with a new understanding. However I was gathering a great deal of information.

The slightest lingering in the fruit and vegetable section of a supermarket would result in something akin to sexual anarchy. Here a prospective purchase was placed on scales, the item selected and a price displayed. Then pressing another button produced a label with the price. There was plenty of scope for collisions between people as they moved backwards and forwards, and sometimes help would be offered, if someone could not find a particular button for example. Lingering there just a few moments seemed to produce a veritable explosion of sexual tension: the females around would become alert or agitated, would suddenly start using peripheral vision and become keenly aware of their surroundings, and especially the people in it.

COSTS. After Experiment 2 I felt both exhausted and elated: the elation from a sense of making progress. So distracted was I by the recollections of my encounters that I forgot to do my radio show on Radio Patapoe, another of Amsterdam's pirate radio stations run by squatters. I had also just restarted work on the house's electric system, installing a new fusebox to approved standards, so one day there could be electric light and the computers would again come to life. My normal activities were definitely suffering as a result of these experiments; it was a serious distraction from my usual work and it was becoming clear that under normal circumstances

they would not be possible at all. It struck me that a male becoming attuned and sensitive to the fine undulations of the female emotional pulse constituted a severe impediment to achievement. It was also possible that my approaches and encounters with females were being related, possibly with relish, to their peers – to other females.

First thing on Monday morning, at a bridge over the Blauwburgwal, I encountered a tourist family with their young daughter; the father asked for directions. The daughter had a pretty face and proud, bulbous breasts, firm like small melons covered only by a T-shirt. I was completely smitten by her. It was an abrupt return to lovesickness.

The work I now do on the electric system in the musty basement of the house, by the light of an oil lamp which goes out every 20 minutes or so, is by sheer force of will; actually I feel like banging my head against the wall. I am fitful and restless and can't even cope with the supermarket checkout girls.

PROTOTYPE MARKERS, FEMALE TO MALE. While working and struggling with the emotions aroused by the tourist girl I reflected on how females limit sexual activity by the male. The male must be clean and presentable and in this manner female values are imposed on their prospective mates. It prevents a male from undertaking a short burst of manual work and then immediately going out hunting for sex. A male who displayed the feminine markers of cleanliness and detail – well-dressed, clean and tidy – would indicate that he was under existing female care and presumably this would afford him improved prospects for success.

PROTOTYPE MARKERS, MALE TO FEMALE. There may be a transfer of markers from the masculine to the female domain: perhaps all male markers are ultimately adopted by the female. I thought of tattoos (chiefly male but a fashion among some females), electricity, the telephone and television, the latter all having been discovered or invented by males.

By the following day I had returned to a comparatively normal level of loneliness and frustration. On the Wednesday there was an interesting incident in BIGBAR3. This evening only the bar was open, not the adjoining disco area which was usually full on Saturday nights. Somehow I had made a beeline for a girl, F21DAOM, who was with a much older man. I was curious about the situation and wanted to find out more.

F21DAOM had long wavy brown hair and a ruddy complexion and bought me several beers as we talked. We sat at the end of the bar, with F21DAOM in the middle and the older male, who was aged 40-45, on the other side of her. It was definitely a game; F21DAOM was using me to

make the older man jealous and I made a couple of gentle proposals to see if she could be plied from him, thus accomplishing my real objective of exploring the state of their relationship. In the end F21DAOM and her mature admirer left together, but not before the older man had been visibly unsettled.

For some time after Experiment 1, in squat bars and so forth, I would make a mental note of who started a conversation with a female and then ask her later. Several times the female claimed to have started it when actually she had only signalled or made an indeterminate noise, to which I had responded by saying something.

There are few things more depressing than going out hoping to meet a girl and standing around in a bar looking at a crowd of other men thinking more or less the same thing and with zero, one or two women in sight. BAR4, which had tentative links with Radio Patapoe, had once or twice been like this. How pretty or plain the women were was irrelevant, it was the desperateness of the situation which was distressing. However this is only an exaggeration of the normal scheme because although men and women exist in approximately equal numbers, their reproductive periods are unequal; the shorter period of female attractiveness ensures that two or three males can always be found for a female of reproductive age.

Once I missed blatant opportunities for sex with two different women in one night. I was in BAR1 and was led off by the arm by F30D, who had recently ended her long-standing relationship with M31DS, but I broke away as we walked arm in arm the length of the long building. Halfway, as we passed M31DS doing something outside, I realized that I had no condom with me. The second time, back in BAR1, some sort of switch just did not operate. I made no proposal in response to the hint. So I resolved to have Sex Business Meetings with the females concerned.

Not infrequently I would see a man on my street and think 'There's nothing wrong with him.' F38PP made the comment "When they have problems at home, they try to take it out on us." It occurred to me that prostitution reduced sex to the equivalence of a fairground ride.

A few evenings later F30D was again in BAR1, drinking and being rather forthright. She told me she had sat in the Vondelpark for two hours and been approached six or seven times by males, mostly foreigners: "The Dutch men just watched." She said her countrymen were "Really sneaky"; that she was asked "Stupid questions" like being asked for a light, or the time of day, or for a cigarette. Or she was asked "Nasty questions" like "Do you want to go with me?" or "Do you want to go for a drink somewhere?" She could not answer my query "Why were the questions nasty?" She said "It was much better now than four years ago" but checked herself when she realized that it was not just her immediate environment that had changed during that time. She had also sat alone in a bar for one or two

hours (I got the impression that it had been more than once) and had received no approaches.

THE LOCAL FORM; MTBF. Later as F30D became more drunk she said "There's also female frustration you know Simon." She then adopted a Reverse Strategy (in Dutch terms anyway), diminishing herself: "I'm just a simple stupid Dutch girl." This, I knew, was the opposite of usual Dutch practice, what is often called the Local Form. I pointed this out, that the usual strategy was for a male to pander to the female ego, not vice versa.

Dutchmen could be very unselfconscious and opportunistic and Dutchwomen seemed to find it difficult if not impossible to flatter them. I had seen squeaky-clean older males through the windows of bars, signalling by this manner that they were hopeful of sex (again displaying female markers). In something of a private joke I had corrupted a measure of reliability, Mean Time Before Failure, to this application. In my mind it had become Mean Time Before Fuck and in Amsterdam it seemed to be 2-3 hours. During this time the male was expected to flatter the ego of the female: if he made no mistakes, said nothing wrong or inspired no bad feeling, then he would have a chance.

F30D had been coming on like a brand new tractor, loudly and embarrassingly requesting that slushy music be played on the bar stereo when hardcore punk was more the norm. Eventually she left without saying goodbye.

MISTAKES. During the early part of these experiments, but off-duty so to speak, a surge of emotion and welling of the face would occur whenever I realized and could not deny to myself that I had missed an opportunity for sex which had taken place outside of a deliberate design of my own. The wave of emotion would rise and after a few seconds subside again. Outside of an experiment something could be guaranteed to go wrong; either I would not recognize someone in time in a chance meeting, or I would have a severe attack of shyness, or something else would happen. If there were sudden or overt signals it was possible to find myself in a state of blind panic. Mistakes, such as saying the wrong thing during an approach, or during a conversation with a person you are attracted to, may be the psyche performing its own independent function: the subconscious imposes its own autocratic selectivity. I was unsure whether I wanted to be so available for sex: it wasn't compatible with my self-image.

NO FOLLOW RULE. I found I had, completely undeliberately, adopted a self-imposed rule not to follow females. Whether this was another example of me making things difficult for myself, or the result of an objective appraisal of my relative age and achievements and that of my targets, or

memories of seeing Dutchmen following females (Leaving Politics), I cannot say.

Early the next evening I called round to see F30D – I had three condoms in my pocket and an appointment at 10pm but there was plenty of time. “I’ve come to give you a good rogering” said I; it took a couple of seconds before she understood. We lapsed into small talk and after a while I suggested that the curtains be drawn and that we continue our coffee without our clothes. This, I knew, was great foreplay, acting normally but with the lights low and naked. “Oh no” she said. I yawned inwardly; the conversation continued. Half an hour or more later I said that if we were not going to do what I thought she wanted to do I’ll be leaving soon. F30D then made a reference to her (now non-existent) relationship with M31DS and attempted to deny that there had ever been any possibility of sex between us; the words sound ridiculous and hollow. Ten or fifteen minutes later I took my leave; I had been there almost two hours but there was still time to write a couple of business letters before my meeting.

A FRIDAY AND SATURDAY. A Friday night was spent in BAR4 after working till 11pm; this was not unusual for me. Russian squatters had taken over this space some months previously; some were heroin addicts. In BAR4 one could be as crazy as one liked – I felt comfortable there and able to follow my feelings. Despite its location on an easy to miss corner at the extreme bottom of the Oudezijds Voorburgwal, deep in the Red Light District, the bar was in constant danger of over-popularity.

Late one night in this bar a well-dressed Moroccan pickpocket had been rifling through my pockets while I was talking to him, taking advantage of me being relaxed and a little drunk. Eventually I challenged him and he went away.

FEMALE MASTURBATION. CONDOM USE. That evening I had a talk with two girls about sex and differences. One, with feminist sympathies, wanted to know what my explanation was for female orgasms; the other was a psychology student. We talked about reinforcement, and particularly pleasure reinforcement: “Look at junkies, how thin they are” I said, “If there were no pleasure in eating some people would starve to death.” In the same manner the clitoris exists in human females to provide additional incentive for sex, to compensate for humans’ ability to control their instinctive drives. Both admitted having multiple orgasms each day on their own. I recalled a similar confession by F28HJ, who had recently ditched me with the comment “No sexist is a friend of mine.”

We talked about female condoms and it became apparent that at least one was not strong nor wilful enough to enforce a ‘No condom, no entry’

rule. The psychology student admitted that our conversation was arousing: "I could feel it." We discussed the Coolidge Effect and slightly later, in a more intimate conversation with the psychologist sitting at my side, I told them "I want you both" and that I was giving them a lesson in male sexuality. There had been high cost in terms of the information I had given; I could probably have had one of them but neither was especially attractive. I had managed to stay celibate so far and knew that I would remember the first time I had sex after my circumcision, much as a virgin always remembers their first time.

Responding to a veiled proposal from one or the other I said "For the purposes of this exercise one of you is insufficient; I want both of you, and at the same time," a statement for which I afterwards felt rather proud. Unfortunately this was not a welcome proposition and after a while I left them to investigate a young Danish girl who was sitting outside and signalling profusely, all around.

A beer was bought for me and consumed on the benches outside as dawn broke. The Danish girl and her group had just arrived that morning and, like many female tourists, was enjoying the freedom to flirt in the liberating anonymity of a strange town. My beer had been furnished by the male I thought to be the most successful I knew with women; I had seen him with several different females, escorting them around. Earlier that evening I had interviewed him. He was about 25 and told me he does get sex but it was evident from his words and manner that it was neither easy nor enough. We discussed the arrogance of Dutch women. My growing suspicion was confirmed that, despite the strong consensus in some circles and public exhortations for their use, the wearing of condoms was certainly not universal. My informant had smiled, said he used them "Sometimes" and shrugged his shoulders.

Rising about 3:30pm the following afternoon I had two days' growth on my chin and looked very masculine. I entered the Nieuwendijk, walking onto it from a side-alley, with under an hour to buy food. Joining the stream of people I immediately bumped shoulder to shoulder with an attractive girl; I looked at her, she said "Sorry" and I smiled. A male was on the other side of her, who then retreated deeper into the crowd. The image returned to me; was the male already with her or had he been just about to make an approach? Was the shoulder-bumping a signal? I looked around but by this time she was out of sight, lost among the crowds of Saturday shoppers.

FIRST BITCH. COLLISION SIGNAL. Only a minute later a girl directly crossed my path and we both froze to avoid a collision. I looked at her, she said nothing and neither did I. Why are females, otherwise so verbally competent, incapable of initiating a conversation with a male? After a few

seconds, like an automaton, I gesticulated that she should cross before me and she disappeared into a clothes shop at the end of her diagonal trajectory. She was a Bitch, about 20 with long hair and fairly ordinary. She was untidily dressed, as was typical of her kind. In fact I had identified several types during my sessions on the town: there were also flaunters, bargers and strollers, plus the young blonde tearaway, long strides and chewing-gum type.

I would certainly have this girl. Waiting for her to reappear, I stood to one side. Shortly she re-emerged from the shop, saw me looking and headed off in the opposite direction. A minute or two later depression descended as I realized that the near-collision had been a signal.

On the way back I stopped at Coffeeshop CS3 to buy a couple of cigarettes – buying cigarettes singly helped me ration my tobacco intake. A man in front was asking for “*Een BTW bon*” (a tax receipt) for the cannabis he had just bought. He was joking that he should be able to reclaim its cost as a business entertainment expense. “Maybe in the future” said the House Agent; it was a good joke. As I was leaving two girls were sitting at a table and I asked them through the open window if they would like some company: “No, sorry.” I bade them goodbye but forgot to ask if they were sure, as I had been intending to after making proposals in the future. I was trying to convince myself that it really wasn’t that easy and that I hadn’t missed out again, but the attempt didn’t make me feel any better.

RETURN TO THE LEIDSEPLEIN. THE TYRANNY OF AMBIGUITY. Now, having decided to disregard the implications of this little brainstorm of mine – specifically, that the subjects in my experiments might realize that they are so and are being written about – I am on the Leidseplein writing, with a sheet of paper above my head, pinned to the tree against which my back is leaning. The notice says “No danger, writer at work.” I’m an expert at combining business and pleasure but I’m not going to get up and make any approaches. People are more friendly than usual and I detect some surprise that I really am writing. A family send their children over to me with some left-over food and I accept it appreciatively. When the loud Australian juggler finishes his act I’ll have space to stretch my legs and a clear view once again.

The cleaning trucks begin to arrive, threatening to douse everyone and everything with water; it’s the end of a warm summer evening and my day’s writing is almost completed. As I leave I make a comment about a performer and then a proposal (“Shall I walk with you for a little while?”) to a gorgeous, South American-looking girl. She says “No” but in an odd way, cat-like. Does ‘No’ spoken in this way, drawn out like a miaow, mean ‘Maybe’? I might have asked her again but our paths became separated by another cleaning truck bearing down. I think back to the events on the

Nieuwendijk earlier; the shoulder-bumping, the Bitch and now the cat-like 'No' from the South American girl; I pray for an end to this tyranny of ambiguity. There's no shortage of nice-looking girls but I'm shattered.

THE CANADIAN TOURIST. She was standing like a beacon outside the African trinket shop, at the sharp corner where the Westerstraat meets the Prinsengracht, a tall, slender figure in a light summer dress holding a map. I asked her if I could help and she said she didn't know which way to go, so I invited her back to the house for some coffee, which was in the direction of the town centre in any case. After a little fuss she clambered onto the carrier which extended over the back wheel of my cycle and in this manner was conveyed homewards.

TOKENS. Although the invitation had been for coffee, once seated in the kitchen she said she only drank tea and pulled some tea bags out of the small rucksack she was carrying. I felt like an aged, absent-minded professor, enjoying the company of an attractive young lady and perhaps the arousal of feelings, mostly protective, which were almost becoming forgotten. She was French Canadian, probably about 19, with a bright red sunburnt face which made it difficult to tell precisely how old or attractive she was. However I had no motivation besides sharing her company for a few minutes and some civilized conversation.

Several times a female has accepted an invitation to drink coffee but when the kettle was placed on the stove she has, to my confoundment, calmly and without a trace of self-consciousness announced that she only drank tea. On this occasion I said "I can cope with that" but I was a little unsettled. I knew that I had missed several opportunities for sex in this way, when an invitation for coffee had actually been construed as a proposition for sex: it had certainly been at least twice.

Once a girl passed while I was working on something outside the house. "That's my bike!" she exclaimed, pointing to one of my bicycles locked to the metal railings. It was missing a front wheel, having been removed for use on another. We fell into conversation and she said that it was the cycle she had owned when she first came to Amsterdam, and I invited her in for coffee. She was a psychology student. After we had drunk the coffee she wanted to see the rest of the house, so I showed her round, including right at the top, looking out of the roof window. Then, still in the attic, she paused and we stood for a few moments, at which point she appeared slightly agitated. I suggested that we go back downstairs.

That agitation had almost certainly been my cue to begin seducing her. She had been walking down the street and seen the availability of ready, impersonal sex for males, seen me and wanted the same for herself; the claim that the bicycle was hers, which was extremely unlikely, was merely

a ploy to begin a conversation. She left shortly afterwards, although now with a cycle to which a front wheel had just been refitted, and pointedly not giving anything except the vaguest reference to where she lived.

On this occasion in particular I was content with no more than to share tea in the presence of an attractive girl.

THE DUBIOUS STATEMENT OF UNAVAILABILITY. Small conversation had taken place while the kettle boiled and I once momentarily lapsed from TVV to look into her lap. The tea had just been poured when the critical exchange took place. My awareness of the stratagem returned from over five years previously, refreshed by this incident. Probably the first serious sexual gambit is a female announcement of her unavailability for sex. She will tell you she has a boyfriend, must be home by a certain time or give some other reason why she is unavailable.

A first rule for the male is that no matter how irrelevant the Statement seems (he might be just being friendly), or disappointed he feels, or how big a pack of lies he is sure he has just been fed, he must not display annoyance. There are a number of possible male responses. The strategy most likely to achieve penetration of the female, calling on my recently stimulated memory, is to reassure her with a reply such as 'It's alright, I'm disappointed because I like you but we'll just talk if you like.' The female wants to be satisfied that you are not interested in her for only one thing; references to an existing relationship or appointment might for practical purposes be ignored since there is usually no way of knowing whether the female is telling the truth or merely attempting to establish your integrity ('niceness') and thus suitability as a sexual partner. The possibility that the Statement of Unavailability is true must be borne in mind, but the best strategy for a successful outcome is to carry on regardless, since there is a strong likelihood that, if the reasons given by the female for her unavailability were actually true, the situation which is presently shared with her would not exist at all. A conversation at this level would simply not be taking place. The male response is optimally followed by a relaxation of manner to further assure the female, making her feel at ease.

There are alternative responses to the DSoU. One could ask permission to be frank and then list the possible options 'Assuming you're telling the truth.' A polygamous arrangement might be proposed for example. If she says she has a boyfriend then 'A pretty girl like you should have at least three.'

In this instance I was told that she had a boyfriend in Belgium and, certain that it was untrue, expressed annoyance shortly thereafter. There was a pause after which she asked what I did and my manner in response was abrupt. The girl got up and walked out, leaving her tea untouched, saying that she wanted to resume her intended visit to the Sex Museum. I

thought I heard a gasp as she descended the steps, saw the red lights of the rest of the street and realized that she had all the while been next door to a brothel.

THE EMPHASIZER. A few days later I was delivering letters; it was around lunchtime and the sun was shining. Crossing the busy intersection of the Bilderdijkstraat and Kinkerstraat I saw a pretty, long-haired blonde looking at me: I looked back. I think it was she that broke the stare with a smile and I returned it. 'This is great' I thought. I spun around on my bicycle while she was crossing the road so as to ride in a tight loop and come alongside her. As I started the conversation I became aware for an instant of onlookers but discarded my concern about being observed. As soon as we started to talk I got the impression that I should be gentle, so I decided not to use the super new direct line I was planning shortly to put into practice. Not this time on her though.

"Why did you stop?" she asked. "Because you're pretty" I replied but this was untrue: the real reason was 'Because you signalled.' She was from outside Amsterdam, one of the quieter towns on the environs, and commuted to work. She was heading for the cash machine because she didn't have enough money for a new dress she wanted to buy.

"I don't think I'm pretty" she intoned, an obvious hint that she would like the compliment repeated. It was easy for me to flatter, I had not sneaked a look at the rest of her yet but her face and hair were lovely. "Oh, I do" I said with conviction. By this time I was walking alongside her, going in the right direction but thoroughly distracted. I told her that I would entertain her while she was waiting at the cash machine. Mercifully a gap was left between us and the person before in the queue, so everything I said was not broadcast into the public ether.

Talking about my activity with the letters, a point was reached where I was in danger of giving some information which I would rather not, and this was my cue to try to resolve the situation. "We can do something together if you like" I said. "I'm busy this week" she replied, with heavy emphasis on "this." I was thrown into confusion: it was only Tuesday and my memories of Experiment 0 were still fresh; I was wary of waiting a week for a meeting with a girl who after the long wait was unlikely to show up. She told me her friend was getting married on Thursday. "How about Friday?" I asked, pushing it a bit. "I have to tell you I have a boyfriend" she slightly guiltily informed me. No doubt her 'regular man' would have priority for the weekend, of which Friday was the official start. It even crossed my mind that she might be telling the truth. A pattern was rapidly emerging, the friend getting married (the occasion for which the dress was intended) and the busy social diary. I had been signalled for sport, she had attracted me but the best I could hope for was a place on an emotional

carousel, the carousel she liked to spin because it was spinning to her tune. "Only one boyfriend" I said "A girl like you should have two or three." "That's not my style" she replied, this time with heavy emphasis on the "my." I moved toward my bicycle which was leaning against the wall. "Hey, see you" I said, and cycled away.

Riding through the Vondelpark one day I saw F21DSG, a scruffy, mousy-blond squatter girl I knew slightly from BIGBAR3 and rather liked, walking a dog. I stopped to talk and suggested walking along with her for a while. "I'm in a hurry" she said, which from someone with a dog in the huge Vondelpark was plainly ridiculous, and I left her.

THE FINNISH TOURISTS. PLAYFUL ABANDON, OPEN LEGS SIGNALS. It was a Sunday and I had just finished broadcasting a programme on Radio Patapoe. Cycling round the phallic National Monument opposite Dam Square on my way back I saw a pair of blondes wearing love-heart sunglasses, the sort with black heart-shaped lenses and pink plastic rims. One had long legs in soft blue jeans and was sitting with her legs half-apart. Her fine neck-length hair was being adorned with beads by a street trader. Thus began a fight with myself, slowing down, thinking, trying to decide whether to pounce immediately, later or not at all.

Everyone is always going somewhere or has some objective in mind and there is a normal impetus to continue on that course. After some moments of inner conflict I decided to drop my programme material at the house and return immediately to the Monument, so that if I was distracted at least I would have no worries about losing anything. After dumping my bag I returned to the Monument, ostentatiously dropped my bicycle to the ground and seated myself on the stones not far away from my target. The street trader turned out to be Russian. I watched them intermittently, then asked my target if she would exchange a piece of the banana I was eating for a cigarette – at least it was a minor improvement on just asking for a cigarette – and proceeded to make myself a weak joint to relax after my radio show.

A brief discussion followed about bananas. The sky was overcast and I remarked on the café opposite having heaters to warm its terrace, but which mostly just warmed the Amsterdam air. After the departure of the street trader and with her permission, I sat next to her. She was from Finland, on Inter-rail, and had been in Amsterdam for two days. I had no clearly defined objective: just to hang on as long as possible and hope that something happened.

Of course any approach to a tourist involves the almost automatic assumption that several previous ones have been made to girls like herself.

Because she is transient she will assume that the male is looking solely for short-term sex, and this kind of male may be of little interest to females.

THE FIRST MOVE. RESPONSE DISPLACEMENT. We laughed together and at one point it vaguely occurred to me to put my arm around her, but I didn't; we were in a public place. At some point I said "We can do something together if you like, I don't know what" but in any case the proposal only inspired a comment to her friend, and in code: in Finnish. There was no direct response to me.

My photograph was taken with them and I suggested going for a walk around the canals. Then she told me they were catching a train at 6pm. "What time is it now?" I asked. Her friend consulted her watch; it was already a quarter past six. "You're late" I said but my target immediately retorted "It's still on Finnish time."

This was possible but I had a definite sense that something was amiss somewhere. There was no sign of the roughness which should be evident from two days of living from the rucksacks they said were in lockers at Centraal Station. They also knew the Albert Cuyp market and not many tourists knew that place after only two days in Amsterdam.

LEAVING SOMETHING SIGNAL. There had been a Statement of Unavailability but I had been so busy controlling my reaction to it that I had forgotten to remember its substance, lest it might actually be true. If there was untruth, I could never match this level of verbal dexterity and dishonesty. They left, walking in no particular hurry towards Centraal Station. My beautiful blonde target, whom I had by great force of will succeeded in not bonding to, left an almost full pack of cigarettes and these were returned to her with no particular ritual.

As far as I could tell the only thing I had done wrong (or failed to do right) was not put my arm around her at the appropriate time. The secret then, appears to be to know when it is easy (most of the time it is not), you must know when it is. But this procedure is entirely defined in female terms, and seemingly in the most rigid and uncompromising fashion.

CUMULATIVE EFFECT OF IToD. I notice in myself a tendency to not look at females directly anymore after a proposal has been made and refused, or even just passed over. I just look vaguely in their direction, not seeing. It is as if I do not want any more memories to further reinforce the unbearable 'If only I'd done...' or 'If only I'd said...' feelings of regret later. There is a distinct syndrome which occurs on being rejected by females and probably the cumulative effect of repeated rejections is this detachment.

INVERTED TRANSMISSION OF DIMINISHMENT. The following has been observed in myself and others. The male has an urge to publicly communicate after a targeted female withdraws. I would often experience a compulsion to smile after rejection while not feeling at all happy, or I would feel like making, or actually make, an incidental comment to people in the vicinity. I did this on the departure of the Finnish tourists for example, to the people sitting around the Monument, shouting out some comment to the surrounding people.

Once I saw a tall junkie with bad teeth arrive onto the Leidseplein with two young girls he had latched himself onto. As I watched the two girls broke away from him and he stood briefly in confusion, apparently unsettled, before descending on a man sitting on the central stones who, with corny Dutch deliberation, was attempting to read aloud to two young children. The junkie insisted on joining the party and spoiling it, to the chagrin of the sappy father.

I wondered about the evolutionary origin of this male instinct to transmit following rejection. Did it have another origin besides the obvious one of being an ejaculation substitute? Why was it expressed communally, by either shouting or smiling? Possibly, I speculated, the male temporarily suspends social communication and concentrates it on his target. When the female breaks there may be a hangover effect; a special part of the brain is active but there is a time delay before it is turned off again: a hysteresis effect. A male outburst after rejection might take place during this time delay, or in recovery from the altered mental state. The effect was only apparent if there had been some involvement, such as a conversation, with the target female.

Another effect may have some similarity. If I am sitting in a train for example, an attractive girl might join it. I have felt a longing that she would get up and leave. One explanation was that her leaving would provide an opportunity to look at her again, since in a train her attractive features might be obscured. Or, if she were fully in view, one could not politely stare agog at her.

There was something else however: this explanation alone was insufficient. It was as if the very presence of the girl caused an elevation of tension, which was relieved once she had departed.

SELF-SUBJUGATION. LOCAL TOKENS. PROJECTION. During Experiment 1, on the Leidseplein, I had reflected whether females actually subjugated themselves by their preference for covert communication. There may also be a female inability to transact on a non-sexual or non-emotional level, and this too would amount to self-subjugation. I had already noticed that it

seemed impossible to invite an Amsterdam female back to your house for coffee and it be understood that coffee was all that was involved.

Tokenism of this kind could severely limit females' freedom of movement. It would be likely to promote a feeling of insecurity when she was in an unfamiliar environment, because she would not know the local tokens, whether it was being presented with a flower, invited for coffee or whatever. She may fear unwittingly agreeing to sex. For example, a proposal to a tourist to take a walk around the canals might be construed by her to mean sex and so refused, although the male had no such intention. Similarly, but in a different way, she may fear that the male will interpret her assent to the walk as consent to sex and in this fear refuse it. A preference for ambiguous language by females, or an assumption that ambiguous language was being used, would amount to self-subjugation.

As for the explosion in sexual tension which seemed to occur if I lingered in the fruit and vegetable section, this was almost certainly a vestige from a former period when a fashion had existed of securing sexual partners at the supermarket.

Projection. Paragonism. Costs and Benefits of Sex. Experiment 3

July 1992

F21HS

Female, 21, half-Surinamese

LO1

Loved One 1

M53I

Male, 53, Irish

FEMALE OBFUSCATION. F21HS, a half-Surinamese girl who worked briefly at CS2, challenged me with the statement "You'll never understand women." If we are to understand human behaviour it is logical to start with females, who vary less and are thus easier to analyze than males. Females purposefully make themselves difficult to understand but once this is appreciated the defence it provides becomes penetrable.

PROJECTION. Humans normally suppose that others perceive and experience similarly; people project their own characteristics and impressions onto others. Anthropomorphism is the projection of human sentiments onto animals.

A good illustration is the 3rd or 4th-rate con man. Such a person, constantly looking for the chance to pull some swindle or fraud, has an equally persistent fear that someone is trying to do the same to him. He is visibly paranoid and this alerts his prospective victim, which is why he is 3rd or 4th-rate. (The 1st-rate con man lulls his victim into a belief that he is taking advantage of him, while really it is the other way around. The victim's greed ensnares him.)

In some countries the attitude is that a beggar is doing people a favour by providing them with an opportunity to feel good about themselves for a small amount of money. However altruism exists which does not demand gratification in terms of 'feeling good about oneself.' It seems that people will do something for nothing but only under special circumstances and only for a limited time. It occurred to me to do an experiment to try and disprove TINSTAAFL, the maxim that 'There is no such thing as a free lunch.'

A person who claims that selfless generosity does not exist (and in Amsterdam this was a common claim) is really saying more about themselves than the person they accuse of not being genuinely altruistic:

they are incapable of genuine altruism so cannot imagine another being capable of it.

Four examples of female projection are proposed:

1. Young girls can think that sex is romantic and will project that sentiment onto males, at least until it is rudely shattered by an insight into the adolescent male perspective;
2. Women assume that men are as monogamous as they are;
3. Women can suppose that men are as perceptive as they, and this may partially account for females' propensity for neurosis;
4. Females will claim that males cannot be objective (and thus genuinely scientific): 'I can't be objective so I don't accept that you can.'

It struck me that in the past, males projected their values and sentiments onto females more successfully than females did to males. Hence a male might have imagined that a female was as aroused and wanted sex as much as he, and acted accordingly.

DIVERSIONARY AND DISGUISED PURPOSES. SUBCONSCIOUS DRIVES. Diversionary Purpose occurs when a person ostensibly pursues one objective while really seeking to satisfy another. In particular, Diversionary Purpose allows females to exist in situations where their presence might imply that they were seeking a partner, without them being pestered by eager males. For example, a female at college might ostensibly be studying but in reality, although perhaps only subconsciously, she is looking for a partner. A group of females at a well-to-do American college were reported to have used a copy of *Who's Who* within a short period of their arrival to discover the background of the male students. The stated purpose, of studying, merely facilitates the female's real, disguised objective of obtaining a suitable mate.

I knew that this could happen from my own experience while working as a recording engineer. At one point I became aware of a desire, formerly unconscious, to make myself suitable for a perfect female. My ideal self, what I am calling my alter ego, was as an engineer in a recording studio, sitting behind a huge mixing desk with thousands of controls.

There are plenty of examples of Diversionary Purpose in the music business. An individual might aspire to be a pop star for the same subconscious reason that I had wanted to work in studios, or to pursue more polygamous drives. The stated objective of playing in a band might merely mask a desire to belong to a clique.

TEMPLATE. A Template is a mental image of a mating partner.

TYPES OF LOVE. The Greek language has several words for love while English-speakers have only one. I was assisted in the compilation of the following list by two mature American women, one of whom laid considerable emphasis on the last and most curious entry:

- Motherly love
- Fatherly love
- Brotherly love
- Sisterly love
- Lustful love
- Passionate love
- Caring (protective) love
- Infatuated love
- Innocent love
- Needy (self-gratuitous) love
- Love of God
- Co-dependent love (clinging relationships)
- Sadistic love
- Masochistic love
- Self-love
- Social love
- Manipulative love (17 types).

PARAGONISM. The Paragon is the ideal: a supreme or ultimate state or, most especially, a perfect partner. It is like a pinnacle, or mountain, the summit of which is strived for. Paragonism is an absolutely essential human drive. Love is Paragonism, and is likely to inspire the use of DWIT (Doing Whatever It Takes, or 'Love will find a way'). The importance of Paragonism in the human psyche cannot be over-estimated.

Sensations of Paragonism may be induced by music and combined with imagery in advertising. Paragonic experiences can be guaranteed by drugs, for example taking ecstasy at house parties. However here we shall deal with the Paragon in its original, purest sense, as an actual or prospective sexual partner. Two forms of the Paragon have been identified.

There may be an Inherent Paragon (the Primary Target/Primary Template) which is biologically predetermined. However most Paragonism is undoubtedly adaptive, here termed the Adaptive Paragon or Adaptive Individual Paragon. Paragonism, and competitive drives, probably accounts for males' tendency to always try for the most attractive female in a group.

PARAGONIC DEFINITION OF ALTER EGO. According to this scheme the alter ego is a target for the Paragon. In other words, the alter ego is the Paragon's Paragon.

MALE TARGETING TEMPLATES. TEMPLATE SET. It is proposed that males target females at three distinct levels:

1. Primary Template. A Dream Girl or inherent ideal, who is automatically a Paragon;
2. Secondary Template. A female who may become a Paragon adaptively, for example by Copulation Bonding (CB);
3. Tertiary Template. A female who may be a sexual partner but will never become a Paragon.

ADAPTIVE PARAGONISM. The following are proposed as examples of Adaptive Paragonism:

'I love her because she accepted me'

'I love her because I rub a certain part of my glans against a certain part of her' (CB)

'I love her because she takes my sperm' (CB)

'I didn't know she was so delicious' (to feel or touch)

'She's just right for me because...'

'We understand each other'

'I love her because she's mine'

'He needs me'

'I'm his'

EASY COME, EASY GO. There is a natural human inclination to believe that the more one pays, the more one gets. When something is found on the street, as can commonly happen in Amsterdam, it may be highly regarded (as just what one needs for example) but there is a definite tendency, if a stop is made anywhere at all, to forget it and leave it behind. The gain of the item seems to be registered as forcefully as the diminishment which led to its acquisition.

Applying Easy Come, Easy Go to females, it is obviously entirely relative – an 'easy' female is only easy in comparison with others.

PROPOSITION 4. The male instinct is to reduce the costs of sex, the female instinct is to increase the costs of sex.

DISCUSSION. The possibility that there may be no mitigation of the costs females will impose on sex was considered. At this point I did not yet appreciate that every one of the costs of sex could be incurred, in full, without physical sex taking place.

THE COSTS AND BENEFITS OF SEX. The trade in sex in Amsterdam and perception of it as a commodity resulted in its costs being more clearly defined. It is proposed that every possible circumstance is contained within the Ten Costs and Benefits of Sex detailed in Table 2. In this analysis sex is any activity which is not business, i.e. any non-monetary relationship is sexual activity.

Table 2. The Costs and Benefits of Sex

COST	BENEFIT
1. Unwanted child	Procreation
2. Unwanted disease or other physical disorder	Wanted disease
3. Unwanted relationship	Wanted relationship
4. Disturbance of an existing emotional relationship or activity	Enhancement of same
5. Disturbance of an existing business relationship or activity	Enhancement of same
6. Money	Money
7. Information	Information
8. Diminishment of Self	Enhancement of Self
9. Energy	Energy
10. Time	Time

Diminishment of Self is any emotional or psychological diminution of the individual, and involves a reduction in self-esteem. It is local to the individual: it does not directly affect or involve other people. Diminishment of Self occurs when someone tries to stroke a dog or a cat and the animal walks away; a loss of composure following their rejection by the animal can be displayed. Rejection of proposals involve Diminishment of Self, as does being used as a trophy. Enhancement of Self typically takes the form of feeling good about oneself.

All of the Ten Costs can be levied whether physical sex takes place or not. For each of the ten categories, examples of costs being incurred with and without physical sex taking place are given in Table 3.

By way of a detailed example of this system, suppose that a female goes out to a pub or bar with her partner. She signals another male, who responds, unaware that she is spoken for. Her partner starts a fight and the male who has approached is injured. For him the fight qualifies as an

Table 3. Examples of Costs and Benefits

	COST WITH PHYSICAL SEX	COST WITHOUT PHYSICAL SEX	BENEFIT WITH AND/OR WITHOUT
1.	Unwanted pregnancy after intercourse	Artificial insemination, resulting in an undesirable increase in population	Procreation, to further the species
2.	Contraction of a sexually transmitted disease	Catching pneumonia during a trek to find a female	Securing a lock-in or satisfying a desire to share everything
3.	Continuing a relationship out of habit or politeness after passion has expired	Continuing a relationship with a desired female which is unconsummated	(Relationships without procreation are null in evolutionary terms)
4.	Sleeping with a friend's girlfriend who then discloses the encounter	Making a pass at a friend's girlfriend and the information being strategically divulged	Friendships can be enhanced by becoming more sociable as a result of having sex
5.	Missing a business appointment because of having sex	Making a pass at the boss's wife at an office party in jest and being passed over for promotion because of it	Large companies prefer their male employees to be married because they are more stable and thus more productive
6.	Maintaining a woman	Entrance charges to a discotheque, drinks and other incidental costs incurred while trying to win one	Professional sex confers the benefit of money, or a person might marry into money
7.	The 'Honey Trap' in which a female spy seduces a target to obtain information	Giving excessive information in attempts to impress a target female	Information about females and particularly how they feel to the touch

Table 3. Examples of Costs and Benefits (continued)

	COST WITH PHYSICAL SEX	COST WITHOUT PHYSICAL SEX	BENEFIT WITH AND/OR WITHOUT
8.	Having sex with an older or unattractive female and the event being cast abroad	Being used as a trophy before being ditched. Psychological stress endured while trying to obtain a sexual partner	Feeling good about oneself
9.	Energy expended in the act	Cycling a long distance to see a girl unproductively and back again	Children working for a parent
10.	Duration of the act and in recovery	Waiting or being at a place hoping that a girl will appear	Learning of a time-saving device while meeting someone socially. Children working for a parent

unwanted relationship involving unwanted physical disorders (bruises and possibly also broken bones) as well as Diminishment of Self. Energy and time would be lost as well as information (that he is not such a good fighter). The time spent in recovery would also disturb existing emotional and business relationships and activity.

Moreover the female could find this situation gratifying since two males are fighting over her (IoR), and the incident may be manipulated for this purpose. Nevertheless she can walk away from this situation completely untarnished.

CONTROL OF INFORMATION: The example of Cost 5 without physical sex taking place in Table 3 is a good illustration of how information can be manipulated to maximize cost to males. At a Christmas party a tipsy employee makes what is construed as a pass at his boss's wife, perhaps in jest or in an attempt to flatter. If she reported the incident to her husband on the way home it would probably be laughed off, but if instead the information was withheld until the man was considered for promotion some months later, at which time the wife gives an embellished version of the event, the employee might not be promoted but dismissed.

COSTING. It is now a dreary day in the middle of July and more than seven weeks since I was circumcised. It is considerably longer since I was inside a woman. The closest I got, an attempt with my former girlfriend F25J, who answered a plea about twelve days after my operation, failed because I was so swollen I was unable to get the condom on. I feel as if a distinct point has been reached.

The following account is made of the time I have spent trying to meet, talk to, get involved or just have sex with a female:

Experiment 0, 5 abortive meetings @ 1 hour each: 5 hours

Experiment 1, Waiting for a girl to come to me: 7 hours

Experiment 2, 14 random bids @ one every 20 mins: 4 hours 40 mins.

At a conservative reckoning the total exceeds 16 hours. If I had just wanted a quick fuck, like the 15-minute one I could have on my street for *f*50,-, my time is costed at around *f*3,- (or £1, or US\$ 1.50) an hour. That is, I would have spent 16 hours trying to obtain something which is available on demand for *f*50,-.

PREAMBLE TO EXPERIMENT 3. I have learnt from F30D and generally that one of the reasons Dutchmen have lost the respect of their women is because, they say, 'Dutch men are cowards.' The men, ever mindful of emancipation and battered into submission by years of exposure to feminist perspectives, which have constantly repeated that women have been suppressed and unable to fulfil their true potential, dare not make propositions anymore. This role seems to be left to a large extent to foreigners like myself, who often do it clumsily and not in the native tongue which might immediately put a Dutch girl at her ease.

It also occurred to me that perhaps the lack of respect the Dutchwomen displayed towards their menfolk was due to men giving them what they wanted – or rather, what they said they wanted, which was not necessarily the same thing.

So, having learned that condom use was not as widespread as I had supposed, I was thinking of going out asking 'Excuse me, please forgive my directness but can I invite you for some very nice and safe sex?' In the end I decided to be direct: 'Could we share a condom together?' It has to be tried: I need to have sex and am curious to see what will happen – how many I will have to ask. I wish I had a push-button counter which I could keep in my pocket to keep a tally but I don't, so it will have to be the ubiquitous notebook as usual.

Yesterday would have been a good day for it, it was sunny and very hot but I felt unwell. My plans for an early night went awry and I ended up drinking beer until 5am with my farming friends. Today I feel better but the

local weather forecast, unusually, has failed – instead of sunshine it is overcast and drizzly. There is no test-bed of tourists on Dam Square on whom I can start and the change of weather has taken the wind out of my sails for what was to have been a daunting task in any case. I picked up a broly and headed out to the Nieuwendijk to look for a Bitch.

EXPERIMENT 3. The next day, with overcast but mostly dry weather, Experiment 3 began. When I approached the first girl in the Nieuwendijk her upper lip curled delightfully in distaste when I asked the question. I drove myself to double back for Number 3; I think I had seen her before, dark-skinned and pretty. After the question she drew me into conversation. We walked together, her, her friend and I, for a short while before I asked her if she was sure and she was. The full sequence was:

“May I ask you a question?” (*response*)

“It’s rather direct, so please forgive me.”

“Could we share a condom together?” or “May I invite you to share a condom with me?”

I learnt very quickly to keep it friendly and cheerful, like the game that of course it was, regardless of the nature of the question. There seems to be a Keep It Nice Rule, to which I tried to conform, although it was not always easy. I have learnt that ‘*Mag ik iets vragen?*’ (‘May I ask you something?’) is a common first line in male approaches and I was not impressed by it. Firstly, it was innocuous and meant nothing. Secondly it implied subservience, rather like a student in a lecture theatre raising their hand to attract the lecturer’s attention, gaining it and then asking if a question may be asked. This is simply wasting time until the real question is posed. So I had little compunction in spoiling it as a chat-up line. (Perhaps the next stage in the evolution of ‘May I ask you a question?’ will be ‘May I ask you if I can ask you a question?’)

Thus I launched myself upon the female population of Amsterdam, the tourists being relatively scarce due to the poor weather. The reactions I received were surprisingly mild and, providing I asked in a cheerful way, most of the girls had little difficulty in dealing with my approach.

According to the girl and how much pressure I felt under, there was variation in how much of the sequence I managed to get out. The responses to “May I ask you a question?” were either yes or no or silence, perhaps just an inclination of the head. If the girl was responsive I was able to go through the full sequence and gauge the reaction to “It’s rather direct...” before proceeding, but the sequence was only rarely aborted at this stage. Only after “May I invite you to share a condom with me?” was the girl included in the count.

I received only three insults, the strongest one ("Piss off!"), perhaps typically, not from the girl to whom I had directed my question but from one accompanying her. I said "I'm going away but I don't piss off." Another young woman, on her own, said "Come on!" in a manner which suggested that she had correctly determined the true nature of the experiment, the minimization of cost. It was as if she were saying 'Who are you trying to kid? You can't win the game that easily.' Most of the time the response was just a simple "No."

Near the bottom of the Kalverstraat, as I was heading towards the Leidseplein, a black girl asked "Where?" I was a little taken aback but turned and pointed diagonally to the Palace and the direction of the house, saying "Over there, not very far." She said "Well, I've come here to look for someone" but then her voice trailed off and she walked away in the opposite direction, up the Kalverstraat. It happened so fast that I cannot recall any other subtleties in the exchange.

My routine became to walk from the house to the bottom of the Nieuwendijk and continue slowly towards the Leidseplein, stop there very briefly and then turn back, all the time approaching any girl I found attractive or, in the several periods of shortage, any girl I would be happy to have sex with (this category included the black girl).

Several of the females drew me into conversation. Around No. 15, on the Leidsestraat heading towards the Leidseplein, a blonde girl of about 22 asked "Why are you doing this? Don't you find it easy?" I replied "It's not from where I'm standing" and told her that it had got to the point where I wanted to fuck first and ask questions later. I asked her a second time if she was interested in sharing a condom with me and the reply was again "No." She turned off to walk down one of the canals and I bid her goodbye.

Shortly afterwards I tackled another blonde, in her late twenties this time, attractive. After I popped the question she looked me full in the eyes, thinking about it, and I added "Or two or three." "That's a good question" she said "I use them." We fell into conversation and I walked along with her up to the next bridge, which also carried a tram stop.

"I don't want to do it now, but..." she said, trailing off before the end in an obvious hint for me to try to arrange another time but, again mindful of Experiment 0, I declined. We walked together but she was setting the pace. Reaching the tram stop I halted but she continued half a dozen steps further. I forced an admission from her that she would like me to before I continued with her to the Leidseplein.

There we stood for some minutes, standing at the side of the tramlines overlooking the square. I told her about being able to tell the sex of a baby 20 or 30 hours after birth by its behaviour alone. I didn't mean anything by saying this, I was just being matter of fact but I don't think women like to hear this. There was a few seconds silence and then I was dismissed:

precisely how I cannot recall, but dismissed I certainly was. I walked away smiling to myself, leaving her standing there. She was a very strong Dutch lady, there was no doubt about who would be in control in a relationship with her. I wondered if she would now wait on the Leidseplein for a man whom she could manipulate more easily.

MALE PROJECTION. In the first round to and from the Leidseplein I made 22 approaches. During the second, after a short break back at the house, I noticed that I was failing to target the most attractive females. As I was tiring I was tending to be less ambitious, making the (probably common) subconscious male suppositions firstly that other males' appraisals of a girl's attractiveness approximately correspond to his own and secondly, that the female is aware of the degree of her attractiveness and will barter accordingly. Mainly and specifically, the male supposes that the less attractive female will be an easier conquest.

Aware that these assumptions were to some extent erroneous I corrected this tendency and resumed my attempts to target the most attractive girl I could see. Such was the flow of people however that at times I would react on only a glimpse. A couple of times I stalled, if the target turned out to be too young or sweet and innocent-looking; once I had difficulty getting out the words and put emphasis on "It's rather direct..." whereupon her girl companion said "No" and steered my target away. Another time I said "Oh, it's okay" and withdrew.

By the second half of the experiment the weather had improved, with some bursts of sunshine, but there were rather fewer targets. I managed 19 before reaching an abrupt and unforeseen conclusion of the experiment. I was counting in fives, as an aid to memory, making a mark in my notebook after every fifth approach. Thus I would think 'Only three more,' 'Only two more' and so forth as an incentive to complete what certainly felt like an onerous and demanding task. Before starting I had envisaged tackling around 80 females before finding one that would give a straight (or even slightly less straight) 'Yes' answer to my question.

LO1. I was at the end of a sequence of five, the target I had glimpsed was to make 20 in my second (also to be my last) round and I was about three-quarters of the way through it. Her designation as No. 42, it must be admitted, is slightly uncertain since I was occasionally distracted and unsure of my position within a sequence of five. So she may in reality have been No. 40 or 41 but not far away from this figure.

The approach was made in the standard manner. I glimpsed her, paused and then followed for a few seconds to observe if anyone was with her. Then I advanced further to walk besides her on her right. "Hello" I said

as the approach was initiated and she turned towards me. She had the face of a 14-year-old and a smile like sunshine. I felt momentary panic; my brain raced, and at some point either before or during my by-now pat sequence I switched into Dutch: "*Bent je Nederlands of niet?*" (Are you Dutch or not?), a complete and unplanned change of manoeuvre. Almost all of the approaches up to this point had been made in English; there had been only one occasion when the girl had spoken no English and then I had resorted to broken Dutch and sign language, talking of using a condom (in Dutch, *condoom*) and pointing to each of us in turn. By the time I had accomplished this switch to Dutch and back again to English I was asking her where she came from, what she was doing and so on, the standard repertoire with visitors: tourist talk. She was a Danish girl on Inter-rail.

We walked down the Nieuwendijk in a cocoon of our own consciousness, quickly passing my normal turn-off point at the Nieuwe Nieuwstraat and continuing to the very bottom. There we sat on the edge of the Singel, with our legs dangling over the wall of the canal and her seated on my jacket because the ground was wet. It started to rain again so I held my umbrella above us both. I asked if I could put my arm around her and she agreed to give it a try. I think I was in love already.

Unwittingly I played the extremely honest strategy, telling her that I was a virgin of sorts. This brought me some pangs of regret afterwards as I realized that I had lost information. For example, would I have been successful if she had thought that she was the latest in a long line of conquests by an experienced tourist predator? Information, once divulged, cannot be retracted.

We talked a while and then I proposed going to a coffeeshop, which involved a short visit to the house to pick up some grass. Then we went straight to Coffeeshop CS2 where I was known and where, I later realized and admitted, I used her as a trophy.

We sat alone and a good distance from the bar from which everything could be observed. She didn't smoke much, possibly because she knew either consciously or instinctively that she had to keep her wits about her; I hadn't made any real physical advance towards her yet, not yet kissed her. I didn't have much money with me but on this and all subsequent occasions I bought the drinks for us both, somewhat to my surprise. Ostensibly it was because I didn't want to be bothered with the mundanities of who pays and when, but I believe it was also a resumption of an early sexual behaviour pattern. It was also a relief to be able to entertain a girl in this way; for example to be able to invite her back to the house for coffee and have the invitation interpreted as just that.

We made a brief return to the house which I found rather stressful; I knew that at some point I had to make the First Move and was unsure in what circumstances to attempt it. We set off two on a cycle to a site near

the Leidseplein where a second bicycle rested, still lying there in readiness had one of my earlier experiments been successful.

During the journey the extent to which I had lost control became apparent. We stopped at traffic lights while waiting to cross the Rozengracht; she had jumped off the back of the cycle and came alongside me while we were waiting for the lights to change. I made a clumsy attempt to kiss her and it landed on her cheek, whereupon she told me that she wanted us just to have a platonic relationship.

I was aghast; this was more than I could bear. First despair, then anger; we were on our way to pick up the second bicycle so we could have a cycle each: I had promised to show her 'inside Amsterdam' in the time we had available, before she had to return to Denmark sometime the next day. I was committed. I was unsure whether I could withstand her being in my vicinity and not having her. The possibility of ditching her there and then occurred to me but the notion was rejected. At least it was a direct declaration of unavailability and not some fictional yarn about a remote boyfriend, I thought. We cycled on in silence. Later, with us on separate cycles, I had to make a conscious effort to maintain a friendly manner. Mindful of my previous experiences I decided to wait and see.

After the return journey we had coffee back at the house and drifted upstairs. We sat in the workshop, with the comings and goings to the prostitutes visible in the street below, and discussed Kafka. She told me she was 19, actually it was only a couple of days before her 20th birthday, and she was about to start a university course in English Literature. I talked about Kafka's relationships and his pathological sensitivity. The conversation became intense. She made some query about why this was the topic of conversation and I told her "Actually I'd rather have you on my knee but since you say you want a platonic relationship all that's left is to discuss Kafka." "I don't know what to say" she replied and I proposed a trip yet further upstairs to see the roof garden of cannabis plants.

There was only a small patch of flat roof so the roof garden as such was quite small, reached by climbing through a side panel in the attic and pulling oneself up. I climbed up and crouched there, she followed but rested on the ledge below with her head and shoulders protruding above the level of the roof. The conversation ended but she lingered there – in reality it was a signal – and I started to stroke her long mousy-blond hair. Meeting no resistance this time I kissed her fully on the lips.

The kiss was long and sweet but we were in full view, up there on the roof, of at least one of the prostitutes working in the street below and possibly other neighbours too. "We don't have to do everything in public" I said and we returned inside. Downstairs, I finally got her onto my knee and it wasn't long before we returned to the shady, secluded and, in summer, warm loft space with some sheets to make love.

I spent as long as I could stand stroking her, licking her, devouring her; it was almost too much for me, like putting a ten-course meal in front of a starving child. Moving around I caught her once, with one knee and one foot on the floor, and in this pose I took a mental snapshot of her. Shafts of light shone in through the single window at the far end of the loft: her beautiful, smiling face, her long streaky-blond hair which played like silver over her shoulders and breasts, the opening of her lovely sex upturned and gorgeously inviting. She could see the effect she had on me, she loved it and I loved her. "I love your pussy" I told her once – this had thrown her into momentary confusion but I had followed an extremely honest strategy and there was no reason to stop now. Maybe she realized that it is very much a case of who the pussy belongs to that counts. I did love it intensely though; at one point, as a momentary farewell before going downstairs to do or get something, she had been leaning back on her elbows and I kissed the lips of her face and the upper lip of that gloriously protuberant other mouth both, in parting. It was love with a vengeance.

Much as I adored this girl I could not remember her name for longer than about three minutes; it was Danish and sufficiently different that I just could not remember it. Eventually I resorted to writing it on a piece of cardboard and referring to it before critical moments, as when I took her round to meet white-haired old M53I on his houseboat.

The second time we made love she came atop and astride me for a while. I remembered, but not until later, the sensation, only once or twice, of the head of my sex being gripped from her utmost point, her twisting or flinching herself to guide and hold it against her deepest self. I guess that the part the stuff comes out of was being directed towards her cervix. Even through rubber it was an experience, barely distinguished at the time, I cannot forget. It was altogether the bells of millions of years of evolution peeling both at a distance and deafeningly loud in my ears. It was the deepest, the most intimate kiss.

By the time I was ready to make love to her the third time I was completely giddy, I was drunk on love. The intoxication had crept up on me but I remember once when we had been cycling together we had crossed the Spuistraat, a quiet road in the centre of Amsterdam, to cycle along the other side, and I had thought that we were on the wrong side. I had become confused as to whether we should be on the left, as in England, or the right as in Holland. I had not been to England for several months, and anyway I never made this mistake when riding a bicycle in Amsterdam. While climbing the steep and curving stairs of the house, which I normally navigated many times each day, I had to hold the hand rails and clumsily banged my shoes against the wooden sides of the stairs.

It was in this euphoric state that I approached the bed where she lay and fell over onto the stacks of wooden fruit trays which formed part of my

filing system, gathering three or four long grazes on my back but without any significant sensation of pain.

Instead of entering her I found some lubricant and used it on the both of us: I massaged between her legs with one hand and stroked myself with the other, eventually coming onto her navel. She lifted her head, took a glance at the pools of white semen on her stomach, smiled that lovely smile, sighed and lay back again. I wished I had more for her: more, more, more.

Later we had to part, I to a meeting, her to pick up her rucksack so that she could leave directly from the house to the train station. We arrived back at the house simultaneously and then I smothered her face and breasts with kisses until it was time for the train which would take her back to Denmark. As the train pulled away we stared rigidly into each other's eyes, waving sometimes, until the train disappeared from view.

POST-EXPERIMENT 3. In my spare time I would entertain myself by continuing my attempts to pick up two women at once and of course was not entirely surprised when I failed. It was certainly amusing to watch the female egos deflate when, after a hint or deliberate pause indicating that one was desired (if only to satisfy their curiosity as to its form), I made a proposal. After going for a drink with F21HS and her friend I invited them back to the house and this was obviously construed as a sexual invitation.

One day I started to use a photocopier before a Dutchwoman had finished with it and had a minor argument as she told me I should have asked first: "That is our way – we talk about it" she said. I noticed that Dutchwomen seemed to aspire to having a man they could take to the supermarket; that they regarded it as an attainment. It also occurred to me that perhaps women may find it very hard not to reject approaches from men.

Females seemed to be ruthlessly extracting every possible morsel of value out of sex. Except, I thought, for an honourable minority, in order to maximize and consolidate their power, females would deprive a male of sex until they could stand depriving themselves no longer. The reason was then obvious why it could all happen so quickly in love, because she simply could not restrain herself.

On another, quieter night I visited BIGBAR3 again. The separation between the male and female lavatories there was somewhat arbitrary; I was just about to return to the bar when a large and unprepossessing American girl emerged from one of the cubicles and rubbed her enormous breasts against me as she passed by. Somewhat more fluid than usual due to the effect of several beers I responded, and I believe it to be an appropriate response to this signal, applying the lessons of Experiment 2:

"Would you like to come home with me?"

"What for?"

"What would you like to come home with me for?"

"I don't know, what do you have in mind?"

"What would you like?"

"What would you like? Is it sex?"

"If you like."

"No."

At this I shrugged my shoulders and began to walk off. She made a noise in her throat in surprise, as if she were trying to say something, and I stopped to look back and said "That's it, game over." "I'm surprised" she said "I've never met it so fast." I shrugged again and walked out but she quickly followed and succeeded in accomplishing a partial embrace with me in view of the other people in the bar.

One sunny day I spent several enjoyable hours with three lively Italian girls, one of whom, young, boisterous and adorable, led the singing of rude songs about the Pope on a wooden platform on the Prinsengracht, near the Leidsestraat. I longed to have her to distract me from the memory of LO1. As a challenge I successfully invited four English girls back to the house for coffee. After several hours together I invited them to stay with me and be my harem; I had evidently been minutely examined as a potential sexual partner by several if not all of the girls. I had not been far from achieving this ambitious objective since they needed somewhere to stay.

My experiments were to be interrupted by a trip to England. It remained at this stage only to summarize that the only sex I'd had for over four months was these few hours of blissful communion with LO1. We were together for 28 hours: TBF (Time Before Fuck) was approximately 2.5 hours. At least I had succeeded in losing my second virginity in a satisfactory fashion.

In the few days before leaving Amsterdam I considered resuming my hunting activities but knew by now that doing so with little or no money was fraught with difficulty, if not actually impossible. I was very short of cash money and it was necessary to retain control and show initiative by inviting the female to some neutral territory, to share in some common experience. For this money was required.

UK Trip. Other Studies. Notable Encounters

August 1992	F8E	Female, 8, English
	F12E	Female, 12, English
	F18GIB	Female, 18, girl in Brighton
	F19DAG	Female, 19, Danish abused girl
	F21DBI	Female, 21, Dutch Bitch interviewed
	F22D	Female, 22, Dutch
	F24DMS	Female, 24, Dutch medical student
	F25HNJP	Female, 25, half-Negro Jewish prostitute
	F27DWE	Female, 27, Dutch well-endowed
	F29EWB	Female, 29, English wanted baby
	F31USJ	Female, 31, American journalist
	F36EF	Female, 36, English feminist
	F37ER	Female, 37, English retiring
	M32DHCH	Male, 32, Dutch hopeless case homosexual
	M39SHN	Male, 39, Scottish homosexual nurse
	M40EP	Male, 40, English programmer

Visits to my home country did not figure in these investigations so far, except this one was so enlightening as to qualify for inclusion.

There have been several times when I have been right when all around have been wrong, and I had got better at standing by my convictions. I cannot remember the conclusive event which stopped me abandoning an unorthodox opinion, but I definitely used to do it. Perhaps university was where I had seen that it was so much easier to sit back and criticize anyone who raised their head above the metaphorical parapet. A friend had told me that the most important lesson he had learnt there was how stupid intelligent people could be.

On arrival in England I visited a London doctor. I was undoubtedly a difficult patient; for one thing, on some topics I knew more than the doctor did. In the middle of the consultation a schoolboy peeked through the rear window; the doctor jumped up, opened it and shouted "Cunt! Fuck off!" He refused to write the script I was asking for but did provide me with a dose of entertainment.

I was nearing the end of my two-week stay in England. It was a Thursday and I was visiting F36EF at a family council flat in Islington. F36EF was a confirmed feminist (she had probably attended women's assertiveness classes) and probably the person most responsible for the submersion of what I had learnt about Sex Differences at university. She was also the one that had told me that female genital piercings increased sexual pleasure.

She had made numerous attempts to convert me back to the feminist cause; our discussions were friendly and we usually agreed to differ. All of the books she showed me, from a Women's Studies course she was taking, appeared verbose and meandering with hard evidence distinctly lacking. Most of them appeared to me to be little more than the waste of a good book title. Further, seemingly without exception the ideas quoted, ideas of Lacan, Foucault and others, were the work of males. F36EF claimed that a backlash was taking place with the recent publication of a couple of books: "They say that men are going to regain control" she said, "but in fact they've never lost it."

That evening we lay around in F36EF's bedroom and F37ER was also there: F36EF was quite stockily built and assertive while F37ER was taller with a slim build and retiring manner.

CONTROL OF INFORMATION. As we talked I took the opportunity to question F36EF and F37ER, both of whom had produced several children, whether pleasure was obtained when breast-feeding. F36EF, always eager to admit to sexual pleasure, said "Ooo, yes" and then back-pedalled furiously in deep suspicion of my motive for asking. ('Back-peddalling' is a colloquial British term to describe a floundering verbal attempt to retract information or withdraw a commitment. The term is fitting because on British cycles at least, pedalling backwards has no effect whatever.)

F37ER agreed that it was pleasurable. Eventually F36EF concurred, stressing that it was not sexual, but by this time I had given up hope of receiving an honest reply.

Earlier, back in Amsterdam, I had asked F28HJ if she would lend me a book by Elisabeth Badinter so I could copy the pages on the Satiation/Insatiation Effect. She refused and when pressed said "You might use the information for a bad purpose."

I had been thinking about heading down to Brighton that night but was distracted by the possibility of sex with F36EF and F37ER. I had slept with each of them separately once or twice, comparatively recently. I had admired F37ER when she was younger but now she claimed to be a lesbian; she had told me that I was the first male to have slept with her for half a decade. F37ER seemed willing but F36EF, who ostensibly prided

herself on her liberal sexual attitudes, was evidently not. She moved us all into the living room when she realized what had crossed my mind. I left but returned early the next morning to discover that the two women had had sex with each other.

FIRST MUTATION OF HANDLE TO MARKER. Shortly after my arrival in England F36EF had shown me one of several letters she had received from Genesis. The subculture doyen was exiled abroad and requesting urgent help. I got the impression that the letters were being interpreted as some sort of token and the content ignored. F36EF was told that she should help, or at the very minimum she should write back saying that she could not or would not, but she had evidently decided not to reply.

DIVULGENCE & REFERRAL, D&R. At one point F12E, one of F36EF's daughters, overheard a conversation, immediately told her elder sister F16E who then relayed it to F36EF. The incident spelled the end of my friendship with F36EF. This pattern of Divulgence and Referral seemed to be one which females maintained from childhood through adulthood. The only variation with maturity would be the period which would elapse between an event occurring and the report of it, to gain maximum advantage or effect.

Because of the delay in London I found myself stranded in Brighton on the Saturday, unable to get back to Amsterdam due to the banks being closed. I was staying with another old friend, M39SHN, a male nurse who described himself as "a left-handed myopic homosexual." M39SHN was tall, Scottish, full of life and generous to a fault. Once he had been the lead singer in a band of transient success and had afterwards worked in the same recording studio as I in London, where we had met. He had fair hair and wore spectacles with brightly coloured frames.

We walked together through Brighton on the Saturday morning, from one end of Western Road to the other, and I saw a girl F18GIB. She was one of two and quite tall; the weather was only intermittently sunny and she was wearing less than any of the others I saw that day, shorts cut from jeans and a chequered top over prominent breasts. Nothing covered her middle; a wide band of navel was displayed. I saw her twice, the second time was after my friend and I had been for a café breakfast. She was captivating and had a great effect on me. M39SHN told me she was 'my type' – this was news to me. Later we parted, M39SHN to go to work and I to walk back to the nurses' home to shave. I was very much hoping to see F18GIB again.

It took me precisely 24 hours to recover from the effect of F18GIB. On the way to see M40EP in Kent the following day I realized that the reason

she had stuck so firmly in my mind in the intervening period was her bared navel and slender body; it was purely sexual. She had also been reminiscent of the Canadian Tourist: a template had been created and F18GIB had triggered it again.

M40EP worked for the BBC, lived alone, was intelligent and a highly skilled software programmer. We spent that Sunday afternoon talking and after some hours got round to the subject of relationships. He told me about a woman he had met through the biggest of the British dating agencies. She had stated early on that she found the idea of sex very difficult; M40EP demonstrated how she had motioned her unease about it, drawing her arms around her in tension and revulsion.

They had met once a month for around two years but there was never any sex. She menstruated very rarely. After she had taken some exams, during a time when their relationship was quite warm, M40EP had flown her by Concorde for an extended weekend in New York. With her agreement one hotel room had been booked. When they arrived however she menstruated for the first time in several years and their first day was completely disrupted, with M40EP visiting local chemists and worrying that she had haemorrhaged. She had attempted to quell this fear for M40EP's sake but later confessed to being worried herself. This incident was effectively the end of their relationship, although her photograph was still displayed by M40EP. He had heard that she was now married to another.

M40EP also told me of his experiences while on holiday and gave an example of how he could not help sending the wrong signals to females. Once, when his circle had been sitting around a table in a bar, he had recoiled violently and stood up when a woman he liked had put her arm around him. M40EP was not a virgin but said "It was a long time ago."

That evening M40EP took out a recording of 'The Science of Sexual Attraction,' a QED production for the BBC made in 1984, and we watched it together. It confirmed many of my observations and that I was on the right track. Timothy Perper had spent 84 hours observing in American Singles' Bars and noted that two-thirds of the approaches were by females. I was intrigued by the comments about incidental touching. Normally the woman touched the man first: he said "Contact by the woman was never accidental but incidental." Synchronization had also been observed, when a man and woman would pick up their glasses or start to speak at the same time. I had noticed this with LO1. At one point, before we had sex together, my bearing had been alternately confident and diffident and each time she had emulated my manner.

PHENOMENON OF LIKE PAIRING. Details were given of an American experiment involving wedding photographs. A psychologist had cut the photographs and asked people to place them back into couples. They were

restored with surprising accuracy. This tendency, for males and females to match, the beautiful with the good-looking and the less attractive with the less handsome, I had already termed the Phenomenon of Like Pairing.

Michael Cunningham of Elmhurst College, Chicago had investigated male ratings of female attractiveness. In fact I had considered enlisting some help in Amsterdam for an experiment along these lines. A panel of men gave identical ratings to photographs of women. Then Cunningham used callipers on the photographs to measure facial characteristics. Most important was eye size: the larger the eyes, the more attractive the female was considered to be. Female attractiveness depended on the following, in order of importance:

1. Eye size, directly proportional
2. Wide cheek bones, directly proportional
3. Height of smile, directly proportional
4. Nose area (e.g. wide or long nose), inversely proportional
5. Wider cheeks (e.g. fat face), inversely proportional
6. Small chin, directly proportional

FIRST AFFECTION BENEATH. Cunningham found a strong correlation between female attractiveness and childish features. What seemed to be happening was that certain features inspired caretaking instincts and behaviour. It was possible, I thought, that a common instinct inspired the caretaking instinct in males, directed towards attractive females, and that same instinct was present in females but directed towards children. There were a number of implications of this hypothesis.

MALE APPROACH STATEMENTS. Cunningham also investigated various pick-up lines. Their likelihood of success is given in brackets.

1. "I'm really embarrassed about this but I'd really like to know you." (82%)
2. "What do you think of the band?" (70%)
3. "Hi." (55%)
4. "I've gathered up enough nerve, I would really like to get to know you." (50%)
5. "You remind me of a girlfriend I used to go out with." (29%)
6. "I bet I can out-drink you." (24%)

The least successful Approach Statement of all was "Come back to my place and have sex right now." It scored 0%.

FEMALE APPROACH STATEMENTS. The first, "I'm really embarrassed about this but..." similarly scored about 80% when a female approached a male but the remainder all scored 100%. What is said matters much less when a female approaches a male. I speculated that "I'm really embarrassed about this but..." was comparable to the Extremely Honest Strategy and this might explain why it was equally successful regardless of whether it was initiated by a male or a female.

Number 5 "You remind me of a girlfriend..." rang true because I had already noticed in myself a tendency to be attracted to females who resembled former girlfriends, and this formed the basis of my concept of the template.

An excerpt was shown from a recording made in a Singles' Bar typifying female approaches to males. The camera was hidden on the shelves, above and behind the bar. A man of about 45 was facing the bar, sitting thoughtfully and nestling a beer. Under instructions from the psychologist a girl of about 22 bounded up to him and began a conversation. It went like this:

F: "Hi! What's your name?"

M: (looking at her) "Aw, you're not interested in me, I'm old and wrinkly."

F: (laughing) "That doesn't matter, I like the look of you."

M: "Really?"

F: "Really!"

M: (warming) "Hi! My name's Jim."

More typical of an everyday British situation however was an account by a psychologist who stayed for a while at the nurses' home where M39SHN lived. While a student she had been instructed, as an exercise, to go into a pub. One female student acted as an observer and another approached a male. Once one of the experimenters had sat by a male at the bar and, after some conversation, asked him if she could buy him a drink. One of the bar staff was passing at this moment, overheard the proposal and dropped a handful of glasses in surprise. When interviewed afterwards all the males said that they had thought it was a trick.

It seems that little or no research has been done on the attractiveness of males to females. Apparently females quoted qualities they desired of:

1. Caring (top of the list, most important)
2. Niceness
3. Kind
4. Thoughtful
5. Loving

The QED production also featured Glenn Wilson, of the Institute of Psychiatry in London, who had investigated female sexual arousal using a novel vaginal probe. He showed a panel of women photographs of nude males, couples in coitus and the like as stimuli. In addition the women were asked to assess their arousal and mark it on a questionnaire. Wilson showed that the females' own assessment of their arousal disagreed with objective measurements obtained using the vaginal probe.

In fact I had just acquired a book by Glenn Wilson a few days previously. I had been in search of *The Story of 'O'* by Pauline Reage, as a quintessential example of female erotic literature. I had seen the book at F36EF's home and been impressed by the number of times the slim volume had been reprinted, and that it was both written by a woman and read by them.

It was in the feminist bookshop in Upper St. that my search for Reage's book became involved. I paused briefly to look at *A Misogynist's Source Book*; two women with children in pushchairs said "Sorry" as I moved around. After a cursory search of the shelves I made my way to the counter, to be told "We don't stock it because it's written by a man." That the author was male was repeated in other bookshops. Eventually I found the book but, unsure of the sex of its author, I bought *The Great Sex Divide* by Glenn Wilson instead. It was to bring further enlightenment in subsequent days.

BACK IN AMSTERDAM. FEMALE MIASMA. On my return to Amsterdam I was actually rather nervous of going out of the door. I could tell that my good looks, recently revealed by the keen haircut I'd had in Brighton, were attracting attention. I was all too easily drawn into females' peripheral vision, resulting in confusion and near-collisions while walking along.

At the Telehouse, from which telephone calls were made, I sat down opposite a girl wearing loose cotton trousers standing by the counter. As my eyes glanced over her figure she involuntarily pushed her thighs forward in a pussy pout. Another time I was walking along the Herengracht and two gambolling females on a bridge eyed me up and smiled in gleeful anticipation of the game they would play if I were to approach.

Somehow, after my trip to England, I had become more masculine. It was almost like being high on testosterone and I was more aware of femininity. The atmosphere I had sensed in the feminist bookshop in Upper St., and previously in a busy Dutch supermarket, seemed to have spread itself like a miasma, an invisible mist rolling over the Amsterdam ground. It sounded odd when men spoke to me in a form which I now attributed to the female manner. Men asked "Can I ask you a question?" on a couple of occasions.

There was always a pile of letters and other matters to keep me busy

when I got back. On this occasion, being summer, the letters were few. The only one which mattered in any case was from LO1 and bless her heart she had opened it up to me. "Dear Simon, you're going to love this: now every day I see you in some other's face" it began and later "I'll be yours forever," "I'm forever your girl" and "I'm forever your baby" repeated over and over again. The result was an epistle which had to be put down the first time I tried to read it. There was no mention of sex but it was supremely erotic. By way of an interim reply a couple of days later I wrote "I love your genes, you make me have to change my underwear." It was the strongest thing I could think of to say.

I considered asking LO1 to agree to an Unconditional Copulation Contract, that sex will be provided whenever it is requested. If she would agree to this I would visit her. But then, I thought, sex is definitely too expensive if I have to travel all the way from Holland to Denmark to get it, even if she is a loved one. The UCC may partly justify it but logically I should continue to try to find a partner in Amsterdam to keep me going until October, when she had promised to return.

RAPE IN MESS. Immediately on page 11 of Glenn Wilson's book was a measured assessment of ratings of different kinds of sex for males and females, as I had attempted in Table 1. Most intriguing however was a discussion concerning rape. It appears that 13% of women fantasize about rape or the use of force. In addition, a woman who is raped is more likely to conceive. I fell to searching for explanations why this should be so. The following are three potential reasons why a woman who is raped is more likely to become pregnant:

1. The act, or shock of the act, triggers ovulation. However probably the opposite would be more likely, such as abortion of a foetus or menstruation, which would amount to the same thing;
2. The female signals her fertile state to which the rapist responds;
3. An ovulating female is more likely to be in a situation where she can be raped. A menstruating female is more likely to stay at home.

The rapist is an example of a viable evolutionary strategy. Suppose that the gene which conferred the propensity to rape was present with another which enabled the male to detect female fertility. Then a rapist, in whom both characteristics were expressed, would only need to copulate a few times in his lifetime to transmit his genes onward; the strategy would be viable. If he overdid it however he would probably be lynched (or more recently, imprisoned) by other males, weakening the strategy.

After returning on the Tuesday night, then sorting out the urgent business, the first weekend back in Amsterdam approached. It was to be replete with notable encounters.

INTERVIEW WITH A BITCH. Just on the Friday morning I was returning from the luxe bakery when I met F21DBI, a Bitch I knew slightly, and invited her for some breakfast coffee. I had seen her with several men. She was eager for information from me and I tried to obtain as much as possible from her. It was a fair exchange, if one neglects that hers involved a sample of only one and mine was generally from large samples, including a growing number of results from the academic work.

F21DBI had only ever had sex with a single partner and only one unsatisfactory memory of it: "I just didn't like him so much." She claimed that condoms were always used. I asked who normally ended the relationship, she said she did and I told her that this was normal: most times it was females who terminated relationships, I believed the figure was around 70%. At one point I asked her if she would like to have sex with me but she said "No." This was probably not strictly true as she had hinted that she was always monogamous unless she was changing from one boyfriend to another, and after all she was sitting with me. She had also given a very obvious Brightening Signal, at once becoming alert and cheerful, sitting by the bar in BAR1 as I had gone over to talk to her. She was clearly more interested in relationships than sex. Save for a high turnover of boyfriends she seemed completely normal and I told her so. In the end I said I admired her: "If there were more girls like you the world might be a happier place." She was asked to describe herself, in a word: she thought for a few seconds and then said "Free." I kissed her on the cheeks as she left.

FIRST F22D. Writing lots of words can be a chore and a change of scenery helps when it gets tedious, so that Friday evening I took my writing pad to coffeeshop CS2 to do some work there. I was off-duty as far as any observation of sexual behaviour was concerned. I was my normal slightly scruffy self, not in my super-scruffy squatter's uniform but reasonably presentable. The exception was my shoes, my favourite torn baseball boots, the ones I'd had to change from after three days of Experiment 1. Dogs would sometimes make a bee-line for them and take a deep sniff.

Sometimes I found the atmosphere in CS2 rather oppressive, with people sitting around with nothing to do except watch each other out of the corners of their eyes. The smallest movement or nuances of demeanour could be registered by others. Perhaps this was one reason people liked dogs and cats: one's eyes could rest on them without concern for the

meaning of the stare.

F22D, who often worked behind the counter, was paying a social visit. She was tall with long mousy-blond hair and an expressive face, and was an expert and powerful signaller. Women working in coffeeshops tended to be chosen for their attractiveness and had the pick, if they so desired, of the predominantly male clientele. I was aware of this but nonetheless there had undoubtedly been some sexual energy between F22D and I. Once I had caught an emotional inflection in her voice as I left, on another occasion she had made a glum face. There had been definite flirting, especially once when she had been playing a board game and been distracted. She looked at me suggestively and said "I was thinking of something else." Twice in the previous weeks I had blurted out clumsy proposals for us to meet but they had been rejected. Once she had encouraged me to stay behind, purely by means of signals, to deter another prospective suitor who was hanging around.

Now however F22D was sitting on the customers' side of the counter. There was no ambiguity therefore, she was there because she wanted to be and not because she was being paid. I would be stupid, I thought, not to talk to her. I wandered around a little, talking to someone else, then settled next to her and made my mouth work.

I talked about being in England and a little, in fact more than I would have preferred, about my writing. I had surmised that F22D was something of a doyenne, an opinion-former with influence over the other females working at CS2. "I could tell you an interesting story" I said, thinking of M40EP and the two-year sexless relationship culminating in the trip by Concorde to New York. I paused though, concerned about the ethics of reporting it, but she beckoned me to continue. I decided that it was okay to tell the story, as here, providing that the people concerned remained anonymous. Then she asked what my conclusion was: "He'd got her into a situation where she had to deliver and she couldn't" I remarked, adding that the man concerned could be remarkably touchy. M40EP had become well known for his tendency to fly off the handle on some minor provocation. He had once called the BBC security staff trying to have me removed from the premises after a discussion about computer operating systems. "Doctor Simon diagnoses frustration" I joked. "That's not a difficult diagnosis to make" she replied. I was shocked. F22D, with a Dutchwoman's healthy ego, had adopted the male posture of one-upmanship and made a possibly too revealing remark. This was a definite avenue for further investigation but I was speechless with surprise.

The possibility had already been considered that females, with their enhanced attention to detail, peripheral vision and sensitivity to emotional undercurrents were able to perceive the extent of male sexual frustration. The females in CS2 would undoubtedly have been able to discern it in me,

in acute form after my circumcision, if no-one else. But as I say, one is never alone with a problem, there are always others in the same situation. Another, who came into this same coffeeshop, was M28DIW. I had observed the characteristic touchiness in him and knew it to be due to the same cause.

MALE AND FEMALE POSTURES. If a female joins a group of others and reports that on the way she had some unpleasant experience, they will sympathize and console her. 'Oh, it must have been terrible for you,' 'Are you alright now?,' 'It must have been awful' and so on. In an all-male group however the responses are entirely different, and will consist of the males bidding against each other with increasingly remarkable situations. Examples are 'That's nothing, once I...,' 'You'll get over it,' 'I was in the same situation once, only then I...'. These two categories may be termed the Sympathetic and Competitive Responses, the typical male and female postures.

I remembered walking around Zurich just after Christmas one year and being able to tell, of the people my friend and I saw, all of whom were well-fed and rested over the Christmas break, who had had sex over the holiday and who had not. F36EF had recently made a remark, with the air of a secret female thought inadvertently uttered, "They're crying out for it out there" and then, later that same night, had sex with another woman.

ERRONEOUS SIGNALLING. During our conversation F22D was undoubtedly signalling: she brushed my arm once, probably twice; I remembered Perper's observation that female touching was always incidental, never accidental. She lifted her long hair and shook it out with her hand so that it fell against me on two or three occasions; she looked to see what I was doing when I wasn't talking to her; she looked me up and down when she thought I wasn't looking.

I had evidently learnt something from my experiments because I tapped her on the arm, actually interrupting a conversation with F27DWE behind the counter, and asked if she would like to come for a beer. After a pause she declined.

I wondered how many times I had to ask her – six or seven perhaps? – or to what exotic location I had to tempt her for there to be just a possibility of something happening. The local practice was to flatter the ego of a female for several hours before there was any likelihood of sex; I did not presently have sex in mind and was unwilling to partake in ego flattery in any case.

Shortly afterwards I left. I had done it properly for once, and even learnt something in the process. I wondered how much male suffering she

and other females routinely observed and what they thought and spoke privately to each other about it.

DYSFUNCTIONAL SIGNALLING. Shortly afterwards I went to BAR1. It was quiet save for a girl F19DAG gyrating around to the music, sometimes squatting down on her haunches with her legs apart. She was wearing skin-tight cycling shorts and her movements were quite erotic. Some of the time she played with a large shaggy dog and a piece of wood. Once she stood on a ledge on the wall, lowered her hands onto the bar and, in profile to me, poked and swung her buttocks in the air.

Around ten minutes later she stood close and I inquired if I could ask her a personal question. I asked her when she'd had her last period. "Now" she said. Whether this was significant I was unsure but she was very interested in why I wanted to know. I told her that I was interested in female signalling and that women who are raped are more likely to get pregnant than those who consent. She was a dark-haired, fairly plain Danish girl. She told me that she had been raped when she was 7, repeatedly until she was 9, and had been told that this made her more likely to be raped in later life. Considering the signals she had been emitting I would not be surprised.

Being penetrated at 7 must be a harrowing experience but, I reasoned, sexually-abused children often believe that the same happens to others, that it is normal. There was a possibility that the only adverse effects arose from the attitudes of elders: it was, after all, not so long ago that whole families shared one bed. I mentioned this, that in child abuse the only real problem may be the feeling of guilt, and she added "Shame too. Shame and guilt." I asked her if she would like to come to another bar but she declined.

There had been an incident, widely reported around North London, when a tempestuous guitarist, somewhat the worse for drink and probably drugs too, had climbed naked into the bed of a young girl F8E. I had heard a whisper, a vague and muted rumour of some violent reprisal when he had made a brief reappearance into the area. Then he had disappeared forever. One of the musicians in this circle had a synthesizer which had been looted from a music shop during the Poll Tax riots in central London.

F8E was an extrovert little girl with long tousled blonde hair and a sweet face and nature whom everyone loved. Once in our London squatted house LS2 she had plonked her scruffy self onto my knee and I had read her a story, then we had walked down Belgrade Road together to the House of Animals where her mother was staying. She had wanted to hold my hand but I didn't because of my illness.

I could easily imagine that, in the incident involving F8E, the outburst

on discovery had been considerably more traumatic for her than whatever had actually happened. I had also learnt enough about evolutionary biology by this time to conclude that any man who says that he would not like a young girl, one that is physically developed that is and menstruating, is a liar.

The next morning I received a visit from M32DHCH. He confirmed my suspicion that he belonged to the rather sad category of hopeless case homosexuals who fall in love with heterosexual men; there was another in London who visited F36EF. M32DHCH told me that his most successful relationship had taken place because, due to a language barrier, he had thought that his love object was heterosexual and the relationship blossomed when it transpired that he was gay. It being sunny we sat on the doorstep to share jokes with F25HNJP, the vivacious Jewish prostitute who worked in the brothel next door on Saturdays. F25HNJP had lovely breasts, soft skin and was wearing a tight dress. The three of us had drunk coffee together in the kitchen a few Saturdays previously. F25HNJP had told me that she insisted on her boyfriend, with whom she lived, remaining faithful to her and I had replied that I would not have accepted these terms.

F25HNJP stood intermittently against the railing next door and the three of us talked and joked between her sessions. She was voluptuous with an extrovert personality and I guessed that she might inspire some jealousy in the other women of the street. She was very busy, sometimes it seemed that men would enter and then re-emerge barely five minutes later. She refused to take a smartly dressed, actually quite Western-looking young Moroccan man: M32DHCH remarked that he had not looked very happy about it. I had long since ceased observing the comings and goings of the street too closely, to save the blushes of the men. In response to a query from me F25HNJP said "I'm not a racist but I don't take Moroccans or Turks." She went on: "They hate women, they think they're all prostitutes." M32DHCH agreed with her point of view.

My second visitor of the day was F31USJ, the chubby American journalist who had interviewed me some weeks previously and seemed to share my talent for having an ear to the ground. She described herself as "a mild feminist" and we discussed the issue of rape. I described it as a possible example of redundancy in the human gene pool, a way of ensuring survival of the species in the event that women universally refused to have normal sexual relations with men. "That's not the case at the moment" she said, using this to support her argument for an adamant rejection of rape under any circumstances. I said "Well, from what I see around here it's not so far from the truth." To my surprise she agreed and admitted that if her current heterosexual relationship were to finish she would be much happier sleeping solely with other women. "It's much more comfortable" she said.

I showed her the statistic in Wilson's book, based on an anonymous survey of over 400 women, that 13% of women fantasized about force or rape. "If women were more honest it would probably be higher than that" she said. I discussed with F31USJ some of the times I had been in situations when rape in its extended definition might have occurred: I only had to go back about 18 months to recall four.

The most notable was F29EWB, a woman I had met through M53I whose only motive for sex was that she wanted a baby for herself. There was also an American girl. Each I had spent about four hours kissing, stroking and touching in a high state of arousal without obtaining their consent for sex. I told F31USJ that I should have been more forceful, in fact I should have kicked them out of the door because they were getting all the sex they wanted and all that was happening to me was that I was getting extremely wound up. I had already made the somewhat wry observation that sex without a relationship (assuming such a thing actually existed) seemed anathema to all the females I spoke to but it was all too easy, if not actually impossible to avoid, being drawn into relationships which did not involve any sex.

Then there was one English and one Dutch girl F24DMS who had adopted a strategy of inviting me to sleep beside them but declining sex. Usually they would later relent. When they did not I was left in a terrible state from lack of sleep and aching genitals, the result of maintaining an erection for hours.

F31USJ kept prompting me for an assurance that I did not justify rape under any circumstances. She and I talked very openly and I told her that I would not and probably could not do it myself but was reappraising the situation and keeping an open mind. I was interested in the truth, I told her, not political dogma, because political dogma can be wrong. This failed to satisfy her and I struggled to conceive a counterexample, a situation in which rape was clearly justifiable to illustrate that it was not a simple issue of black and white. I thought of sexual dysfunction, for example when a woman could not submit to sex because of some problem. There was the possibility then of consent being obtained for treatment and forced sex taking place under medical supervision.

SOME CONCLUSIONS. By this stage I had reached a number of conclusions, or rather, certain vague perceptions had consolidated themselves into conscious and concrete thoughts. Firstly, I appeared to be subconsciously designing my experiments to fail and by this means I was maximizing the information I was gleaning about females and the mechanisms of interaction with them. Thus, for example, if I had set forth for the Nieuwendijk with a genuinely good pick-up line (instead of "Would you share a condom with me?") I would presumably only have interviewed

a dozen or even fewer females, but in that experiment I had reached 41 before I met LO1, the experiment broke down and I was successful. It was also evident that I was studying extreme cases, not least of which was myself. I was experimenting like an adolescent but with the analytical capacity of a scientist.

Now I was aware of Perper's and Cunningham's work and was avidly assimilating parts of Glenn Wilson's book. Because of its potential effect on my observations I purposefully avoided reading anything about feminism, the supermale syndrome or what Wilson calls male sex targeting (and I simply call targeting). Cunningham's methodical ratings of chat-up lines and Perper's observations of synchronization were certainly significant. My curiosity about the variation in male perceptions of female attractiveness had been satisfied. I was no longer unaware of the scientific view of these matters and this knowledge was henceforth liable to colour my own perceptions.

The level of understanding in academic circles did not seem to be at all advanced, indeed it seemed primitive. The small number of studies undertaken of human sexual behaviour could certainly not claim to have been performed under real-world conditions. For example, that two-thirds of the approaches in a Singles Bar were by females seemed a particularly American result, and a Singles' Bar would only attract a small subset of the general population.

Similarly, while it seemed to be acknowledged that 70% of relationships were ended by females – approximately according with which one of a married couple usually seeks divorce – if the times that the male had been manipulated into ending the relationship were included, this figure would be yet higher. The supposed backlash against feminism mentioned by F36EF turned out to be very much a damp squib.

I was so busy writing that there was no time for any experiments. However it was beginning to dawn on me the extent to which I had been manipulated by women over the years. I had been easy meat for them; I had been neurotic from the start.

Big Sister

August 1992	F16TJ	Female, 16, tram-jumper
	F20DNT	Female, 20, Dutch nice-type
	F20EBB	Female, 20, English blonde bombshell
	M21QIMS	Male, 21, quarter-Indonesian med. student
	M45DE	Male, 45, Dutch Employer

When an overcast Tuesday came I was ready for another day on the town. I thought about what my opening line was going to be, and considered a gentler version of 'Would you share a condom with me?' At least directness had the advantage that I could cover a lot of girls in one day. However I realized that I should try and do it properly: there is not much to be learnt from failure if one sets out to fail in the first place. My plan was to make a proposal after 15 minutes and break if it was refused, so that I would not waste too much time on someone with whom there was no chance of success.

I wanted a young girlfriend and could do it here if nowhere else. Today I was to try and find a girl to fall in love with; I was looking for LO2. My target specification was quite precise: she must be youthful, pretty and very preferably Dutch so there was no danger of her disappearing hundreds of miles away after I had fallen in love with her, as LO1 had done.

Going out hunting was not an attractive prospect however. I had to stop myself from being distracted by household tasks I had been putting off for weeks: leaks in the roof and a blocked sink. I almost found myself cleaning a lavatory, a job I had been putting off for months. 'Oh no' I thought, 'I'm not going to play that trick on myself' and steeling myself to the task I got ready, putting on clean clothes and my red baseball boots. Once dressed there was a pause for some coffee and a smoke to settle my nerves before heading out of the door.

This time I was serious, I was looking for love. I even had a good opening line: 'Hello, you're nice, can I talk to you?' and parts of me were even looking forward to it. This time I meant business, I was offering what a girl wanted and was on course for success – at least that's what I thought. So, with entirely amorous intentions, I set forth.

Normally I would keep to a single purpose when out like this but this time there were a couple of small tasks to do. I had to change money and wanted to find a site for the cunning experiment I planned for the weekend. It was 1:40 and the bursts of sunshine were becoming more frequent as I began walking the Nieuwendijk looking for that certain someone. After five minutes I began to have an erection: hunting was a turn-on but not a pleasant one.

There was no shortage of girls but no-one in particular until I reached Dam Square where a young Oriental girl was sitting with a group. I stopped, standing, trying to decide whether to approach. The Square was full with many tourists among them; a throng of street traders were putting beads in girls' hair. Occasionally I glanced at my prospective target and after a while she got up and walked off with her friends. I decided I didn't much like her shape but more significantly, the manner she displayed in her walk. 'Take care' I thought, 'with girls that are sitting, and be selective.' I continued along the Kalverstraat, direction Leidseplein.

A lovely, bonny blonde girl with another set of breasts like fruit, proud and firm under a red T-shirt, made me wince inside with longing before going into an open-style shop with her family. She looked a bit young even for me but I was unable to resist doubling back to see her again, waiting a few moments before she reappeared. There was an exchange of glances. Maybe in the future I will try approaching even when a target is with her mother. It had been obvious sometimes that young girls were allowed into the town if they were accompanied by an elder; there were the young girls power-flirting in Experiment 1 for a start. Males were evidently expected to approach under this supervision.

Then I saw two dark-skinned girls of around 16, probably with Surinamese blood, one attractive, one not, walking in the opposite direction. A few steps later I decided to double back and follow. Gaining on them, and having some difficulty not to lose them in the crowd, I drew close and saw that the unattractive one had lost her friend, my target, and was looking around for her. I looked around quickly, trying to see her before she did. She was standing in the middle of the streams of people and I tapped the non-target on the shoulder, smiled and pointed to her friend. They rejoined each other and immediately went into an adjacent shoe shop. As they entered they looked back and I waved and walked on. It could have been a wave of goodbye but I thought 'What the hell' and settled against a wall to wait for them to re-emerge.

Quite some time elapsed but they still had not reappeared, and I was just about to move when another target came into view. It was a sallowskinned girl, perhaps 16 or 17 with classic good looks and accompanied by a couple of others. I followed a short time then, while she and her friends were paused at the side, went up to her. I said "Hello" (I didn't manage the

'you're nice' part) "Can I talk to you?" She almost spat out "NO!" There was real force in her voice which wasn't necessary. I smiled and said "Okay" and walked away. She was arrogant, I had sensed it even during the advance. By this point I had been at it an hour, and had just made my first approach.

OTHER HUNTER. Slightly stung by the rebuttal I doubled back, hoping to see again one of the targets I had missed or lost. Shortly I saw an exceptionally tall girl F20DNT of the nice-type, blonde and attractive, walking more quickly than the crowd and I followed for a short while. Then she disappeared into another shoe shop. I stopped to rest just beyond it and noticed, after a few moments, another hunter. He was standing with a foot on the ledge of a shop front, his elbow on his knee and supporting his chin with his hand, not moving, watching the passing crowd. I had thought at first that he had been a mannequin: the shop window was set back a small distance and the frame for the window shutters gave the illusion that he was inside the glass. He was well-dressed and attentive; the only time I saw his like.

It seemed that I'd not only had to speed up my pace for F20DNT but further: there'd been a chase. I looked into the crowd in case she passed by but there was no sign of her. I thought of going home for coffee and headed back again down the Kalverstraat, pausing briefly at Dam Square where I think I was recognized from my earlier pass by some girls sitting there.

Entering the Nieuwendijk again, at the very top, I almost bumped into an attractive girl. Instantly I blurted out "Hello, you're nice, can I talk to you?" but she said "No" and with a laughing smile walked on. She had not even broken her step; I decided to drop the 'you're nice' part. I drifted down, not particularly attentively, until I reached my turn-off point for home and coffee.

The large wall clock said three minutes before 3:15 and the quarter-hour was a good time to pause, so I sat on an *Amsterdammertje* at the end of the Nieuwe Nieuwestraat. At the other end of this alley the Vampire State Building had stood, the first place I had lived in Amsterdam, and it was still part of my route home. *Amsterdammertjes* are the metal bollards which are a common Amsterdam feature, serving to stop cars from mounting pavements or driving down alleys like the Nieuwe Nieuwestraat.

I was idly eyeing up a tourist standing at a stall on the corner, she was not bad looking but I didn't want another holiday affair. I had broken my target specification already (in terms of age) in the chase for F20DNT but at least I was sticking to local girls. I saw a pretty girl pass in the crowd, again about 20, and moved off to see what would happen. She went into an

open-style shop only a couple of doors further down. I pulled alongside and saw her in profile; she was standing just inside, examining some shoes or boots. Was I expected to approach her in the shop? She was pretty enough but I was due for coffee. It was true: females, if they thought they had been targeted, were diving into shops.

After my coffee break I cycled back to the Nieuwendijk to save time. Locking the cycle and rejoining the mall I immediately saw two targets; I chose a girl I had seen before and lost. In response to my approach she made a noise and shook her head.

MISTARGETS. There was no other target until I reached Dam Square again a few minutes later and saw a girl in a suede jacket. Following was essential I had learnt; it was perilously easy to mistarget. They could either be unattractive, or accompanied, too young or too old, or even occasionally male. Following her onto the Damrak I saw that she was one of a group of three: two females, one male. The advance was aborted due to the presence of the male.

I said "Hello" and asked two girls sitting on Dam Square my question. One of them I had noticed briefly while advancing on the girl in the suede jacket. I received ambiguous replies and so crouched beside them with a conversation menu, *a la* Monty Python (the sketch of the American tourists in a restaurant). I was away.

They were 15 or 16 at a guess and from Breda, a town in the south of Holland. One was dominant but the other was my target. After some conversation I asked if they were here for the day, the dominant one agreed but it transpired that they were staying with the dominant one's sister, a student. I was asked if I liked it in Amsterdam. I said "Yes of course" and added "But there are lot of double standards." I told them about F25HNJP, the prostitute who'd said she wasn't a racist but, like many of the women on my street, didn't take Moroccans or Turks. They found this amusing, it was certainly a good example of doublethink. I said "They say the Arabs hate women but if the women never give them sex I'm not surprised." This sparked off an interesting conversation: good, I thought, I was going to get some information to compensate for having to bare my soul as a prospect. I said "I think there's a lot of anti-men feeling around, it's another example of double standards." They made a remark about how much trouble they got from boys and I asked about it. My target said "They look at you, they don't do anything, they just look at you." I said "That doesn't hurt, does it?" "No, but... I can't explain..." I asked her for more: "Tell me please, I want to know" but she couldn't, at least not in English; the dominant one was silent. I said "You've lost the right to complain because girls never go and talk to boys, the boys have to do everything if

anything is to happen. If men and women went up to each other equally it would be different."

Shortly afterwards we got onto the subject of rape. The dominant one's older sister had told them not to go with anyone to their house or accept invitations for coffee from males; my heart sank on hearing this. I recalled the time I had approached a girl who had been flirting terribly with her friend across Dam Square two months previously: I had asked if we could go for a coffee in a café somewhere to be told "Go fuck yourself." She had seemed pleased with the response, pleased with having obtained an emotional response from me.

Clearly any attempt to take the initiative and maintain a degree of control was bound to fail. If I had kept to my intention of making a proposal after 15 minutes and breaking if it was refused I would have no chance. Time had passed so quickly that I had easily been talking to these two for half an hour. "Rape doesn't happen very often" I said "And you're hardly likely to be raped in a café, are you." "But if you say yes to coffee they think you've agreed to something else" was the reply. I didn't have the energy to explain that this was precisely due to females' insistence on ambiguous language. "I think it's a fallacy, you're paranoid" I said, "In Amsterdam all the houses are close together, a girl can make a lot of noise if anything were to happen." "Yes but sometimes they don't come" was the response but I didn't believe it. In England it happened sometimes I knew, perhaps due to the British reserve but around here a crowd would gather and the police called if a cat fell out of a window. Once a man had been watching a pigeon trapped behind some netting on the Singel. Pigeons infested Amsterdam in large numbers, as every city nowadays. He wanted to call the fire brigade to rescue it.

CREATIVE TRANSDUCTION. Our conversation about rape continued. Some, or one – there was doubt at one point – of their friends had been raped. I told them I had been in plenty of situations where it had been difficult not to and what it felt like the next day after sleeping with a girl and not having sex. "Perhaps she was testing you" one of them said. "Rape is being used as a hammer to beat men over the head with" I retorted, but I had not thought of it that way before.

At one point I said "We could do something together if you like." "What, now?" "If you like" I replied but they told me they had to go back to the older sister's flat. After we had been talking for just under an hour they said they were going to move, after the next cigarette. I said I was going to move also. We stood up and I turned to my target and said "You could give me your phone number, or address or something." I had made the mistake (or was it an advantage?) of not making clear which one I wanted, which

not. "You could give your address" the dominant one immediately interjected. I said "Okay" and pulled out a piece of paper, writing down the post-box address I always gave. This was a habit I had long since fallen into since, living in a squat, there was a danger of the address being handed around as somewhere to stay. Once, at the Vampire State Building, two people had turned up having been given my address in Trafalgar Square the previous night. Also the post-box address was guaranteed to be stable. I handed the piece of paper to my target. She looked at it for a few seconds and handed it to the other. "Why don't you just throw it away now" I said sadly.

Only that morning I had been reflecting on having given this address to two score or 50 girls over the previous four or five years, girls I had met while travelling or just in the normal course of events. Some of them I had got on with exceedingly well. It had struck me that I could not remember ever receiving anything from any of them. The dominant one gave the address back to my target and we parted.

BIG SISTER. Later I wondered whether I should have walked with them but I was still obeying my No Follow Rule, beyond that which was essential to ensure accurate targeting. Anyway I knew by now that the path led back to an interview with Big Sister.

RELATIONAL INITIATIVES. The only personal letters I would receive, or visits to the house, despite its handy location near the centre, were from distinct groups. If I had given an address and not taken one and there was a possibility of a relationship or sex, the female would take no initiative whatever. There was one exception: the category I termed Able Women. Then it seemed that relational initiatives would only come:

1. From existing friends;
2. From past or present lovers, or their friends;
3. From Able Women.

Otherwise it seemed that no initiative would be taken by the female.

TRAM JUMPING. Halfway along the Leidsestraat, returning from the Leidseplein, two girls were sitting at a tram stop. One, F16TJ, looked familiar, she may have given some sort of signal as we had passed once on bicycles. I stood on the other side of the tram lines for a few moments, then approached. I knew the trick of girls at a tram stop disappearing in an instant, as soon as the impulse took them, onto one of the trams which pulled up every minute or so. Students and some schoolchildren were given cards for free public transport throughout Holland; several hundred

guilders were removed from their grants to pay for it but they never had to worry about paying for a tram. Some people never paid the trams anyway.

I leant against the inside glass wall of the tram shelter, my hands clasped behind my back, relaxed. I was contemplative after the talk on Dam Square and my voice, I noticed, gentler, not that it had been aggressive in any case. I said "I could talk to you for thirty seconds before the tram comes, if you like." There was no response. "You're waiting for a tram, yes?" Again silence. "I think I've seen you before" I said. My target, the one sitting closest to me, exchanged a few words with her friend and they giggled briefly, then she displayed agitation towards me and ran to meet the tram which was just pulling up. "Jesus Christ" I exclaimed "You've got a problem, haven't you." The agitation had been interpreted as fear. I walked away but looked back to see her giving me a good look in peripheral vision with the swivelling eyes I had learned to recognize. Followed by her friend she climbed onto the tram which had just opened its doors. I turned away in disgust.

My last approach of the day was near the Bloemenmarkt (Flower Market). Two girls were walking in the opposite direction. One, the older, was large and unattractive but the other was a definite target. She was a little heavier than I would have preferred, about 14 and soft, with brown hair and a sweet face. I could fall in love with her for sure. I doubled back and sidled up beside her. "Hello" I smiled. Someone walked towards us and I moved aside to let them pass, then rejoined her. "Can I talk to you?" "Y..." "NO!" shouted the one on the other side. She took the arm of the younger girl and forcefully led her forward, leaving me standing.

I retreated, walking back in the opposite direction for a couple of minutes, confused. 'Hold on' I thought: I was sure I had heard the "a" sound of "Ja" (yes) from my target, it had almost been drowned by the shout from the other. I ran back, wanting to check what had happened. As soon as I caught up the ugly one again exclaimed "NO!" I said "One question, I just want to ask one question." The girl who had been my target continued walking, the other one paused. "She said yes and you said no, is it true?" I asked, motioning towards my former target, now yards away. "NO!" she said, exactly the same way as before, practically shouted. She certainly had an extensive vocabulary, this girl. "Are you sure?" I asked but she walked off without replying.

I was despondent and depressed, I wanted to leave town or give up completely and become celibate. This was cause for despair. These pages are no place for false modesty. I have set out to be honest and although there may be some things I prefer not to reveal, and will probably have few secrets left by the end of these accounts, what I write is completely true, or at least as far as my conscious mind can probe and that, I suspect, is deeper

than most. I knew I was eligible, with good and youthful looks and was tall, intelligent and well-educated. When designing I could employ relentless logic, searching all the time for a rational explanation why a circuit failed to work, and always ultimately succeeded. Yet for the life of me I couldn't get a girl. By any objective appraisal I was a good catch but when I tried to make opportunities, using what I had been told by M45DE was a normal and locally acceptable means, there were none.

M45DE ran a software company from an office close to the University of Amsterdam and I was employed to draft software contracts. The office had the important advantage, certainly for me and my German house guest at the time, of being connected to the University's heating system. During one winter he and I would often retire there late at night to work. M45DE had told me to just go up to girls I liked in the street. Perhaps the information given by him, since he was older, was out of date.

It was almost 6 o'clock, time to call it a day. I had no stomach for any more of this. I went home, not seeing, not looking, not caring anymore, and dozed for a while.

My mind cast back over the relationships I'd had in the five years I had been in Amsterdam; my affairs with Dutch girls had not lasted very long. One girl, a gamine blonde tango dancer, had insisted on maintaining control. Nonetheless I had been in love and sex with her had been equivalent to a week's supply of the medication I was taking at the time. F24DMS, rather later, the medical student whom I had spent a memorable frustrated night beside, had insisted on even more control. I had almost felt like a performing puppet, 'Do this, do that, don't do that, not yet.'

SEX WITH FEMALE FRIENDS. There were a couple of well-established friendships which had then become intimate physically. This was before I was aware of the local maxim that a male could only maintain a friendship with a female if he neither fell in love nor had sex with her. Perhaps one of the reasons there were so few friendships between the sexes in Amsterdam was that desperate males would always end up having sex with their female friends.

DISCLOSURE. One former consort made some astonishing revelations which in the circumstances were almost forgotten. In disclosures just before or after sex she told me that she had lost her virginity after being invited to someone's flat and smoking a joint which had been laced with heroin. She had come round to find the man inside her. Another time she revealed that her former partner had once killed someone in a bungled attempt to get money for heroin, a murder that had never been solved.

I knew that compared to many of my friends, both here and in England, I had not done badly, despite all. Many of my male friends had long periods of celibacy, sometimes lasting years.

I awoke a couple of hours later, just in time to rush to the library, wanting to see for myself the advertisement someone had put up on the noticeboard there saying "I want a girlfriend." I couldn't see it so called on M53I, whose houseboat was moored nearby. It had been he who had told me about the notice.

M53I was an amiable and slightly eccentric Irishman with long white hair who always offered tea as soon as you walked in. His boat was a lively exchange of information, being close to the library and with frequent and varied visitors. I was told that two Iranian girls had been advised not to place an advertisement offering their services as cleaners lest they receive calls from men asking them to come and clean their dicks.

SHOP DIVES. Two conclusions immediately presented themselves from my day's activity; one was completely new, the other confirmed earlier suspicions about approaches to girls in twos. There was clearly a phenomenon of females disappearing into shops if they believed that they had been targeted. Sometimes their belief was incorrect: the Surinamese girl I had tapped on the shoulder to point out her friend had evidently thought that she was the target, leading the way into the shoe shop and being the first to look back at me, whereas her friend had actually been my target. In response to the shop dive, either:

1. I was expected to wait outside, or
2. I was expected to follow them inside, especially if it was an open-style shop, or
3. They were escaping into a female domain, into safe female territory.

I had already become aware of the ease with which targets could be lost. This made the process of hunting doubly difficult, because keeping one's eyes fixed on a target to ensure that she didn't disappear among the crowds or into a shop meant that one's intention was apparent to onlookers, which was not desired. Hitherto my lost targets had been undocumented since no approach (exchange of words) had taken place, but I was learning that shop dives were another part of the game.

To resolve this question, the following day I asked in a couple of the open shops, the walk-in ones with a wide, fully open front, how often boys went up to girls and talked to them, inside the shop. In the first a girl shop-worker said "Never." "Are you sure?" I said. "Yes" she smiled. I found this difficult to believe, it might possibly be rare but it was extremely unlikely to be never, given the activity that was going on outside. Anyway I had

seen the world-weary look on the faces of older shop-workers near the Leidseplein, from too much professional non-watching. In the next shop I made sure I asked a boy. At first he said "I don't watch that" – here was the honest answer – and then "I don't know what you mean."

Females taking refuge in shops was the most likely explanation. But why, I thought, couldn't the girls just say no? If this was the case then females lacked the mettle even to reject an approach. Or perhaps they were making it as difficult as they possibly could for the males: this was precisely the game.

ROLE OF NON-TARGET. The second observation concerned the role of a target's companion if I approached a couple of girls. It seemed that as soon as I revealed which was my objective the other would immediately adopt the role of protector. There would be an obvious emotional conflict in the non-targeted female. The non-target had been passed over, and was evidently not as attractive to me as my target: there was an inevitable snub. I had been surprised sometimes to observe, on previous occasions, the spitefulness which could be displayed by a female towards her friend if the two were in competition for me. One would tell me something I was expected to find disparaging about the other, presumably to annul my existing attentions and transfer them to the teller.

In my university days I had for a while been besotted with a tumultuous tall blonde bombshell F20EBB. A girl on my course, who shared lodgings with her and who liked me, told of how F20EBB had seduced a Jehovah's Witness who had come, full of evangelical fervour, to their door. The recounting of this tale had caused in me a great conflict of emotions, including jealousy, and certainly succeeded in confusing my feelings towards her. Thinking about it now though I have nothing but admiration for F20EBB, for the pure perversity and gall of the endeavour. During that period I had held some pro-feminist views which I was later to revise, even at one point the opinion that rapists should be castrated.

A more recent incident involved F21HS, her Negress friend and I on the night that F21HS had been working at CS2 and we had gone for a drink together afterwards. Out of earshot of F21HS the Negress had referred to her friend as a waitress, which is roughly equivalent to calling a British publican a lavatory cleaner.

In adopting a protective role the non-target would doubly protect, safeguarding her friend from any evil intentions I was supposed to be harbouring and protecting herself from the jealousy she would feel lest a relationship actually be secured by her rival. The protective role adopted by the non-target would be enforced with the added emotional impetus that she had been scorned in my preference for the target.

OTHER CONCLUSIONS. The other conclusions which were forming I was finding difficult to accept. They were converging but I was struggling with the enormity of them. I could hardly believe it, if it were true.

I wandered around the town that sunny Wednesday afternoon and fell to wondering, after hearing what Big Sister had told the two girls from Breda, what was being told to young girls by their mothers and elders. On a bus on the way to a satellite town outside Amsterdam a couple of days previously a 9 or 10 year-old girl had sat opposite me; her mother had taken up the seat beside her. During the journey I had glanced at her; she was watching me intently. I looked back and smiled before resuming watching the ducks in the dyke beside the road. The girl had no breasts and so was of no sexual interest to me whatever, but she had sat for a while with her legs provocatively apart. Even a 5-year-old knows that signal. Her interest in me was obviously experimental, and harmless enough. A couple of minutes later however the mother took her away to sit in another part of the bus.

Walking through the Waterlooplein market that morning I had looked into the face of an 8-year-old girl and been greeted with a look of distaste. It seemed as if every look I gave to a female, if I was not exuding the exaggerated joviality which was encouraged by the local womenfolk, was interpreted as sexual.

These were the conclusions with which I was having so much difficulty. It wasn't that women were subjugating themselves by their use of ambiguous language, as I had previously surmised; they had actually succeeded in subjugating men. It was no longer a matter of what was done, acts which had been committed. Violent crimes, including rape, were comparatively rare in Amsterdam. Most of the crime consisted of small thefts of property committed by junkies in pursuit of their next fix, and heroin was not that expensive. No, the crimes were now crimes of speech into which, by the very nature of ambiguity, many misunderstandings could be injected. Thus in response to my query to the two girls from Breda as to whether they would consider having sex without a relationship (trying to establish their sexual attitudes) the non-target had replied "No, not now, but I don't know about the future" but my target had remained silent, the ultimate in ambiguous communication, my flow had been interrupted and I had neglected to point out that we were now having a relationship without any sex. Some minutes later the response had been "Anything between two hours and two years." However, with the female propensity for the personal rather than the general, my query was likely to have been interpreted as whether they would be willing to have sex with me, with no strings attached, and that had not been my intention.

The crimes were no longer a matter of what was said, or thought to have been said, or implied; it was now a matter of what was imagined

would be said, as in the case of the Iranian girls who had wanted to advertise for cleaning work. The females had made the males perpetrators of thought crime, 1984-style, and were even projecting crimes onto them. The insight I had gained from the girl from Breda, after her briefing from Big Sister, and which clarified and confirmed earlier impressions, was of a feeling, efficiently transmitted between females, of how bad men were. In pursuance of this and to reinforce it, any and every perceived male misdemeanour was reported avidly between them, by signals and by speech.

These were my tentative conclusions and I was aghast. I had been in Amsterdam for five years and, save for a few exceptions and the occasional crazy outburst, had found a society of positively the most considerate and gentle men I could imagine. Yet they were being subjugated on the basis of speculation and rumour.

If females ever perceived a lack of evidence to support their feeling of the wickedness of the male sex, there was always a 'test' which many males could be relied upon to fail. For 'test' one might as well read 'trap.' Once I had met a bog-eyed girl medical student, who wanted to be a surgeon, at the flat of M21QIMS, also a medical student. The girl and I had retired, at her invitation, to a bar to continue our conversation. We had been talking about Sex Differences and the conversation came round to female orgasms. "I like orgasms, I want them" she said and after a couple of beers the thought had not unnaturally occurred to me that I wouldn't mind giving her a hand with some. I told her, rather matter of factly, that I would like to make love to her. She declined, telling me that her boyfriend was returning the next day. Sometime later I kissed her on the cheeks and we went our separate ways.

A day or two later she telephoned my friend and caused such a fuss that it almost caused a permanent rift between M21QIMS and I. To this day I do not know whether my crime was to have made an unambiguous remark, to have not been forceful enough in persuading her (accepting her decline too readily), not sharing her anticipation of the orgasms she would have when her boyfriend returned, or just being male.

THINGS SAID. Regardless of the context or the actual misdemeanour however it is worthy of note that my apparently serious crime was something which was said, not anything that was done. With Things Said, there is no physical violence and no material disadvantage.

TOKENS. FEMALE DOMAINS. LEAVING POLITICS. Dutchmen had been painted into a corner and I was in danger of joining them. The seeming removal of 'Can I take you for a coffee' – by being construed by females as an invitation for sex – had removed practically all opportunity for a male to

take the initiative. What else could be done if meeting a girl in town to gently reinforce the relationship? The alternative was following them around the shops or back to Big Sister, all female domains. All that remained as a strategy was hanging around hoping to encounter a female in her brief experimental phase or during an occasional indiscriminate (that is, not personally directed) period of horniness. For the attractive females it was as if they would just crook their little finger and a male would come running: suddenly one would be sitting beside her. Sometime later the man would follow after her as she left, he eager, like a dog; I had seen it happen in bars. These sights were the most blatant instances of Leaving Politics. It was as if the males had swallowed their last vestiges of pride in pursuit of their objective; such recollections were probably the origin of my No Follow Rule. Presumably the harder sex was to come by, the easier it was for the other, less attractive females.

LACK OF SECRECY. No doubt now remained that most of the sex that was going on in Amsterdam was commercial. It seemed that, despite professed liberal attitudes, surprisingly little sex was taking place. There were other limiting factors. Of course it went on in different ways, I had seen it myself on the Leidseplein but there was a great danger, with it being so out in the open, with everyone knowing what was happening, of getting the impression that a great deal more happened than really did. Everything seemed so close, with everyone watching each other all the time. I suspected – nay, I knew – that not only did everyone know what was going on but also who was doing it.

I had to fight the system, to step out of the corner into which I was being painted; my next experiment became obvious. Instead of 'Would you share a condom with me?' it was going to be 'Can we go for coffee together?' Males invited each other for coffee; it was regarded as a compliment but seemed no big deal. I was going to try to impose some sanity onto the female population of Amsterdam. At least I might catch a tourist. I was sure of one thing: I didn't want to – maybe couldn't – fall in love with someone who was sex-battle hardened.

THURSDAY: MAINLY WRITING. I saw this attitude the next day, a Thursday, the late-night-shopping day. The warm weather made it more intense, like a Saturday, and instead of making approaches I went into the town looking for somewhere to write. I had just shaved and looked fresh so that several females blanched at the sight of me, unable to suppress it. I knew that if I were to approach though it would be a different story. The blanching would occur especially if I was smiling, either from an amusing thought or, as on one occasion, when a smile was left over from a greeting

I had exchanged with someone I recognized on the Kalverstraat.

I was ogled from all directions, including rigidly by a woman just a few seconds after coming out of the house. I had been walking along the canal on my way to the town. Her man was alongside pushing a pram while she stared intently at me. I remembered my former target's comment, the girl from Breda: "They look at you, they don't do anything, they just look at you." I could say the same, only it was more true for me. If I were female at least there would be a chance that a male would come up to me, say something and resolve the situation one way or the other.

THE HEART OF STONE. I was on the Nieuwendijk and caught a whiff of a strong joint; it was hashish and I looked around to see where it was coming from. A tall, athletic and quite attractive half-Negro woman of about 22 was smoking it just ahead. It only took a couple of steps to come alongside her, so I did. "Are you enjoying yourself?" I asked, I had to repeat it as her mind switched over to English. "Yes I am." She was hard, I could tell, and I drifted away.

Then something exceptional happened. There was a commotion behind and I looked back to see two horses cantering up the Nieuwendijk, a policewoman atop the leading one and a policeman following. The thick crowd moved sideways against the shop windows to let them pass. It was quite a dangerous situation, I don't know the cause of it. Continuing after the horses had passed I found that I was again close to the half-caste, who was drifting towards the entrance of the Junk Food Emporium and watching me intently out of the corner of her eye.

HAPPY SHOPPERS. A few minutes later I was standing opposite the Nieuwe Kerk (New Church), on a quiet corner of Dam Square, contemplating the streaming crowd crossing between the Kalverstraat and Nieuwendijk. In the half-light of dusk the chain of people looked like a snake unwinding. I was deep in thought; the intensity of the crowd and all the girls inspired a sense of dismay. Out there, I was thinking, was a sea of females with nothing to do except pretend to be shopping and, if they could, make my objective, and therefore my life, as difficult as possible. Only around 5% of the people going into shops, mostly female, actually bought anything. I thought of the efforts of many thousands of generations of males, their discoveries and work and the wealth they had created to achieve the standard of living which now existed, and of my emerging definition of the female as a power-consumer. I grasped a part of the problem. The females, under the influence of several decades of feminism, which in this country had become institutionalized, had lost all sense of their indebtedness to males for the privileged position in which they now found themselves.

STATE FEMINISM. In fact a government campaign had already been running for a year by this time, with the slogan "Sex is natural, but not a matter of course." An 8-page booklet thoroughly expounded the feminist perspective and exhorted males not to be hopeful of sex after an invitation for coffee or a night out. Most striking however was that the campaign was promoted jointly by four disparate Dutch Ministries: "This is a publication of the Ministries of Justice, Education and Science, Social Affairs and Employment, and Welfare, Public Health and Culture."

Then I noticed the half-caste again with her friend, who was much shorter than she, standing apart from the crowd passing by. I considered throwing myself upon the heart of stone. I didn't like the idea but she was looking at me and I felt as if I were being willed to go over. After a few minutes a young man, probably another half-caste with long hair in a pony-tail, positively bounded up to her. Where he came from I do not know; she had certainly not been with anyone before the Junk Food Palace. Perhaps (I guessed) he was approaching for the first time. They started to walk, now three, the half-caste giving him an exaggerated look, blinking her eyes: the closing and opening of both eyes simultaneously which was a local signal of affection. It was so overdone however that it was clearly for my benefit.

Earlier that day, sitting and writing on the grass of the Rembrandtsplein, two girls had reached the end of their parade, rested briefly and then doubled back towards the Kalverstraat, from which they had come. I moved to sit beside the Amstel where there were fewer females and I could concentrate. That day, nine days after my return from England, I became aware of a sort of Dutchification, a softening in my being, a feminization. Possibly, even probably, a drop in testosterone level after my trip to England.

TRANSDUCTION. Also on this writing day, while cycling to the shops, I saw a young Dutchman steering two attractive girl-tourists across a bridge. He looked a little bashful, evidently not used to having so much control. Dutch girls would never let him lead them around like that. The means by which Dutch females would have suppressed his attempts at control would have been laughter: mockery.

A few minutes later I saw the three of them sitting on a café terrace. 'Good luck to him' I thought, but could not resist smiling to the prettiest of his charges. I was clearly not the only one who was close to giving up on Dutchwomen and preying on tourists.

Experiment 4, Part 1

August 1992	F14ED	Female, 14, English died
	F20DPL	Female, 20, Dutch playful look
	F25DG1P	Female, 25, Dutch grade 1 peepers
	M36SEM	Male, 36, Scottish-English musician
	T7/F20	Target 7/Female, 20

THE COFFEE EXPERIMENT, PART 1. Following the revelations of the two girls from Breda, the terms were set for my next experiment – I was to see how thoroughly the ‘Don’t go for coffee with men’ rule had been disseminated amongst the local females. As usual I preferred to concentrate on the inhabitants of Amsterdam because not only did I consider their behaviour to be particularly enlightening but the exclusion of transient populations reduced the incidence of cultural variations.

During the night I had imagined going into a café with a stranger who had agreed to my invitation, and the clumsiness which would make it obvious we had just met. I wondered if there was a way to avoid this part. There was: I had a thermos flask in the house somewhere. So, on this Friday, I was going to ask girls if they would have coffee with me and if they agreed I would pull out the thermos, some cups and the rest and we would sit on the side of the street or somewhere nearby.

I also liked the idea of the ‘double-neurotic-negative.’ If, according to the premise, ‘going for coffee’ had been made equivalent to ‘agreeing to sex,’ I would give the invitation and if it was refused, smile, say ‘Okay’ and break. Then the girl would be left in a neurotic trap entirely of her own making: ‘Did he mean coffee or just... coffee.’ Ha ha. Some cakes went into my bag of refreshment materials for good measure.

The precise form of my proposal was as follows: first “Hello” or “Excuse me,” then “Could I invite you to drink coffee with me?” I debated whether I should detail each target I engaged during the day, but decided that they are relevant.

Because I used English my targets might suppose that I was unfamiliar with the Local Form. There were undoubtedly cultural and individual influences at play, for example my British nationality and my No Follow

Rule: these are detailed lest I be accused of neglecting them. I also thought that if one of the girls would rebel against the received wisdom (that coffee equals sex) then I would like her for it: I would like a rebel girl.

The first day there were 14 deliberate targets and one accidental. I considered that at least four were following the 'Don't go for coffee, they think you're agreeing to sex' rule. However 4 out of 15 is probably an underestimation of the number of instances that my proposal was construed as an invitation for sex. The ones which appeared to construe it as such were T1, T6, T9 and T11 and I had only one taker, T7/F20. Near the end I was in complete confusion, mistargeting wildly; it is not the contentious targets which I now have doubt about reporting but the mistargets: the girls who were too young. As often happens however, some of my mistakes were instructive.

A couple of women, aged between 25 and 30, deliberately crossed my path and disappeared into shops as I walked up the Nieuwendijk, but there was no response from me. In any case they were not in my target specification: they were too old.

The first target T1 was a typically lovely Dutch girl, tall and blonde and about 15. First her friend then she gave "No" without hesitation to my query. Target 2 gave "No," T3 and T4 were both members of pairs and consulted with their companions before declining. By T5 I had reached the Leidsestraat and received a soft decline from a girl of 14 or 15 at a tram stop. T6 gave me a knowing look and said "No."

WAVE OF HAIR AND FOOT STAMP SIGNALS. Some conceited behaviour was observed. The most likely interpretation of the 'stroking of own hair' signal, I had concluded, was narcissism. It was as if my love would be wasted, I couldn't love them any more than they loved themselves. While walking past a group of three girls one adopted a proud and provocative posture, her legs slightly apart with one leg bent at the knee. There was an audible stamp on the ground. With the girls like this, the typical beautiful types, it felt as if I was merely being asked to reinforce their own exaggerated self-esteem.

I approached T7/F20, who was with another girl, while returning from the Leidseplein, having seen her already on the way there. She was carrying a gold-coloured plastic picture frame, later she told me she was a collector of kitsch. She was thin with long black hair, sallow skin and visible veins. On my invitation to drink coffee she drew me into a brief subsidiary conversation, making a joke about the Anti-God Squad badge I was wearing. When I stopped talking she took a deep breath, braced herself and said "Yes." Immediately she wanted to know where; I looked around and pointed to some steps just beyond the corner of the Leidsestraat and

Herengracht. It was the entrance to the upper floor offices of an Arabian bank. She was surprised by the appearance of the thermos and visibly impressed. I made a joke about it and we sat down.

"People around here seem to think that agreeing to coffee is agreeing to sex" was my answer to the inevitable query about the thermos a few minutes later. "It's not that they think you're agreeing to sex, it's that one second there's nothing and the next someone's all over you and you start to think where's the penknife, or the spray or whatever" she said. I was struck by the reference to a knife and got the impression that she had one with her. I didn't react but was definitely shocked; it changed my attitude towards her. "Has it ever happened to you?" I asked: "No." I told her that psychology students did wicked experiments on people, this one was quite harmless. She claimed to have a cat which was afraid of mice. We talked about spiders and I told her they are binary creatures, that card shapes can be placed in front of them and the spider will pursue only two courses: either try to fight and eat it or mate with it, depending on whether the shape resembles another spider or not.

She told me about the friend she was meeting at 4 o'clock on the Leidseplein and how much she hated her; she had drunk two cups of coffee with her this morning and had failed to see that she had wanted her to leave. I suspected however that T7/F20 would be all smiles and graces when she actually met her a little later. A boy had persistently asked a girl she knew to go out with him for six months before she had eventually acquiesced. Then the couple had been together for only two weeks before he had ditched her.

We sat on the steps, with T7/F20 to my right and her friend, who mercifully kept quiet most of the time, to the left. We talked for a little over half an hour before being prematurely shoved off the doorstep by a grumpy bank worker. I made a vague proposal "I'll see you sometime if you like" but by this time we had become separated, I was tidying the cups away while T7/F20 and her friend were hovering at the corner. "Well if you're walking around here I'm bound to see you" she said. "Ah" was my reply. Cheered by my success I hurried home by the canal route, avoiding the town, to refill the thermos and try again.

FIRST F20DPL. On the way back to the town I made a brief visit to Coffeeshop CS3. A pretty girl with dark hair and eyes F20DPL, whom I took to be a tourist, caught my eye with a playful look as I passed her inside. I thought of offering her a drink but realized I had no money with me. By the time I had got some from the house and returned she was being entertained by the House Agents, two young men who worked there. 'How do I do it' I thought, 'fail so well.'

Back on the Nieuwendijk, Target 8 was a lovely young thing walking beside a bicycle: she paused for a few seconds and then said “No” in that cat-like voice again, drawn out and provocative. This time it was like music to my ears: it felt pleasurable, like sing-song, a part of my brain activated to the special sound. I didn’t know if any particular reaction was required, just said “OK, see you.” In the next approach, T9, the target remained silent but her female companion said “No” for her. Then a girl wearing a Walkman hurried away before I could approach and T10 was a trim blonde tidy-type who said “No.” T11 was one of two girls and gave a strongly-spoken “No” refusal.

A few moments after pausing under a shop awning to take a breather, a black cat crossed near me and I followed a few steps to stoop and stroke it (for my benefit, to calm my nerves, not its). It had led me to a pair of women, who made some little fuss, and as I arose I caught the eye of one and asked her my question. She thus became T12. “Oh no, we’re waiting for people inside” she said, motioning inside the shop and smiling in a knowing and pleased manner.

I careered up the Kalverstraat until reaching the intersection with the Spui (roughly pronounced ‘Spow’). Sitting on the shallow step outside a change bureau was Target 13, a young blonde with long hair and a small face. Taking up position on the step next door I showed her the flask (spoiling the experiment, but she was young and I would always make allowances for that) and gave her my standard line. A few moments after her refusal I moved off, not directly across the Heiligeweg this time but taking the longer and quieter route to the Leidsestraat via the Singel. This walk, facing the back of the flower market, had become a regular opportunity for reflection and quietness before meeting the intensity of the Koningsplein. There I was given a promotional can of cola-lite and after taking a sip I decided to return to T13 outside the change bureau, to drink it and smoke. I had missed my usual break in the middle of the session, talking instead to T7/F20 and stopping at the house just long enough to refill the thermos.

T13 was sitting about a metre away with her friend on the far side. I told her they were giving away drinks at the Koningsplein, she said she knew about it, and that I had returned hoping she would still be there. She never drank coffee. We talked for at least 15 minutes, she was keen and intelligent and I drank the cold but insipid cola and smoked. When she got up to leave at the instigation of her friend disappointment swept momentarily across my face: I realized I had bonded. Looking at her, now standing, I realized she was even younger than I had thought, with only baby breasts. Immediately after she left I sat in confusion, thinking ‘Oh good grief, help! Was I a paedophile or wasn’t I?’

A few moments later a girl with chestnut hair and a gorgeous face,

again young, came round the corner. My upper lip trembled involuntarily as I watched her passing by. She went down the Spui and I stood to watch her walking away. She went perhaps 30m and I made no attempt to follow.

Then she turned back. I watched her at a distance then looked at the comings and goings on the Kalverstraat until she came closer. She had a lovely face but again her breasts were not fully developed. She, who became Target 14, was heading straight across my path. I remained standing with my back to the wall and she diverted slightly away as she passed by, and as she did I said "Hey-ho" in greeting. Her head inclined indicating she had heard but there was no other response. Then she abruptly diverted, walking in a wide bending curve, disappearing into the English bookshop on the opposite corner.

I considered following T14 into the bookshop: no. Desperate for a normal target I stirred in pursuit of T15 who passed by shortly afterwards. She was a girl of about 18 dressed in black (this might be supposed to be 'my type'). I followed her a short distance and made my standard invitation but she said "No."

T14 had thrown me into almost total confusion. My mind whirled. She had turned back and then gone into a shop, I had made no attempt to follow and she had turned back. I cannot remember where I decided to call it a day and head towards home, drifting idly along, looking only fleetingly, if at all, at the people. There were no more pretty faces and I was exhausted.

PAIR ZERO. On the way home I remembered I still had a full flask of coffee and it seemed stupid to take it back. I stood on Dam Square looking at the groups of people and contemplated two girls sitting together. After thinking about it for five minutes I approached, asking if they would like to drink some coffee. They said they had no money: "It's okay, I have it right here." They were English Inter-Railers and they appreciated the coffee. As we sat on the ground drinking it a Dutchwoman walking past saw the ritual and exclaimed "*Lekker koffie!*" (nice coffee!); I smiled back. They accepted my invitation to come to the house for more. I was pleased, it was Friday, the beginning of the weekend and I would have some company. I still felt a little shaken and I could talk to two girls from my own culture. They would be virtually a reference point for me, like a control group, enabling me to stabilize my perspective. I thought I heard an exclamation of surprise from a male sitting in another group nearby, as we began to walk off the Square.

PSYCHOLOGY EXPERIMENTS. One was studying psychology and we talked about the devious experiments psychology students sometimes did. She told how she had been one of two who had once gone into their college refectory with a clipboard, repeatedly pointing at and motioning

towards an unsuspecting student sitting alone on the other side of the cafeteria. Ostensibly they had been writing about them but actually they were measuring the time the subject could withstand being scrutinized in this way, before standing up and walking out in insecurity, if not paranoia, at what was being written about them. On average the innocent student would last about three minutes before leaving to escape the pointing finger. I learnt about de-briefing, that subjects were supposed to be told about the experiment afterwards, but they had not been de-briefed in this experiment.

THE MILGRAM EXPERIMENT. My all-time favourite, the Milgram Experiment, was discussed. This famous trial took place in America in 1961-2, investigating humans' willingness to transfer responsibility for their actions onto authority. The subjects had been randomly drawn from the street and immediately paid \$20 or so; specifically, they were paid whether they completed the experiment or not.

In one version of the experiment the subject was shown into a room with a desk on which was a box with 30 switches marked 15 to 450 volts. Beyond a glass panel sat a man in a chair. They were told that the experiment concerned learning reinforcement and were given directions by authority figures (actually psychologists) in white coats, wearing badges which said 'Dr. So-and-so.'

The subject was instructed to give an electric shock to the man beyond the glass if he made a mistake in a word list. With each mistake the intensity of the shock was increased. If the subject showed any hesitancy, or questioned whether it was proper to deliver the increasingly severe shocks, one of the psychologists said "The experiment requires you to continue." Unbeknown to the subjects, the man in the chair was an actor. The result was that 65% delivered the maximum of 450V, and none stopped before 300V. In other words, all would have killed the man in the chair, had the shocks been real.

To my great envy the psychology student had seen a recording of one of these experiments in progress. The actor had claimed to have a weak heart, crying out and begging the subject to stop: "Please, please, my heart!" but the white-coated psychologist had coldly repeated his stock phrase and the subject had just shrugged his shoulders and resumed.

THE BABY CHIMPS EXPERIMENT. We talked about another experiment I had heard about, involving two dummy female chimpanzees with artificial breasts onto which baby chimps would climb to feed. One dummy mother was generously padded while the other was thin and wiry. The baby chimps feeding from the softer mother grew up to be better-adjusted than

the ones which had fed from the wiry, more masculine frame. The chimpanzees feeding from the hard frame later displayed aberrant and antisocial behaviour.

Pair 0 were told that they were a lot easier to get to the house than Dutch girls. Both were from Essex and anxious to disprove the (actually quite recently acquired) reputation of Essex girls. I in turn wanted to establish, at least to myself, that the invitation I had given, and which Dutch girls would have been much less likely to accept, was bona fide and not simply a trap to obtain sex.

It was a romantic scene as darkness fell and we sat around the kitchen table with the candles lit. We smoked quite a few joints together. However in the breaks in our conversation I was thinking about the events of the day, and particularly about T14, the young girl with the gorgeous face and baby breasts who had turned back, passed in front of me and thrown me into confusion. T14 could only have been about 11 yet I found her behaviour utterly inexplicable.

During the evening I made a couple of additions to the notes I had made while on the town that afternoon. I was having great difficulty finding an explanation for T14's behaviour and somewhat distracted by it, until finally the penny dropped. The wide arc she had traced when veering into the English bookshop confirmed that shop-diving was a strategy taught to girls by their elders: 'If in doubt, go into a shop'; that much was now obvious. The revelation was that hunting was not just a turn-on for me: I didn't enjoy it, since I was being aroused for nothing. It was a turn-on for them too: I had been giving T14 one of her earliest sexual experiences. It was, I thought, some of that 100% healthy 'Let me at 'em' attitude I had seen in females on the Leidseplein sometimes, although such visible displays gave the impression that more sex was taking place than really did. My talk with T13, who was sharp and alert and spoke perfect English, and the experience of T14 demonstrated that they were real girls and could take care of themselves. If it happened that I won a girl under the age of consent I would wait and pray for the day when she was 12. And, I wondered, perhaps the young girl on the bus a few days previously had not so much been experimenting as practising.

Pair 0 hung around for around four hours. They were staying outside Amsterdam and near the end I said "You're very welcome to stay but then I'd want to sleep with you," looking at them both. They might have too had I been more persuasive. At one point I had signalled shyness which the other (not the psychology student) had responded to. When I told them about Experiment 1 she had said, with disarming frankness, "I wouldn't have the courage to approach a boy." It was the psychologist who said that

they had to get going in time for the last train. She said I reminded her of one of her psychology lecturers and I got the impression this wasn't complimentary.

Ever the gentleman I walked them to within sight of Centraal Station, showing them my favourite bridge, the Melkmeisjesbrug (Milkmaids' Bridge), on the way. It was a warm evening and a pleasant walk. Whether it was all this talk of the Coolidge Effect I don't know but the English girls were starting to look like battery hens; I'd had first four and now two as guests in the house and I wanted to be the cockerel.

Smiling and waving I bade them goodbye. I was happy; as I walked back along the canals I thought that at last I had a strategy: I could target Dutch girls during the day and, if unsuccessful, take home some tourists from Dam Square with at least a finite probability of group sex. All I needed was work on the terms and the termination: the terms, if any, which would be placed on the invitation to the house for coffee, and a painless way of making an unambiguous proposition of staying for sex or leaving. That is, of gently terminating the interview if my proposition was refused. With both T7/F20 and P0 there had been a sense of a limit being reached which, once passed, had given rise to a sense of resignation. With P0 I had sat back to see what would happen, rather than provoking the situation. There had been a vague, similar sensation during the coffee talk with T7/F20. It was a termination/resolution feeling and it needed work. I needed to follow that instinct for sure.

This day had been entirely spent with females. I had not done anything else at all, not even making it to the shops. I recalled the foot-stamping incident and thought about adding another facet to my activity: if I received an audible or unambiguous signal (if such a thing existed) from a group of females I would approach. I needed practice at direct speaking.

PROVISIONAL PRAM SURVEY. The next morning I looked for a new thermos flask in the shops. The afternoon was spent counting prams, sitting outside the Fast Food Emporium on the Nieuwendijk. It was a conversation years ago with one of my first girlfriends F14ED, when I had only been a few years older myself. F14ED died later in a hill-climbing accident. She had told me the significance of how prams are pushed. For example, if a pram is being pushed with only one hand it indicates detachment. From that basic lesson, and subsequent observations which seemed to confirm it, I reasoned that who pushed the pram was likely to be a good indicator of contemporary sex roles.

As I settled on the low step under the windows of the Junk Food I joined a group of child-adults in the charge of a man and woman, including a Down's syndrome man and someone in a wheelchair. I sat with my clipboard and pen, camouflaged amongst them. This provisional

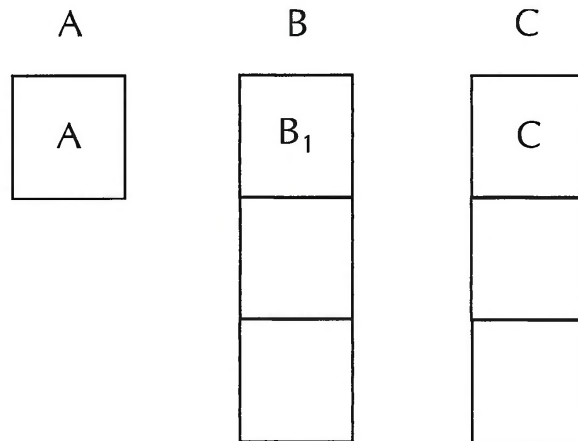
survey served as a practice session and to fix the design of the survey proper, and it looked as if I would get a significant result. Some couples were returning the way they had come and being counted twice: this, I reasoned, would amplify the differential between males and females but not distort the overall result. Stopping and changing direction to walk along the Nieuwendijk a second time provided a good opportunity to change over responsibility for the pram, so if a couple were sharing the task it would even the score. I found it slightly strange, but offer no explanation as to why, men did not appear to be pushing any empty prams.

I decided to add this to my overall strategy. I would stake out the Fast Food on Saturdays when it was too intense for hunting and survey contemporary Dutch sex roles, that is, pram-pushing by sex.

PRIMARY TEMPLATE. The only circumstance I would interrupt my survey to make an approach would be if I saw my dream girl, DG1, or a girl very much like her. I had seen DG1 twice as she passed through the Leidseplein during Experiment 1; I had returned since to measure the distance over which I had targeted her, even partially obscured inside a tram shelter: it was 25 metres. I remembered her vividly; I wanted to put my arms around her and smother her. It seemed to me inconceivable that a creature could be so divine and be bestowed with pussy too.

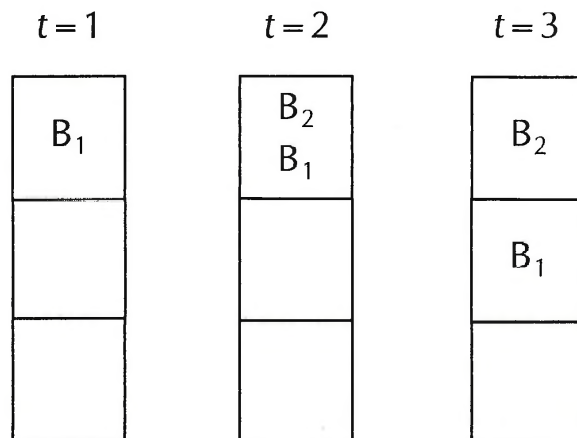
That evening I went to Coffeeshop CS2 and there missed lots of opportunities. Well, there were lots of signals anyway; they seemed genuine. There were two groups of girls, first a group of three and then one of four. I talked a little to the second group, who were around 17. There was exaggerated laughter, leaning in my direction, extrovert behaviour, throwing a straw close to me, even an incidental touch from one of the group. They talked about where they were going next. None was much to get excited about but one I was a little interested in and I had 'looked through' her once when she had been moving around. I also exercised the protective instinct erroneously, discouraging approaches from predatory males by my involvement with them. A week previously I would have been too shy to move closer and talk to them. Sitting nearby I toyed with four small rectangular pieces of paper, lining them up like beds.

TEMPLATE SET. **TEMPLATE STACK.** It was as if there was some defect or time delay in one template, not the Primary Template because that one was already defined, possibly even biologically fixed. It was another template; it seemed as if that template operated like a stack, merging into and being defined only after I had seen, or been close to, a girl I liked but not at the time. Yet another template, the indiscriminate or opportunistic one, was operating very slowly or not at all.

Figure 3. The Template Set

A is the Primary Template, for an Inherent Paragon, a fixed specification;
 B is the Secondary Template, for an Adaptive Paragon;
 C is the Tertiary Template, for an opportunistic or indiscriminate partner.

Three levels of the Secondary and Tertiary Template are shown but the depth of these template stacks is open to speculation.

Figure 4. Proposed Operation of the Adaptive Template

At the start, the top of the Secondary (Adaptive) Template stack contains B_1 , the image of the female to whom the male is currently attracted. For example, B_1 might be 'Slim, brown hair, high cheekbones, looking like Jill.' The proposed operation of this template is as follows:

1. At time $t=1$, female B_1 occupies the top of the template stack from a previous or current relationship or encounter;

2. At time $t=2$, an encounter takes place with female B_2 and bonding may occur. If it does, the bonding may take place unconsciously;
3. At time $t=3$, if there is a sufficient level of attraction or bonding has occurred, female B_1 is displaced so that female B_2 now occupies the top of the stack. The image of female B_1 is moved down a level. This may occur after the encounter with female B_2 ends and she has departed.

The stack system is used in pocket calculators using Reverse Polish notation (RPN) and in microprocessors.

DISHONESTY BY MALES. At CS2 I learnt that sometimes the terms of a relationship had to be negotiated and agreed before sex was permitted. I even suspected, but had no way of confirming, that this was the local norm. If so I could imagine that Dutch males, left with the choice between a 15-minute joust with a prostitute and committing themselves to a long-term monogamous relationship would resort, on occasion or habitually, to deviousness. A Dutch friend confirmed that it took place: a commitment could be given solely to obtain sex and subsequently dishonoured.

This visit to CS2 also went some way to establishing the Lady female type, into which category F22D provisionally belonged. I learnt her age; my original estimate had been 24. That a relationship had to be negotiated and agreed before sex was allowed became a part of my tentative definition of the modern Lady.

DYSFUNCTIONAL SIGNALLING. While leaving CS2 with M28DIW I had an attack of dysfunctional signalling. Leaving with someone was symbolic: it suggested subsequent sexual activity or, at the minimum, was regarded as something of significance. This undoubtedly contributed to the stress which made my voice switch to a high pitch as I bade goodbye. I also involuntarily made an effeminate gesture. Somehow I seemed to be giving an indication that I was homosexual, which I was not; the behaviour could have been the result of not having enough sex. It left me feeling embarrassed for M28DIW's sake and with a strong sense of being an undefined sexual animal.

BIGBAR3. After the coffeeshop I went to BIGBAR3. F21DAOM, the girl with whom the older man had fallen in love, was there and soon after arriving I established that she still had not given herself to him. However he had been promoted from "a good friend" to "a very, very good friend" in the period of almost three months since I had tried to steal her from him

as a test. "I feel sad for you both, perhaps you're making too big a thing of it, perhaps everyone is" I told her. That night there was a group of four, two females and two males, sitting on some steps showing all the signs of having shared each other. It was pleasant to see, a refreshing change from the bland monogamy. One of the males appeared to be having difficulty coming to terms with the situation but the other three were happy; one girl in particular was beaming.

GRADE 1 PEEPERS. Then there was an incident which, remarkably, I only remembered two weeks later; my subconscious had blocked it out. A doe-eyed and shapely girl, F25DG1P, was with a female friend. The competition for F25DG1P later became intense but before she moved nearer the bar where it was better lit and the play developed, she gave me the 'My glass is empty' signal, very subtly. I did not respond until much later.

In the intervening period another male, who seemed rather shy, bought drinks for F25DG1P, her friend and himself unasked: he may have responded to Grade 1 Peepers' signal (probably intended for me) or merely taken the initiative. As soon as I realized what was happening I stopped noticing; my conscious attention was suspended. The drinks were refused and, embarrassed and dejected, he carried them out of sight into the adjoining dance hall. I did not recall this incident until 17 days afterwards. Automatically I had switched into 'non-watching.'

When I did approach F25DG1P I did not get much from her although I spoke to her for quite some time. It struck me later that females, and this female in particular, could be remarkably good at extracting information, but I obtained little in return. I guess I was bewitched by those gorgeous peepers. Eyes are at the top of the list of attractive facial attributes and these were definitely Grade 1 on the scale.

DYHAL?: DO YOU HAVE A LIGHT? While not talking to F25DG1P, and standing to one side with my back to a pillar, I was evidently expected to respond to "Have you got a light?" from a woman of 33 or so. She was quite attractive and the glance I made over her face and the body language I gave a few minutes later when I realized she was still beside me was purely instinctive. My reaction had nothing to do with her looks. It seemed to be an act of cheapening a male, making him offer himself after only a glance or a request for a light or cigarette. Further, I could not bring myself to respond to a line which I knew a woman could regard with derision, if I were to use it on her.

ASSESSMENT OF RELATIONSHIPS, IoR. The first assessment of a relationship is established by a female query like 'How did you meet him?' or 'Where did you meet him?' This is related to the concept, introduced earlier, of the Indulgence of Romance. Places which might be incompatible with IoR, in that they confer a relationship with low status, are a supermarket, dating agency, bar or coffeeshop. Low status would certainly be assigned to relationships initiated with DYHAL?

EASY COME, EASY GO. APPROACH STATEMENTS. The Easy Come, Easy Go effect is significant here. If something is found on the street it is easily lost, readily mislaid or forgotten, presumably because no monetary diminishment establishing its value has taken place. The effect is apparent when selling something second-hand; prospective purchasers will telephone and give entirely different reactions according to whether an item is sold or not. When it is sold they may bitterly lament the fact, saying they would definitely have bought it. If it is unsold they are considerably more reticent and will want to know what colour it is and probably try to barter. It is human nature to want something more if it is difficult (or impossible) to obtain.

Perhaps DYHAL? was the female equivalent of the extremely honest strategy, a timid approach in which is implicit: 'This is the only kind of approach I dare make.' Spoken directly it is "I'm just a girl you know." I hated the feeling of hardness I had when rejecting it, either at the time or, more usually, later, having only realized then, by which time it was too late, that it had been an approach. Afterwards it occurred to me that she could have said 'Do you know how to fuck a woman properly?' and I would not have thought any less of her, in fact I would have been impressed. This was Amsterdam after all.

It raised the possibility that males, aware that females were being so frugal with their favours, may be doing likewise. Males had egos, they didn't like being picked up either: there was male pride to consider. This male in particular was not going to respond to 'Do you have a light?' It was demeaning and, I reasoned, the most basic form of the conspiracy I was investigating. The line was universal across languages, there was that advantage. In BIGBAR3 especially, women would routinely ask each other for a light to preserve DYHAL? as a pick-up line for use on men. There had been knowing smiles and joviality on occasions previously when I had needed a light and asked a female for one. It was apparently usual for meaningful exchanges of glances and smiles to take place during such requests, involving a decision about whether to avoid these exchanges or participate in them. There had been signals of disappointment at least once in BIGBAR3 when I had asked a female for a light but not shared the joke, and by this manner failed to enter into the conspiracy. I considered that

helping oneself to a light, or taking one without fuss, was more normal behaviour.

DERISION OF MALES. During an earlier visit to BIGBAR3 I had eavesdropped on a conversation between a young Bitch and a woman. It was in Dutch but I had understood a little more than they had thought. The Bitch recounted several tales of her exploits which the woman had found amusing. I had been unable to follow most of it but I did hear that the Bitch had been unable to decide whether she wanted "An old prick or a young boy" that evening. I also recalled F31USJ telling me about a recent exhibition by a feminist viciously deriding men.

The adoption of male values by females would immediately inspire jealousy of males' superior abilities, such as their greater practical skills. The conflict so established would lead to males being derided in attempts to maintain females' self-esteem. It has already been proposed that status in the female hierarchy is acquired according to the number of approaches a female attracts (Proposition 2). This might extend to the readiness with which a female rejected approaches and the derision she expressed towards males.

Some time later I spoke further to F25DG1P, having by this time bought them drinks, and invited her home "for tea and information," a proposal she found amusing and declined. One other male in particular had started to handle her and by the time I'd had another beer and decided to leave she was physically entwined with him. He was groping and pulling her against him but she still gave me such an affectionate farewell that I doubled back to speak to her briefly once more, even while she was being clasped against the eager male.

VEEL PLEZIER. Local women often bid each other "*Veel plezier*" ('Much pleasure') on parting and they appeared to be getting it. Some of the women, the attractive ones like F25DG1P, were having a field day. They were signalling for pleasure, entertainment and status, although I suspected that it was mainly the latter. Because so much of the signalling was spurious (90%?), they were making the men neurotic.

In my responses to signals or veiled approaches from females, like the DYHAL? incident that evening, often my feelings had inspired a rejection with a background thought of 'This girl/woman is trying to walk into my life' but my logical mind, which only surfaced later, wished I had accepted.

Around 15 months previously I had seen a Japanese girl on the London Underground, first from behind as she was going down the last steps to the platform: she had a beautiful slim figure. I had wanted to see more of her

and a few moments later saw that she was delicious: young and pretty. I followed her into the same carriage and sat obliquely opposite her. She gave me a sign of her interest; immediately after I had looked away. It was the long gap between King's Cross and Highbury & Islington and during the interval between stations my activities went through my mind, especially the recording I was doing of M36SEM's band, which was going well. M36SEM, short and fair-haired, had been an early band member of Genesis P. Orridge's, but that was in the days before he could actually play. He and I had also been in a band together some years previously, he on guitar and me on keyboards.

Another studio session with M36SEM was to take place a few days hence and I imagined taking the girl sitting opposite into the studio with me. Then a feeling arose that she was impertinent to crash in on it all so easily, to be able to walk straight into such a prominent position in my life just on the strength of a few signals. When the train came to rest at Highbury & Islington, my intended stop, I rose to leave and she had remained sitting with a look of disappointment.

As soon as I alighted and the train started speeding away I profoundly regretted it. I was morose for hours at a time for days afterwards, in despondency at having missed such a gorgeous Japanese girl, with both a lovely body and sweet face.

RAPIDITY OF SIGNAL RESPONSE. The Local Form, I was learning, included awaiting a signal from a female. The rapidity of response to the signal was a determinant, a factor in whether the female would respond to a subsequent approach. Apparently the more rapidly the signal was responded to, at least for a confident female, the greater the likelihood of success. If the male showed alacrity the female was flattered, that she could obtain a male so easily. I had not been practising responding to female signals, rather my strategy had run directly counter to it: I had been trying to enforce unambiguity and control.

CONCLUSIONS. Here were two important conclusions. The essential problem was that females were dominating sexual activity, at least in its amount, and that amount was insufficient. Indeed it may be that females were not just the major limiting factor in the amount of sexual activity, they were solely determining it. As a corollary the females were, seemingly by the use of signals, enforcing that control. I was also learning that it was not only when but where it suited them that sex took place.

THE BASIC PROBLEM. The basic problem was that females were relying entirely on their instincts when deciding whether to engage in sexual activity, also the form of that activity, and those instincts were millennia, if

not millions of years, out of date. Even though they may not feel like having sex, the evolutionary origin of those emotions had disappeared; the actual costs of sex can now be made practically zero. However females were still relying on anachronistic emotions when deciding when and with whom they would engage in sex. The big question was, how to change that.

I remembered two recent comments by females, "It's got to be natural" and "It must be spontaneous." The corpus callosum which joins the emotional and logical centres of the brain is wider in females, so they are more instinctive. The closer association between logic and emotion means that females easily confuse the two. At least the greater uniformity of females and their tendency (plus in Amsterdam, their seeming ability) to follow their instinctive drives made them ready objects for study.

The female instinct is to play games by which means she maintains relationships which involve a minimum of physical sex. Unbounded by the males, the females in Amsterdam were inexorably increasing the costs of sex. They now appeared to be suppressing their own sexual drives, as the males had long had to do, in order to create an environment which was optimal for the selection of males.

Theoretically the criteria which females would apply would be based on status, relative to the upbringing of children, and that males be manipulable to provide power and therefore security for the female. This would be the dominant female strategy, expressed as child-orientated instincts which have been reinforced over millions of years. The female would seek to secure the optimal long-term partner for raising children. It was a likely explanation for the self-denial of sex by females in Amsterdam.

This evolutionary strategy would be the optimum one for the furtherance of a female's genes. The selection of manipulable males however was a process which could reinforce and even amplify. In effect, the females were breeding passivity into males. There were other forms of sex, for example the prostitutes, but that sex was not reproductive; in evolutionary terms it was utterly null.

MORE INVALIDITY OF FEELINGS. It is clear that some human feelings are invalid. Firstly there was the example of the train driver feeling guilt when someone jumps in front of his train. We do not have to look much further for another example of when strong feelings of guilt can be invalid. A female who is forcibly raped, for example while walking home, can feel profoundly guilty, although she is considered blameless. We shall examine the origin of her emotions.

During the bulk of our evolutionary past, a female would have been under the protection of one or more of the males of her tribe or small community. A reproductive female who ventured beyond that protection,

into the territory of another tribe perhaps, could expect to be rapidly overpowered and impregnated. In those times, for a female venturing forth alone in this way, her rape would be so inevitable that the signal of vulnerability she gave would clearly indicate that she wanted it. A female who feels guilty after being raped nowadays does so because in pre-history the situation in which she placed herself would be a valid signal that she invited it. There would be obvious repercussions in the relationships she maintained in her home tribe if they were to learn of it, or if she bore a child obviously fathered by another.

For another, simpler example of the invalidity of instinct, there is the common female terror of spiders and mice. When confronted with one of these harmless creatures some females enter a totally irrational state, approaching hysteria, standing on chairs or running from the room. Although the fear of spiders is inherent, and rarely has any traceable origin, it appears to be completely curable.

That a significant proportion of females admit to fantasies of forced sex (13% according to Wilson, with a further proportion entertaining such fantasies but not admitting to them) is evidence that a situation in which females only take part in sexual activity when and if they feel like it is an abnormal human condition.

Experiment 4, Part 2

August 1992	F13CB2	Female, 13, chocolate brown no. 2
	F45A	Female, 45, Argentinian
	M25D	Male, 25, Dutch
	M27HERM	Male, 27, half-English radio maker
	M28DLTS	Male, 28, Dutch lives to smoke
	M33DJG	Male, 33, Dutch with Japanese girlfriend

TRADING UP. Over the weekend I ran into F20DPL again on the Nieuwezijds Voorburgwal. F20DPL was the Dutch girl I had mistaken for a signalling tourist in Coffeeshop CS3 shortly after talking to T7/F20.

Females will sometimes attempt to negotiate a transfer from one relationship to another. This was the third time I had received hints that a female would abandon her current relationship to trade up to a perceived better partner, either I or another. The attempt will be made from the background of an existing monogamous relationship and it is assumed that the relationship which is her goal will also be monogamous.

F20DPL and I stopped and talked on the street and she asked my advice on terminating her year-long relationship with her Irish boyfriend because, she said, she liked another boy and wanted to change. The "other boy," it struck me later, could have been me and I may have been expected to use the opportunity, in a rare level of intimacy with a girl I hardly knew, to establish a relationship with her.

A similar hint had been given by F21DBI, the Bitch I interviewed over breakfast one morning. She had told me she had a boyfriend and was only polygamous when moving from one boyfriend to another.

The earliest occasion was from someone whose suggestion was veiled but nonetheless quite clear some time ago. She offered to end her relationship with M34EEI if I would step into his shoes. It may be that the better known I was to the female, the less obscure were the hints, or at least, the hints were more readily understood. I did not respond in any of these instances; in the earliest and most directly stated case the male who was in danger of redundancy was a friend, and in any event it was not my way of conducting relationships. This practice can be guaranteed to engender male uncertainty, if not neurosis, well into any relationship

which was the product of it. It would result in male insecurity: 'I'm here – in a relationship I want – good – but now the same might happen to me.'

THE COFFEE EXPERIMENT, PART 2. I resumed the Coffee Experiment, although more sedately. Monday was a half-day in Amsterdam and most of the shops did not open until 1pm, avoiding the brisk beginning of the working week which was a feature of British life, and that morning M34EEI had come round. Hence I started late, not getting to the bottom of the Nieuwendijk until 15:25.

I had decided to take it easy after the intensity of Friday; I had been reflecting on it while counting prams. The day started with occasional bursts of sunshine and it looked quite promising. I was dressed smarter than usual, having changed into a Harrington jacket; I had been wearing an Italian ex-army jacket which needed mending and planned to take it to M33DJG's girlfriend, who had a sewing machine, for repairs. M33DJG was a fair and exceptionally tall Dutchman who lived with a small Japanese woman. He lived close by on the Singel and worked as a translator.

On this day I was less strict about the form of words I used. My first target of the day, though T16 in the ongoing Experiment, was a dark-skinned girl of about 17 walking with her friend. I changed direction to talk to her. She had proud breasts, long black hair and perhaps had been seen before. I moved easily to walk beside her, looked at her and said "Hello." There was no response, not even a glance or flicker in her face. I tried again: "Hello." Again nothing. I broke and continued my leisurely stroll up the Nieuwendijk, towards Dam Square. Perhaps she had been one of the girls I had asked to share a condom with me earlier, but if so I had only posed a direct question and the others had not objected so much.

The second target, T17, again with a friend, was not so pretty but her manner suggested she might have a personality to compensate. I looked at her and said "Hello" as she passed me, and again I changed direction for her. This time I walked a considerable length of the Nieuwendijk following; I was in some doubt about whether to approach, being very selective this day, and intending to only target girls I would consider having as girlfriends. As I followed I had an attack of self-consciousness, not for what she might think but the people around. I was about 6m behind and ten or more people could have watched me approach, if I had done so at that moment. After a few minutes the crowd thinned and I was building up to the final spurt when she and her friend suddenly went into a shop.

I waited outside and was just considering starting off again when they reappeared. Within a couple of steps I was beside her. I said "Hello" again and asked if we could drink coffee together. "*Vlieg op!*" (Beat it!) she told me. I presumed that she had interpreted my invitation for coffee as an invitation for sex.

FAST WALKING. Drifting up the Nieuwendijk, pausing on Dam Square, I saw T16 again. "Would you talk to me now?" I said as she passed but was completely ignored; she did not stop. Walking further up, near the beginning of the Kalverstraat, I saw a Fast Walker, a young part-Oriental woman who seemed to be swinging her hips. I decided to ignore the Fast Walkers altogether because I could not infer whether by their pace they were trying to avoid being followed or whether they were signalling that they wanted to be. In any event they all had typical beautiful features. The signal could, at the very minimum, be reliably interpreted as meaning that they were going to be difficult from the outset. It seemed to be a matter of prestige: if a woman was beautiful she could walk more quickly than the crowd. I had seen it before on the Leidsestraat. It was a kind of challenge, throwing down the gauntlet: 'Follow me if you dare.' There was an obvious correlation between their beauty and the speed at which they walked along: Fast Walkers had classic good looks.

STATUS RELATIONSHIPS. It seemed that females had made themselves, or had been made, into status symbols. There was the 'Beautiful Couple Syndrome' where it seemed that the male would act the role of complete boor. With his beautiful girlfriend he presumably considered himself prized and sought after by females, or that his status was demonstrated by the good looks of his partner, leading to exaggerated confidence.

M27HERM, who was half-English, had given a pained look when I had mentioned once that I had a girlfriend in England (this being during my affair with the keyboard player in M36SEM's band). Then there were two other Dutch males; one had made a pointed comment about having spent the night with his girlfriend, as if he definitely wanted me to know about it, and M25D, another of the people I had lived with in the Vampire State Building. I had run into him one day on the Herengracht. We had not seen each other for two years and the second thing he had told me was that he had a girlfriend – not even a new one either. It all seemed very strange. I had always considered having a girlfriend to be so normal as to be hardly worth mentioning, yet in Amsterdam it seemed tantamount to a status symbol.

As I walked along the Leidsestraat, approaching the Leidseplein, I saw F16TJ and her friend again. F16TJ was the girl who had feigned fear (or annoyance) at the tram stop and jumped onto a tram around a week previously. They saw me at a distance and played 'scatter'; it was clear that the most attractive of the pair was dominant.

I caught sight of T18CB1, who was about 17, a little further along. She presented rather an obvious target, I think I had seen her before as well. Again with another girl, she was dark-skinned, darker again than T16 or

T17, with long black hair. The dark skin and long black hair was a template I had from a former girlfriend: the permanent deep suntan.

T18CB1 was wearing a white frilly top revealing a wide strip of chocolate brown navel. Such was my leisurely pace (I had already missed a couple of targets by not being fast enough) that I did not catch up with her before the Leidseplein. Not wanting to approach in view of the onlookers, I followed slowly until she and her companion stood at a bus stop on the far side, and made the approach there.

As I drew close I could not help breaking eye contact and glancing down at that lovely brown navel. There was a vertical line of fine black hairs. I invited her for coffee but she declined, saying "We're going home now." "Well, have a nice journey and everything" I said and waved a parting. She drew me into a smile (T7/F20, the only girl to have accepted my invitation so far, had done the same) and said "Bye." I walked away and sat on the edge of a nearby fountain, within sight of her. I rested with my chin on my hand, thinking. Glancing at T18CB1 I saw her looking very annoyed with herself, I think she even stamped her foot. I thought about the essential contradiction, that to prove you're nice and will take no for an answer, you have to do just that – take no for an answer. I waited to watch her catch her bus and then sat at a tram stop overlooking the Leidseplein.

T18CB1 was put down as misinterpreting my invitation for coffee. Even though I considered her borderline I was sure that at least one of my targets during the first session had interpreted 'coffee' as 'sex' and had not been included in that tally.

The Leidesplein had the atmosphere of the end of the summer: it was quiet, the sky was overcast and it was getting progressively colder. 'T18CB1 won't be able to bare her navel for much longer' I thought. I also thought of it being the end of the mating season, and that the only people who were still unattached were the hopeless cases like me. I was always late and had spent the entire time just learning the form.

MUTATION OF HANDLE TO MARKER. It seemed that a proposal to a female was being regarded merely as a statement of interest. There was T7/F20's account of a boy asking a girl out for six months then ditching her after two weeks. I bet there were two sides to that story. How many times had he to ask before she had agreed, I wondered.

Further, I felt as if I was reaching a sort of emotional critical mass, such that I would fall in love with the first pretty girl to accept my invitation. This explained why I was being so selective in my choice of targets, but that emotionality was my problem not theirs, and I was determined not to inflict it on them. Perhaps this was what had happened with the other males: they had become similarly emotionally charged and females had

found them difficult to shake off. Or, having picked up that 'coffee' was double-speak for 'sex,' they were optimistically interpreting the acceptance of an invitation to drink coffee to their advantage and it had snowballed from there.

One fine day I had been cycling along one of the canals and past a girl of about 7. I looked at her and felt a rush of pleasure when she smiled and said "Dag" (Hello). Smiling back I replied "Hello." It had been a precious thing but I'd had to fight the urge to turn back, gather her into my arms and give her a loving embrace. T16 that day had simply ignored everything I had said to her. I wished that males could just flick a switch, or sniff a peptide or something to induce tears, it would certainly feel better afterwards. These were the sort of things I thought about as I sat, contemplating the Leidseplein. It started to rain heavily and I ended up drinking the coffee myself, wondering whether I had done the right thing buying a larger thermos earlier, so that I could carry tea as well. It had been a miserable day.

END OF THE EXPERIMENT. The following day was another bad day but worthwhile. There was a shower and I stayed in until it stopped. Then sunshine appeared and I arrived at the bottom of the Nieuwendijk just after 2pm. I was always late but not as late as sometimes, on this day. At least that was the sense, the feeling of having arrived after the party's over, an impression gleaned over the previous three months that most of the action occurred around 1pm. Perhaps I should check this.

As soon as I started I wanted to turn back and go home. I don't know what it was exactly, I just didn't feel like hunting. I had started out unsure of my strategy and now had two thermos flasks and everything, I hadn't forgotten anything at all today. Only I didn't have the stomach for it. I forced myself on.

The best two targets were missed within fifteen minutes of starting. It was at the bottom of the Nieuwendijk, in what would usually have been my warm-up period. That was distressing. The first missed target MT1 was a small but perfectly formed Asian girl with a sweet face, one of a group of three. I passed them and walked on but, at some distance, stopped and turned to watch. She veered a little to one side and then looked back at me. Turning away, embarrassed, she returned to her group the instant she saw me looking: an honest signal (that is, not a deliberate one). I turned to follow but the distance had become too great; I lost them.

Back on course, at the bend before the main stretch a couple of minutes later, I believe I saw F25DG1P, the girl I had talked to in BIGBAR3. If they were the same peepers they were not so well made up as before. I looked at her and she returned my glance, locking me in the kind of stare which coming from a female means either 'Follow me' or 'You or I

is about to say something.' I did not though, I was trying to hunt and she was outside my target specification.

A couple of other females signalled, looking behind after they had passed, but I ignored them even though it actually felt quite difficult to do so. Then I saw my second missed target MT2, a lovely tall silver-blonde girl of just the right age, no longer a child but not yet a woman. This was the age, I hoped, at which she would be without the craftiness I associated with womanhood or, yet more hopefully, the sadistic playfulness I was beginning to associate with girlhood. She was lovely but I missed her. All this happened before I had walked more than a few metres into the Nieuwendijk. And I was so aroused that it actually hurt slightly.

I contemplated responding to female signals. It certainly looked as if it would be much easier but I knew how deceptive appearances could be. To respond to a deliberate signal was to surrender control to the female. The Basic Problem again. I considered framing an experiment for the future, to see what would happen.

This session became one of those random days when, bored with the previous experiment and uncertain of my strategy, I would wander around without any deliberate purpose, just looking. It was during these days that I would formulate my next experiment, observing females and assimilating the experience I had gained. The fresh knowledge would be incorporated into the new context of a deeper understanding.

Continuing up the Nieuwendijk, it occurred to me that I should try to look a little happier than I felt. I tried this, maintained it for a while but then gave up. Some of the stall-holders and shop-workers seemed to recognize me: they would all have a better memory for faces than I, mine being appalling. This was a hazard of cutting a distinctive figure, if such be the case with me. Say, being tall or having a different hair style or something; one cannot retain one's anonymity among the crowds for very long.

A suspicion was developing that there were many more parading females than hunting males. Only once had I seen another hunter as overt and potentially aggressive in selection and approach as I. He had been standing behind a vertical shutter rail, cleverly camouflaged as a mannequin. I had seen others make approaches however; I was certainly not alone.

FIRST DYNAMICAL LAWS. According to theory, the theories of sexual behaviour which were becoming less theory and more fact by the day, the hunters would all be targeting the same females. I felt sorry for all the females, inevitably the majority, who were seldom or never targeted but who wanted relationships and sex just as much as the others. But then I thought about Hormone Replacement Therapy and how it was an example

of male technology empowering females. It had struck me as a very direct example of males extending females' period of social and sexual activity, increasing their power over males. Women were taking the power that men gave and using it against them. I resolved to stick single-mindedly to my task.

I wandered on, crossed Dam Square and again thought I was recognized by one of the street-traders putting cotton braids in girls' hair. The Square was quieter than usual due to the showers punctuating the sunshine and nothing happened until I was halfway along the Kalverstraat. I was walking along the side idly surveying the crowd when one woman caught my eye, or that she caught mine is probably more likely.

It was difficult to establish her age or much more about her since for the most part she was buried in the crowd and our eyes were locked in an exchange of stares. Perhaps she was between 26 and 30 and I caught a hint of exaggerated curves; she was not slim. She had attractive eyes and was using them with a vengeance, maintaining the stare across 60 degrees or more, at the end looking at me directly out of the corner of her eye to avoid turning her head more than slightly as she passed. I may have been standing with my back against a wall, or had stopped to watch the stare. By the time she passed by me she was smiling and I think I was too. 'Talk about a deliberate signal' I thought, but did not respond. I had no strategy today and never yet a strategy for responding to a signal. If I had approached, I reasoned, I would have been mincemeat: dragged around the shops, used as a trophy in a café and then, if I was lucky, treated to the role of performing dog. And that if I was lucky. However, these were untested suppositions and I should not speculate.

DYNAMICS OF MALE SELECTIVITY. I began to consider, as I wandered around, and especially after the two lovely targets I had missed, that the female conspiracy was having precisely the intended effect. I was becoming increasingly precise in my targeting specification. The girl I was seeking would either be chocolate brown or blonde, be just the right age, have a lovely face and nice body, give honest signals if any, and so forth.

There were two immediate considerations. First, I had not found it possible to go out and easily secure an arrangement for sex, in which case I might have attempted to copulate once with every willing female within a radius of several kilometres. Second, I had not succeeded in finding a girlfriend who was at least adequate, was liked enough to have around me, could be loved for a while and met my sexual needs. Because of these two factors I was being forced to refine my target specification and concentrate my attentions on a partner for whom the considerable effort required to win her would be worthwhile. In other words, I was being encouraged to

seek an ideal partner and such a bond, once formed, would be the kind most likely to result in a long-term monogamous relationship. Score 1 to the females.

PROPOSITION 5. The more resistive the female, the more selective the male becomes.

DISCUSSION. Suppose that females make it hard for males to obtain a sexual partner: then males might become less selective and try to obtain sex from any female willing to provide it. This is male projection: in fact the less attractive female is only marginally less resistive than an attractive one and the male, discovering that considerable effort is required whatever the case, will reserve his energies for a target for whom he perceives the effort to be worthwhile.

SUSCEPTIBILITY TO SIGNALS. I was also becoming increasingly susceptible to female signals and actively considering responding to them, thereby delegating control. Score 2 to the females. It looked, in these days near the end of August, as if the female conspiracy was rock solid. I recalled M34EEI's comment the previous morning about things getting really frantic at the end of the summer.

REPEAT SIGHTINGS. ACTIVE TEMPLATE. My increasing selectivity seemed to be exacerbating the template problem I was still struggling with. The template of the new love object would not fuse into place, supplanting the former, until the new target had disappeared and any prospect of further contact usually irretrievably lost.

While walking around I hoped to see the missed targets at the beginning of the day MT1 and MT2, T18CB1 from the previous day and of course DG1. I did not see any and this was Amsterdam, the city with the feel, at least in its centre, of a town. After a chance encounter in a place like London the likelihood of seeing a new love object again (that is, the contents of the Active Template) was so small that it could be dismissed entirely.

F13CB2 was chocolate brown and, despite some angular facial features, had some prettiness. We fell into conversation and she had a pleasant manner. I had been eyeing her up as she and her friend had been moving around nearby but she was not a proper target, nor was it a strategic approach. (It may be assumed by 'fell into conversation' that I spoke first, it having been established that waiting for a female to initiate a conversation would in all but the most exceptional cases be futile.) I said something about them coming and going, directing my comment to my tentative

target. I had not considered the other, but it was she who drew me into a brief conversation before disappearing into a shop with her friend.

Ten or fifteen minutes later I saw F13CB2 again and this time succeeded in engaging her. "Hello again" I said and we exchanged smiles. We talked a little further but I made the mistake of only glancing at her friend, with whom I had spoken before. If F13CB2 had been a real target I would have kicked myself because the non-target, annoyed that I had not acknowledged her, grabbed F13CB2 by the arm and pulled her, forcefully and somewhat reluctantly, into a shop.

PAIR 1. Well, so it was, just as things were getting interesting. There was definitely a lesson to be learnt from the encounter however. By this stage I reckoned I had forced myself on long enough; I had resisted the temptation to return home several times and could stand it only a little longer. Heading back down the Kalverstraat, direction Dam Square, I noticed two girls examining a display of dancing puppets and sticky spiders which rolled down walls. I was about to make my first contact with Pair 1.

One of the traders pushed a spider into the hand of one and she threw it at the board, made a comment and walked on. By this time I was tracking them, one was blonde, the other dark, neither was gorgeous but both had strong pretty features; the blonde had the edge. I was so close and so practised by this time that it was almost effortless. "You can buy a lot of rubbish" I said to the blonde. "What do you mean?" "You can buy lots of things and then get home and look at them and wonder why on earth you bought them." I didn't do this myself but could imagine females doing so. During the conversation the other had moved closer, interested in the turn of events, and we were walking together. They were from outside Amsterdam, from two towns close by, and were in the city for the day.

We crossed Dam Square and walked down the Damrak. Remembering my provisional rule 'Make a proposal within 15 minutes, break if it is refused,' I proposed that we drink tea or coffee together, the answer was yes. The strategic communications were made with the blonde but she wanted to buy slips first. It was a department store specializing in clothes and definitely female territory. I suggested waiting outside but was coaxed in. As we went up the escalator I made a joke about being excited about going to look at the knickers and later, as we returned down, leant over the side and talked about Thanatos, Freud's theory of the Death Urge. In between, while they spent a considerable time wandering around the racks of clothes, mostly out of sight, I sat and waited on a display stand, not wanting to get too close to the underwear because I was wound up enough as it was.

The Beursplein was opposite and I led them out of the store and onto it. We settled at the base of a decorative lantern where the thermos flasks

were produced; both drank tea while I had coffee. The blonde had a little difficulty with the situation at first; it was also getting a little too cold for drinking out in the open. I told her of the hypothesis being tested (although actually the experiment was all but over), that girls in Amsterdam think that if they agree to coffee they are agreeing to sex. She wanted to know more but I said "Don't ask." They were both of school-leaving age; the blonde had a stronger personality but the brunette, who had low-slung, generous breasts, seemed freer and more sensual. She wore fashionable walking boots and sat with her legs half-apart on the cold tarmac floor of the Beursplein.

THANATOS: THE DEATH URGE. The origin of Thanatos, the destructive drive, is intriguing. What evolutionary advantage does it confer? There is no apparent benefit in wanting to destroy oneself; it is plainly a non-viable strategy. If it has a genetic basis, is it because it is linked to some other beneficial trait? It can be strong in individuals like myself, since I experience powerful urges to jump off platforms and cliffs, and there is suicide. If it is purely environmentally conditioned, one function might be to set alarm bells ringing; people destroying themselves creates alarm. Another benefit may be that inherent in being unfashionable; an individual, again like myself, might heap trouble upon themselves by pointing out unfashionable truths. Thanatos undoubtedly exists in the mass sense and for the first time in human history its power is unbounded. There was, perhaps still is, the prospect of Mutually Assured Destruction, a defence policy with obvious origins in Thanatos.

My conclusion became that Thanatos is the product of environmental conditioning (although there must be genetic potential for it). It provides an alternative pathway to blindly following instincts, since if instinct has hitherto been followed and still Thanatos is present it indicates that other faculties must be used. The specific faculty which is used to defy Thanatos is logic. I had always assumed the existence of the Death Urge, since upon it I knew I could rely if ever I wanted to jump into a pool of cold water or, indeed, kill myself, but apparently its existence is the subject of contention among psychologists.

Having established that I could take control I immediately relinquished it; all our decisions were thenceforth taken by committee, with I in the role of chairman, with the casting vote. We ended up in the restaurant at the Station, to spend the time remaining before they were to take their train.

COMPLICATEDNESS OF MULTIPLE RELATIONSHIPS. I proposed to see the blonde again – there was a nod of agreement. The brunette made a noise of disappointment. "You want to come too?" "Yes." "Great" I replied

and told them my theory about the complicatedness of relationships being exponentially proportional to the number of people involved. The unit of complicatedness for a single person is 1, for two people 4, for three 9, or something like that. It needn't necessarily be so I said, and to maintain a multiple relationship is a challenge. Thus we agreed to be a threesome and arranged to meet again in a little under two weeks time, the first day (they said) which could be managed.

During our conversation there was activity under the table, which I did my best to ignore. I loved the very Dutchness of them, the raw, uncluttered female sexuality and the sense that anything could happen.

NORMALIZATIONS. The following were considered as tentative rules in the general case.

1. Offer tea, not coffee. Females are more sensitive to many psychoactive substances, including caffeine.
2. When approaching a target who is one of a pair, look at her directly and speak. If the non-target engages you in conversation, try your best to respond in as friendly a manner as you would if talking to your target and see what happens. It is in your interest to establish competition by not divulging which is your goal and both may become your objective.
3. Make a proposal within 15 minutes of the approach and break if the proposal is rejected. Delay in the execution of the proposal is acceptable but delay in responding to it is not.

PAIRS. I have had sex with two and been in love with a Pair before, but the events were unrelated. In the sex, two girls descended on me while at university. Then, in Amsterdam, I fell in love with two women who lived in a part of M28DSW's house. This was comparatively recently when I was still immoderately shy but despite showering them with small gifts they did not make it at all easy and nothing came of it.

Of Pairs then I say this: that the two are friends and are close, who will complement each other and like each other's differences, and they can be loved together as a unit and as a whole. And the sex you can have with them is sublime.

Having bade P1 goodbye I headed back to the house. Crossing the Nieuwendijk on the way I came close to targeting a young blonde with a pallid but interesting face who had become separated from her friend; she was lingering in front of a tattooing shop a little distance away. We passed,

almost encircling one another in the genteel manner of a ritual parade, at the mouth of an alley. I made no approach however: after the meeting with P1 my bolt was shot.

Once home I started to drink the coffee remaining in the flask but could not sit still. I was thinking of the Pair; their ample breasts, young bodies and laughing eyes were swimming around my brain. I needed urgent relief and without a moment's delay.

RESULTS. The final tally of the Coffee Experiment, Parts 1 and 2, was 6 out of 15. There were 18 targets in total but with T13 the experiment had been spoiled by sight of the thermos and for T14 and T16 no invitation was made. The recent targets T17 and T18CB1 were both counted as mistaking my invitation to drink coffee as something else, rather less innocuous.

EPILOGUE. That evening, flush with success and unable to concentrate on anything else, I visited my farming friend M28DLTS who was living proof, if any more were needed, of the substitution of marijuana for sex. Both M28DLTS and M28DIW were highly intelligent weed junkies; both were effectively addicted to marijuana, with the designations LTS and IW being virtually interchangeable between them. They were both fair, but M28DIW was altogether slight of build while M28DLTS was tall and slightly gaunt with a surprising physical strength. Both obviously badly needed girlfriends. M28DLTS and I smoked heads of marijuana, snipped from the plant barely fifteen minutes before and expertly (although extremely inefficiently) flash-dried. We discussed the meaning of the universe and my definition of life: that something is alive if it eats, defecates and makes more of itself. I contemplated the implications and the irony that my first success, at least potentially so, was with two girls from outside Amsterdam.

That night M28DLTS commented on the rarity of romance on the streets of Amsterdam and, thinking about it, I had to agree with him. Genuine affection was a rare sight hereabouts, even snogging was seldom seen. When there was kissing in public it seemed to be more for the purposes of display than any genuine expression of affection. I thought about my other celibate friends and the many girls I had seen cycling home alone in the early hours. Then I had been going home alone as well.

M28DLTS told me about a girl he had shared a house with near the corner of the Nieuwendijk and Nieuwe Nieuwstraat, shortly before we had lived in the Vampire State Building at the other end of the Nieuwe Nieuwstraat. That was several years ago, and I had been oblivious then to the goings-on at the other end of the alley. The girl had been a virgin and not especially pretty but had still regularly complained about the approaches she received on the Nieuwendijk. I pointed out that she may have not so much been complaining as establishing her status, that she was

capable of attracting approaches, and M28DLTS agreed that this was a possibility. She had climbed into bed beside him several times but nothing had happened.

It seemed that love, when it did occur in Amsterdam amid the scrambling upwards through status relationships, often went unrequited. Females bathed in it and enjoyed the absolute control it gave them. One example was the older man and the hard girl F21DAOM in BIGBAR3, and I had a number of examples of my own.

As I write this I am aware of a change in myself, brought about by my activities. I have become keenly aware of the value of sexual currency and can appraise a woman at a glance. Meeting a woman I knew, F45A, on the Koningsplein earlier this day I had assessed her as a target instead of a friend. I am aware of men's reactions to women and increasingly conscious as I walk around my neighbourhood of bowed, sometimes sullen female heads, not looking around or directly lest they give a glance which might be construed as a signal. This is one of the reasons I want a young girl (or better, two!) to avoid all this, this hardness.

Soon I must come inside a female, one way or the other. Nowadays my underwear becomes soiled almost the instant I put it on. I have formulated my next experiment, which is intended to enable me to do just that in as short a time as possible. We shall see.

The next day I took a day off and it felt well-deserved. I donned my super-scruffy squatters' uniform and felt relieved at not having to worry about rejections from targets, mistargets or, worst of all, longing for missed ones. Half-jumping, half-striding down the steps of the house on my way to the post office F38PP, the characterful Polish prostitute who had put me on to the Leidseplein, called out as she crossed from one side of the street to the other. She was in her working clothes. I lunged towards her wielding the large envelope I was carrying, trying to hit her over the head with it; she dived playfully out of the way. Such was life on the street, but these moments of lightheartedness were rare. It was a business doing pleasure; fucking can be a business like any other.

SIZE. Now regarding size there is this to say: that if there is to be a standard by which couples are matched it should include this. Some women can hardly hope to be filled, and can also be small. Men vary much more, some being so small that their ego is bruised because of it and fear sexual activity lest the revelation lays them open to public ridicule. Other men are so large that it is with trepidation that they navigate a new partner. There are enormous variations in human sexuality. If these variations were translated to physical size, people would vary between being two and sixteen feet high. Such variations in height do not exist – but a

corresponding range in human sexuality, and male penis size, certainly does.

The relative body weight of males and females, as well as male genital size, could indicate how much force was used to achieve copulation during our evolutionary past. A heavy male would more easily overpower a female, while small male genital size would imply that the female more readily acquiesced, since it would be harder for a female to disengage herself from a larger male.

On the Leidseplein for several days was a man, short and stocky and probably of South American origin, pressing a notice into women's hands. I asked to see and a little reluctantly he showed it. It was a piece of cardboard on which was written "Big dick for sale, f5,-." I smiled and corrected "for sale" to "for hire" for him. He assured me that the dick really was big. Some time later I saw him again, sitting on the Leidseplein but by this time without the notice, and I asked him the outcome. He told me that eventually a German girl had assented; he gave a brief description and I wondered if it had been the dominant girl who had mentioned her cat and given me a tram hint. They had gone to the Vondelpark and done it behind some bushes. "Did you use a condom?" I asked but the question was redundant because I already knew the answer. I wanted to know whether he had received the f5,- and, laughing, he said "No."

The Signals Day

3 September 1992	F2-3D	Female, 2 or 3, Dutch
	F17BB/LS	Female, Brigitte Bardot/looking sad
	S14/F13	Signaller 14/Female, 13

ORIGIN OF SIGNALS. The evolutionary origin of female signalling is to announce her fertility, as a remnant from animal behaviour, at which time a signal would unambiguously indicate her readiness to procreate. In similar rudimentary terms the costs of sex for females are huge compared to those for males (the male can simply walk away), and hence the female has evolved mechanisms to provide her with control of sex. The ambiguity of signals can be used as an early test of the male to ensure his suitability as a mate, or equivalently, his susceptibility to manipulation by the female. That is, his fitness to care for both the female and their child after it is born.

Frequently the nature of a dysfunction provides an understanding of the normal process: when things go wrong it can demonstrate how things go right. Three situations in which the signal-response sequence goes wrong are given as examples.

A male responds to a deliberate female signal and approaches, and then the female badly feigns surprise that he has done so. Or the male might approach and then allude to the signal in the Approach Statement, and the female rather too strenuously denies it ('You were looking as if something was troubling you'; 'No I wasn't'), or she similarly denies issuing an obviously deliberate signal. Thirdly, in subsequent exchanges the female might seek to establish how much of the signal the male consciously perceived, and the male recognizes the purpose of the interrogation. By such means males can learn of female attraction by signals, although many males are apparently unaware that when they approach a female they almost invariably do so because a signal of some kind has been emitted. At whatever level, the male knows that the approach he is making is not an unwelcome one.

ACCIDENT SIGNAL. Signalling is a viable strategy. Consider a woman serving tea to a line of workmen. The men, perhaps 20 or 30 of them, file past the woman who is pouring tea into their mugs. One of the men she likes, and as she tilts the teapot to pour the tea she involuntarily spills it onto his hand instead: she has reflexively emitted the Accident Signal. The

man is scalded, the woman fusses apologetically and he reassures her that she should not worry; the caretaking instinct is inspired. Sometime later, as a result of this encounter they talk further, strike up a relationship, have sex and produce children. The gene which confers a propensity to signal in the female or, for the male, his propensity to respond to this particular signal in this particular way is transmitted to the next generation, and thus the signal-response couplet repeats. The tendency to signal is a potential reason why females (or even a male expressing the characteristic) should not pilot an aeroplane; if they were to signal at a critical moment many lives might be lost.

Another role of signals is to provide ramification in an evolutionary course, purely on the basis of mating signals. The obvious example is birdsong. A mating signal can completely differentiate two seemingly identical varieties of birds, and thus a branch is provided for other features to evolve.

In mammals the default state is to be female, and it is the female that signals, while in birds the default state is to be male and it is the male that signals. The default state in both birds and mammals is to signal. Clearly signals have a role in mating selection in animals, birds and humans. Human females may determine whom they like and dislike by signals.

SIGNALS DAY. The bottom of the Nieuwendijk was entered with the intention of responding to any deliberate female signal with "Hello, my name is Simon, may we have good and safe sex together?" but it didn't work out. My plan was to only respond to deliberate signals, not to honest or accidental ones from females outside my target specification. My target specification was still intact, if slightly vague, and I intended to maintain my search for a female compatible with it. I was thus attempting a double strategy: responding to deliberate signals for sex and to honest or no signals from one of the major templates for coffee or a talk. Supposedly therefore I should have double the chance of success. Either it was Sod's Law, that on the very day that I was looking for signals there were none that I expected, or that I was looking for them could be ascertained by the females and they were made more subtle as a consequence.

A girl, whom I took to be a tourist, and not bad-looking, was looking at me. There was an exchange of glances and hesitation (S1) in the course of her slow walk. A probably honest missed signal; I walked on, later regretting it. A woman put her tongue out at me (S2, this signal is given by prostitutes to clients they particularly want) but she was not attractive. She had red spots on her face and was among a group of three standing at the side; I was not brash enough (nor in this case, motivated enough) to go to one of a group with a direct proposition. S3 was an exchange of smiles with a girl with a dog. I followed after a short delay but she met three

males, evidently known to her, coming from the other direction. The crowd had thinned and I had been close to approaching; I stopped for a few moments and felt conspicuous, standing there. I turned and walked back up the Nieuwendijk again.

The next two signals were definitely worthy of note. I crossed Dam Square heading towards the Kalverstraat and saw an attractive woman of about 32 with silvery-blond hair and a neat figure in a green dress give S4, the 'flicking of long hair with hand' signal at the top corner of the Square. I changed direction to follow her back. The hair flicking was repeated a couple of times. As we entered the top of the shopping mall our walking speed moderated; she had been walking briskly and it seemed that as I slowed down on entry to the Nieuwendijk she did also.

At this point I became confused as to how she had managed to see me, if such was the case; she had looked sideways a couple of times but never back. Then she sped away again, putting on a burst of speed after I had missed the moment to approach. I looked to the side and saw the crowd reflected back in the shop windows: the throngs of people could clearly be seen, with my own figure prominent among them. She had been using the plate glass windows as rear-view mirrors. Maybe so was everyone else, they weren't so much looking at the items on display as the other people and themselves among them. The sight of the reflected crowds together with this realization inspired a strong sense of surreality.

The fifth signal, S5, was especially interesting and evoked a strong response. It consisted of a downturned head and widening of the eyes while observing me in peripheral vision. Her central view would have been the calves of the people in front, the crowd having thinned again. It came from a woman with a light complexion, buxom with long hair swept back over her head, maybe 30, wearing a light blue dress. I followed her a considerable distance up the Kalverstraat and along the Spui, right to the top of the Nieuwezijds Voorburgwal. As she walked rapidly along she looked back and smiled at me over her shoulder, but she was going too quickly for me to catch up without breaking into a run. I stayed with her, following behind, until she crossed the Nieuwezijds Voorburgwal and stood at a tram stop in the middle of the road, joining about half a dozen others standing there. As I saw the other people self-consciousness overtook and I abandoned.

There was another exchange of glances S6 at the Leidseplein. She was a soft-looking young woman, a brunette, and among a group of three, standing near a tram shelter. That she was among a group made an approach harder and I was also distracted by one of a pair of girls I could see through the glass sides of yet another tram shelter.

After leaving the Leidseplein, passing through the Heiligeweg, a girl emerged from a shop smiling and laughing with her friend. It was

obviously from some joke that had taken place inside but immediately the girl saw me looking she altered her face to look serious, lest her smiles be interpreted as a signal and she would receive an unwelcome approach. By this time I was getting pretty weary of the signals idea; it was ridiculous that the girl had felt unable to laugh without fear of it being construed as a come-on.

Shortly afterwards I got a smile S7 while being observed in peripheral vision. At the very top of the Nieuwendijk again, as it spills onto Dam Square, I received a faint smile and an expectant look S8 from a woman who was perhaps of similar type to S4; she was either stopped or ready to stop, coming from the opposite direction. However by this time I was thoroughly tired of signals and walked down the Nieuwendijk towards my coffee break hoping not to see any.

A few minutes later I saw two males being paraded. Two normal-looking Dutch boys, one with long blond hair in a pony tail, were with two girls; a girl with long blonde hair appeared to be dominant. She looked at me several times. They walked as two boy-girl couples, talking to each other, down the Nieuwendijk until stopping at the bend near the bottom, leaning against *Amsterdammertjes*. Presumably they were discussing what to do. I was standing at my turn-off point some distance away and looked at them once or twice but, seeing that the blonde was noticing every glance I took, tried to ignore them, anxious not to let them know that they were being observed. Shortly afterwards the four came back up and passed me, except this time the girls walked beside each other, closely followed by the boys.

Ten minutes remained before my first two-hour tour of duty was up, so I made some notes and watched. The template problem was worsening: the delay between seeing a girl and identifying her as a target was getting longer instead of shorter. Targets were being lost simply by my being too slow. This was precisely the case here, in an interesting situation involving multiple targets.

As I was leaning against the wooden partition between a stall and a shop, a blonde Brigitte Bardot-looking type F17BB/LS came walking down. She either reminded me of, or possibly even gave, the grade 1 extremely strong Looking Sad Signal and eventually I moved off in pursuit. The delay was partly due to being distracted by the stall-holder, whom I had just noticed being aware of me and, no doubt, approximately what I was up to. No sooner had I started off, almost certainly too late to catch F17BB/LS, when along came the most delicious young tall tan-skinned and soft-looking girl in a dress. I was already on course for F17BB/LS and turning back meant again crossing the field of view of the stall-holder. I was lost in confusion and by the time I had recovered any sense at all, both targets were well out of range.

THE MULTIPLEX CASE. After attending to some business matters, making a couple of photocopies, I went to Coffeeshop CS3 on the Nieuwezijds Voorburgwal. The following was termed the Multiplex Case because of its multi-faceted nature, particularly in regard to the operation of the template. However the encounter became significant in another respect also.

The visit to the coffeeshop was for a change during the break. I had been finding it really hard and wanted some sort of indulgence. There I almost propositioned an unattractive and unaccompanied American tourist sitting nearby; there was an uncomfortable silence as I thought about it and glanced over a couple of times. Moments after leaving CS3 I saw, just for an instant before she disappeared behind a stopping tram, an attractive girl in baggy denims slightly evocative of a pair of pyjamas. She was standing on a pedestrian island waiting for the tram to pass while I was stationary on the other side of the road. Whether her being out of sight enabled me to make the approach decision without distraction, or that she was alone with comparatively few people around, or that the preceding template had been modified downwards by the unattractive American I do not know. However I targeted her in less than a second before she was obscured and made the approach decision in the 2-3 seconds it took the tram to accelerate away. As she walked by I said "I'd like to talk to you."

GENERAL MUTATION OF HANDLES TO MARKERS. Then something apparently quite trivial happened but which was actually astonishing. Ignored, I followed her a few metres and said something further. "I'm... I'm with someone" she said. "OK, never mind, bye" I replied and resumed my course. This time I had not cared about the people I knew would be looking on, either from the terrace of CS3, the tram stop or the other places nearby. I felt like a battleship firing wildly in all directions but at least I had got the first approach of the day out of the way.

The astounding thing was the rarity of this response. She had translated a Dutch equivalent of 'I'm spoken for,' meaning 'I have a partner already,' into English and said "I'm with someone," which I had readily understood. By this stage I had approached scores of girls, it must be nearing a hundred, and I had never yet been told that my proposal was being refused because of a boyfriend. I could not remember any target ever saying or implying she had a boyfriend during any experiment up to this point. It had been evident however that the demeanour of couples in Amsterdam were not the easy movements of two people who knew and had the freedom of each other's bodies.

SECOND SESSION. The second session was again interesting albeit rather painful to relate and I considered not doing so, save that one event appears so fundamental to the issue at hand that its neglect could be detrimental to

its understanding. No matter how hard I have tried not to distress my targets it seems that it could not completely be prevented, cannot always be avoided. It caused me a considerable amount of disquiet also, possibly more or for longer afterwards than to my target.

Having accomplished the first approach the start of the second session became easier. Shortly after re-entering the Nieuwendijk I targeted a slim young black girl in woollen tights in whom I detected something of an exaggerated walk. She turned down an alley heading for the Damrak and I followed. When she disappeared around the corner at the far end I, now out of sight, ran most of its length to close the distance between us. She crossed the Damrak heading, I thought, for the Red Light District but her actual destination was some telephone kiosks opposite, which were occupied. Around there I approached: "Excuse me, may I walk with you?" "No." "OK, see you" and I went to stand to one side. She gave up waiting for a telephone, expressing some agitation as she did so, then returned to the other side of the Damrak where I saw her walk in profile, heading towards Centraal Station. The exaggerated walk was due to the large new shoes she was wearing, was accidental and possibly had attracted more approaches than she was comfortable with. It may have been an inadvertent issuing of the Fertile Signal.

THE BLUE MAN. Returning to my normal path, on the Kalverstraat I stopped to watch a street entertainer. He was a familiar face, seen several times before including earlier that day, just as he was preparing to start. Tall with a shaved head and dressed in black and white, he cut a distinctive figure. His routine was to stand at the side gesticulating with maniacal facial expressions holding a small jug in one hand. The crowds would gather to watch and when someone dropped a coin in his jug he would, after performing in complete silence, shout "*Dank U!*" (a formal thank you). This would be delivered at the top of his voice, startling the giver (and often spraying his benefactor with saliva), to the delight of the onlookers.

Two girls were on the far side of the crowd; one blonde, one with long black hair. None of the spectators had thought to put anything into his jug so I dug out a coin and gently pushed my way through, dropped it in and turned away quickly to avoid the blast. "*Dank U!*" was delivered as anticipated and the crowd smiled in appreciation.

When the girls moved off so did I; a few moments later I said "He does that all the time" to the nearest and a conversation began. One was from Rotterdam, one from Gouda. 'Done them' I thought, thinking of P1, and knew that the chances of scoring another double, that is a Pair, were minute. We walked for a while and then the dark one, farthest away, suggested they go into a shop. "Maybe I'll see you later" I said; I needed

time to think about whether to stick with them or not and a few seconds later decided against it. I wanted an Amsterdam girl, even though falling into conversation with one seemed considerably harder than with girls from out of town, like these two.

S14/F13. Then I talked to another couple of girls, one of whom, S14/F13, looked like a definite target. How the conversation started I cannot remember because its memory was obliterated by the subsequent traumatic events. My target was a young but exceptionally tall girl, tan-skinned, wearing too much makeup. She didn't need the makeup, she was beautiful already. We may have walked a short distance together and I remember them sitting on a bench outside a shop. The non-target said "We're waiting for our parents" but I was undeterred; I stood a little distance away, talking sporadically. Shortly a mother appeared and I moved to sit on an adjacent bench to make some notes. After scribbling something, more for show than anything else, and doing nothing for a couple of minutes I returned to stand a small distance away from my target and her friend, to talk. Light-heartedly I made a comment about a dog that had just messed some distance down the Kalverstraat; we should look out for the first person to stand in it, I said. The mother, seated nearby, wanted the conversation recounted. I thought of a pleasant story to tell, but for some reason did not say it, neither did I ask, as had occurred to me, whether I could join my target and her friend on the bench. To my surprise it seemed not to be the presence of the parent which made me break with "Hey, see you" some moments later, but the tension; not enough had been said. My target seemed to have thought of something to say as well but had stopped short of saying it.

I walked up and around the corner, following the Singel, intending to go to the Leidseplein but instead turned back to return to where I had left my target, regretting that I had broken. I hoped to see them still on the bench and if so I would offer them tea from the thermos I was carrying, although less now for experimental purposes than for myself.

A few seconds later I met them at the Koningsplein, coming in the opposite direction amid a crowd of people. We said our "Hello's" and then I said to my target "Can I walk with you?" "Yes... no.. Oh!" she replied in quick succession, then recoiled violently almost a metre away towards a shop window, very nearly crashing into it. Then she lurched rapidly forward towards her friend, almost colliding with some people in front. I remember in a flash of panic at this moment thinking that the people ahead might be more parents.

When she said yes I had smiled, I think bashfully. Maybe the smile was misinterpreted as a smirk; I do not know, but her convulsion stopped me dead in my tracks. I had looked at her, confused, as she recoiled away.

About 20m away, near the entrance to a bookshop on the corner of the Herengracht, her friend stood out from the stream of people – I think she and S14/F13 were stopped – and she looked back. I stood there, smiling stupidly, not knowing what else to do. It occurred to me to run after them but did not, fearing that this might provoke another extreme reaction. I just stood there with an inane smile on my face. What I did next I cannot recall. This incident caused me to fret intensely and it was the first thing to come into my mind when I awoke the following day.

Sometime later I went to drink tea at the Leidseplein. On the way a shower started and out of my bag came my extendible umbrella, the one I had found in the Telehouse that spring. It had now just become September. Right on the approach to the Leidseplein, as the Leidsestraat emerges onto it, was an attractive girl and we glanced at each other and exchanged smiles. We both ended up in a tram shelter, I with some indecision; I hesitated about following her inside even though it had been my intention to sit in a tram shelter in case of rain. Despite the crowd a spare seat remained at the back, and in fumbling fashion I made my way to it and sat down. The girl with whom I had exchanged smiles was standing next to my seat and we faced the backs of the others.

PROCLAMATION OF ENHANCEMENT. SIGNALS AS FASHION. After a few sips of tea I tapped the girl on the sleeve, gesticulating with my finger and the cup to enquire whether she would like some. "*Nee, dank je*" (No, thank you) came the spoken reply. Immediately I returned my attention to a young blonde standing in front, or rather her behind: light blue jeans with a wide tear at the top of one leg, exposing a tasteful curve of lower buttock dressed in red knickers. Such displays were a common fashion of the season.

Possibly males are deficient compared to females in their ability to recognize faces. If this is true in general, then an advantageous strategy for males, particularly if a female is being followed, is to isolate some readily identifiable feature. This might be a colourful or unusual hat, an item carried (like T7/F20 with her picture frame), a distinctive item of clothing or her particular shape. Ease of targeting is an obvious potential origin of blonde hair as a successful evolution strategy.

Females' tendency to frequently change their appearance rendered male targeting more difficult. Clothes are changed often, by convention and by fashion. It was obvious that modes of signalling were being adopted as fashions and that this was a mechanism by which the ambiguity of certain signals was being increased. There were the provocative styles such as hot pants, mini-skirts or a rip in the backside of a pair of jeans, as in this case. The latter in particular seemed certain to have begun as a signal and then been adopted as a fashion.

WORKMAN HUNTER. Slightly annoyed that the girl I had offered tea to had broken the conspiratorial silence into which I had tried to draw her, I sipped my tea and had a smoke. She should have just smiled and shaken her head. A tram came, the crowd dispersed onto it and I was left to contemplate the joyless Leidseplein and the sky, formerly a uniform grey, turning black. I felt like a workman, and one that was doing a horrible job.

FORMALIZATION OF HUNTING. The following is a formal listing of the distinct stages.

1. Settle in a suitable place;
2. Watch: observe passers-by, scanning for a target;
3. Recognize (Template);
4. Spring-off: move off in pursuit;
5. Advance: follow, preferably aided by some readily distinguishable feature;
6. Validation: check that the target is a correct one;
7. Approach: make an Approach Statement;
8. Presentation: impress the personality on the target. If the encounter is extended, there can be an urge to break;
9. Consolidation: The First Move is made and accepted, so that the relationship is unambiguously elevated to the emotional level;
10. Consummation: copulation takes place.

I wandered back, everything else and the weather were too much for me. On the Kalverstraat I stopped to watch a terribly pretty, fair-skinned girl with short black hair who had immediately captivated me. She was with her boyfriend but I wanted to look at her nevertheless. I was standing with my back against a wall with the girl and her boyfriend opposite; she sometimes watched me over her boyfriend's shoulder as they kissed. They stayed, I suspect at her direction, and I watched, on and off, for some minutes. At the Koningsplein earlier that day I had seen an attractive girl of about 17 with generous, pointed breasts beneath a white cotton blouse holding the hand of a pensive-looking young male, with a group of other young males in train. She had positively gloated at me.

F2-3D. A man came close with a baby girl in a pushchair and paused awhile. The toddler was looking at me and I gave her a broad smile. She turned her face forcefully sideways, backing deep into the pram in shyness, and I looked away. The girl opposite continued taking glances, even deliberate stares, at me while snogging her boyfriend. The little girl in the pram said "*Bent je alleen?*" (Are you alone?) as her father pushed her away.

"Ja" (Yes) I replied, the father smiled. Was my status really so obvious, even to a 2 or 3 year-old girl? Yes, it was.

I was the Hunter, familiar now to the street entertainers and stall-holders and observed in reflection in shop windows with conspicuous regularity. My frequent appearances would be interpreted either as profound inability or exceptional promiscuity. The people to whom I was becoming familiar would conclude that my persistence was due either to a singular lack of success or that I was taking home a different woman every day.

While hunting I would sometimes smile at children, or stroke passing dogs; these provided an opportunity for a safe release of tension. I would talk to children because I could just talk, and did not have to worry about any sexual implications being considered by the child I was talking to, at least not usually. Similarly I would sometimes stop and offer help to tourists. The benefit of this was to have a short break and perhaps a period of relatively normal human interaction with someone from outside Amsterdam, but my help was often refused due to suspicion of my motives.

I would be conspicuous to other males also, my forced suppression of self-consciousness (in which I succeeded most of the time) singled me out. Other males could learn from me and start with the confidence of 'I can do better than that.' I was operating under practically the most arduous conditions possible: this was Amsterdam, where sex had become a commodity, the girls were as hard as nails, it was the end of the season and the weather was depressing.

ANALYSIS. As to the analysis of this day's events, a number of things were clear. I had become (or was) conspicuous, that much was obvious. I was tired and under stress; I am not unused to being on the edge of mental instability, am able to rationalize it and can even exploit it. Its outward expression by the manner of my entry to the tram shelter was an uncommon manifestation of it. As I fumbled to the one available seat, past several people and accidentally jostling a couple of them, I might easily have been taken to be someone erratic. In me it was the result of stress and fatigue.

RESPONSE TO SIGNALS. I forced myself to stick to two two-hour sessions this Signals Day. In the first I made several attempts to respond to signals but could not find it in myself to approach. It feels slightly like a lack of courage but it isn't; I have done a number of courageous things which refute any accusation of faint-heartedness. Perhaps the strongest signal should evoke the strongest response, or the most expertly ambiguous signal a more subtle one. The latter is in reality a strong signal, so contrarily a direct proposal (a strong response) may be required – I can't work it out. I

can see that responding to female signals may be a viable and even promising male strategy, but for myself I appear unable to if in conscious control, and in this respect I seem to be exceptional.

Close to my university finals a female lecturer gave a hint about a question to be set in one of the papers. I, apparently alone, did not understand her message and when it appeared I was unable to complete it.

End of season Amsterdam was a stringent setting for these investigations. In my inability to respond to female signals I was an extreme case in an extreme situation and thus doubly interesting for objective study. An explanation for my inability to respond to female signals may be that I am attempting to overcome neurosis by reason, and thus the only actions I take are deliberate and by will. This is not instinctive nor fast enough for females, who interpret the delay as indecision and uncomplimentary to them.

Shortly afterwards I learnt that Signaller 3 was a successful street beggar, an Austrian who commuted to her 'work' daily from a satellite town. Needless to say, all the females who appeared to deliberately signal were outside my target specification, but many I would happily have taken had it been done differently, say in a different situation, or if the woman had made an approach and impressed her desire on me. A couple of the signallers had been wearing grey, woollen body-hugging dresses and several were very attractive women.

- S1 Exchange of glances and hesitation
- S2 Tongue out
- S3 Smile from beggar girl with dog
- S4 Good-looking rear-viewing woman
- S5 Widening of eyes while using peripheral vision
- S6 Exchange of glances at Leidseplein
- S7 Smile while using peripheral vision
- S8 Soft smile and look expectant
- S9 F17BB/LS
- S10 Soft girl in dress
- S11 Lone American in coffeeshop
- S12 Baggy denims
- S13 Bouncing walk
- S14/F13 Virginal girl
- S15 Offer of drink in tram shelter
- S16 Torn jeans in tram shelter

Of the signals I received during the first session there is no way of knowing how many were real opportunities or merely a tease, intended only to

generate a tale (perhaps, or probably) to be related to another female ('I nearly caught a hunter on the Kalverstraat today, he followed me all the way to the tramstop'). How many, if any, of the signals were merely provocation, intended to test her ability to attract or cause me discomfort, is impossible to say. Or similarly, if opportunities, whether they were for sex or a relationship or whether a commitment to one was a prerequisite for the other, and so on. It is clear from these signals and my earlier observations that sex could be obtained within a short time of an approach (TBF of a matter of hours or less). How many of the signals I received in the first session would have led to sex, which I definitely wanted, I cannot tell. A guess might be 2 or 3. At least during this session I gathered several new signals to add to my list.

When I saw a signal, even though I had intended to react to any deliberate signal regardless of from whom it came, I could not stop myself appraising the signaller and imagining what it would be like to have sex with her. There was the additional complication that I had intended to respond only to deliberate signals, not to honest or accidental ones, and had therefore to try to determine the nature of the signal before responding. The signals which I did respond most to, following the signaller some distance, were S4, S5 and S13. Many were certainly deliberate signals. I followed S5 the farthest.

By the end of the first session I had decided to abandon looking for female signals altogether, although I was developing some interesting theories about them. It was difficult enough coping with a single strategy, never mind trying to execute two at the same time.

What was clear was that here on the shopping streets of Amsterdam, now my hunting ground, was every kind of female from the most experienced predator, who could target and signal a promising male in a matter of seconds, to the most delicate and uncertain heart, a flower just beginning to open. I was prepared for the sadness of a parting from a woman who would have preferred to keep me. Even then, I would have been very tempted to continue a relationship with a mature woman, well outside my target specification, if she had been willing and likeable and attractive. I was certainly not prepared to inflict damage on a young, virginal girl whom I was already beginning to adore.

VIRGINS. I have thought about whether S14/F13 was a mistarget or not. I wanted a young girlfriend but had no particular desire for a virgin. It seems that girls lose their virginity in two ways. Sometimes they prefer that their first sexual partner be someone who is transient and easily disposed of, to keep an untainted and partially imagined evocation of a stranger, without the untidiness of the collapse of a longer relationship, remembered as vividly as the loss of their virginity. Alternatively they may wish only to

give themselves that first time to a trusted and steady partner.

S14/F13 was probably on one of her first days out, the excessive makeup a clear sign of her inexperience and that she wanted a boyfriend, or at least male attention. In the second meeting she had broken the first rule – she had said yes, given the game away, lost control. The recoil was the tension which had been released, or in fear of what might happen after control was lost.

The stress experienced by the male when approaching a valid target explains a great deal of male mistargeting. There is a profound and irrecusable contrast between the willingness with which this male for one will stop to examine some interesting or possibly useful item on the street, or stroke a friendly dog, and the caution I felt about approaching an interesting girl and investigating further. The reason would seem to be that things and friendly dogs, unlike females, do not bite, but the precise nature of this bite is as yet unclear.

FIRST MINDFUCK. Afterwards, due to that stupid smile, it felt like I had done a mindfuck, the last resort of the scoundrel; I was that scoundrel. As if all I wanted was to play the game to advantage and then, with minimal cost and causing maximum hurt, callously to abandon. Perhaps she was naturally tense but still I would have given a great deal to see her again, to make it up. I think I would prefer to remain as naïve and unsophisticated in these matters as she evidently was, but knew that this was incompatible with my objectives.

MORE NORMALIZATIONS. The following rules are tentatively proposed:

1. For myself, ignore all female signals, especially while hunting;
2. Remain inconspicuous;
3. Tell Don't Ask. For example, not 'Can I walk with you?' but 'I'll walk with you a little while, if you don't mind.' Not 'Can I buy you a drink?' but 'I'll buy you a drink and talk to you. What would you like?'

PROCLAMATION OF ENHANCEMENT. The girl standing next to me in the tram shelter, finding herself enhanced by a proposal, had been unable to contain it, breaking the silence and announcing it publicly to eight or more others within hearing. This had been her motivation in speaking, rather than merely gesturing; she had been making her enhanced status public.

PoE, IPoE, ToD and IToD. Her reaction was comparable to that of the breast-rubbing American girl in BIGBAR3; both had been eager to advertise that a proposal had been made. There appears to be a family of functions: Proclamation of Enhancement, Inverted Proclamation of Enhancement, Transmission of Diminishment and Inverted Transmission of Diminishment.

ToD is trivial and is just looking disgruntled or sad. PoE is commonly expressed by females; a girl telling her peers that she may be pregnant appears to be a common form of PoE in adolescent females.

Inverted Transmission of Diminishment may be predominantly male (certainly in the circumstances detailed here) but it has also been observed in females. A form of IToD is a male smiling after rejection, even though doing so feels most inappropriate. PoE is usually verbal while IToD is verbal in its strongest expression.

In IPoE the female complains about a proposal being made as a pretext for recounting it.

INTENTIONS AND OBJECTIVES. And now it seems that I have done enough writing and am tired of it, being that I experiment one afternoon and spend two days writing it up, even using the fact that I have not fully documented the last experiment as an excuse not to go out and try again. The purpose of this narrative is not to give a personal account but to detail the sometimes painful process of finding a companion and provide a deeper understanding of the mechanisms involved. An obvious objective is to make sex easier. There is a great deal of unhappiness in human relationships: there is loneliness, misery and frustration felt by both men and women and the time has come to honestly examine the gamut of human instinctive drives and needs, so that new structures and improved practices in social intercourse can be applied.

JEREMY BENTHAM (1748-1832). M53I showed me a dictionary entry on Benthamism and I realized that this was the philosophy I had independently and unwittingly adopted:

Jeremy Bentham was an English radical jurist and philosopher. His utilitarian doctrine rests on the arithmetical calculability of the pleasure principle, that "Men seek pleasure and avoid pain." According to Bentham, the test of an institution's utility lies in how far it tends to promote "The greatest happiness of the greatest number," which can be measured. Bentham's philosophy produced many reforms in English law. His works include *Introduction to the Principles of Morals and*

Legislation published in 1789. He founded University College, London. (From the Longman Modern English Dictionary.)

I intend to put the finishing touches to my new hunting skill, to practise but not, I think, to learn much more; the law of diminishing returns applies. Now I will concentrate on some theoretical aspects, especially since I have a promising new avenue to explore concerning neurosis, and perhaps also I would like a little privacy now.

The Theory and Practice of Signals

September 1992

The more masculine the society the less ambiguous are the signals. Thus in a more aggressive society the signals will be less subtle. One of the reasons females are attracted to males is because their signals are plain and uncomplicated.

All signals have at least two meanings. Comparatively unambiguous signals include the wave and the smile, but even these have multiple meanings. Interpretations of a simple smile include:

1. Happiness: 'I'm happy';
2. Conceit: 'I'm gloating';
3. Obfuscation: 'I don't want you to see that I'm upset';
4. Confusion: 'I don't know what else to do';
5. Nothing: the smile is a habitual and compulsive response in synchronization with others, particularly females, who inspire it.

INTEGRITY OF COMMUNICATIONS. Signals are already the most ambiguous and least reliable form of communication and can be so expertly subtle as to be sly and almost reptilian in character: *subtile*. However signals are the fastest form of communication between people. Different forms of communication possess different levels of integrity.

Signals: Least precise, fast;

Speech: Fast, interruptible by dysfunction;

Writing: Most precise, slow, deliberate, easily enforceable (e.g. contracts).

BASIC CATEGORIES OF SIGNALS. The analysis of signals, which are inherently ambiguous, is perforce difficult but nonetheless the following is a determined attempt. Given the ambivalent nature of signals the following categorization is a considerable achievement.

A signal is called *discriminate* if it is directed at a particular individual and *indiscriminate* if it is not. The four signal groups – *Honest*, *Erroneous*, *False* and *Dysfunctional* – are divided into two major categories, the Valid

Group and the Invalid Group. A signal is called valid (“soundly based”) if it has a sincere origin. Honest and Erroneous signals are valid while False and Dysfunctional signals are not. All signals are compulsive to a greater or lesser extent.

THE BASIC SIGNAL. The proposed Basic Signal is looking or pointing at something for someone to respond by doing something with it. Examples are a guest looking at a kettle as a cue for the host to take it off the boil, or pointing to a lighter to have it passed to the hand.

SIGNALS. By signals may be meant ‘body language’ but a distinction is made between body language and signals: we shall say that signals are relational (that is, sexual) and often discriminate, while ‘body language’ refers to non-sexual signals generally. An example of a non-sexual signal is putting a hand over the mouth while speaking, which can inspire distrust. Here we are primarily concerned with sexual signals, with a small number of other signals mentioned because of their especial significance.

This distinction between signals and body language is comparable to Darwin’s Primary and Secondary Sexual Characters. In his scheme the female breast is a Primary Sexual Character, being directly connected with reproduction, while the male beard, which is not, is a Secondary one.

The following is a listing of the various forms of female signalling in a tentative (and somewhat arbitrary) order of importance:

1. Signals proper – mostly discriminate, especially those employing the eyes;
2. Dress – mode of dress – indiscriminate;
3. Location – where the female is – indiscriminate;
4. Accompanied – whether she is accompanied and by whom – indiscriminate;
5. Smell – artificial or natural smells – both discriminate and indiscriminate.

HONEST SIGNALS. Honest signals are involuntary and normally unconscious. This category includes displays of bashfulness or shyness, indications of emotion and accidents which are signals for male help. Honest signals are valid.

ERRONEOUS SIGNALS. Erroneous Signals are uninhibited, valid but inappropriate. A decision is likely to have been made not to inhibit them: they may be deliberately uninhibited. This is what is meant here by deliberate signals.

It may be debatable whether mistakes occur in signals at all; in a

thoroughly well-adjusted individual all signals might be Honest, but ambiguity may be an essential component of human relationships. It might even be that an individual who was so perfectly well-adjusted as to only emit Honest Signals would be so dull that you would not wish to know them.

Erroneous Signals are valid but should not be emitted. There can be a conscious recognition of the innate tendency to signal with, at the same time, an awareness that some signals should be suppressed. A decision is made whether to emit the signal or not. Habit also plays a role in the inhibition of signals. In other words, Erroneous Signals are consciously or habitually uninhibited.

A female, when emitting an Erroneous Signal to a male, has no capacity or intention to accede to the proposal which is made in response to it. The signal is certainly valid; she is genuinely attracted to the male and has indicated that attraction: this was the instigation of the signal. However a distinction can be made between a signal which starts involuntarily and is thereafter restrained and one which starts involuntarily and finishes deliberately. These two cases can be distinguished. The former is an Honest Signal combination while the latter is Erroneous and it is simply that the individual was too lazy or self-indulgent to restrain it. A proposal might be made in response to an Erroneous Signal but be rejected; the female may be signalling when she already has a partner, for example. This is one exemplar for the Erroneous Signal. Another, more controversially, is a girl-child giving the Open Legs Signal.

In another common scenario, the male response to a signal is rejected or rendered ineffective (and thus the signal is rendered Erroneous) by the pre-emptive reply of a female companion.

FALSE SIGNALS. Some animals, birds and even insects emit False Signals as part of their normal strategy, particularly as a defence mechanism. In humans, False Signals may be consciously deliberate; they are often knowingly emitted as invalid whether their emission is intentional or not. False signals are purposefully, but not necessarily deliberately, invalid.

THE BASIC FALSE SIGNAL. The Basic False Signal is leaving a light on when no-one is at home, due to a rational or irrational fear of being burgled. Clearly something is amiss in its origination: either the fear is rational, in which case there is too much crime, or it is irrational, in which case there is too much fear.

The smile exhibited by a male following rejection by a female in Inverted Transmission of Diminishment is proposed as another example of the False Signal: the signal is invalid but not dysfunctional.

DYSFUNCTIONAL SIGNALS. Dysfunctional Signals are involuntary, compulsive and invalid. Dysfunctional signalling may be due to subconscious emotional confusion. This acute form of signalling may arise from sexual abuse, sexual disorder and possibly also excessive neurosis. It certainly seems that a particular kind of excessive signalling is indicative of abuse in childhood: then it seems that dysfunctional signalling is more pronounced and the harm the more severe the earlier the abuse takes place. The signalling appears to be for attention or sex or, very likely, a confusion between the two. In this case the signals are likely to be valid for attention but invalid for sex.

Nail-biting could be a form of dysfunctional signalling and possibly also a mild expression of self-injurious behaviour. It is obviously an inappropriate expression of the animal preening instinct (e.g. of fur or feathers).

SUMMARY OF SIGNAL GROUPS. For clarity the following summary is made.

1. Honest Signals – valid;
2. Erroneous Signals – valid but inappropriate;
3. False Signals – purposefully invalid;
4. Dysfunctional Signals – invalid and emitted due to dysfunction.

Postulated classifications of the smiles at the beginning of this section are thus as follows:

1. Happiness: Honest;
2. Conceit: Erroneous;
3. Obfuscation: False;
4. Confusion: Dysfunctional;
5. Nothing: Erroneous.

SIGNALS LIST. The following is a listing of the different signals, mainly female, which have been identified and collected.

ACCIDENT. Things being dropped, bicycle accidents and similar mishaps. An example and discussion appears early in Section 10.

ASSENT. The female transmits her decision to accept the male for sex. Unless he says or does something wrong he will be successful. This signal can be especially subtle and its precise nature is as yet unclear.

BLANCH (OBSERVATION ACKNOWLEDGE, M/F). Literally to whiten, to turn pale, but by this is meant a visible involuntary facial signal made, for example, in reaction to the good looks of another. The upper lip may tremble, the mouth open slightly or the eyelids flicker. It may be one of a small subset of signals which are emitted equally by males and females.

BODY POUT (OBSERVATION ACKNOWLEDGE). A part of the female's body is protruded or displayed.

BODY TREMOR. The body is rocked from side to side to emphasize the breasts.

BRIGHTENING. The female becomes alert, her posture stiffens and becomes more upright, she smiles or intensifies her smile and in this manner indicates her receptive state as a target male enters her vicinity or advances.

CHALLENGE (M/F). Challenges are expressions of defiance and can take subtle as well as overt forms. One kind of Challenge Signal is exemplified by a girl putting her nose in the air and adopting a posture of playful disdain to her boyfriend, which invites a response. Other characteristic examples are a woman ostentatiously leaning back on a chair while operating a computer, or arrogantly leaning against a photocopy machine which is in operation. The presence of a male is required for the signal to be emitted but in the presence of a perceptive one such displays are usually short-lived.

Overt Challenge Signals are impelling: they demand a response. They require attention, and secure a relationship by the involvement they demand; they can instigate or perpetuate a relationship. Challenges call for a limit to be imposed, pleading for the boundaries of acceptable behaviour to be made explicit. It may be an unconscious request for subjugation. Overt Challenges can take the form of confrontations of authority such as public demonstrations and subversive acts; they are ambiguous in intention if not in form. A good example of a male expression of the Overt Challenge Signal is knocking off a policeman's helmet.

Challenge Signals are a means by which power can be continually tested and incremented when a response is not forthcoming.

CLICK. The female transmits her realization that she is being manoeuvred into a position where sex could take place. The precise nature of this signal is as yet unclear. It is usually similar in degree to Assent.

COLLISION. A female attempts to intercept a target male with the intention of initiating a conversation in response to the encounter. Typically the female's eyes are set in a vague direction and she walks on an intersecting course in order to collide with or interrupt the course of the male, thus provoking a conversation. A comment might be made and the conversation then extended. In advanced form the female can deliberately collide with a male carrying a pile of papers and then help him pick them up.

EXAGGERATED BEHAVIOUR IN ALIEN CULTURE, EBIAAC. A most distinctive instance was by one of a bevy of Middle Eastern (probably Iranian) women dressed in robes and traditional headscarves walking along the Nieuwendijk. One broke away from the rest and gave me a very pronounced Collision Signal; it was very obvious. This was similar in degree to Arabic women shoplifters in London. These women, even including the wives and daughters of diplomats and dignitaries, learning of the practice of shoplifting among the indigenous population, went at it with a vengeance, their enthusiasm apparently being in direct proportion to its prohibition in the culture from which they had come.

Germans could be forcefully uninhibited when they came to Amsterdam. It seemed that whatever behaviour was repressed in their home culture was expressed in exaggerated form in an environment in which it was not. These few reports of this effect are undoubtedly unsystematic, and in isolation might be regarded as unreliable, but in each case there is a consistent pattern. The phenomenon is evident among many different cultures.

A further example was British and other white emigrants to South Africa during apartheid. Reportedly they would spend their first year in righteous indignation, saying how disgraceful the system was and refusing to have coloured servants. After a year or so however their views would be revised and house servants, a luxury for the fairly ordinary people who would otherwise have no prospect of such convenience, would be accommodated. They would then treat them with less consideration and often more violently than the indigenous white South Africans who had grown up with the system.

DIRECT LOOK. Females tend to reserve direct eye contact for attraction and can go to quite absurd lengths to avoid eye contact, including using shop windows and mirrors for indirect observation. Occasionally there was accidental eye contact followed by a display of nervousness or embarrassment. A common occurrence was the very subtle and proficient 'merging away' of a female's eyes if a male returned her look or stare (see Rapid Look Away). There were also exaggerated swings of the head as a female eagerly sought my image in a shop window as I passed by. Females

tended to only meet the eyes of a male when they were accompanied by males, were behind the wheel of a car or were pushing a pram.

DOUBLE BLINK. Both eyes are blinked simultaneously, usually deliberately. It is chiefly a signal of affection and sufficiently non-sexual that in Amsterdam it was sometimes given by males to each other, especially on parting. It was a female signal imitated by males.

DRESS. Indiscriminate signals which can subsequently become commonplace as a fashion.

DROPPING SOMETHING (LADY GROUP OF SIGNALS). An item is dropped to the floor for a target to retrieve, intended thereby to initiate a conversation. This is a member of a large subset of signals intended to evoke the caretaking instinct in a target male. The set is called the Lady Group. The archetype is intentionally dropping a handkerchief on the ground as a Gentleman passes.

EMPTY GLASS (LADY GROUP). This takes the form of the gentle shake of an empty glass, as a cue for a drink to be bought, and is another member of the Lady Group of Signals.

EXAGGERATED LAUGHTER. Forced or over-enthusiastic laughter within hearing of a target male. It is typically emitted by one of a group of females, for example in a bar or café.

EXAGGERATED WALK. Typically the female swings her hips as she walks away from a male.

EXCLAMATION. This appears to be a pronounced expression of the Blanch Signal. A phrase is exclaimed (e.g. "Oh my God!") in reaction to the good looks of another, perhaps especially in response to a Direct Look from a male. (Compare Loud Verbal Utterance.)

FERTILE. A female signalling that she has reached the fertile period within her monthly cycle may appear more alert, be prominent among a group of females and display self-assured movements, perhaps most distinctively in her walk.

FOOT STAMP. The foot is stamped flat on the ground, either while standing still or involuntarily while walking along. Sometimes it is seen as a slight perturbation of the walk but not heard, or it might be heard but not seen.

FREEZING IN PLACE (OBSERVATION ACKNOWLEDGE). The head inclines to a particular angle and freezes there, or it freezes in position the instant a look, even an incidental one, from the male is ascertained. The primary purpose of the signal appears to be that the female be noticed, but an alternate interpretation is that it indicates apprehension of an approach being made, or of emitting a further signal. There can also be a narrowing of the eyes in response to a Direct Look from a male, as the female tries to establish whether the look from him is a signal. If the female is sedentary it can appear that the whole body freezes in place.

GOING QUIET. Falling silent or still, perhaps in nervousness or fear that any action will develop into a more overt signal.

HELPLESS FEMALE (LADY GROUP). The female seeks to directly inspire the caretaking instincts of the male using signals of confusion, self-depreciation or a plaintive manner.

HESITATION. The female exhibits uncertainty in her course of action or direction. The signal can be indiscriminate.

INCIDENTAL NOISES. Quiet hissing, tsk-tsk noises or making a clicking noise with the tongue are examples. An instance of hissing came from a Greek girl, tsk-tsk is reportedly used in parts of South America and clicking of the tongue was issued by a Dutchwoman.

INCIDENTAL TOUCHING. Usually, brushes against the arm or shoulder or seemingly casual touches by a female's hand. In overt form, brushing the breasts against the male or rubbing the thigh against a male's leg.

JOSTLE. A target male is aggressively jostled or nudged. Two memorable instances of this signal are detailed. On the platform of Falmer station, after a visit to Sussex University, a girl signalled but I did not respond. When the train arrived I stood to one side to allow her past through the crush of people trying to get on, and she jabbed me violently in the ribs with her elbow.

The second example took place while I was working for M45DE. I had gone out to buy office coffee, was standing in a supermarket checkout queue and a woman behind nudged her shopping trolley into my back. On the first shove it occurred to me to respond, but I could not think of anything to say, or at least a polite and non-facile response to the shove. It was repeated and as the shoves intensified I started to feel angry, thinking 'Why can't she be the one to have to think of something to say to a complete stranger, for a change?' They became progressively fiercer until I

was being aggressively rammed from behind. After five or six times she eventually gave up. A few minutes later I caught a glimpse of her on the other side of the checkouts looking rather sheepish.

In both instances I had looked at the female at the outset, if only briefly, and failed to approach.

JUVENILE. Juvenile Signals are particularly characteristic and include dancing, spinning and twitching. They are relatively indiscriminate although likely to have been triggered by a particular target. Juvenile females will frequently respond to male attention by displaying their breasts, for example deliberately pulling back their jacket to demonstrate their presence (Body Pout). Breast size is undoubtedly of great importance to the female psyche; flat-chested females are frequently sensitive about it.

When a group of juvenile females gather and giggle it may often be that they are practising signalling amongst each other, demonstrating to one another the signals they have learnt and are rehearsing.

LEAVING SOMETHING. An item is left behind for the target male to retrieve.

LINGERING. A very common signal and also an expression of Protraction and Postponement, with the effect of slowing everything down. A typical expression is hovering around on a pretext, and this is one means by which this influence can be subtly and progressively brought to bear. The signal can serve to promote an impression that if a situation is drawn out then something will happen to the male's advantage which, however, rarely does.

LOOKING BACK (M/F). A male or female looks back over their shoulder.

LOOKING FLUSTERED (LADY GROUP). While static the female appears agitated or disturbed. The signal takes the form of a twitching, shaking or shimmering of the upper limbs and torso.

LOOKING SAD. The female appears forlorn as a target male passes. The male may be inspired to approach with an exhortation to 'cheer up' or enquire what is the matter.

LOOKING THROUGH; A SPECIAL CASE OF OBSERVATION ACKNOWLEDGE. There is a definite effect of being able to Look Through females if they are susceptible to a male, for example if they are attentive to the male or have a crush on him. Typically the female will be 'caught' in a posture with her legs slightly apart.

There was an early Brigitte Bardot film in which the actress got out of bed wearing a dressing gown and walked towards the camera. The film was shown to the censor who said that the film was acceptable save for the nude scene in which BB got out of bed. "I'll remove it" said the Director "if you show me the scene." The official had thought that Bardot had been naked; the actress had succeeded in putting the Looking Through Signal onto celluloid. This anecdote confirms that it is a signal emitted by the female and not simply a male perception; it is actually a singular example of Observation Acknowledge.

LOOSE WOMAN. This rare signal takes the form of waving the leg and arm, actually waving the arm while one foot is lifted off the ground, usually by a woman under the influence of drink.

LOUD VERBAL UTTERANCE. This quite uncommon signal consists of the loud and pronounced utterance of a single word, giving either an indication of the female's receptiveness or a clue as to how she may be located in the future, intended to reach the ears of the target male.

NOT SAYING GOODBYE. Not saying goodbye following a conversation can be a cue for the male to follow in some circumstances. An example was F30D in BAR1.

OBSERVATION ACKNOWLEDGE. THE MOST COMMON SIGNAL. GRIMACE RESPONSE. Observation Acknowledge is a response to the attention of another person. A driving instructor once asked me "What is the most common signal you see on the road?" and I replied "The turning signal." "Wrong" he said "It's braking, the brake lights." Similarly the most common signal is looking at someone and after that, the response to being looked at. Females in Amsterdam appeared to be able to tell and would react the instant they became an object of attention; if they did not respond directly they could be seen to suppress their reaction, often by an involuntary twitch of the head or a switch to using peripheral vision. Many would actually grimace in response, as if in physical pain. The females were exceedingly quick to show displeasure.

OPEN LEGS. The instinctive, involuntary opening of the legs by a female during foreplay is something with which many males will be familiar. It is very probably the strongest signal a female can issue to a male; when combined with the smile it is stronger still. The signal can be adopted as a manner in public places in which case the signal becomes indiscriminate.

OVERCOME. The female exhibits loss of control. Once a girl emerged from a sauna close to the house. As we passed our eyes met and I saw that she was attractive. She walked a few paces further and then veered to lean against a wall, with her back to me, where she paused for some moments without looking back. I did not respond but continued walking, watching but not comprehending. On another occasion in BAR1 a woman appeared to have been overwhelmed by me. Afterwards I wondered whether I could have steered her outside and had sex with her there and then without meeting any resistance.

PERIPHERAL COMMENT. Something is said, typically to a female companion, to which a target male within hearing might react.

PLAYFUL ABANDON. The female indicates her receptive state by careless and playful attitudes. The defining characteristics of this subset of signals are as yet unclear.

PLEASURE GROUP OF SIGNALS. Included in this group of signals are small jumps up and down on stiff legs, dancing around and singing. They are generally not sexual signals but there is a definite function of female pleasure-signalling in the male response to it: 'If females signal pleasure then everything is alright' which is, of course, not necessarily true. An obvious example of Pleasure Signalling is women working in bars and coffeeshops, who are either instructed or tacitly understand that Pleasure Signalling is part of their role. Sometimes however it was evident that the Pleasure Signals were genuine, so much so that it occasionally occurred to me that they should be paying to be there, rather than the other way around.

PREENING. The female applies lipstick, adjusts her dress or toys with an item of jewellery in the presence of her target.

RAPID LOOK AWAY (OBSERVATION ACKNOWLEDGE). There is a rapid look away, in its most advanced form the look is into the air. The rate of looking away may be moderated for effect in which case it becomes a deliberate signal.

REACHING OVER. The female rudely reaches for an object in front of or past the male, without asking for it to be passed to her or saying 'Excuse me.' This is another device, perhaps typical of mature women, for attracting attention.

SHORT STEPS. This is undoubtedly a female signal if not an innate feminine characteristic. Sometimes as a signal it belongs in the Observation Acknowledge Group. It is also emitted by homosexual males and by heterosexual ones immediately following resort to homosexual sex (e.g. out of desperation).

SOFTENING. Similar to Brightening but the facial muscles relax.

SPITTING. This can be a device to attract attention, particularly by adolescent girls.

TONGUE. The tongue is stuck out as a sexual signal. When this stereotypical deliberate signal is given by a female it usually signifies that the male is desired by her.

WAVE OF HAIR. This signal is commonly called the Hair Flick. It is the narcissistic stroking by a female of her hair or flicking it out from the shoulders with the hand. It may mean 'I love me, you love me too.'

WAVE OF KEYS. The female waves her keys at a target male, who is intended to follow.

WIDE EYE. In this very common signal the pupils dilate to indicate the switch to peripheral vision; often the whole eye widens to appear larger.

FEMALE PREFERENCE FOR SIGNALS. Clearly there must be strong reasons for the female preference for a form of covert communication such as signals, and definite advantages for them in their use. Signals are obviously intended to assist male targeting. They also confer the advantage of initial control, since a male response to attraction by a signal indicates that he is manipulable. This may be why timing is so important, because a rapid and unrestrained response indicates greater manipulability. Females have a definite preference for males who respond to their signals.

CONSPIRACY MECHANISMS. THE INDULGENCE OF ROMANCE, IoR. Another reason signalling is preferred by females may be that by their subtlety the risk of a female encroaching on another's partner is reduced. A male with an existing attachment will be less likely to respond to a signal from another female than to a spoken proposal from her.

In similar manner, if a female perceives that a male is naïve she may be inclined to leave him alone to allow another female maximal IoR. If a female perceives, rightly or wrongly, that a male is impervious to certain

signals (such as deliberate signals) her instinct may be to leave that male untainted, permitting his recognition as an optimal match by another female: specifically, allowing that other female maximal IoR following an honest signal-response sequence at some future date.

IoR may be preserved during a signal-response sequence with the aid of denial. The female may deny to herself that she signalled; although she is mostly incapable of seeing her own signal she will almost certainly sense herself giving it. Whether the female denies to herself that she signalled or not, she is able to convince herself that the relationship has merit by virtue of being 'natural' and the relationship is thus of value to her.

There can be, on the one hand, a healthy and normal reliance on instinctive signals and on the other, a rigid, uncompromising female insistence on them. Some disadvantages of an over-reliance on signals are obvious: less obvious is that males can become too good at reading them and this is problematic in those situations when signals contradict intentions. Females can also become neurotic about the signals they are emitting.

Signals are cowardly in that it is a safe strategy which carries little or no risk: because of their ambiguous nature a female can always deny her intent. The Collision and Jostle Signals seem to be the closest females normally come to making an approach.

The Induction of Neurosis

September 1992

The first steps in the study of neurosis were taken by Pavlov in his experiments on dogs, these animals being especially suitable because they are easily trained and readily exhibit their emotional state. The celebrated result was making dogs salivate and wag their tails in response to the sounding of a bell. This was a conditioned response; the dogs had learnt to associate the sounding of a bell with the imminent arrival of food.

NEUROSIS. In another experiment Pavlov succeeded in inducing neurosis in the dogs. The dogs' keeper would sometimes, and at random, beat the dogs with a stick after sounding the bell instead of feeding them. After this had been maintained for a while the dogs reacted to the bell by entering a state of confusion, alternately salivating and wagging their tails and cringing in fear. The dogs had entered into a conditioned neurotic state. It would be interesting to learn of the alteration (if any) in the behaviour of the dogs when the bell was not being sounded. That is, to what degree the neurosis exhibited itself when the stimulus inducing the neurotic state was absent.

This is what I am calling classical neurosis or neurosis: one stimulus, two responses. It seems that an almost mechanical dysfunction, displayed by old people, is allied to it. An old person can be thrown into confusion if the doorbell sounds and the telephone rings at the same time. It is true that there are two stimuli in this case, but there is a parallel between the tension the conflict creates and the decision-making process which resolves it. When neurosis is induced, a neurotic stress is established which is normally resolved by action.

The *Diagnostical Statistical Manual*, the definitive reference work in psychiatry, gives a much vaguer definition of neurosis but states that "In neurosis, reality-checking is grossly intact" which lends validity to these observations. In psychosis on the other hand, reality-checking is partially or wholly absent. Hence the neurotic person knows they are neurotic but the psychotic person is unaware of their condition.

THE FUNDAMENTAL HUMAN NEUROSIS. The most basic instinct of any organism is to survive. Any creature which does not fight to survive, from the humblest insect to the most complex animal, perishes in the turmoil of evolutionary pressure. Even a housefly retreats if a hand moves above it, because the fly that stays to bask in its comfortable position perishes. The hereditary line of any creature too stupid or lazy to fight to live terminates; its genes become extinct.

In particular humans have a consciousness and our primary instinct to survive is in direct opposition to the awareness we have of our mortality. This basic human conflict is the Fundamental Human Neurosis, and the psychic contention so created probably accounts in large part for the existence of religion.

COLLECTIVE CHARACTERISTICS. It is proposed that everything exists on at least two levels: for example, there is neurosis and mass neurosis, hysteria and mass hysteria. An individual might feel guilty and seek to resolve it collectively (as in *Distribution of Guilt*), and this is another potential origin of religion. Many of the ideas which are bound up in religion and culture are merely the collective, social expression of individual characteristics. A major function of religion is as a stable vehicle for a collection of cultural baggage.

EFFECT OF SIGNALS. The function of female signalling is to induce neurosis in the male. In the normal scheme of things, the female signals and the male responds. By the signal a neurotic stress is induced. A male signalling to a female might induce neurosis in her, but it is evident that females signal and rely on signalling to a much greater extent than males. Female neurosis may be partly due to an assumption, that is a projection, that males are as perceptive of signals as they are, and that males can read them as they read males.

Sex is humans' strongest drive and it is therefore easier to induce sexual neurosis than any other kind. The distinctness, if any, of sexual neurosis, in terms of its separate localization in the brain and its time-scale of effect, is unclear. There may however be some clues in the earlier accounts, for example F18GIB in Brighton, a reinforced secondary template (the original template being formed by the Canadian Tourist). It took me precisely 24 hours to recover from repeated sightings of F18GIB.

When a female signals a male, tension is created in him as soon as he realizes that there may be an opportunity for sex. In fact the female is signalling sex; during the Signals Day I could not help imagining what it would be like to have sex with the signallers, certainly all the deliberate signallers. Two male responses might be 'She's nice, I'd like to get to know

her' or 'Am I going to be lucky tonight?' Signals induce neurosis, and the degree of that neurosis is modulated by the female.

Initially a male will seek to resolve the neurosis induced by a signalling female either by abandoning or approaching. He cannot abandon simply by doing nothing: he must make a conscious decision not to approach, say by finding some unattractive feature in the female, or by convincing himself with some other excuse not to approach. If he approaches (and nothing will usually happen unless he does) his neurotic load will increase, since if he asks directly for what he wants he will not get it.

MECHANISMS OF INTENSIFICATION OF NEUROSIS. The situation would be worsened – the level of neurosis increased – if the male was in an environment with a high incidence of erroneous, false or dysfunctional signalling. Provocative signals might be emitted to attract attention, flattery or gifts, for example. Such signals can take place amid a background of other inaccuracies in signalling, such as the mistakes and dysfunctions which already occur.

It seemed that in Amsterdam the amount of signalling which took place was enormous but the amount of free sexual activity small. The fact that in some cases sex could take place within a short period of an approach merely served to heighten male tension, increasing neurosis and thus female control. Two females independently remarked that the time which could elapse between an initial encounter and sexual intercourse was two hours to several years. This variability, which is bordering on extreme, may be another means of intensifying male neurosis. In the intervening period a male may be unable to withstand the loaded atmosphere and tension of 'Is it or isn't it?' The more he wants the female, the greater the neurosis; he really wants her, does not want to fail and so the tension is increased. However if he becomes conscious that all he is likely to get in the attempt is stress he may use this as grounds for abandoning a potential approach, and in this way seek to resolve the neurosis.

A signal might be received and an approach made but rejected, but in Amsterdam a rebuttal would like as not only be made evident by a signal, such as a disapproving look. On the street, if a signal was not acknowledged and acted upon, for example if the male did not respond to the frown which was delivered as his cue to break, a female could become aggressive in her manner of speech or even abusive.

In a bar, during the usual two or three-hour period during which the outcome hung in the balance, the male might say something, or induce some uncomfortable feeling, or exhibit some trivial bad habit or unattractive bearing causing his attempt to fail. The male may worry 'What did I do wrong?' and try to be on his best behaviour next time. In the acute case the male will not be allowed to bring matters to a head at all, because

any independent attempt by him to do so, such as making a proposal which has not been deliberately invited by means of a cue from the female, and is of the expected form, will fail. In the above scenario, that is in a bar or café, the costs, including the neurosis which the male must endure, will be further increased if he cannot approach the female without others watching and possibly also listening to the exchanges. The same will be true if a proposal is made and then immediately broadcast to all and sundry (Proclamation of Enhancement). In the detail of the acute case the writer is qualified to comment.

From a male standpoint, neurosis would be minimized with an Approach Statement such as 'I'd like to have a relationship with you, can we start by having sex?' and receiving a yes or no answer.

In a bar or nightclub, male tension might also be exacerbated by fear of expending all his energy that night on one female, only to receive a scribbled and later found false or illegible telephone number on the back of a cigarette packet. This is a facile example, and possibly even trite, but no doubt many males will testify to its accuracy.

TELEVISION VISION, TVV. Another behaviour pattern, which is also likely to be familiar, is a male 'Looking to see what he's got' after a sequence of relational transactions with a female. During the conversation and exchanges of signals between them the male makes extensive use of TVV, keeping his attention away from the female's body so as not to alarm her and perturb what appears to be a promising situation. Then, transactions complete (e.g. the female agrees to go back to the male's home, or an assignation is made), the female retreats on some errand and the male is then able to survey what has landed in his lap. In reality the female has placed herself there. This is a good combined example firstly of female control, secondly of male use of TVV and thirdly of male indiscriminacy in their selection of partners.

INTEGRITY AND ROLE OF SIGNALS. Now the open door is a signal of trust, the playing of loud music a signal of enjoyment. Both signals have alternative interpretations: that is the nature of signals. The door could have been left open accidentally, or a thief may have just left, or the music may be intended to annoy or mask other noises. However if a large sample were taken of these two signals, the invalid portion would be found to be small, probably less than 10%. It interests me greatly, indeed it is utterly fundamental to these investigations, that in a society where women had the opportunity to fulfil whatever roles they wished, they chose to rely on signalling to exert their influence. This, I contend, is because it is not so much influence that signals engender, as control. Signals are not directly influential but directly manipulative.

The following account was given by M34EEI. When 16 or 17 he was walking along an English country road on his way to visit a relative. It was raining and he came across a petrol station with a shop. Although there was no-one about, the door to the shop was unlocked. He went in and sat down, waiting for about twenty minutes. As he rested, thankful of the opportunity to get a little warmer and dryer, he contemplated his position. The rows of chocolate bars and sweets were before him and he thought of going back into the rain with a few pocketfuls of confectionery. Even later, the contents of the till. Then, although he would have not have recognized it as such at the time, he did some cost-benefit analysis. His relative lived a few miles up the road; his major costs would be his feelings of guilt afterwards and the risk of discovery and disgrace to his family, lest his prospective theft be traced to his relative, if not to himself. The likelihood of this was low and a handful of chocolate bars would probably not be missed in any case. His benefit would be the confectionery or, potentially, the cash in the till. The cost-benefit analysis would certainly result in material advantage. A neurotic tension was set up and it was resolved by him shouting with increasing stridency, then wandering some distance from the shop to shout some more before eventually attracting the attention of the proprietor. The unlocked door to the shop was a signal of trust.

When a door is left ajar on a communal corridor in a students' or nurses' residence say, the open door signifies that the person inside is receptive to visits and conversation. Certainly the door would not be open if there was a suspicion that another resident might enter wielding a chainsaw.

When the door to my house was left open, people would generally stand at the door and ring the bell, or they would walk in and shout. Only if they were on very familiar terms would they ring the bell and sit in the kitchen, or climb the stairs to the workshop without waiting for a response. Even when the door was wide open they would enter cautiously or not at all.

We might expect that the normal, well-adjusted adult response on encountering such signals is to leave the signal intact: to preserve the integrity of the signal. However females' instinctive motivation is to increase their control. They appear to do this, to apply their influence, by increasing the level of male neurosis by reducing the integrity of signals. Signals are an elemental mechanism by which females shift humankind's neurotic load onto the shoulders of males.

The conclusion is that preserving the integrity of signals, thus minimizing neurotic tension, is not a normal, well-adjusted response but rather a normal, well-adjusted male response.

ABERRANT RELATIONSHIPS. ACUTE NEUROSIS. DISPLACEMENT. Aberrant relationships seem to have some flaw common to, or complementary in, both partners such that the flaw reinforces. A couple might both be inadequate, each having defective self-esteem. They love each other but in a clinging fashion, because each relies on the other's view of themselves, as if they were looking in a very flattering mirror.

Likewise there might be an imbalance of confident/inadequate, or dominant/submissive, or they might both be unstable and become even more than doubly so if their instability coincided at the same moment: a sort of undesirable synergy. However, idiosyncrasies tend to be moderated in a steady relationship, if by nothing else than the law of averages. Partners tend to abate and check one another, in the main.

What form a neurotic relationship would take is unclear. Perhaps in acute neurosis an individual not just signals the opposite of what they mean, but says the opposite of what they mean as well.

Another effect was noticed of needing to express animosity or anger, and these emotions would be expressed to the first person one met with whom transactions on an emotional level occurred.

I LOVE YOU. During my longest relationship my girlfriend and I had never uttered those special words 'I love you.' It had not been necessary, because it was plainly evident. We split up but reunited about a year later and then the words were spoken. By this time however the fact that they had to be said merely confirmed the insecurity of our feelings and the relationship broke down, permanently this time, shortly afterwards. This pattern was duplicated in every detail by a fellow student at university with whom I exchanged experiences.

RESPONSE DISPLACEMENT. SOCIETAL NEUROSIS. It is difficult to be objective about myself and especially hard to separate my neurosis from the surrounding, societal level. I was undoubtedly neurotic but knew from a number of occasions in the past, when I was certain that I had not been neurotic in my behaviour, that neurosis had been evident in the person to whom I spoke. Once at BIGBAR5 I had turned, seen a blonde I liked and without hesitation had smiled at her. She had instantly looked away, embarrassed and apparently neurotic, and animatedly started talking to her female friend.

It was clear that many males in Amsterdam were reticent regarding sex and I had been surprised by the lack of graffiti about it, such as jokes. There was graffiti on other topics but not sex, and such humour was probably a normal and natural outlet. The lack of discussion between males and the absence of sexual graffiti were indicative of male neurosis about sex. There was certainly neurosis at the societal level about sex.

Females seem to have fewer reservations about discussing sex with each other. Certainly it was ludicrous to suppose that the availability of commercial sex had no effect on the collective female psyche.

A factor which definitely contributed to the collective neurosis was the high population density in Amsterdam. Most people were densely packed into multiple-occupation dwellings and in close proximity to each other. Many complained of thin walls and having to listen to the sounds of their neighbours, and people were often in full view of each other. One consequence was that it was often virtually impossible to talk to someone on their own.

AMBIGUITY OF INTENTION. There seemed to be a social rule that you did not speak to someone unless you had a clearly defined objective, and this was possibly due to female influence. I had induced visible confusion and, I believe, overt neurotic symptoms in a number of females I had spoken to for no other reason than to be friendly. They really did not like it and appeared to signal confusion and disorder, although the display is difficult to describe. In one instance where I had a small degree of sexual attraction to her the effect was compounded, in another there was an accusation that I was interfering. It was as if they could not cope with any more ambiguity; specifically, they appeared to be incapable of coping with an approach from a male whose intentions were unclear. The neurosis induced in the female by an ambiguous male approach, just being friendly in these cases, would be a further impediment to sex if any possibility of it existed, since it severely disrupted normal human interaction. Notwithstanding, the females appeared to positively thrive in the neurotic environment which they had created, and particularly from the neurotic state they had engendered amongst males.

DOMINANCE BY DIVERGENCE. VALUE OF DIFFERENCE. A number of species exist in which sex can be present or absent. There are some snail varieties, for example, which are hermaphrodite or sexed according to circumstance. If two otherwise similar varieties, with one sexed and one not, are in competition, the one in which sex takes place will always dominate the hermaphrodite one. Sex is a stronger evolutionary strategy and will always prevail. A uniform population will inevitably possess some point of vulnerability which sooner or later will be overcome by a naturally occurring variation in a sexed one. This is Dominance by Divergence, that of all the variations which can take place by the permutations of sex, some individuals will be stronger or better at something and will ultimately overcome the Achilles heel which is inevitable in a more homogeneous population. Nothing is impregnable and sooner or later, by the chance permutations of sex alone, something will overcome it.

It is known that males vary more than females. Was this, I wondered, how patriarchy was maintained in the long term; if not by physical force, then in evolutionary terms? I wondered whether I was a factor in this equation: I was demonstrating something by being exceptional – trying to find a way against the norm. The squat scene had value by accommodating difference, thus acting as a contrast to normal systems, and it was possible to learn from such difference.

I remembered some of my earlier days when I had come close to being run down by passing fast cars, especially taxis, as I crossed the Raadhuisstraat on my way home. Then I had the feeling sometimes of being one of a dying breed. Many of the squats in central Amsterdam were being evicted and the numbers of my kind were dwindling. I had the sense sometimes almost of being an endangered species, especially after a near-miss by a taxi as I crossed the road late at night.

Although my inability to speak Dutch was a disadvantage in some respects, in other ways it was advantageous. With the enhanced detachment provided by language and cultural differences I was following scientific method and concentrating not on what people said they did, but on what they actually did, which is often something different altogether.

END OF PART 1

Part 2

The Fall

*Dogs can see
Some people can't.
Cats well fed
Some people aren't.*

S. G. S.

Womanstown

September 1992	F15AG	Female, 15, Amsterdam girl
	F19DUG	Female, 19, Dutch ugly girl
	F31DCST	Female, 31, Dutch coffeeshop talkative
	M28FY	Male, 28, fellow Yorkshireman
	M30ESOP	Male, 30, English sudden onset of paranoia

ON THE STREET. I have just finished two weeks of systematic hunting, managing 7 sessions. Each was to have lasted two hours but for the last two I could only stand it a little over an hour. The weather slightly improved and there was some sunshine. I approached 23 girls during 12 hours, not a high score but I was attempting to be selective and there were often not many good targets. By the end I had several of the girls swimming in my head, especially the ones with whom I had walked a short distance or been close to for some duration.

Generally I would approach with a greeting – a smile and “Hello!” then ask “Can I walk with you to the Dam/top of the street/end,” or whatever. Functionally this was probably a mistake and I also became lazy, eventually just asking “Can I walk with you a little while?” The usual response was “No” but they were often very attentive of my reaction to the rejection: it would always be something like “OK, keep well” or “OK, see you,” sometimes a little sadly.

MISTAKES. MORE INTENTIONS AND OBJECTIVES. There is something very strange about the propensity to make mistakes with the opposite sex, that part of human nature which insists on making things difficult. It wasn't just my nature, I knew from others. Perhaps here though I pursue it to excellence and would not disagree that the situation was ludicrous, but I say again that I am an extreme case in a unique situation. These accounts may be entertaining but that is not my intention. The actual ambition is to overcome that human tendency to make these matters tortuous, by sheer force of will and the application of intelligence. It was a problem to be solved, both individually and in general.

The only tangible result came in the form of a mistarget on the first day who had signalled without my realizing. This turned out to be my first meeting with F18X2/P4 and it took some time to work out what had happened. At the side of the Kalverstraat, near the end of the session, my attention was lapsing and some sort of signal was given which made me isolate one girl as a target. She was from out of town, somewhere near to Amsterdam, and with a taller girl with long curly blonde hair. She told me she was looking for somewhere to stay in Amsterdam. I was invited for a beer and she gave me her address and telephone number, the only time I had got that far in the whole two weeks. She was a mistarget because she was not as pretty as a proper target should have been, although she was not unattractive, with a slim build, dark hair and eyes, and she had signalled. I had not intended to react to any female signal.

Except for one, F15AG, all of the 4 or 5 girls I spoke to for any duration were from outside Amsterdam. I walked down the Nieuwendijk with a stern young girl with short blonde hair and waited for her as she looked briefly inside a couple of shops. "I'm shopping" she had told me, almost proudly, but she didn't buy anything. Then I went into a shop myself for food, but with undue haste, hurrying to get back to her. She could see me through the glass doors and the moment my back was turned I was given the slip.

A lovely target from out of town had been whisked onto a tram by her jealous and testing companion just as things were looking hopeful. On her second and third passes down the Kalverstraat I had been allowed to talk to her. Our conversation continued as she climbed onto a tram at the top of the Damrak. She asked "Are you here often?" and I had replied, half-shouting through the back door as it was about to leave, "Not reliably. Only as long as there's no alternative." With this she seemed to become interested but by then it was too late, she was taken away. I had been lucky to spot her among the crowds three times in a row, each time going in the same direction, down the Kalverstraat towards the Dam. She must have been looping, taking a tram up the Rokin, which ran parallel, then walking down the Kalverstraat and repeating. The tram to which I had walked her was going to Centraal Station however. She had been an obvious target for me, young and soft and fresh, with medium length mousy-blond hair and a woollen jumper in white and pastel colours. She had thus been different from the rest and easy to spot.

Besides the usual responses of "No" the only non-committal replies – which I presumed to mean 'OK, at least for now' – would immediately be followed by neurosis-inducing behaviour: rapid shop dives (sometimes two or three in succession) or surly or disdainful conversation, in response to which I immediately abandoned.

PROSPECTIVE EXPERIMENTS. What would happen, I wondered, if the male sex drive were sated? There would be an initial period of intense sexual activity, certainly. The stable level, I suspected, would not be as high as might be imagined. This is an interesting topic for speculation, especially in the form the experiment might take. There would be no difficulty finding willing male subjects; the females would need some incentive. It would require a whole population to participate for valid results (say, the inhabitants of a single village), since it seems that one of the values of sexual activity is that one is doing it while others are not.

Another thing which occurred to me was just to go marching up to a girl on the street straight-out and ask "Will you be my girlfriend?"

TELL DON'T ASK. In response to trials of my tentative rule, to tell and not ask, one girl I approached on the Kalverstraat became angry. I said "I'll walk with you a little way if you don't mind." "Why?" she replied. There was a couple of exchanges of looks, in between weaving in and out of the crowd, and I had to concentrate on keeping up with her. During the delay I thought 'Shall I be honest?' and decided yes. "I'm looking for a girlfriend" I said. "Well I'm not looking for a boyfriend so I'll go on my own if you don't mind" she said angrily, with heavy stress on the "If you don't mind."

There had been several occasions when I had said something to a female which had come back. Sometimes one knew it would be returned immediately it was uttered. This was reminiscent of my earlier considerations of HRT, that female power is the ability to attract, and that wealthy females using hormone replacement therapy to delay the onset of menopause exemplified females' adoption of male technology to extend their power over males. It was as if the power which males created was used against them.

MORE APPROACH RESPONSES. Possible male Approach Statements include:

"I'd like to walk with you"
 "I'd like to talk to you"
 "I'd like to buy you a drink"

The typical female response appears to consist of a request for maximal information while giving none: "Why?"

Male Response: an honest rejoinder fails:

"I'm looking for a girlfriend"

'I'm horny'

'I love your breasts'

'I'm desperate'

"You're pretty" (if true, heard a hundred times before, if untrue, more likely to work but would be dishonest).

PAIR 1. The fortnight was interrupted by my meeting with F18X2/P1, the Pair I had seen off at the train station a couple of weeks before. Although they had assured me they would, I had emotionally prepared myself for them not turning up. Our appointment fell at the time my sporadic Sunday radio show was due to begin; Radio Patapoe was presently the most fashionable of the Amsterdam pirate radio stations. This necessitated a complex sequence of logistical manoeuvres, moving a spare bicycle to the meeting place, arriving early at the radio studio, putting on a tape, meeting P1 then leading them on the bike to the radio station.

Radio Patapoe broadcast from the top of an old, rambling former factory beyond the end of the Damstraat. I had feared that they were going to panic while going through the deserted spaces and holes which had been smashed through the thick concrete walls, in fear of being lured into some kind of sex trap, but these were level-headed girls from outside Amsterdam and I need not have worried.

My broadcast went out but their presence made me rather nervous and it turned out to be my last. Afterwards I took them to the Radio 100 café on the other side of town, stopping and showing them the house on the way.

As we sat and talked in the café, at a table on a raised dais in the corner, we had a refreshingly honest discussion about relationships. The strong blonde was maintaining several and inspired my admiration; I especially admired her ability to say yes. The other, the brunette with generous low-slung breasts, had been involved in only one extended relationship, lasting four months, and that with a boy who had wanted to be telephoned daily for reassurance.

REASON TO LIVE. The blonde was beside me and the other opposite. Sitting with them in the radio café that Sunday afternoon an almost overwhelming sense suddenly came over me, a sense of the absolute power they had over me. My life included many activities: the rediscovery of moroxydine and the research on ibogaine, the computer newsletter I published, the design and manufacture of computer boards and software. All of these things I had done, not entirely single-handedly but in command of them. I was doing this, achieving that, pursuing these objectives because I believed them to be laudable. I had the sense, from

within my deepest being, that it was utterly futile. All my work might as well be dumped in the canal.

I followed the sense to a daydream. Ultimately this was all, really all, I wanted: a quiet cave, a bed of animal skins and fur and to be a gentle animal with these two. This was their final, awful power: they could give me a reason to live. Or, at least, they could give me the feeling of having a reason to live, which wasn't so far different. Maybe as a luxury I would add dryness – not just any old cave but a quiet dry one. Perhaps it would even have a stream of clear water running through at the bottom. I thought of these things as embellishments well before condoms and the problem of pregnancy occurred to me.

We began to talk about fantasies. At the end of our intimate conversation I told them that I wanted to lick one while I was inside the other. The blonde said "I don't know what to say to that" and I replied "Then don't say anything, just think about it."

The impression arose near the end of our meeting that there was some delight, or pleasure, in my report of the state of affairs in Amsterdam, that in fact sex was comparatively rare. It was akin to telling someone about to make you a gift of some small trinket, thought to be trifling, that it was worth a small fortune. The strong blonde had said "Yes" to my proposal of a threesome, but the dark, apparently (but not actually) more sensual one rejected it, expressing doubts about my proposed arrangement.

FIRST TRANSDUCTION. They refused my offer of a meal and scuttled off prematurely, apparently pleased with the knowledge that the favours they had been close to granting me were worth considerably more than previously thought, conferring a power which they were eager to exercise in their new territory of Amsterdam. After returning the cycles to the house they hinted that they could walk to the tramstop on their own but I insisted on accompanying them. They wanted to travel the single stop to the Station alone. At the end of our time together I was a neurotic mess, filled with an unfamiliar, pervading and, needless to say, most unpleasant sensation of having fought a battle and lost.

RETURN TO THE STREET. I picked up hunting again, unenthusiastically and after a heavy cold, the following week. On the first day back at my self-imposed task there were three decent targets, which had become about my daily average.

TEAR DAY. MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS. The second day however it seemed that all my potential targets were with their mothers. They would walk arm-in-arm or holding hands and even, sometimes, with arms crossed across each others' backs, like lovers. I wondered about the closeness of

Dutch girls to their mothers and whether this was a further example, or source, of Dutch conformity. Sometimes it would span two generations; grandmothers and their grand-daughters walking with their arms around each others' waists.

This in fact was the worst day, the only girl I approached was on the way to my now familiar spot, sitting on a low ledge outside a shoe shop on the Kalverstraat. I would exchange smiles with the illegal balloon-sellers who would quickly deflate their enormous demonstration balloon and run down an alley if a group of Stadswachten (Town Watchers, a sort of auxiliary police) appeared. I started to notice signs of street crime, not only the jackets which had been abandoned after being stolen and rifled for valuables, which were common, but also the occasional empty wallet on the ground which had been discarded after being emptied by a pickpocket. By this time I had re-discovered the Walkman I had received as a birthday present several months previously and it made my task a little easier, if enhancing the isolation I felt from the crowd.

EXAGGERATED BEHAVIOUR IN ALIEN ROLE, EBIAR. Sitting at my resting place outside the shoe shop a sappy Dutchman came along pushing a pram. He took up a place at the other end of the ledge, settled, then took the infant from the pushchair and started to kiss it, sucking the face of the child for several minutes. After a while I could stand it no longer, having tried up to this point to ignore him, and moved.

FIDELITY. RAPIDITY OF SIGNAL RESPONSE. Shortly afterwards I was standing near the Spui, a little further up from my usual spot, leaning against some scaffolding which temporarily adorned a shop. I saw an attractive Bitch: her incongruous and provocative clothing marked her out. She stood on the other side of the Spui and I looked at her across the narrow road for some seconds, but was then distracted by the vague shape, only, of a woman's body in a white dress walking past right in front of me. After looking away for a few moments I returned my gaze to where she had been standing. She was gone.

This had been noticed before: if any interest is shown in another female while one is signalling or waiting for an approach, that was it. It seemed that even Bitches demanded complete fidelity from males, even before a word was spoken.

I had looked at her and considered an approach; 'Could I walk with you?' was clearly inappropriate since she was standing still and I couldn't think of anything else to say. Then I realized that by her standing still, as well as her dress and her obviously being aware of me, she was signalling and was thus outside my target group. However I was sad when she was nowhere to be seen.

Whether it was missing a comparatively young and attractive Bitch, my frustration that so many, it seemed like all, of my intended targets were arm-in-arm with their mothers or (much less likely) the strains of music in my ears I do not know. Half-an-hour later I was standing at the corner of the Rozenboomsteeg, opposite the clock with twelve bells and mechanical men, ready for the tears to pour down my cheeks. Such was my lack of self-consciousness by this time that I could not have cared less, I would have just stood there for everyone see me blub all over the Kalverstraat and let them work out why. In the end my eyes only watered but the expression on my face must have told volumes. My eyes continued to mechanically wander over the faces passing by, in emulation of the method I had perfected of scanning the crowd for targets. Save for the one at the very beginning I made no approaches that day.

At the end of my regular survey session the following Saturday afternoon, bored and frustrated, I made one approach. 'The next pretty girl who walks past I'll approach' I had thought; the weather was dreary and there were not many prams about anyway. I walked with a girl and her friend from out of town but it was a disaster, although instructive. I said all the wrong things and after a while they took off onto a tram, Amsterdam-fashion. Possibly the reason I had said the wrong things was the length of time since I'd had anything more than a superficial conversation with a female. I had not had a conversation of any note with a female for almost a week.

This incident was instructive in the observation that over the previous two weeks the immediate response of almost all the Amsterdam girls, to a far greater extent than the ones from out of town, was to make the task of an approaching male as difficult as possible. This included denying the male any feedback at all, which would otherwise check any diversion into unsafe territory. I cannot recall what I said on this occasion, I don't think it was anything unpleasant or shocking, just some topic inappropriate to the occasion. I'm hopeless at smalltalk.

For example, there was the conversation with the lively-minded, baby-breasted blonde T13 during the Coffee Experiment. At least she had been willing to talk, which was more than could be said for her elders. I had made a joke about the five Americans using nicotine skin patches who had dropped dead the instant they had lit a cigarette. "You think that's funny, do you?" she had retorted. That had been my cue to explain that maybe five or ten thousand skin patches had been issued and five out of that total was not very many at all, certainly compared with something like road accident rates, or indeed the deaths caused by smoking itself. And that for some things there was a stark choice: you either had to laugh or cry.

MORE HAPPY SHOPPERS. In general however there was no such feedback, the girl would say a minimal amount and let the male do all the work, intensifying his anxiety because he, if unsuccessful, had no way of knowing what he had said (or done) wrong. Neither would they give any reassurance to check the cycle of tension in what must have been, at least sometimes, a visibly nervous male. What I had thought at the time may have been an unduly cynical appraisal, of a sea of females with nothing better to do except pretend to be shopping and make my life as difficult as possible, was turning out to be more accurate than expected. Indeed all of my theories – some of which had at first seemed almost absurd – were being confirmed with depressing precision. The truth was turning out to be most unpleasant.

Another observation was the prevalence of braces in the mouths of the young females – hardly ever the males – sometimes even with wires encircling the jaw. It seemed like it was braces, braces everywhere. I could see no correlation between the attractiveness of the girl and the wearing of a brace, but there was clearly good business being done in cosmetic dentistry, invariably at parental expense. The girls, regardless of how difficult they made the task of an approaching male, were evidently being preened as objects of male attention.

It seemed as if any involvement with females was, as with tourists, all cost and no benefit. With the tourists, according to the local received wisdom, there was the cost in time and attention watching over them if you put them up and the risk that they would steal, with little or nothing to be gained from it. With female tourists at least there was a possibility of sex and considerably less likelihood of having possessions stolen. After two weeks and 12 hours of work however I had only succeeded in becoming familiar with one proper target F15AG, a young and attractive Amsterdam girl with a slight build and short dark hair. The second time I had met her I had, to my surprise, put my arm around her shoulders and given her a squeeze in greeting. At the end of that walk however she had disappeared like a whiff of smoke. She had told me “The girls don’t trust the boys.” The mistrust seemed to be verging on paranoia, with its origin being a conscious or subconscious knowledge that they were denying themselves to males. They feared a realization of that truth and that one would snap and they would be the first in the firing line. That, for example, they might be verbally abused or a rape attempted by a disillusioned male who perceived the true situation. The paranoia reinforced itself in ambiguity, as already discussed.

During this fortnight of hunting I noticed that I needed my friends much more as a result of the continuous flow of rejections I was receiving. At least I could relax in a bar or café with the sense that I had done my

work during the day, that I did not have to be concerned with approaching females because I had got it out of the way during my sessions on the town. LO1 wrote telling me that she was not coming for another nine months; it seemed that whatever success I had achieved was all jam tomorrow: there was only a passionate affair being maintained in writing, with no truly tangible benefit.

I saw F15AG three times altogether. The third and last time, two days later, she was with another girl. Each time I had met her we'd had a pleasant talk and I would have been very happy to keep her. She and her friend went into the large department store opposite Dam Square, the Bijenkorf. I was not invited to join; any future meeting was to be left to chance.

I was seen twice by females I knew while hunting these two weeks, actually it was more than twice but only on two occasions was I given the opportunity to acknowledge them. One, F31DCST, looked gleeful as she emerged from a shop and saw me outside. This I interpreted as the joy of a female with good information to relate to others. The second time there was a neurotic response when after waving a greeting I began to remove my Walkman earphones to exchange a few friendly words. She immediately moved away, thwarting my intention of talking to her.

At the end of the two weeks, on the Saturday night, I visited coffeeshop CS2. There I met another male who was very good-looking and in whom I detected a shyness similar to my own. I really wanted to ask him how much sex he was getting because he was Dutch and at least had that advantage over me, but I knew better that to try and discuss it cold, without preamble, and a great deal of eavesdropping took place; ears had certainly pricked up whenever sex was mentioned. In Dutch it was *seks* which sounded the same; practically everyone could speak English in any case.

What did strike me forcibly was the demeanour of the woman working behind the counter that night. Coincidentally it was F31DCST, the blonde woman I had seen on the Kalverstraat a few days before. The contrast between her manner, helpful, always looking for an opportunity to say something, smile or make a joke, and the attitude of the females on the town was extraordinary. The difference was as great as between the willingness of an average female to have sex and a prostitute. The local females might have sex once a month overall, counting older ones and the periods when they had no relationship, while the prostitutes on my street engaged in coitus 5 or 10 times each day.

I was sitting opposite the counter, a little around a corner, and leant forward to survey the coffeeshop. With the surprise of realization I scanned around: the group playing table football, the people by the counter, the groups sitting or standing around the high, fixed tables. There were approximately 28 males and 2 females accompanied by males, plus 2

females working. It was a male-female ratio of 14 to 1, or 7 to 1 counting the females who were paid to be there. It was a depressing observation and the reason I left.

THE UGLY GIRL INCIDENT. Taking after beer I made my way to BIGBAR3, the large squat bar with an adjoining disco area which was open on Saturday nights. There I made a rough appraisal; the male-female ratio was a healthier 3 to 1. However I made the mistake of taking up an empty place next to an large and ugly girl F19DUG, on the benches encircling the dance hall. The error turned out to be enlightening.

I sat and sipped my beer and paid no attention, but after her first glance sideways, then another and another, I began to get that signalled feeling. Characteristically I ignored it; I was definitely not interested. She was talking to one of a group sitting nearby, a docile, wimpy-looking male. Her manner was also gross: "Wat?" she kept repeating sharply, when something was said which she had not heard above the loud music.

Some minutes later the male spoke to me. After only six or eight words F19DUG broke in and involved me in conversation. I looked at her; she was very ugly, not old but fat with exaggerated curves of her face and body. However I could always rely on my British reserve and politeness to come to the rescue; I spoke. Then I was drawn into conversation, and the more I told the more she wanted to know. Beginning to feel uncomfortable, or more accurately, uncomfortable beyond that which I was prepared to tolerate, I said "I may come back but now I'm off to get a beer and speak to someone else." A girl I vaguely knew was standing conspicuously next to the entrance to the dance floor, in my direct path to the bar. I exchanged a few words with her, got no encouragement and quickly broke, got my beer and returned. Fortunately the space next to the ugly girl had been filled and I sat a small distance away.

SECOND TRANSDUCTION: PROOF. F19DUG was looking in my direction, smug and pleased by her involvement with me; her movements had become livelier and more pronounced, almost bouncy. Again there was that feeling of having fought a battle and lost; it was the same sensation I'd felt with P1. Now I was sure that it was something inflicted on me, generated within but triggered externally. In this case I was certain: there could be no doubt. I had not done, gone or entered into battle, I had merely been polite. F19DUG had drawn something from me and enhanced herself and it could only have been at my expense, by the act of making significant the conversation between us.

The exchange had very likely been manipulated by her from the outset. It could have been initiated by her pliant male associate at her direction if

one of her pointed sideways glances had been meant not for me but for him, as a cue to initiate a conversation with me. Considering the deferential (if not reverential) attitude the wimpy male displayed towards her, this analysis was probably correct.

There was another occasion when this automatic politeness had been exploited. It was while taking Dutch lessons that I had met fellow Yorkshireman M28FY; he was tall, dark-haired and bore a passing resemblance to Jack Nicholson. During a break one day we had been standing outside the school building, on a canal near the Damstraat, and a Dutchwoman had approached us to help move a harmonium resting at the side a little further down. We had noticed it earlier sporting a notice saying 'Please leave' and that it was to be collected. The woman had a man with her but it was obvious that she was in charge; they had arrived with a car and trailer. M28FY and I had automatically helped her move the harmonium onto the vehicle. Not until later did I realize that we had almost certainly helped her steal it, an analysis with which M28FY had concurred.

OUR COSY CIRCLE, OCC. Another member of F19DUG's group, a near-menopausal woman, was sitting cross-legged as part of a circle, mostly about 18, on the stage. She was acting rather girlishly; I had been surprised on seeing her face. Another wimpy male returned from the bar with a large collection of drinks and as he approached the circle she shuffled a small distance along the floor, drawing herself closer into the circle in acknowledgment of the arrival of the beers which were intended for the group, and which to some extent defined it. It was a visible manifestation of OCC.

The number of relationships in which females will participate is strictly limited. With few exceptions the female will collect a small group, a cosy circle of people she will be intimate with. If the size of her group is inadequate, for example if she moves to a new location, it will be rapidly augmented. If the number of people she feels she can comfortably have emotional involvement with or manipulate is too large, efforts will be made to reduce it. This appears to be the dominant motivating drive of the female: the creation and maintenance of an optimum set of relationships. The evolutionary origin of Our Cosy Circle is probably the immediate family (cf. Celestial Waiting List).

In the absence (or even presence) of blood ties the bounds of OCC may be defined by the control of information, or by derision of individuals outside it once that individual is out of earshot (if mannerisms are employed, out of sight). In this way subterfuge can be used to define or maintain OCC.

People outside the cosy circle can be used to define it in another way.

Suppose that a female has a prospective partner, but the relationship is either unconsolidated or unconsummated. The female uses the signals her prospective mate emits to others to calibrate those she has previously received from him. She uses his reactions to others for comparison, using them as a reference. They set the signals she has already received from him in context.

An interesting combined example of OCC and TFT is a group, often seated in a circle, of older women taking turns to offer each other cigarettes. In this expression of TFT the offering of cigarettes, originally a generous act, becomes meaningless since strict rotation is observed. The only eventual result is that more cigarettes are consumed, because the next in turn is anxious not to miss it and so pre-emptively offers her cigarettes. OCC is a potential reason why females are keen on males with cars; the boundary of the car explicitly defines OCC as her and her mate sit inside it.

The warm, late summer night air was electric that evening, it was charged with woman power. Again I looked around the dance hall of BIGBAR3: an attractive woman was sitting with a space beside her which was quickly filled by a Moroccan man. Soon he began talking to her and a few minutes later, spilt beer over her in nervousness. There were a number of near-menopausal women but the confidence and success of even the older and unattractive females, and the comparative youth and good looks of the male partners they had secured, not that night but earlier, was obvious. Women here were in short supply, or had made themselves so, and had become a scarce resource. The air seemed thick with that knowledge, and the power that awareness gave them. I was not imagining this feeling, certainly not. I knew the Dutch tendency to copy one another, the rapidity with which atmospheres could be created even by just one person in a bar, or other place; atmospheres were contagious.

A pair of girls left together, they were Bad Girl types, playfully flirting even on their way out. I wondered whether their idea of an enjoyable night was an evening spent prick-teasing. There were more girls cycling alone later, and I was alone as well. It was so late that most would have been going home. Of course, they had a perfect right to do so but they were in their sexual prime, aged 20 to 30, attractive, reproductive and alone. They were evidently not sexually active by preference and this supported my depressing conclusions.

Now another phrase was circling around my brain as I walked along the Spuistraat, with the dark buildings looming high on either side, crossing the Raadhuisstraat and along the quiet canal towards home: 'Womanstown.' I knew exactly where it was: the 11,000 cafés, bars and restaurants; the flower shops and the shops which sold nothing but buttons or beads; the obsession with *gezelligheid* (cosiness; pleasantness;

sociability) while the sex was exiguous. Womanstown was here, right here, and right now I wanted out.

HAPPY WEED. Also at BIGBAR3 that night the realization formed that a good proportion of Amsterdam's menfolk, myself included, were under some indeterminate influence, possibly even inebriated some of the time, from marijuana. Many of the people, mainly males, were smoking different kinds of hashish and grass including Nederweed, now perhaps the strongest marijuana in the world.

The best known side-effect of Nederweed was paranoia and in addition the following had been noted, but mostly by others, not by me: fear of going out, even, M28DSW reported, fear of leaving his huge room at the top of the squatted *grachtenhuis* he shared and going to the lavatory; not wanting to see people (not answering the door or telephone); walking around in a circle, or backwards and forwards. I had noticed some paranoia and registered it as being due to the weed, and remembered pacing up and down sometimes, but had not attributed it to marijuana at the time, more to restlessly waiting for my printer to finish.

There were reports of people suddenly becoming hyper-sensitive to marijuana and then being unable to smoke at all due to acute paranoia. Subsequently they would get high on the tiniest amount, or would abstain for months or years afterwards. The best example was related by M30ESOP who used to smoke a joint in the morning before going to work. While sitting on a tram one morning, after heavily indulging the night before, he'd had an acute attack of paranoia about the other people on it, to such a degree that he had not been able to travel on a tram for three months afterwards.

For myself I was able to suppress the bulk of the inebriating effects of marijuana. When I had first started work in recording studios in London, maintaining the desks and multitrack tape machines, I'd had to learn very quickly to compartmentalize the effects of cannabis and restore rationality when required. I might have been doing some mundane operation in the workshop, and enjoying a joint with one of the other people working there, and suddenly be called into one of the studios to rescue a session because of some breakdown, or what we called "finger trouble," which was when the Engineer had not operated the equipment correctly. It had taken me two weeks to attain this ability and had not lost it, with the result that once, while I was at university and a friend and I had been getting pleasantly stoned around 11pm one night, the telephone had rung. Despite the late hour it was business-like and my friend had been astounded by my ability to switch over and maintain a lengthy and clear-headed conversation with the caller.

Hence I do not believe the effects of marijuana in me were great but

some transitory paranoia, which may be contributory to neurosis, was undoubtedly marijuana-induced. It was also very possible that cannabis not so much induced feelings as increased the awareness of them. Since I find myself now in the position of observer of the Big Live Experiment that is Amsterdam, and have come round to studying neurosis especially, I must try to isolate the extent to which I am influenced by the drug. Because of the tolerance I have acquired I do not think it is large but it is unquantified and neither can I be completely objective about it, so the only sensible thing to do is set it to zero by not taking it. Some of the Dutch grass was so strong, I called it Happy Weed, immediately making you feel wonderfully elated.

If I get desperate for tobacco I shall smoke a small cigar, although it will be rather odd being a cigar-smoking squatter. Thus in the interest of objective study I am to stop smoking marijuana. I have plenty of will-power but too much Thanatos to stop only for myself, for health reasons.

Basic Sex Differences

September 1992

NATURE VERSUS NURTURE. Humans' biological conditioning is not presently a fashionable topic and its neglect results in untruth. There is no such thing as a 'chicken or egg argument' as far as humans are concerned, because we were undoubtedly animals before we became human. The biological came first, not the other way around. Adaptation to the social environment is a consequence of biological conditioning in any case: what is and is not modifiable by social conditioning is biologically determined. For example, we can adapt to a changing environment (which is largely our creation anyway) but we cannot, at the extreme, adapt to not breathing.

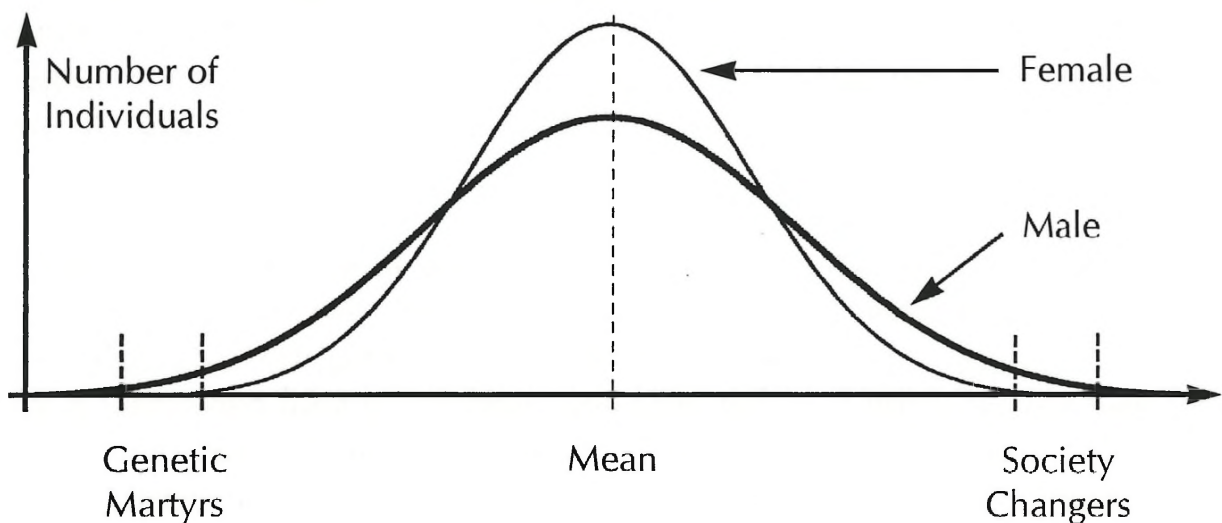
MEMES. Richard Dawkins defined a new word *meme* for a concept or cultural entity. Memes are "tunes, ideas, catch-phrases, clothes fashions, ways of making pots or of building arches." Another example of a successful meme is the key, having been used for several centuries. A key can be lent and the lending mechanism seems to be an important one in human relations. A major function of religion is as a stable vehicle for a collection of cultural baggage.

FATIGUING. Alan Allport proposed that in the brain, instead of separate systems existing for storage and processing (as in a computer), memory and processing are actually the same thing. The process of learning is that of fatiguing. This is demonstrated by repeating a single word over and over again: a particular neurone in the brain reacts to that word by firing a chemical pulse. If the word is intensively repeated the neurone's chemical supply becomes exhausted, with the result that the person forgets what the word means and, even for the simplest words, cannot remember how to spell it. This is exactly the same process as exercising a muscle. The process of tiring, exhaustion and fortified recovery is the mechanism by which memory is acquired.

NORMALITY OR USUALITY? It is fashionable to pose the question 'What is normal anyway?' Then we immediately have to make the distinction between what is normal and what is usual. It is often assumed that normalcy is what the majority do, but people can confuse what is normal with what they are used to. The potential exists, if it was not actually the case in the environment of this study, for abnormal behaviour to be the norm.

THE NORMAL DISTRIBUTION. The normal (or Gaussian) distribution is the most important statistical curve, giving the distribution of many real-world features such as height and intelligence. Standard deviation (σ) is the index of variability, or the 'sharpness' of the curve, and the centre, mean value is μ . Three basic distributions employing normal distribution curves are given to illustrate sex difference. The horizontal axis in each of these distributions is 'degree the trait is expressed.'

Figure 5. Distribution 1: Male and Female Variation



DISTRIBUTION 1. MALE AND FEMALE VARIATION. The first distribution illustrates characteristics for which the average is the same for males and females, and are thus not sex-dependent. Characteristics which are known to follow this pattern include intelligence, eyesight and reading ability. The following figure is an idealized form of Figure 10 in Glenn Wilson's *The Great Sex Divide*, for male and female IQ, but it should be noted that commonplace IQ tests are designed to give identical results for males and females.

(Basic IQ is the ratio of Mental Age to Chronological Age MA/CA . Thus if a child of 10 performs as well as is average for children aged 8, the child has an IQ of $8/10$ or 80%. The beauty of this technique is that the test itself is irrelevant – it cancels out. This original method of testing IQ cannot be used for individuals older than 14 or 15.)

SOCIETY CHANGERS AND GENETIC MARTYRS. Human males vary more than females. Male variation takes the form, at the extremes, of the exceptionally gifted or intelligent and, at the other end of the scale, the men I term *genetic martyrs*.

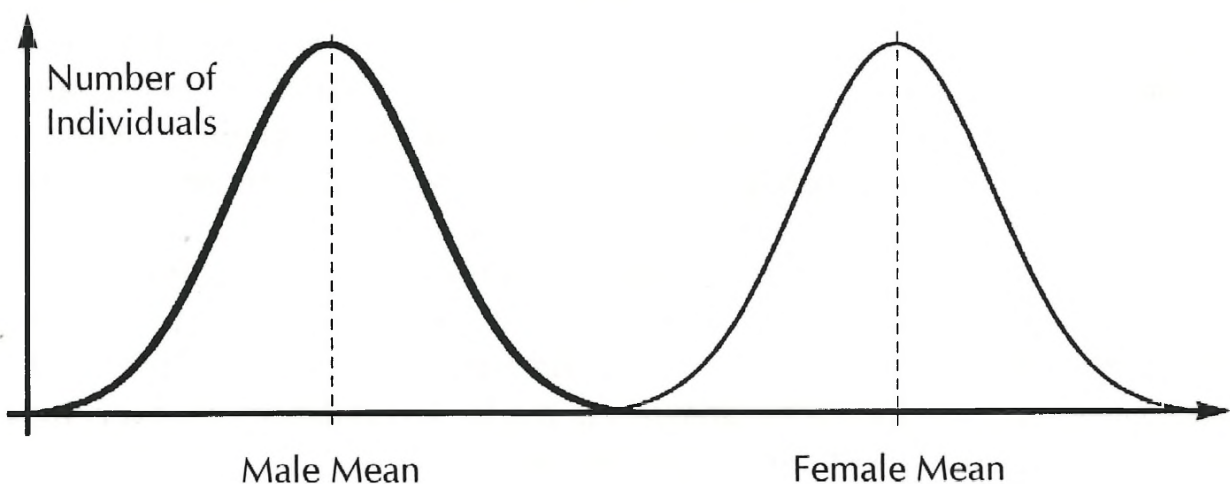
A BBC radio report was that, of the top 1 in 10,000, measured by ability not achievement, there are 13 males for every female. Furthermore, 20% of these individuals are strongly left-handed, 70% are myopic and they are five times more likely to suffer from asthma, or some other immune dysfunction, than normal individuals. The distribution of mathematical ability has been much studied by psychologists. Mathematical ability seems to be centred in the brain's right hemisphere and associated with testosterone over-production or over-sensitivity. This increases right hemisphere ability but knocks out the immune system.

Society changers define the roles to which others conform. We owe to these individuals (who might alternatively be called 'meme creators' or 'alpha-males') virtually everything: the invention of every modern amenity and the knowledge which allows us to progress. Due to Distribution 1 and other factors there will, at best, be one woman for every 100 men in this category.

Genetic martyrs, on the other hand, are runt-like and likely to be dysfunctional in some way. They are termed *martyrs* because it is they who pay the cost, by chance alone, of the wider variation in males which allows geniuses and other high-achievers to come into being. This may be at the level of acceptance or rejection of the zygote: around a third of pregnancies naturally and spontaneously abort due to a poorly understood 'quality factor.' Many GM's fall out of breeding competition.

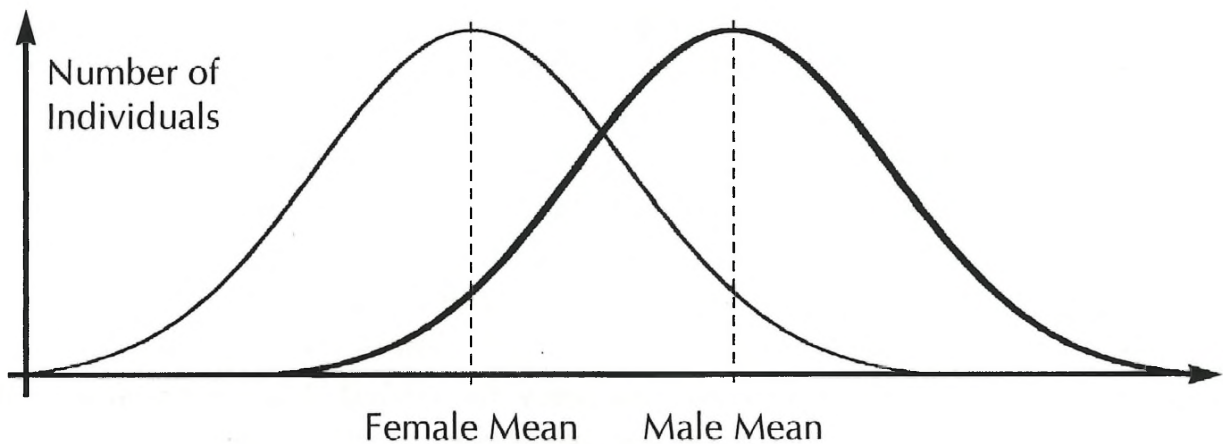
DISTRIBUTION 2. COMPLETE SEX DEPENDENCE. Distribution 2 consists of two normal distributions with no overlap and illustrates characteristics which are completely dependent on sex. One characteristic following this

Figure 6. Distribution 2: Complete Sex Dependence



distribution is the tactile sensitivity of a baby shortly after birth. Even the least sensitive female baby is more sensitive to touch than the most sensitive male baby.

Figure 7. Distribution 3: Partial Sex Dependence



DISTRIBUTION 3. PARTIAL SEX DEPENDENCE. Distribution 3 consists of two normal distributions with overlap, for characteristics which are partially sex-dependent. One trait following this distribution is height; the average for each sex is distinct but there are many cases when there is overlap. It is into this area that tall females and short males fall. Most human traits probably follow this pattern.

Because of the considerable overlap, some females express male characteristics. Males can also possess female characteristics, but when they do it appears to be with greater variation (i.e. following Distribution 1). Examples quoted in this text of males strongly expressing female characteristics provide some telling contrasts to the norm. Turner's Syndrome supplies examples of females without any male hormonal influence, so that for some characteristics, unusually, there is no overlap with males at all.

Some of my own female characteristics can be quoted as an example of a male expressing female traits. I sometimes emit the Accident Signal, so that mishaps have occurred in the presence of someone I am attracted to. In speech in full flow I was once described by M28DSW as being like a stick with a needle on the end. Also I am not at all competitive, which is probably why I choose obscure areas of activity. By this strategy I do not have to compete with others, or if I do, I am in such a position of dominance (a male characteristic) that competition poses no serious threat.

In detailing male and female characteristics we are not really talking about individuals at all but about male and female strategies, and this is the basis on which the following analysis is made. Indubitably however, most males are male and most females are female.

SOME ESSENTIAL SEX DIFFERENCES: NATURAL DOMAINS. An essential component of the male character is his capacity to react at the level of the thing. A male may be excited or even obsessed by a clever algorithm or a tiny part or modification of an engine. These things can be fascinating to a male but they mean nothing whatever to a female, because the female's basic level of interaction is the relationship. Things are meaningless to most females save for the functionality they provide. Indeed to some males this functionality is only an end-product, at which point an item becomes so mundane that it is no longer of challenging interest.

People normally stick to activities they are good at, again following a path of least resistance. It is uncomfortable and to some extent demeaning (implying a path of high resistance) to see another person effortlessly doing well something which one has to struggle to do only adequately.

This may account for a certain female ruthlessness in manipulating relationships. Not only are they instinctively directed towards finding a mate, and most particularly an ideal or optimal one, but essentially they have no thing else. Females are far less able to redirect their sexual energies, to sublimate them in other productive directions, than males.

The basic relational transaction between the sexes is that the female gives the male physical sex and the male gives the female a relationship.

PROPOSITION 6. The primary sexual activity of the female is relationships.

DISCUSSION. If I go to a male to talk on some technical topic it is not sex, or if I go to a female for a technical discussion it is not sex, but if I go to a female and talk to her because she is female it is sexual activity. For the purpose of this analysis, and fundamentally, all relationships which are not business are sexual. Relationships may be very pleasant but ultimately all they produce is babies. Sex to the female is personal relationships, particularly and especially with children. The male instinct is to have sex, the female instinct is to have babies. The male who is not interested in physical sex and the female who does not desire babies became extinct long ago.

There are feminist books purporting to be about sex but with little or nothing about the sex act, the male perspective, but which are concerned almost exclusively with children. A large proportion of female art is concerned with childbirth and children. By nature females are very good at having and nurturing babies, and doing so can give them considerable pleasure. Reproduction is fundamental to the female 'reason for being,' and relationships are an inseparable part of that, as can be seen from the nature and paucity of female sex substitutes.

Females cannot give up sex in pursuit of an objective to the extent that

males can. A male will forego sex to achieve some goal but a female will never give up relationships, which is her expression of sex, because it is totally essential to her being. The question to a male "Why is sex so important to you?" is utterly ridiculous, coming from a female.

For a male to make a major achievement or breakthrough he must often be obsessive to the point of monomania. To succeed he must often be prepared to be hated while a female desires above all else to be loved. For a male to succeed he may endure ostracism for his obsessive zeal and his success will inevitably be to the envy and discomfort of others. Maybe he will be loved afterwards, too late or not at all, but he must shed his care to be loved to succeed.

The natural domain of the female is relationships, the natural domain of the male is things. Illustrating this natural female talent, on the Kalverstraat I had been recognised as a hunter by a girl, F2-3D, so young she had yet to emerge from her pram. Girl-children are certainly aware of the effect of the Open Legs Signal, even neglecting that many girls are told to avoid this posture by their mothers. Females are perhaps 6-8 times better at reading signals and manipulating relationships than males. Correspondingly, males are 6-8 times better at manipulating things.

SEXUAL-POLITICAL ANALOGIES. Some parallels can be drawn in male-female relationships between an expert chess player and a beginner. The female is expert while the male is severely handicapped. The male always loses, or is allowed to win occasionally just to maintain his interest. The female makes the male work as he tries to get what he wants, but he always has to overcome his natural handicap. It is in the female's interest to make the male do as much work as possible, because by this tactic she learns the male's strategies even as he is learning them. Then if she sees what she wants she can immediately fall back on her natural skill and close the game.

A more forceful analogy is that of a man being trapped in a cage with a member of the cat family of about his size, such as a jaguar or tiger. The cat is many times more aggressive and much better equipped; the man is at a severe disadvantage.

Both of these analogies can be applied to the situation in which males attempt to compete in females' natural domain of relationships, although both fall down when applied more generally. In the first case the male ultimately refuses to play the game and the female appears to become incompetent through laziness and lack of practice. In the second the man must not only fight and win the battle with the cat but also live with it.

SURROGATE MALES, SURROGATE FEMALES. Most societies are capable of accepting females with male abilities as surrogate males, so that females

having exceptional characteristics will be admitted to positions and places from which they would ordinarily be excluded. It is hard to escape a suspicion that in the contemporary definition of the 'New Man,' that genre of males whose values are strongly influenced by female ideals, females are admitting males to their society as surrogate females.

BONDING. I had been struggling to determine the significance of a comment F25J had made. Someone from her home town was presently living in Amsterdam and calling on her. F25J said "He didn't make any particular attempt to get to know me when we were in Tel Aviv." I had a strong sense that this somehow encapsulated the feminine perspective, but could not pin it down precisely. The crux of it however is that males bond on shared experience, while females do so solely on the basis of who they like. The classic male grouping is the gang. A member will be admitted to the gang solely because he is useful, but females are only interested in who they like.

POLYGAMY VERSUS MONOGAMY. The optimal male strategy for the furtherance of his genes is to impregnate as many reproductive females as possible. This is the pure masculine perspective, to impregnate one and proceed to the next conquest. The male instinct is to bring things to a head, finish and then progress. This polygamous drive is also the most effective business strategy: to clinch a deal, make a profit and go on to the next. In pursuit of this drive the male seeks resolution – bringing matters to a conclusion; settling them; completing them.

The male instinct is to act, because even if he makes a mistake he can finish, learn from his error and do it better next time. Wilson points out that if the male makes a mistake, and impregnates the 'wrong' female, his genetic survival prospects are unimpaired. Contrarily, because of the high cost of sex and her desire for an optimum partner, the female seeks to prevaricate and delay. The female policy is to drag things out and stall so that she can gather information and gain maximum advantage before committing herself to bearing a child.

Certainly the finding of Experiment 1 and subsequently was that females never initiate action. The female instinct is not to act: not to resolve matters, not to take risks and not to have sex, or not until conditions are perceived as ideal.

REFLECTION OF NEUROSIS. A direct proposal ('Come with me for a beer') could constitute a reflection of neurosis. It certainly attempts to set the cost of sex low. In one circumstance, the female may really want to agree but is forced by such a proposal to confront her inability to do so. Females cannot help but reject approaches. Then she is likely to wish at a

later date 'If only I'd said yes.' In general it might be that males usually say yes and regret it later, while females usually say no and regret it later.

HUMAN CHARACTERISTICS AT THREE LEVELS. It is proposed that every human characteristic – such as insecurity, paranoia, neurosis and Thanatos – exists at three major levels. Using happiness as an example, an individual might be happy, a group of people might be happy, or a society as a whole might be so. There may be a fourth level, a global happiness, but since no other population is available for comparison this remains totally arbitrary.

PEER GROUP LOADING, PGL. An important variable is a person's susceptibility to influence. This also exists on three levels. For example, an individual might be attacked by an American, leading to the beginning of a belief that all Americans attack, or at least, a tendency to be shy of Americans. Alternatively he might hear of a friend or colleague being so attacked, and be less likely to conclude that Americans in general attack. Finally, he might read in a newspaper that an American attacked someone, and the report hardly be noticed at all. The situation would change if the experiences or reports were repeated, for example if a person, having been attacked once, received another attack from a completely unrelated American.

Table 4. Categories of Influence

MALE	FEMALE
Individual	Personal
Peer	Relational
Societal	Community

Susceptibility to influence according to its source is bound to vary according to sex. Furthermore, it may be that not only is the relative balance between the three levels different for males and females, the categories themselves possess certain fundamental dissimilarities. They may be as shown in Table 4.

We go on to detail some observations which might justify this appraisal, or at least give some clues to the major factors of influence of males and females.

PGL, SINGULAR: INDIVIDUAL/PERSONAL. A pregnant female can feel that she is the most important person in the world. Normally, that is if she is not pregnant and is given the opportunity, females tend to the view that their personal feelings are of paramount importance. Males however are able to suppress their individuality in furtherance of a greater objective. This is evident by the male willingness to self-sacrifice and their tolerance of risk, for example in war or other hazardous but necessary occupations such as the Fire and Lifeboat Services.

PGL, MULTIPLE: PEER/RELATIONAL. A husband is often practically ignored on the arrival of a baby and this points to a singular focus of female emotional attention.

PGL, MASS: SOCIETAL/COMMUNITY. An interesting outcome associated with PGL was the result of the Nixon-Kennedy presidential election debate of 1960. The debate was broadcast simultaneously on TV and radio at a time when the radio audience was a more substantial component. The TV audience of 73 million thought that Kennedy had prevailed, while 12 million radio listeners thought that Nixon had won the arguments overall. Since Kennedy won by only 120,000 of the 69 million votes cast, Nixon's poor visual presentation almost certainly cost him the election.

The output of Hollywood forms a continuous diet of American institutional morality, which appears to have become strongly feminized. Importing these TV series is cheap, so there is a strong incentive for European TV companies to show them. However female role models are portrayed which are completely fictitious, such as aggressive female police officers and competent and authoritative women in positions of responsibility. The actresses portraying these roles have even been seen to swagger. It has been reported that the birth-rate in radio and TV soap operas is about 2.5 times that in real life.

Females will quote and discuss television soap operas as if they are reality, seemingly oblivious that the characters are merely actors and actresses following a fictitious plot. This phenomenon is sufficiently bizarre that it warrants a rational explanation.

TENDENCY OF FEMALES TO CONFORM. Females have a greater tendency to conform. They are more uniform, with less deviation from the average for certain characteristics (Distribution 1). This greater uniformity results in less variation of opinion and behaviour. Females have a weaker ego and are more suggestible because they are less able to resist peer pressure. They place greater emphasis on the opinions of others; observably, females always 'go with the pack.'

Once while visiting M28DC the Dutch equivalent of *Blind Date* was

being shown on TV. This was similar to the American and British versions but more drawn out. A girl kept asking a boy "Were you popular at school?" but the boy didn't know how to answer. She asked this question three times in succession before M28DG acted on my pleas to change the channel.

Because of the sex differences detailed here all attempts to make women contribute equally to society will fail. There is positive discrimination, such as encouragement to females to take up studentships as engineers, but even this is not enough. A few examples of successful women are held up as examples but these are exceptions which prove the rule (assuming that they are not media hype). Females' lack of practical ability may mean that they gravitate into management or supervisory positions and exert a conforming influence, stultifying it.

ARTIFICIAL MEDIA ROLE MODELS, AMRMs. Two personal accounts of artificial media role models may be enlightening. They appeared in the music press although both were supposed to be factual. The first concerned a 14-year-old guitarist with whom I did a couple of recording sessions in a studio in London's West End. A few days afterwards I saw a full-page article in a music paper lauding him as a prodigy who knew everything there was to know about music technology. It had been obvious to me, because of my technical background, that he had merely strung technical terms together and not actually understood the jargon he was using. (I also remember his mother hovering around the studio feeding him liquid food supplements.)

The second concerned my next door neighbour and I while I was living in Brighton, shortly after finishing university. F36EF knew the editor of a prestigious music magazine and an interview was arranged. My neighbour and I met the night before to formulate our story, which was about the use of computers in music. We were both involved with computers at the time, and had been active musically, but the story we planned to give our interviewer was a complete fabrication, with not even a crumb of truth beneath the generous concocted topping we built above.

A photographer arrived on a separate evening and my neighbour took us to a nearby home studio. This was the point at which for me the escapade ceased to be funny, because a third person was included whom I had never met before; neither had I ever been to the home studio prior to the visit for the photograph. What had started as a conspiratorial joke between my neighbour and I had turned sour. Nonetheless a double-page spread appeared in the magazine a couple of months later, complete with a caustic and invented insertion into the story that my neighbour had once been a lavatory-bowl salesman.

BASIC INSTINCTS: SUBSTITUTES. People do not usually have all the sex they desire, so substitutes are found. Considering the basic sexual instincts of males and females, an examination of sex substitutes can be made.

MALE SEX SUBSTITUTES. Males are basically pleasure-seekers. The primary sexual activity of the male is physical sexual activity, that is, copulating. A major group of male sex substitutes satisfy the male's pleasure-seeking instincts. Another group take the form of a build up of tension followed by its resolution.

Males substitute for sex anything which builds up to a climax and is then resolved. A very obvious example is sport, which combines the accumulation of tension and its resolution with competition. It provides an outlet for aggressive and competitive instincts and finally the male is given a ranking, a number, which is an unambiguous measure of his success.

It is not true that males are only interested in the short term, but they do desire resolvment as quickly as possible for their energies to be directed most efficiently. The energy being expended on an unresolved target may be being completely wasted.

Males may substitute power, or business, or the pursuit of a particular objective for sex. The excitement obtained from taking risk (e.g. crime, gambling) is another obvious male sex substitute.

DRUGS. Psychoactive substances such as alcohol, marijuana and heroin are sex substitutes because they stimulate the pleasure centres which normally provide encouragement, equivalently reinforcement, to have sex. Opiate addicts are thin because the pleasure reinforcement of eating is relegated to insignificance by the sensations provided by the drug. They also usually have a very much reduced sex drive.

In a famous laboratory experiment a rat had a wire inserted into its brain directly to its pleasure centre. It received a preset pleasure impulse whenever it pushed its nose against a button. The impulse was increased until above a certain threshold the rat spent all its time repeatedly pushing the button and thus neglecting to eat, starved to death.

It seems that our natural addiction to sex is hijacked by drugs, which provide a similar sense of well-being to that obtained by sex, by stimulating or supplanting normal endorphin production. This appears to be particularly true of opiate addiction. Further, the nature of these substances is that an individual takes the drug and after some time, wants more. A reinforcing cycle is established. There may be parallels with the Satiating/Insatiating Effect but most substance abuse is by males because they are predominantly pleasure-seekers, while females are predominantly relationship-carers.

There are certainly accounts of users falling in love with a drug, for

example someone describing how they became addicted to heroin: they "Just, well, fell in love with it, I suppose." I remembered a similar experience myself when once becoming re-addicted to tobacco; I had the sensation briefly, of falling in love with it.

As to whether marijuana is addictive, it is certainly true that a tolerance can be acquired and this is halfway to addiction. Marijuana is definitely psychologically addictive. If a tolerance can be acquired then adjustment is required to return to the normal state, and this is an essential component of the addictive cycle.

FEMALE SEX SUBSTITUTES. Food is a major female sex substitute. Females also substitute intimacy with each other for an intimate relationship with a male. Many females are preoccupied with domestic pets and it is evident that pets, perhaps especially cats, are a female sex substitute. Cats are a substitute for sex, or at least what females are biologically conditioned for in sex. There were the quotes in Section 3, particularly "My cats are my children."

SUBSTITUTION AND SUBLIMATION. A distinction must be made however between substitution and sublimation. Probably the first stage in the evolution of neurosis and its sublimation is music and religion.

MALE AND FEMALE BATTERY. It is beyond contention that males and females can inflict a great deal of pain on each other when they are emotionally involved. Present practice is to put female suffering at the hands of males to the fore, but it has been of interest to psychologists why females are often willing to tolerate high levels of violence from their partners and still return to them.

Informal reports suggest that of the total number of incidences of domestic violence, around a third consist of violence by females against males. This category is much less reported than even the opposite situation ever was, before the issue rose to prominence. Two actual incidents are given in illustration.

A husband was obliged to listen to his wife's complaints while lying in bed and was struck across the face every time he fell asleep. After this had been repeated several times he took to a spare bed in another room, and the wife later followed, throwing a bucket of cold water onto her sleeping husband. In the second example a wife stabbed her husband because he was late home from work and, seeing the blood he spilt on the carpet, stabbed him again for making a mess. These cases of male battery are demonstrations in the extreme of common female concerns.

INTENSIFICATION OF MALE BREEDING COMPETITION. The following is a speculative listing of categories of males who are or will become sexually inactive, and therefore non-reproductive, with an intensification of male breeding competition. It hardly needs repeating that the only sex which matters in evolutionary terms is reproductive sex.

Genetic Martyrs;

Tramps; Males of indeterminate status; Mad squatter scientists (apparently);

Most drug addicts;

The physically ill and/or incapable (including too old);

The mentally ill;

Exclusively homosexual males;

True paedophiles;

Males who only have sex with prostitutes (non-reproductive);

Males who are too proud (in Amsterdam perhaps, males who realized what was going on);

Males who consider the rituals involved superficial and demeaning (e.g. having to ask several times for a meeting);

Males who cannot tolerate female control;

Males who do not respond to signals;

Neurotic males, or males who control their neurosis by only taking slow deliberate actions;

Males who lack confidence;

Males who cannot cope with rejection;

Males too shy or self-conscious to make an approach;

Males who never meet females (e.g. in prison or at work);

The physically disfigured;

Males who suffer from psychological sexual dysfunction (e.g. repulsion of sex);

Males who fail to display feminine markers (e.g. scruffy, clothes in need of repair);

Males who smell;

Celibates (e.g. religious orders);

Transsexuals;

Males who are too lazy;

Males who never have any money;

Males who are too honest;

Males who are too impatient (want sex immediately);

Males who fear females (e.g. due to violence);

Males who are unskilled at persuasion;

Males who are unable to talk trivia;

Males who are unable to talk without pausing.

This last entry, "males unable to talk without pausing," may seem implausible but was so consistently observed that it could not be omitted. In one common scenario a conversation would be started with a group of females and the dominant one would assume control. The conversation might be proceeding swimmingly but in any pause, and with no untoward signal or other outward cue, the dominant female would break by suddenly saying "Bye," leaving the male with little option but to abandon, and even though the others almost certainly had not wished him to do so. (Premature Breaking is symptomatic of excessive neurosis but this behaviour is better explained by the definition of BSF which follows.)

Delinquent females are of particular interest because they, like squatters, are unconstrained by the usual social and conforming pressures; they do exactly what they want. A group of delinquent females in inner-city England separated males into three categories:

1. "Nice boys," whom they all wanted to marry;
2. "Boasters," whom they disliked (cf. Proposition 1);
3. "Untouchables."

A similar list could be constructed of females who fall out of breeding competition, including some overlap with the male list above, but the exercise is here omitted.

Pairs 2, 3 and 4

September 1992

F33SIRP Female, 33, Scottish-Italian real pro
M30DDW Male, 30, Dutch death warrant

The realization that I could say more or less anything in the Approach Statement (except something offensive of course) and if the female was receptive she could, with her superior speech ability and speed, steer the conversation more or less how she pleased, made me change my strategy. It became to begin conversations with "Nice weather we're having," usually followed by "Nice for the time of year, don't you think?" That was my default strategy, that is, unless something else occurred to me, due to a change in circumstances. I would say "Hello" first of all and I think it was something of a cheeky smile I would give, since it would be said with complete disregard of what the weather was actually like. Most of the time it was pretty dreary. However the object was clearly to start a conversation, that much was obvious and the strategy was less committal, both to them and I, than "May I walk with you for a short while."

In this way I was freer to make mistakes (mistargeting). This was an advantage since I had become rather too good at following and/or anticipating the movements of my targets, often to my cost. On what effect being seen during the advance/validation phase had on the outcome I had no information; I suspected it was detrimental. In being seen while following I was revealing myself as a hunter and this was incompatible with IoR. For example, if the approach appeared spontaneous it might be that I was out buying a pair of socks, had spotted the most gorgeous girl I had ever seen and could not resist approaching. There was a provisional rule therefore: don't reveal your status as a hunter. Anticipating the target's movements could never be done with certainty in any case, with the result that she may be lost, or worse, disappear into a shop to spend 10 or 15 minutes buying something. Then if the target was thought worth waiting for one was tied up for that time and had to resist distraction by any other promising target that might pass by. It occurred to me to grade each target and abort the wait if another with a higher rating appeared, since the confusion which arose when trying to cope with multiple targets was most uncomfortable and seemed invariably to result in failure. The appearance

of two targets simultaneously spelt disaster, unless the targets were a prospective Pair, or members of a group, in which case I could treat them as a single unit and deal with it. Needless to say I gave up this idea because it was difficult enough isolating targets, never mind giving them marks out of ten.

Almost all of these problems had arisen the previous week with a lovely girl of about 16 with a sallow complexion, dark hair and slightly flat face, resembling a girl I'd had a brief and unconsummated relationship with while at university. The result was that, after following a short while (being spotted by the girl, non-target with her) and waiting for her to emerge from a shop after buying something, I was already halfway smitten. Consequently by the time the approach was made I was gooey-eyed, tongue-tied and self-conscious. Although the local females would unhesitatingly show displeasure, their faces clouding with a frown at the slightest discomfort (and to which males seemed expected to respond), if I showed any emotion it seemed to guarantee failure. She (apparently involuntarily) pouted her backside at me as she walked away.

It was therefore preferable to resolve the situation, assuming validation had been achieved, as quickly as possible. One could then move on to the next target without undue delay.

BODY POUTING. With the sight once of a girl on the Prinsengracht, standing on a kerb, pinning her shoulders back and breasts out, this completed the set of body pouts, in response to my attention, observed in females:

1. Pussy – involuntary, like a twitch;
2. Breasts – shoulders back, deliberate;
3. Backside – involuntary, like a twitch.

Three sessions were undertaken, nominally of two hours each but the last two were extended by circumstances. I managed 5 targets on each of Tuesday and Wednesday and 9 on the Friday, this day being busier and with rather too many targets for comfort due to the nicer weather. This was why I didn't like to hunt on Saturday afternoons; if I did work on Saturdays (and it did feel like work, most of the time) it was early in the day, before the crowds really began. Otherwise I would feel like a horny male pigeon, running after first one girl then another, but around five in two hours seemed comfortable.

Saturday afternoons were now reserved for my Pram Survey when, adorned with a Walkman, I would sit outside the Junk Food Palace on the Nieuwendijk with a clipboard on my knee. I would stir rarely, even though there were Oh so many gorgeous females, with their bodies which sang of

pleasure. The survey would only be interrupted to answer a call of nature, or once to warn a girl whose *porte-monnai* could be seen sticking out of her back pocket, or to say "Hello" to anyone I recognized, including former targets.

WEDNESDAY. My last target on the Wednesday was an exceptionally tall girl whose age, I guessed by the girl she was with, to be rather young but I was undeterred. The first time I had been about to approach she disappeared into a shop. After waiting a short while I advanced a second time, approaching from the wrong side, that is, closer to the non-target. To my surprise she spoke first and said "Hi!" I told them that I had been about to open a conversation with my target (I didn't use this terminology of course) but they had gone into a shop; this was probably not wise but it didn't seem to matter. I don't think I mentioned the weather at all.

They were in Amsterdam for the day, on a day trip from a school around Eindhoven. I learnt a bit of Dutch as we walked down the Kalverstraat towards the Dam. When we arrived at the Square there was a large group of schoolkids and a couple of teachers. The boys gathered round and enthusiastically fired questions at me; it was easy conversation. After some minutes they announced that they were going to the Junk Food Palace but I wasn't inclined to follow. I stood on Dam Square, gave them a wave and shouted "See you!" I always tried to give a friendly parting, regardless of the circumstances.

It was near the end of the session and I decided to move down for the last few minutes. The Nieuwendijk was no longer my usual hunting territory but I only had 15 minutes or so left and it was in the direction for home. I ended up leaning on the side, distracted in conversation with a man about his super-lightweight (7kg) foldaway bike, which had cost nearly £1,000,-. With its tiny wheels and insubstantial frame it didn't look worth it at all. I told him to always lock it to something, which it hadn't been. Bikes in Amsterdam were stolen with astonishing frequency and had to be secured with heavy chains, a hangover from the proposals some years ago, never taken up, of white municipal bikes which could be taken and left as the need arose. Now the policy was implemented unofficially in the form of bicycle stealing. My own strategy was to scavenge the wrecks which could be found with little difficulty and build complete bikes from the parts. Any discussion of Amsterdam would be incomplete without mention of bicycles, which were everywhere.

"What are you doing here, waiting or..." the man had asked. I should have waited for him to finish, or asked him what else he thought I might be doing; it was probably obvious but it would have been interesting to hear how he put it. After a few minutes' contemplation I decided to follow my tall former target into the Junk Food Palace. This was a radical departure: I

had never been inside properly before. Climbing the stairs I recognized the teachers first, more by their manner than anything else, and gave them a greeting as I passed by. A murmur of surprise arose from the schoolkids at my reappearance. There was a short conversation with one of the boys, finishing off an earlier one, before I saw my target at the front, sitting near the windows overlooking the Nieuwendijk.

I went over to where she was sitting, stood a few moments, then took a spare seat within the circle, although closer to some of the boys than to her. Now her jacket was off I could see her properly and I cast a glance over her body: despite her height and build suggesting maturity beyond her years they were baby breasts, although she didn't have long to go. She was wearing black jeans, her long legs apart, my glance fell but returned as quickly as I could manage to her pretty face.

Again the boys were more eager conversationalists than my target but I told her friend, sitting next to me, "It's nice talking to you, people in Amsterdam are not so friendly." Addressing my target, one of the boys volunteered her name.

NAME GAMES. I asked her to affirm her name, unsure I had heard it correctly. "I don't have a name" she replied. I couldn't cope with this. "Everyone has a name" I said but there was no reply. Later I thought this might have been an invitation for verbal parrying but at the time I could not contend with this obviously nonsensical statement. Responses I had received to "What's your name?" included "I don't know," "I'm not going to tell you" and "The first letter is C, I'll tell you the next each time I see you."

Another repeated theme was females giving pointed yet vague hints where they lived, such as indicating a block of houses, or very obviously playing games with the name of their hostel. If I saw a girl home I seemed to be expected to have ascertained from a single, perhaps night-time visit, her street number and which bell must be rung to signal her apartment.

BAR GAMES. The boys re-engaged me in conversation. One insisted that I was Dutch pretending to be English, the banter being simple meant that I could slip into Dutch occasionally. I was familiar with the game Dutchmen played sometimes: going round cafés and bars being offensive, exploiting their near-perfect English by pretending to be English or American, indulging themselves in being rude at the expense of others' reputation. The basic bar game was telling tall tales, but another was inventing a persona and pretending to be it.

After some minutes my target moved away to another group, followed shortly by her friend, but it was such a pleasure to talk to the boys, I was

disappointed but not upset. It was a real relief to be able to talk and not have every word analyzed and carefully weighed, as seemed usual when talking to adults in Amsterdam. The conversation was light and we laughed and joked. One of the boys could belch at will and I told him that if I had a party he would be invited.

One of the teachers came over and told the boys, in Dutch, "Remember this is Amsterdam, take care for your money" then went away again. I asked for confirmation of what had been said: "He doesn't mean you" but of course he had. Then I made a play with my black spring-loaded extending umbrella, it wouldn't go up at first but after a few moments it rose and spread. I held it up and sat beneath it, right there inside the Junk Food Palace. "What are you doing here, in this place?" asked one of the boys. "Sheltering from the rain" I replied. It wasn't even raining outside anymore but I was having a whale of a time.

The boys reminded me that the original object of my interest had moved to another table but I shrugged my shoulders. "She left" I said. Soon it was time for me to go, I wanted to get to the shops before they closed. "What time is it?" asked one of the boys: "Ten past my wrist" I said, looking at my bared arm. We had talked of Monty Python and here was genuine eccentric British humour in the flesh. I bid my goodbyes, including to the girls I had first met, and walked down the stairs on my way out. The boys leant over the stairwell, smiling and waving. "See you next time we're in Amsterdam" one said, optimistically. It had been a brilliant day, I hadn't had so much fun in ages. I also seemed to have reached being on good terms with the street entertainers, including playing a trick on the grimacing mannequin. Today I sneaked up from behind so that his by now automatic reflex of "*Dank U!*" came in response to the sound of the coin dropping into his jug, but he hadn't known from whence it had come.

FRIDAY. BITCHES. On Friday, after a day's pause, I hit the Kalverstraat again and in the fine weather approached 9 targets. I missed a nice Bitch by being too slow; she'd been young, 18 or 19, with long black hair and not bad looking. By the time I had overcome my reservations about following signals I had lost her to another. She had been walking the Kalverstraat and I wound my way down in the direction she had been going, then caught up. By this time however she was accompanied by a good-looking but po-faced, and somewhat stern, young male. Shortly they moved towards a large record shop near the bottom, Dam-end of the Kalverstraat. As they went in I saw him try to take her by the hand but she wouldn't let him. 'That's a relationship made in Heaven' I thought, cynically. I wondered whether Bitches were only interested in having sex, or perhaps they wanted to feel used. It had occurred to me to ask 'What are your terms?' but when the occasion arose I never thought of it in time.

My last target of the day could be described as Grade 1: about 13 or 14, blonde, sweet and innocent-looking; I could have loved her to bits. On seeing her I moved in instantly; she and her friend had skipped some sort of parting festivity for a senior teacher at their school, displacing their normal lessons, and had decided to come the 20km or so into Amsterdam for the afternoon. The age and nature of my target made me feel protective. I definitely didn't want to upset her, so early on I said: "Look, if you want to walk on your own just tell me, okay? I don't want to be here if you don't want me to be, so just tell me." We walked down the Kalverstraat and chatted; I tried my latest trick on the grimacing mannequin but it didn't work out; he turned as I was trying to sneak up. As I came away from putting the coin into his jug I noticed the steely eyes of the non-target: steely eyes and stern face. It was worrying but I ignored it.

At the Dam my target wanted to know where a famous headshop was. This one not only sold the pipes, decorative cigarette and joint-rolling papers of a typical headshop but also knives, crossbows and clothes. The offer was made to show them. I had recently seen photographs in a magazine revealing an almost museum-like interior, and I must have walked and cycled past it thousands of times during my years in Amsterdam but had never been inside. I was interested as well but had not been motivated enough to visit on my own.

We wandered around inside, around the alcoves and stairs, looking in the glass cabinets. After around ten minutes of looking around, not as a close group but in the same part of the shop, I saw them looking intently at a magazine or comic and laughing. It occurred to me to go over and see what it was, but decided to ask them about it later. After a few moments I turned my back to look inside one of the glass cabinets and when I turned again they were gone.

I went through the shop looking for them, trying to appear nonchalant to the shop-workers, but I'd been given the slip. It felt really awful, even worse for having so deliberately told my target to say if she wanted to go without me. It was just pure selfishness, either that, cowardice or pure badness.

It was close to 6 o'clock, already past my home time and I wandered back, feeling aimless and dejected. As I reached the Singel, nearing the house, I saw two tourists ahead carrying large backpacks, moved in and found I had caught two German girl-tourists for Friday, start of weekend coffee.

PAIR 2. Neither of P2 was especially fetching: presentable they were. Later that evening we walked around the canals and town, then to the Leidseplein where I kissed each of them briefly on the lips and took them by the hand. People looked as we walked along, holding hands. They were

assuming that we were going to do, or were already doing, what I only hoped for.

ACUTE EMPATHY. One was interesting because she displayed some of the intense empathy I had never seen in females of any other nationality. F25J and I had once hitch-hiked through Germany on our way to Zurich one December and been stranded at a service station in the German south. While we hung around in the cold I saw a German woman, a mother, sitting upright in the back of a car, watching with an unremitting gaze the going and returning of two teenagers to the shop a few metres away, the shop to which F25J and I would retire periodically for warmth. Perhaps this is a feature of the German psyche, manifest in females by this earnest sympathy with others. The almost unbearably concentrated empathy of the mother of the teenagers as she stared unblinkingly at them, and present to some extent in one of P2, may be its feminine expression.

The thick-set half of P2 retired, pleading tiredness after a long journey, and I gave the other, who was slim and dark-haired, a summary of sex differences and their evolutionary basis. We talked about the difference in size of the male and female corpus callosum, the bundle of fibres which connects the left and right hemispheres of the brain. "I don't believe in science" she said. "Then you're lost" I replied. Then I picked up a ruler from the table and said "It's not even very scientific, all you need is a few dead brains and one of these."

There had been some intimacy between us but it became evident that we weren't going to have sex, and at this point the urge to smoke a joint was almost overwhelming. I noticed it very strongly while abstaining at this stage. Marijuana also relieved stress, as did sex. The joint was a consolation prize, a sex substitute; it was absolutely obvious to me then. When I followed her upstairs, after a delay of a few minutes, she obviously enjoyed flashing her knickers at me.

The following morning, as a consequence of going to sleep with the image of the German girl standing in her underwear, I exploded at a signalling tourist on the Vijzelstraat. I was still feeling angry. A woman was sitting on a bench beside the cycle lane, among a group, and fixed me in a stare and smiled. I cycled past, then rounded on her. "Do you want sex?" I asked. She didn't understand at first, so it was repeated. "*Nein.*" "Don't signal then" I said, and continued on my way. It was the only time I ever did this, although I had considered it as an experiment. It was ironic that the one time I did was to another German.

Having by this time a good idea of the terms which were to be placed on a second night's stay, P2 announced the next day that they had booked a place at a youth hostel. This came as a relief since I had been about to

reiterate the terms of stay and would have had to ask them to leave had they declined. In response I told them that I was not in the habit of inviting people to stay so they can be cruel to me, the cruelty of denying me the very thing I needed most. I was providing them with what they needed most, a place to stay. They seemed to have some feminist leanings so I was less reticent about expressing the masculine view. It was the cruelty, I said, of putting a bird into a cage in which it could not stretch its wings.

Soon after we parted. Even though they had announced their departure, there was surprise when I terminated our conversation in the kitchen after more than half an hour, to return to my pram survey on the Nieuwendijk. The thick-set one made a spiteful comment as I bid them goodbye on the Nieuwezijds Voorburgwal.

SUNDAY. THE BLUE MAN BECOMES BLUE. On the Sunday, with fine weather and an hour to kill before my radio show, I felt the urge to hunt. It wasn't an urge I felt very often. Three approaches were made without result but my freewheeling activity gave inspiration for another strategy: I would use the girls to teach me some Dutch. Part of the problem though, besides my being hopeless at languages, was that if I couldn't get a girlfriend of the sort I wanted in what was supposed to be such a tolerant society, I wasn't sure I wanted to learn the language after all.

I showed off to some boys, cycling around and mounting a waterfall in the Max Euweplein, but I was just an amateur in an extrovert mood. The night before I had toured a packed Rembrandtsplein and, on the approach to the Leidseplein, seen the grimacing mannequin: he was a commanding sight. It being the special occasion of a Saturday night he had painted his bald head and neck a vivid blue. At the end of his session he had picked up his jug and descended on a startled man who had been out, apparently alone, on the Leidsestraat. The tall figure with the sickly blue head walked alongside the innocent pedestrian, wildly and hilariously grimacing. That was real street entertainment.

My audience was two boys of about 6 or 7 and one or two younger ones; a man was nearby, sitting beside a pram. From the experience gained from my surveys on the Nieuwendijk I automatically appraised him as single male, empty pram. A model was being photographed on a nearby part of the Max Euweplein and no doubt she was upstaged also. After speeding down the waterfall and coming to rest, standing astride the bike, the pram-man lunged towards me, grabbing my arm with both of his hands; it was a feminine, restraining gesture. Taken aback I swore at him and he released his hold.

The boys were shouting and tried to shower me with water as I cycled past; I made a noise and grimaced, smiling at them. Then I cycled out of the quadrant with my thumb on my nose, waving goodbye to the boys who

were still cat-calling after me. I had perhaps taught rebellion to some young boys who very likely needed it. I had also observed, possibly, another form of over-reaction in opposite sex role in the male with the pram, who had lunged at me in feminine fashion and undoubtedly over-reacted in some protective attitude towards the boys.

My radio show didn't happen and I ended up sitting outside a café near the Rembrandthuis, talking to another programme-maker who, due to a change in the clocks, had turned up an hour early. It would be the last time I tried to do a broadcast on this station; I was sick of having my Sundays spoiled by turning up ready to broadcast and not being able to get in. In fact the last time had been the day with P1.

As I cycled away two girls were walking the Damstraat, one a punkette with one side of her head shaved, the other feminine with long black hair. The punkette went into a snack bar while the black-haired one waited outside. I cycled back, stopped outside a small café and waited, in subconscious debate, for the instinct to pounce.

ONE BIG CAFÉ. Having stopped for no obvious reason I became aware of a handful of people sitting outside another café, beside a bridge, wondering what I was doing. I reflected on how often I had been observed, without being aware of it, by the seemingly immovable fixtures of people outside the cafés, restaurants and bars. My brother had described Amsterdam as one big café and he was certainly right about that. Even with a reported total of 11,000 already in existence (which, if true, was 1 for every 70 inhabitants), new ones were constantly opening. To what extent, I wondered, were the cafés and bars sustained by people who were hopeful of meeting someone, confident that nothing would happen if they stayed at home. I had speculated openly about what everyone in them found to talk about since hardly anything ever happened in Amsterdam, save that is for the squatters on the other side of the canal moving back into a house the day after being evicted and the occasional Jumbo jet plummeting out of the sky, with its remaining engine at full throttle, onto a housing estate. One of the local newspapers had run the headline "Beer is dear in the night shops": that was supposed to be news. Only once had I been to England and returned after a few weeks to find that something had happened in my absence. That was when the largest and oldest squat radio station Radio 100 had been raided by police and had all their equipment removed, including one of my computers, although this was eventually returned. With these few exceptions it was all 'storm in a teacup' stuff.

PAIR 3. Now I didn't care what the onlookers thought. I waited for the punkette to emerge for what seemed an age, intending to approach them together. Running out of patience I approached the dark, feminine one and

the other emerged from the snack bar a few moments later. They were Australian, a punkette and a demur beauty and had spent some time in London. I walked them back to their youth hostel on the Kloveniersburgwal and later left them a note.

The dominant one, with half of her head shaved save for six or eight long strands carrying beads, made two exploratory visits to the house the next day and succeeded in uprating my written offer of one night's stay "in complete safety" to a spoken agreement for two. They arrived the following morning bedecked with the usual rucksacks. The punkette, a Personality Girl if ever there was one, certainly had a healthy ego. Once she wrinkled her nose in laughter and involuntarily shook her head, causing the wooden coloured beads adorning her hair to collide into her face. The other was prettier, with long hair and a curvaceous waist, but a little flat-chested. The two were almost complete opposites.

A gay friend I knew from Radio 100, M30DDW, came round while we were gathered in the kitchen. We were then four with only three chairs. First I offered my chair to one of the Pair; M30DDW imitated and thus began a cycle of politeness which grew to comic proportions. I alternated between sitting on a toolbox by the door and on a chair, with the Pair eventually sharing a chair between them. I had no intention, but could not stop myself saying enough, in the form of allusion, which could have led P3 to infer that M30DDW had been given his death warrant, he was HIV-seropositive. After M30DDW had left we talked about the menopause and the comparatively short period of female reproductivity and attractiveness. I was reticent at first but then said "You know it subconsciously already" and told them that people will be less eager to give up their chairs to them when they are older and not so attractive.

"Anyone would think I was asking you to do something you wouldn't enjoy" I told P3 that evening. The comment had already been made to at least one of the previous Pairs. At this time the theory stood at "Female tourists who refuse to give sex are all cost and no benefit."

The proud punkette told how she had seen two men outside their youth hostel. One was in a car waiting for the other, who was walking towards it. She had felt a strong fear of being raped and I said that this was equivalent to her being separated from the protection of her tribe and seeing two men in bearskins with clubs, and fearing rape in those circumstances. She said she didn't enjoy sex and shared my habit of nail-biting, picking the cuticles and skin around her fingernails, making them red and swollen.

At 9am the electricity company arrived to install a new main, a historic event in the history of the house. After being squatted for over 8 years it was finally to get its own electricity supply. Around 18 months previously I had emerged to find the cable cut on both sides of the street, with one end

hanging down right outside the front door, an act of urban terrorism by some unknown agent who had somehow gained access to the roofs on both sides of the street. Save for a few hours in the special circumstance of a party, the house had been without electricity since.

P3 slept in, I let them since I knew it to be a rare luxury while travelling. The workmen were plied with coffee; eventually my guests arose and coffee was made for them. Then the girls set about making egg-bread, slices of bread fried in beaten egg; a production line began as they were distributed to the two workmen. Amusing stories were told about life among a crazy band of musicians in Northern Australia called, with typical Australian delicacy, Fish Bum Lips. Once I came down the stairs to find them deep in conversation, but it was a special language, so richly interspersed with obscenities that it was barely recognizable as English. The dark one had a wayward sister with whom they had hitch-hiked across Australia. She had returned the favour of a lift by having sex with the truck driver in the back of his cab, but the PG had vigorously helped to unload the lorry to dispel her feeling of obligation. The wayward sister was constantly falling victim to sexually transmitted diseases. That morning a consignment of condoms had arrived at my post-box and I resisted the temptation to be superstitious and regard it as a good omen, but I showed the package to the Pair.

The three of us sat at the front door, watching the work in progress. F33SIRP, the half-Scottish, half-Italian prostitute working in the window next door, expressed annoyance about the disturbance to her business, a reaction she gave rapidly and routinely, even sometimes to my visitors if they lingered a few moments outside the house. F33SIRP was a real professional, she was busiest first thing in the morning and could manage it 25 times a day, 30 at a push. However the large hole on one side of the narrow road and the mound of sand over which the cars ran were soon assimilated into the daily routine of the street, already with its own characteristic tinge of zaniness.

P3 sat on the doorstep and I crouched to one side. I was already well on the way to guarding them possessively. In response to the extension to two days (the one day limit, I had explained, was about as long as I could stand having them in the house without making love to them) I had told them that the only place I was going to show them was the supermarket. There seemed nothing good in taking them out: either they could be lost if they latched themselves onto another or, more likely and much more in consideration, I would inspire jealousy or feelings of inadequacy in other males if I paraded them in a café or bar. I didn't like trophyism at all, not even the temptation to do it, and I also knew by now that it was often a substitute for the real thing. Although I had no particular objection to making other males jealous it seemed dishonest and unnecessarily mean

when it had no real foundation. Even when I showed them the supermarket I had seen heads turning. They were planning to go to Germany but one had expressed concern about getting stuck in Amsterdam, so their schedule did not appear to be fixed.

Soon after the sounds of our laughter drifting along the street died away however the rot began to set in. After the departure of the electricity workers they made a number of trips out, to check the time of a train or (they said) telephone a mysterious family friend. Once when they came back I gave them brief kisses in greeting and amended my earlier pronouncement to strike out 'tourists,' so it became "Females who refuse to give sex are all cost and no benefit."

"We've found somewhere else to stay" announced the Personality Girl; I looked sad but didn't make it obvious. A couple of hours later, as they returned from another trip out, I suggested that we eat together that evening. "He's going to cook for us, isn't he?" said the PG, referring to the mystery friend; the other murmured faintly in agreement. Later again, just before M28DG arrived, "He'll be waiting for us." "Do you ever beg?" asked the quieter dark one, the one with the hourglass waist which made me want to fill her from underneath. I replied that I never did, it was like going to the Foreign Police at 5am to get a ticket to return at 9am in the sequence of getting a stamp for staying legally in Holland, it was *infra dig*, beneath one's dignity.

As soon as M28DG arrived he keenly engaged them. I sensed their eager anticipation to engage that entertaining ego and flutter those wonderful eyes, each respectively, in another relationship without sex. I needed to talk privately with him, it wasn't often I needed to do so. "These two were just leaving" I said. They went upstairs to pick up the rucksacks they'd already partially packed; M28DG followed them upstairs for some verbal jousting. I kissed them goodbye as they left.

The observation is made, and stressed for emphasis, that my reaction to lies seems analogous to my reaction to signals, both take a similar period to assimilate. The reaction time and time to work them out seems similar in each case. At the time I think I had suspected that "He's going to cook for us" was a falsehood, but had not extended this doubt to the other two statements ("We've found somewhere else to stay" and "He'll be waiting for us"). I lay for some hours that evening trying, really trying, to cry in longing for release from the emotions provoked by their short stay and departure. It was well beyond that exquisite, almost enjoyable poignancy of pathos; this was the real thing.

When I next saw M28DG, a couple of days later, I asked him what had happened while they had been packing their sleeping bags. "He's kicking us onto the street" one had said in the few moments he had talked to them alone. "Which one said it?" I asked. It had been the less extrovert, prettier

one. "She would have been telling the truth" I said. The story of their mystery friend had been a ploy to try and make me beg them to stay, and it had backfired.

PAIR 4. The week ended with a meeting with Dutch Pair 4. After an enjoyable evening together I finally worked out how the mistarget had occurred. Tired at the end of a session, I had combined the slim build and a Wide Eye Signal from one with the long curly blonde hair of the other, merging them to form a prospective match with the Primary Template. That was the reason I had approached.

By P4 I had developed spoken honesty to a fine degree and explained the mistarget to them, "But now you're here I want to have both of you." I could state my terms explicitly while keeping the conversation in the best possible humour. We came bang up against Indulgence of Romance and discussed it over pasta and the new electric light, now in addition to the usual candlelight. P4 were a rich source of feminine quotes. I was speaking about my rule 'Events may be reported but identities may not' and nomenclature for LO1; the dark-haired one said "I don't like numbers." It was repeated: she actually said "I don't like promises [about sex], I don't like commitments [to sex], I don't like numbers." The term had been used almost as a joke, a joke in which LO1 had shared; she had told me in a letter she was coming soon.

There was the first concrete expression of the state of balance between the sexes: "A man is an easy catch." "Not this one" I replied. I told them I wanted to make love to one while the other watched; they'd been primed for surprises by the cards that had been sent back and forth, before our meeting. The first surprise was to be my house, the second was the terms to be set on our relationship, if it was to take place, the third was the possibility (in any event) of a visit to BAR1 with its excellent vegetarian food. The fourth was an article about me in an Amsterdam English-language magazine, establishing my status as a mad squatter scientist. In the end, after sitting and talking in a café and then a bar, and our arrival at the house with some beers from the supermarket, we ate *chez* Simon.

With P4 I made the point that my wanting a *menage-a-trois* made me completely normal, in sexual terms at least, showing them the table in Glenn Wilson's book. According to Wilson female fantasies usually involve a steady partner while the most common male fantasy is group sex. However it seems that the only males who have a chance of satisfying their true sexual desires are those who are exceptional in some way, e.g. exceptionally successful or persistent. We talked about female selection for breeding and one, the dominant dark one who had signalled and did most of the talking, said "Men follow feelings in targeting or appraisal of partners. Females think." At one point she made a slightly spiteful remark

“You’d have anyone.” Probably my biggest failing was an inability to arrest bad trends before they got out of hand, but on this occasion I did check it. We talked about my inability to cry and that this was the result of physical conditioning, not the social kind, that there was a biological block on the flood of tears which I would like, sometimes, to overcome.

After our meal and a trip to BIGBAR3, which was quiet, I kissed them goodbye as they stepped onto their train back to the provinces. It had been an enjoyable evening and our time together had passed quickly, which was a good sign, but of course I hadn’t got any work done in the meantime.

The article in the Amsterdam magazine gave an account of my studies of moroxydine and ibogaine. However F31USJ had added that I provided information on how to obtain mifepristone, the new early abortion pill, which suited her political agenda but was untrue.

Analysis and Comment

September 1992	F35I	Female, 35, Irish
	M30ERP	Male, 30, English record producer
	M34HISW	Male, 34, half-Indonesian skunk worker

REMOVAL OF MALE PRIDE. The approaches of the week confirmed that the immediate response of many, almost all, of the females was to make the male's object as difficult as possible: walking fast, even doubling their walking speed; taking an immediate shop dive, responding with silence (the ultimate ambiguous language) or, more rarely, overt disdain. Under these circumstances the response of a male with any pride at all would be to abandon. An alternative explanation for the increase in walking speed in some cases might have been nervousness, and it occurred to me to make a verbal attempt to slow them down, but the majority of the responses definitely seemed akin to rubbing the male's nose in the dirt.

There was the familiar concern, possibly an expression of that same societal neurosis, in the Junk Food Palace as I talked to the schoolboys. After my target had moved, and the obvious reason for my being there had gone, there was first the warning from the teacher about their money and then "What are you doing here?" This may more accurately have been "Why are you talking to us?" It was the same syndrome of not talking to anyone without plain reason.

EBIAR. At least three examples had been noted of exaggerated behaviour in females adopting masculine roles. A policewoman was seen frog-marching, rather too enthusiastically, a suspect to the police station. One day a female security guard in the Nieuwe Kerk (the church on Dam Square) very deliberately and prematurely reacted when I paused for a moment to look at some moving work within. Then there was the occasion I was arrested myself carrying a printer from the station at 3am, mistaken for one of a wave of computer thieves at the time. The handcuffs were tightened so much by the female half of a pair of police agents that I was in considerable discomfort.

Memorably one night in BAR4 I had noticed clumsiness in a female when she had attempted to take the initiative, knocking things over when moving closer to her target. However this might have been merely the result of nervousness, much like the Moroccan spilling his drink over the woman he sat beside in BIGBAR3.

Several examples of males exhibiting exaggerated female behaviour had presented themselves. There was the man sucking the face of the baby on the Kalverstraat and the less said about that, I thought, the better. The incident on the Max Euweplein seemed to confirm it. The arm-grabbing lunge the male pram-minder had made towards me had been a restraining, rather than aggressive or violent, action and it had been undoubtedly feminine as well as premature. In my appraisal of the situation, a female would have made a comment like "Take care for the children." She would only have reacted so forcefully, with this kind of lunge, had I placed one of the children in actual danger or attempted to manhandle one of the boys.

PAIR SUMMARY. There were the ongoing explorations with the Pairs. Starting with P0, the English Pair, it had been the psychology student who had initiated the break, saying that I reminded her of a lecturer who was obsessed by sex. My response to accusations like this, that I was talking about sex all the time, was "It is often the case that the more someone talks about sex, the less they do it, and I'm writing a book about it. Those two facts may be taken independently or in combination."

Referring to slips shortly after a proposal, as P1 had done, was a gambit that was repeated subsequently. It served to prevaricate while reminding the male of his ultimate objective, providing him with incentive to tolerate the delay.

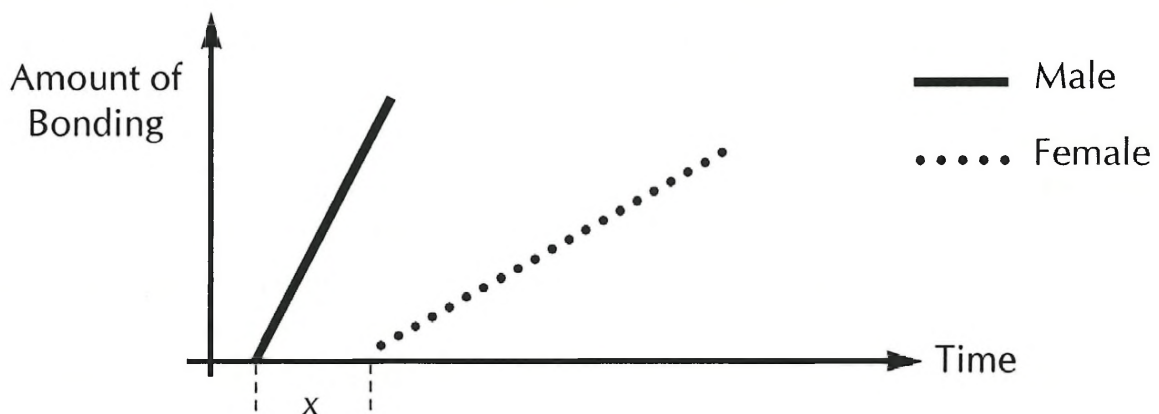
RULES OF ENGAGEMENT. The terms which I imposed on the Pairs after P0 became explicit. I got better and better at stating them unabashed, such that by P4 they were jokingly referred to as the Rules of Engagement, as if they were the conditions under which a soldier might be permitted to open fire in a tense and volatile political situation. For the two Dutch Pairs we had to have sex together, the three of us, the first or second time we met. For the tourists, they could stay one night at the house without obligation, but on the second night we had to have sex. I made sure we all slept in the same room, with minimum disturbance to the rest of the house (I could still use the workshop for example) so that sex could happen.

Inevitably questions were provoked by this candid declaration of my wishes and in some cases there seemed to be relief, initially, that my desires were out in the open. The relief was short-lived however as the implications of my demands sank in. It certainly led to some interesting discussions.

Whenever the opportunity arose, I gave the Pairs a basic course on Sex Difference, using material from *Brain Sex*, Glenn Wilson's book and my own evolving theories, like the Bonding Curves. A suspicion had been that perhaps I was drawing information directly from females, but it became clear that this was unfounded. The system of theories being developed was not from them, but was being refined by the process of moving the information around in my mind, in the process of speaking to them or with them about it.

THE BONDING CURVES. P4 and I talked about the relationship between the sex act and emotional bonding. When the Rules of Engagement were expressed there was some reaction to the prospect of the relationship we had evidently already begun being terminated if the condition about sex taking place was not satisfied. My response was to explain that if any bonding had taken place by them of me, particularly by the dark signaller of the Pair whom I admired for her forwardness in sending cards and notes, it was merely a reversal of the normal situation. That is, the situation in which a male would bond to a female he approached only to be rejected. By withholding my emotions I had turned the tables on them.

Figure 8. The Bonding Curves: Male-Female Bonding versus Time



The length of time x in Figure 8 is the period in which a male may already have bonded but still has to endure rejection. (The above graph is an approximation since the original sketch was taken away. The essential point is that males bond to females more quickly than females do to males.)

The following is a possible sequence, leading to consolidation and a relationship:

1. Introduction;
2. Pause;
3. Second meeting, preferably in a different place;
4. Pause;
5. Third meeting and potential consolidation.

The minimum for successful consolidation may be two encounters separated by an interval.

SEX PROBLEMS. Frank discussions about relationships took place with several of the Pairs and a number of problems were revealed. One girl, the blonde PG of P3, had found that she did not enjoy sex, although she admitted to having little difficulty achieving orgasms. She was therefore outside that large percentage of females who, according to reports, experience orgasms either rarely or never. Another attractive Dutch girl of about 18 had only ever had one extended relationship, lasting four months, during which the male had wanted to be telephoned daily for reassurance. If these are to be regarded as sexual problems, which they probably are, then their incidence is surprising. Neglecting P0, with whom I expressed my desire to have sex but not my terms, my sample is four Pairs or eight females. Two of eight gives a baseline of 25%. The emphasis here is that we are not talking about couples who have lived together for years and become thoroughly bored, or young males who cannot get enough sex. These were attractive, young and healthy females for whom everything would seem to be in their favour. An incidence of 25%, with at least one Pair (P2, the Germans) who would probably not have admitted to sexual problems had they existed, was considerable.

My conclusion became that 90% of problems arose because relationships simply didn't happen often enough. This was certainly true for myself, and had come to the definite opinion that although the female would continue to gather information in her instinctive quest to optimally select a father for her children, the only information the male wants to know after a while is what she feels like.

The following was also expressed, but the opportunity to do so did not arise so often: that if circumstances had changed such that having sex invariably resulted in a child I would willingly, or more precisely, resignedly but then with justification, adapt and conform to the female perspective and reserve regarding physical sex.

To the Pairs, I openly admitted doing experiments on girls and documenting my experiences. It seems that females do not like being experimented upon and I was often asked, even before I had chance to explain, whether I was doing an experiment on them, right then. The

answer to this, I said, was obvious. I told them that if I were doing an experiment I would not have told them that I did experiments, since the first rule is not to invalidate your results by telling your subjects that an experiment is underway. Or, at least, not revealing the true nature of the experiment but masking it as something else. I told them that the terms I was making so specific were not an experiment, but the consequence of former ones; that I wanted a proper relationship with them and my definition of a proper relationship was one that involved sex. I added that I'd had enough of relationships without sex, these being already available in more than ample quantity, if not actually impossible to avoid.

It was acknowledged to one of P4 that my strict terms would not have been stipulated if I had a girlfriend in Amsterdam and sex, which made some impression on her. However of equal truth perhaps, but not usually stated, was that if I had a relationship of the sort I wanted, certainly with the kind of girl I had by this time spent several months trying to win, I would not now be making attempts to initiate a relationship with a Pair.

Why did I want such a relationship? There were the obvious evolutionary reasons: I was trying to be the dominant male with a herd of two females and wanted to care, protect and impregnate them. There was the fact that none of the individual members of the Pairs were considered pretty enough for a relationship on their own, although several came close. It wasn't that I respected them any less, it was just that they weren't sweet and innocent and/or gorgeous enough for me to lose my heart to. As P4 and I sat around the kitchen table by candlelight one evening the inevitable happened – one asked why I wanted a Pair. It had been bound to happen eventually: I had to explain to an 18 or 19 year-old that she was too old for me.

There was also my fear of monogamy, the awful sense of being a man with responsibilities. This had occurred the only time someone, that is F25J, had lived with me. It was a feeling I wanted to avoid; a much milder form was at the supermarket, where pushing a shopping trolley (which I had tried once or twice) felt like pushing a pram. Monogamy seemed to me to be halfway to marriage. To love a Pair was to be able to love without fear. I also wanted to belong, to be part of a group of three, even to be its focal point. I doubly wanted to be loved. There was the occasion of my having sex with two girls, which had been one of my most memorable and enjoyable experiences ever, although its memory may have improved with time. I remembered vividly that overwhelming sense during my meeting with P1, the sense that they could confer a reason to live. Perhaps one of the main reasons however was the desire to discard my inhibitions and hang-ups about sex. If I could establish a relationship with a Pair which lasted (as I hoped) for some time, then by the many intimate and erotic permutations which would occur with two females and one male during it,

my sexual neuroses and particularly my inhibitions about touching would evaporate like snowflakes in the Sahara. Or perhaps a better simile would be ice cream; I found the prospect a very attractive one.

FINAL SUMMARY OF PAIRS. I telephoned the brunette of P1 and said I was sad, but was told a number of unlikely tales including that the blonde's flat had burnt down and nothing more was heard from them. P2, the Germans, told me they had booked a place to stay in a youth hostel. Australian Pair P3 blessed the house with their presence for 30 hours and colluded to try and make me beg, cooking up a story which backfired on them, and sent no postcard as promised. They also forgot to return the key they had been lent. P4 said they rejected my terms and failed at first to reply to a letter asking what their terms were. Eventually they responded and it was with their characteristically concise expression of the feminine standpoint: "Our only term is that there are no terms."

There was every indication that an insistence on honesty, a forthright expression of a desire not to be drawn into a relationship without sex, and an explicit declaration of the conditions under which a relationship would be deemed to have begun, was a guarantee of failure. It was an expression of the male interest in minimizing the costs of sex.

All the non-English-speaking Pairs (P1, P2 and P4) were eager to determine as soon as possible how much of their language I understood, to establish how much of their conversation I was able to follow. Sometimes I got the feeling that I would be the common factor holding the relationship between the two girls together, that I was needed to make it cohesive.

Concerning my explanation to the Pairs about whether I was experimenting on them, had I not given this rather complicated, probably obfuscatory, explanation what else I would have said I do not know. With hindsight I may have made them wary, intensifying their responses; that is, made them even more likely to respond to their instincts.

MISCELLANEOUS APPROACHES. There were a few miscellaneous encounters with females during this period.

RESPONSE TO TRANSDUCTION. One day at the post office I caught the gaze and smiled at a woman writing a letter, she was looking up as I passed by. I had been to this post office hundreds of times but had never made any approaches there. This time however I stopped to talk to her:

"You're writing a long letter."

(no response)

"Excuse me, you're writing a long letter."

"Yes."

"I hope it's appreciated."

(no response)

"Is it apprec...?"

By this time she was looking downwards and smiling to herself; I sensed futility and walked off. Immediately afterwards I wished I'd said 'Boring bitch' to her, and shortly after that realized I would have enjoyed kicking her. I felt this very strongly as I walked away from the post office. I really would have relished giving her a violent kick and breaking her foot.

EXCEPTION: A MISSED HINT. A pretty dark-skinned girl was asked "Can I take you home with me?" as I cycled beside her on the Rokin. She declined but during a brief further conversation gave a hint about where she worked.

REFLECTION OF NEUROSIS. One time I responded to a signal, a widening of eyes in peripheral vision, by a girl who might be supposed to be my type: dressed in black, alternative-looking and slightly scruffy. She had some prettiness but not enough. I made myself respond; it felt like I was practising. There was a brief conversation with her friend, the signaller herself just smiled broadly as we stood in an alley of shops off the Nieuwezijds Voorburgwal. Then I abandoned. I don't like being signalled, and I especially don't like this signal, although the signal I detest the most is a female walking into your path.

This was the first practical awareness of a manoeuvre of reflecting the neurosis induced by a signal by responding and then abandoning. In other words, putting the neurosis back onto the female by responding to a signal but not making a proposal. Some weeks earlier an Eastern European woman had asked for directions on a bridge over the Singel; in fact both these encounters had taken place only a few metres from each other, near the Lijnbaansbrug. There had been a brief conversation and she had mentioned coffee, but I made no proposal. She wasn't striking and her breath had smelled, I think of lactose. When I left her it had felt like I was breaking. It had occurred to me that she would not have known why I had done so.

INCIDENTAL NOISE SIGNAL. A woman signalled as I sat in coffeeshop CS2 quietly writing, in a corner rather to myself, making a clicking noise with her tongue as she walked by.

VALIDITY AND CONSISTENCY OF RESULTS. These incidents are related not because they are of any special relevance, although at least one may be. They are telling in that they emphasize the consistency of my

observations over the previous months, during my investigations with much larger samples.

Most times I had been deliberately signalled and in the one apparently unsignalled approach I had made, attempting to start a conversation in the post office, I had not even been granted the politeness of a proper reply or a courteous rebuttal. Neglecting the missed hint, which I did not apprehend until much later, any attempt I made to initiate activity seemed futile. My results were remarkably consistent; the exceptions were so striking that they only served to confirm the generality of the remainder.

Several of the incidents involved mature women, although all were attractive and well within the expected age range of a partner for me. All were thus outside my actual target specification. However it is my contention that the behaviours I was observing in younger females were relevant to older ones, save for disguising and refinement. Concentrating my attentions on younger females exposed female strategies in a simpler, less developed form. In any case I had not rigidly confined my experiments to my preferred target specification, and there were a significant number of mistargets, all with consistent outcomes. There appeared to be, I cannot stress enough, absolute consistency in my results.

My abstinence from marijuana lasted ten days, brought to a premature end by the unexpected visit of former skunk worker M34HISW and the healing of a major rift with him. M34HISW was a tall, whiskered and imposing squatter who was ebullient and somewhat eccentric. He would attend appointments twenty-four or more hours late, wore strange hats and slept in his boots. Several of us were involved with Radio 100 at the time. M34HISW would always be waylaid to urgently fix someone's gas fire, or attend to supposedly pressing Radio 100 business, but these crises seemed to occur in direct proportion to the importance of the meeting I was attempting to hold with him. By contrast M28DSW, tall with high cheekbones and long blond hair, had a much milder nature.

It would have been impolitic to refuse the peace offering. This was an undeniable aspect of marijuana consumption: social smoking, and if the habit had been to share joints with someone there could be a period of uncomfortable readjustment. Sometimes joints would be smoked at a rate proportional to the pleasure deemed appropriate to the situation. Also it seemed that no sooner would a decision be made to stop when someone would come round with some great hash or whatever, or some would just be lying around somewhere, and all resolve would go out of the window. Mostly I smoked small and exceptionally mild joints, although at other times, especially when socializing, my consumption was not so modest. I believe and hope that this factor is incidental, which may have intensified rather than immanently distorted my perceptions. In any event I am

interested in investigating the primary factor, not its substitute.

With heroin addiction it seemed that one was not so much fighting the syndrome as the substance; the substance dominated the addict's personality. Although the path was by no means smooth, during the Ibogaine Study M34HISW, M28DSW and I had treated several heroin addicts, sometimes successfully. We certainly gathered some valuable data.

The effects of the first joint were much stronger after abstinence. One immediate side-effect of marijuana after abstinence in me was blurred speech: mumbling. While some effects were short-term, others were not. The difference my abstinence made I considered to be slight, as I had suspected. Now however I was in a more analytical frame of mind and wanted to check my observations without its influence. I noticed the following, once I had stopped smoking marijuana:

DREAMS. I started dreaming again. An alternative explanation was that I hadn't actually stopped dreaming but merely woke to remember them. However during this period a telling dream occurred. In April 1991 my mother committed suicide and I had not learnt of it and the funeral until a month later, due to being in London. It had been an extended visit for recording M36SEM. In the dream I gave her a parting embrace on the doorstep of the house in Hull. It was as if there was a queue of unresolved emotions waiting to be discharged, with this farewell to my mother being at the top of the list of items needing to be assuaged. This pointed to the first explanation, that dreams really were being inhibited, although I tended to the view that dreams were merely the brain free-running, rather like a computer calculating the next digit of pi as a background task, and there was a danger of introversion in concentrating overmuch on them.

OTHER EFFECTS. Smoking seemed to make it easier to write, although I am aware of its tendency to induce laziness. It had taken me 25 minutes to write a postcard to LO1, sitting with my back to the National Monument and facing the clock atop the Palace. I had difficulty sleeping at first, but then needed less sleep. I had been uninhibited enough to go into the Junk Food Palace, not to mention the events on the Max Euweplein: I became more extrovert; a bit crazier. Less attractive jobs that I had been putting off were taken up again. Several times I felt as if I needed a pleasure substitute: I thought of chocolate.

The more extrovert nature of my behaviour may have been due to a lessened sensitivity. However I haven't called myself a mad squatter scientist for nothing; sometimes I can feel the tugs of madness and have learned to resist them. Then it feels like all I need to do to behave strikingly is to release some tension in the internal tug-of-war, to let the rope slip a little. Others have likewise used their psychotic tendencies to advantage.

Spike Milligan's humour was probably inspired by mental instability and he spent long periods in hospital resting, possibly recovering control.

Another reported effect of marijuana is to reduce antibody production, making a smoker slightly more susceptible to infection. This would be logical, evolutionarily, since a sense of well-being (which would normally not be induced by a drug) would signal that all was well and could result in mild suppression of immune system function.

SQUAT FOLKLORE. It was mid-October, the summer season was winding down to its inevitable close and shortly the really cold weather would set in. Then the streets would become quiet save for the locals and Dutch from out of town moving from one place of warmth to another. In Holland the temperature can go down to -20°C , a bitter cold in which it is impossible to exist without heating. The conventional form was gas but squatters and other eccentrics would use anything from wood-burning stoves to oil. There were many stories of the squats, especially the larger ones; a large squat could squeeze a century's worth of events into five years. One of the previous occupants of the building in which I had lived during my first year in Amsterdam, known as *Automo* or the *Vampire State Building*, had hibernated the winter with his only source of heat being a plain gas pipe which would be lit to give a 2m jet of flame. Parts of it stank of fish, this being used to fertilize the cannabis plants; once a shark's head was brought back from a market and reappeared several times beneath piles of rubbish and unused furniture. Large and unusual growths would be discovered in the refrigerators, which were in uncommon abundance. M28DLTS would lock himself away and not be seen for days, F28HJ lived at the top and M25D, M26DM and M28DG had also lived there. It was in this building that I learnt how people could step over something fifty times without moving it out of the way. My record producer friend M30ERP had visited during those early days and summed up the prevailing ethos: "Around here it's not what's mine is mine, what's yours is yours, but what's mine is mine and what's yours is mine."

The squat lifestyle was a crazy, borderline existence beyond comparison with anything else; it was more anarchic and diverse than student life. There had been a definite sense of parliament during the house meetings, as if the building were entirely autonomous and we could make our own laws.

I met M28FY on the *Spuistraat*, I hadn't seen him for a while and we had a talk. He was living with a Finnish girl on a boat. He said "For Dutch girls you must subordinate yourself, you have to make it clear that they hold the power in the relationship otherwise you won't get anywhere." Several people pointed out that although I took care for the validity of my results

by using large samples, the observations were all my own and the constant, single factor in all of the encounters was me. To this I reiterate that if I am terrible with women, hopeless at it, then it is incongruous because I am good at almost everything else, and the bottom line was that I was as bad as females made me. With their superior speech ability and relational skills, females could make me either bad or good as they pleased. All LO1 had done when I had approached was smile; it was a lovely smile to be sure but I suspect that for some of the 41 before her I would have abandoned the experiment in the same fashion had I received the same warm response. Then at least a couple of the females must have interpreted that Approach Statement, almost certainly correctly, as a cry for help.

LO1 had been promised a lift all the way from Denmark by a lorry driver and was due to arrive on the Saturday morning. As the time neared I made sure I was clean and shaven and got closer than I had for weeks to installing my last set of clean sheets. However I was by this time automatically following the rule that one should always attend appointments (in this case, all I had to do was stay at home) but should not invest any more effort, like spending a lot of time planning what to do, than the probability of the female turning up indicated. I thought about which of my favourite tricks I would use once she was between the sheets, and of running out of the door and kissing her when she arrived.

Another strategy being put into practice was never to interrupt an attempt to win one female for another, because doing so meant that one could all too easily end up with none. Thus if there were two prospects both must be pursued. A further rule I was testing was to use everything I had been given, like an address or telephone number, at least once.

The day before LO1 was to arrive I was happy, pottering around the house, doing jobs, writing letters and so forth, with no urge to go out and seek distraction or, more accurately, hope to run into a true love. That night M28DSW and I worked on a computer project until 6am. I knew immediately I awoke that something had gone wrong, since I had not been roused by the doorbell in the interim. If I were a particular kind of writer, one who writes for effect and not accuracy, I might say that the non-arrival of LO1 was the last straw, but it was not true. I think that must have been reached some time ago, although perhaps only so recently as when I had been so enraged by the woman in the post office that I would have relished inflicting injury on her. The non-arrival of LO1 didn't seem to affect me at all; I had hardly let my expectations be raised.

CONDOM COUNT. It occurs to me to make an interim conclusion of my adventures so far with a condom count: the number I had used since I began this series of experiments and accounts. It was three in full flight, two with LO1 and one with F35I, a woman I stayed with sometimes in

London. F25HNJP, the vivacious Jewish prostitute who worked next door on Saturdays, had torn more with her long red fingernails while testing them for strength over coffee one afternoon than I had used. We had been talking about breakages and she had gone through more condoms right then than I had used in earnest in a whole season of trying to do it my way: with verbal agreement, slowly, safely and under my control.

Parts of me wants sex while parts, the most part, wants love. One evening F27DWE, tall with long blonde hair and a slightly perky face, was working behind the bar in CS2. "The battle of the sexes is raging furiously in Amsterdam" I told her. "You think so?" F27DWE was well-endowed, but not with brain cells. "I know so" I replied. Sometimes I felt like telling tourists 'We're all neurotic' to explain not talking, to excuse the failure to speak when it would have been more normal to do so. Moreover I was starting to feel disgust on seeing Dutch girls on the street; a sense of disdain, at times approaching revulsion. When I went out on my experiments it felt as if I was setting forth to engage warriors spinning like tops, with swords flying and blades flashing, and that just going within range would result in injury.

AMSTERDAM AUDIENCES. There was a sense sometimes of languishing, here in Amsterdam. I thought of all the famous people I had met while working in London and Paris, people I admired like Andy Warhol, Robert Fripp and Peter Gabriel. There was nothing happening in this town. A woman in BAR4 had the cheek to tell me that she was always meeting computer people, but that very night I met no less than five claiming to be artists. Despite the preponderance of such activity there seemed to be little real novelty or breakthrough work, nothing of any genuine renown. Neither was I aware of any tangible musical or artistic impact of Dutch culture on the international scene. The dance and theatre performances I had attended with the dance couple I had known when I first came to Amsterdam, and since, definitely had appreciative audiences. Apparently the word among visiting international performers was that "Amsterdam audiences will lap-up almost anything." In the music world, of which I was more qualified to speak, it was evident that in England there was plenty of talent but no money, whereas in Amsterdam there was plenty of money, for equipment and the like, but little talent.

I hardly seemed to meet anyone who had done anything, never mind anything that had made them famous. There was an active pirate radio scene certainly but it was short range, only reaching a little outside Amsterdam and most houses had cable radio and TV in any case. It was one of many big fish, small pond syndromes. Egos were able to grow out of all proportion, unbounded by conventional social pressures. There seemed

to be no pressure, or indeed any incentive, to really succeed. Everything in Amsterdam moved very slowly.

CONTAGIOUS ATMOSPHERES. In the cafés and bars it seemed to be expected to show consideration for the bar staff, and atmospheres in them could be contagious. Once in the Radio 100 café there had been a young woman of the Unstable Female type exuding sexuality, although not overtly. One of the girls working there said "She changes the whole atmosphere of the place." Everyone in the bars and cafés seemed to be looking at each other out of the corners of their eyes. It was very possible to feel nervous and self-conscious on going to the lavatory because you knew that others would seize the opportunity to study your movements and draw conclusions from them.

The first time I had met P1 we had discussed Rowan Atkinson. He came to Amsterdam, performed in his comic guise of Mr. Bean and was interviewed for a Dutch newspaper. The subsequent article claimed that Atkinson, in real life, was boring. There were a couple of immediate aspects to this. Firstly the accusation of boringness was rich coming from a Dutch person, and secondly it was patently untrue, since anyone who was truly boring would be incapable of making millions of people laugh. This report was related to me more than twice so it had obviously been widely disseminated. One might speculate whether a male reporter would have made such an arrogant and clearly unfounded assertion. The likelihood is that Atkinson had been tired after his performance, which was when the interview took place.

EBIAR. The assertion that Atkinson was boring had the character of EBIAR, Exaggerated Behaviour in Alien Role. EBIAR seems to be the underlying mechanism when people who have recently stopped smoking become vehemently opposed to it. Also, tentatively, when exaggerated protestations of innocence, or of telling the truth, are made.

SPECULATION. I had not had an easy time when I first arrived in Amsterdam. When the money ran out, due to neglecting my business, there had been a spell when I would wake up to a breakfast of a glass of water, the dry remnants of a pouch of tobacco and pills. At least my medication had been provided free, courtesy of a European reciprocal agreement. Then I had spent all that time without electricity; there had been a lot of speculation by my squatter friends about that. Every possibility had been discussed, from wind power, solar power and ultimately kidnapping tourists and imprisoning them in the basement, forced to pedal a bicycle to which a dynamo was mounted. Eventually I

had run a new cable 50m or so over the roofs on my own and later, installed a new fusebox so the electricity company would connect a new main. Speculation seemed to be a favourite Amsterdam pastime. There were also people who claimed to be interested in everything, which meant in practice they did little or nothing.

The arrival of electricity at the Bergstraat meant picking up the many jobs I'd been unable to do without it. For several days I would still walk into a room to get something and not use the light. Soon however the warm glow of tungsten incandescence gave the appearance, if not the actuality, of warmth: heating in some form still had to be arranged. It was time to return to my other activities: making a living worth living save, that is, for the absence of the girlfriend(s) I had spent the last four months trying to get. So it was back to work and there was a lot to catch up on.

In contrast to the exigencies of my life, there were the three girls, or rather two young women and one slightly older, who lived on the other side of the street and gave every indication of being typical. They had everything provided for them: they could get money from the government, likewise a flat which already had electricity and central heating. It was sometimes difficult not to feel envious of them and a little resentful. My house needed maintenance, indeed on my arrival there had not even been water and I had learnt my first plumbing skills getting it working. For the girls opposite though, everything came with a plug attached, the most they ever had to do was plug it in. Around this time F30D was plunged into darkness in her flat and called out the electricity company to replace a fuse. One night a German tourist was robbed and murdered on the Nieuwendijk; it was reported to have been a group of blacks with French accents.

The Pram Count. Glimpses of Normality

October 1992

F12DSD Female, 12, dark-skinned discarder
F27FB Female, 27, Finnish blonde

SURVEY 1, THE PRAM SURVEY. On one of my last Saturday afternoons surveying prams a friendly American man, a tourist on holiday, came over and we shared a reefer together. That day I followed a Hari Krishna procession out on their third pass.

No identifiable trends in pram-pushing according to social or ethnic group were apparent. However plenty of couples were noticed walking with their hands resting in their partner's back pocket, on their partner's backsides. Or the couples would walk with arms around each other, though sometimes this looked ridiculous to my eyes, the girl having an arm around a man's shoulders; it looked like she could not stand having an arm or hand on her without reciprocating. There also appeared to be a fashion for Dutchwomen to have black boyfriends: during my experiments there had been two occasions when my attention had induced visible embarrassment in the female half of such a couple. It was abundantly clear that the surfeit of immigrant males meant that even the least attractive Dutch female could rely on five potential Moroccan or Turkish suitors, even neglecting the Negroes.

In the end all prams were counted because occasionally it was too hard determining how to include it in the count, so the ambiguous tally is those prams which could not be categorized with certainty. The significant result, which I had sought to confirm, was that of the couples, more males (175) were pushing prams than females (122).

Table 5. Results of Survey 1, the Pram Survey

MONTH, WEATHER, DURATION	F-E	F-F	M-E	M-F	B	A	SF	SM
Sept., -, 75	2	6	1	19	1	–	33	6
Sept., fine, 95	1	17	2	14	1	2	46	4
Sept., showers, 90	1	10	2	14	0	0	27	3
Sept., fine, 135	7	22	3	24	5	6	77	10
Oct., overcast, 135	3	33	3	51	2	2	80	17
Oct., cool/fine, 150	6	34	1	53	4	4	95	13
TOTALS	20	122	12	175	13	14+	358	53

Key to Table 5

F-E	Couple with Female pushing Empty Pram
F-F	Couple with Female pushing Full Pram
M-E	Couple with Male pushing Empty Pram
M-F	Couple with Male pushing Full Pram
B	Both sharing: One pram each, or one hand on pram each
A	Ambiguous situation
SF	Single Female pushing pram
SM	Single Male pushing pram
Duration	Minutes
–	No count taken
+	Minimum figure, since count incomplete

Nieuwendijk, Central Amsterdam, 1992

FIRST LOCK-INS. An important human, essentially female strategy is the lock-in. Its origin is to trap a male into a role as supporter of the female and her children. Two examples of lock-ins are given. F28HJ sensed and deliberately avoided a lock-in when I offered to bring her some sturdy storage modules from England: she would have been reliant on me to get more. M28DIW seemed pleased to have an opportunity to increase his power in the form of a software project I was waiting for him to finish. Lock-ins are not new; in fact it is the predominant IBM strategy. It may be that lock-ins, once secured, are always ultimately exploited.

VICARIOUS GENEROSITY. One thing which was uncanny was the enthusiasm and generosity of spirit which accompanied the illicit distribution of IBM PC software. This was particularly noticeable in my

case since I had little use for it, being exclusively concerned with another marque. Sometimes I had to stand on a firm insistence for software not to be thrust upon me. Such generosity of spirit seemed somehow related to the fact that they had no right to give it, nor had they in the vast majority of cases paid for an original copy; they had certainly not written the software themselves. Essentially they were giving away something which was not theirs to give. The mechanism underlying the practice was a strong, distinct and intriguing one.

WILFUL DEFIANCE. The following demonstrates the specific syndrome of wilfully doing the very thing that is not allowed. M28DSW was a skilled programmer but nonetheless possessed his share of female characteristics.

We had marketed a piece of software, software A, which had originally been written by an American, Guy Gordon. The method of reverse assembly had been used to semi-automatically and painstakingly produce source code, from which we were able to improve the software for our release. In retrospect it should not have been done without Gordon's permission but at the time it was.

Then Gordon produced another clever piece of software, software B, a copy of which was discovered on a computer which came our way. I told M28DSW that he could disassemble anything he liked but not software B, since I was not going to release two pieces of reverse-engineered software originating from the same person; to do so would look like a personal vendetta. Despite having a large choice of software from which to choose, M28DSW determinedly went ahead with disassembling software B, in the certain knowledge that whatever work he did would be wasted.

UNLIMITED FEMALE APPETITE. USE OF CHILDREN. Possibly female dissatisfaction is inherent, that it is the normal feminine state. Females are more sensitive to touch, taste and smell, and have an obvious appetite for good living. The female desire for warmth and comfort would be linked to child-rearing. Furthermore females may use the presence of a child to reinforce their own demands for safety and security. M26DM told of a female in his current squatted house at the very bottom of the Herengracht who frequently made unreasonable demands. Whenever the arguments against her became difficult her young boy, a toddler, would be stood in front of her, both literally and metaphorically, as a human shield.

Whether they satisfy their desires by this means or another, the female thirst for comfortable living is clear. Outside the Junk Food Palace counting prams one day I saw a daughter, standing proud on her heels, outstretch her arm and open hand to her father in signal and readiness of receiving money to spend inside. It was reminiscent of a young bird in a nest reaching up for food.

In a crowded BAR4 one night I became aware of a strong sense of normality: of what would be the usual sequence of courtship introduction. BAR4 was the craziest of the squat bars, run by Russians who had left their homeland. The whole place was only about the size of a large living room and had changed its layout on practically every visit. The bar was open unpredictably and frequented by an assortment of eccentrics and weirdos; it was unselfconsciously fashionable and in constant danger of over-popularity, like on this occasion.

Two or three Russian men were playing instruments on the small stage. One gave a commentary over the microphone, in between singing, on events going on in the bar, or general feelings. A remark was made by the commentator when I entered: "Behave." It confirmed that a single male, who might be hunting, was perceived as threatening and could cause unease.

In the end I shared door duties that night with a Russian girl I knew, making jokes and comments to people as they came and went. Outside was now displayed a "Members Only" sign, although effectively this only served to discourage those who would not realize that the Russian squatters in charge of this place above all others would be incapable of organizing anything as regimented as a membership system.

NORMAL SEQUENCE. Earlier that night I had seen long-haired blonde F27FB. On a previous occasion in this place I had watched her signal with increasing intensity (Looking Flustered) and then maintain its peak for fully five minutes before giving up. She had been sitting at a table with another female. F27FB was separated from her husband, if not divorced, and lived in the space behind BAR4. Many of the males had been falling over themselves for her but I had failed to show any interest, which may have been why she had been signalling so intensely. I did not respond then and I did not respond this night, but seeing her again contributed to the vivid awareness of normality I now felt. The normal sequence would be of a male, perhaps with his inhibitions diminished by a little alcohol, finding himself, probably even without realizing, talking to a female who had signalled a few moments before. The female would turn on her attractive state and then modulate it as required; the male would persist until the situation became untenable or was resolved. The process would be entirely within the manipulation of the female.

WORRY LEVEL. Another normal human phenomenon is Worry Level. People spend perhaps 10% of their time worrying and in the long-term this level will be constant, regardless of the circumstances. The 10% worrying time has to be filled with something, even with 'luxury problems.' A crisis might take place, like an accident or death, and then the Worry Level will

temporarily dramatically increase. Only then will the former concerns, previously thought important, be seen in their proper context. As circumstances settle the time spent worrying returns to its usual level.

DARKROOMS AND DYKES. I found myself in an extrovert mood over the following couple of days. F31USJ visited again and we sat on the doorstep while she told me about darkrooms. These were darkened rooms in which anonymous sex took place; she reported that there was to be some new legislation concerning them. "If you go in you're likely to be grabbed" she said. Darkrooms were a permanent feature of many gay male clubs, an occasional one for lesbian functions but according to her they had never existed in a heterosexual context.

FIRST DSoD. F31USJ went on to describe herself as a "self-identified political lesbian non-separatist heterosexual." She said she was "politically a lesbian"; it was her own description so she was self-identified. Being a lesbian was unrelated to having sex with men, it was a political stance. Political lesbians could be celibate but F31USJ was in a heterosexual relationship so, still maintaining relationships with men, she was non-separatist.

Reflecting later I contrasted this with feminists' insistence on calling any female beyond pubescence a woman, instead of a girl, young woman, woman, mature woman or old woman.

CLUB1. The remarkable thing about CLUB1, the name of which referred to a certain sensitive part of the female genitalia, was not that a female-only nightclub existed, or that it was so fashionable. It was that the sexually explicit nature of its fly-posted publicity material, had it advertised a heterosexual club or event, would have guaranteed that females would have stayed away in droves.

Females use male perceptions of them for their self-image; there was some form of transference of male desires and perceptions taking place in these all-female environments. If this was true then without the reinforcement of male influence such situations were likely to be short-lived.

On the Monday I bought a couple of cigarettes from coffeeshop CS3 and held the door open for a tall fair girl as I was leaving. She stopped and stood outside. After unlocking my bike I stopped alongside her. "Are you waiting for someone?" I asked. "Nnnyes, I'm waiting for someone" she said in an American accent. I smiled and cycled off, my immediate and instinctive reaction to "Nnnyes."

That evening I struck up in conversation with another American in

BAR2. I had entered in extrovert humour but been subdued by the quiet atmosphere within, it was early and there were few people. She was sitting at the bar, had black hair was not bad looking at all, in fact she was quite bonny. She told me she had five jobs, cleaning and so forth, but the one she enjoyed was behind the bar in a lesbian nightclub on Friday nights. It was CLUB1, the one I had heard about, particularly from F31USJ. She said she was heterosexual but was thinking of getting a sex toy and asking a girl she liked there for a date. "Are they very promiscuous?" I asked of the clientele of the club: "Yes" she replied. This confirmed what I had already heard about the lesbian scene in Amsterdam, that the amount of sexual activity well exceeded that of heterosexual relations. Usual lesbian behaviour was to have two or three long-term partners; F36EF and F37ER in England seemed typical (neglecting that each had been married and produced several children, making a mockery of their claimed lesbian sexuality). Eventually I asked her if she would like a drink, but was half-an-hour or more late and did so in a tense voice. My extrovertness had failed me and I had been reserved and hesitant; there had been a long delay even before I had sat beside her. I was terrible, I couldn't even pick up a half-drunk American in a bar on lonely hearts' night.

During my usual walk first thing to collect the mail one or two mornings later I was approached by my friendly hotelier neighbour. "How are you?" he asked. "How do I look?" "*Trist*" (sad) he said, and then "Is that water in your eyes?" I just managed to smile and wave as I walked away. It was true though, I was on the edge, my eyes were moist and had got wetter as I had seen him approaching. They were male tears, an involuntary signal I had given; the result of emotional and/or sexual frustration and neither was I happy to show it.

FRUSTRATION. At times I felt sexually frustrated and hated the sensation. Some of the symptoms were letting go of oneself, such as not washing or changing often enough, irritability, misanthropy, depression and listlessness. It was almost impossible to stop oneself signalling one's feelings in this environment and I was signalling my frustration, making it evident. I had definitely not imagined the mocking attitude I had perceived in women following their appraisal, or my honest admission, that I was frustrated. This happened several times. Although I was frustrated and would very much like a soft and warm female body under my hands, there was now an added problem; I was verging on a conviction that the females in this town were disgusting.

DOING WHATEVER IT TAKES. Having recovered from this peak of frustration a few days later, I set out with the intention of making one last day of attempts before going away: another visit to England was looming. I

was feeling sprightly and capable and, since I wasn't experimenting, I didn't even have to write it up afterwards. I could, I thought, do whatever I liked. I had no clear strategy, only a vague sense of being able to do what was necessary. The pressure had been building up for days and I felt almost at the point of pleading for sex. Was that what was expected, I wondered? I could feel myself being battered into submission; perhaps females wanted males to plead, to further bolster their power. I was getting close but wouldn't do it. I refuse to do it: I reserve *Doing Whatever It Takes* for something important like curing disease, or finding a solution to some other serious problem. I would not use DWIT for sex, certainly not the third or fourth-rate desperation variety. I had grand plans and high hopes and should not have to beg for sex.

I went that day to AMC, the large teaching hospital on the outskirts of Amsterdam, to check some references in the medical library there.

VALUE OF RELATIONSHIPS IN ARAB CULTURE. Around this time I paid a visit to another library and while waiting for a journal to be brought from the stores found a paperback by someone at the American University of Beirut. It dated from around 1956. The author described the differences in Arab culture and the difficulties they presented for business relations, particularly that appointments were often not kept. The scene was described of a businessman in an office with a backlog of work waiting to be completed, and perhaps also some business meetings scheduled for later in the day. However his routine was continuously interrupted and many meetings missed due to visits from friends whom, according to the norms of his culture, he could not turn away. The author described an occasion, which was not fictional, of a businessman at his desk holding a conversation with a friend seated opposite and a further three waiting to do likewise. The author's tone became incredulous, and the following was stressed by italics, that the three waiting were not outside in a separate lobby but actually seated in a line against the back wall of the very same office.

Having finished at the library I emerged to walk along a pedestrian causeway the short distance to the metro station. After a few paces I found myself abreast a tan-skinned (probably half-Negro) girl of perhaps 22 or 23. She would not have been a deliberate target but I said "Hey-ho" anyway. A man on the far side, coming from the opposite direction, heard my greeting and turned his head as he passed, but the girl in-between hardly flinched. A few moments later I tapped her on the shoulder. "Hey!" she said angrily. I got the feeling straightaway, a derisory attitude: 'Just another man.' The sense that every female emotion is sacrosanct, like the fear of walking alone at night, which in 99.99% of cases is completely unjustified, but the

male desire for a mate so commonplace that it can be discarded. "What's your problem?" I said, "Don't you like being talked to or are you just impolite?" "I guess I'm just impolite" came the reply. 'Yes, that's what I thought' I believe I said, but it may have just been a nod of agreement and a murmur. "Er, do you have a question?" she said after a pause, a reference to the normal meek male approach. "Not particularly. If you're not polite I don't see why I should talk to you" I said. After a few more paces she cut across a corner to increase the distance between us and walk more quickly away.

That afternoon I returned to the streets. It was a Thursday, the late-night-shopping day; the shops stayed open until 9pm. It got dark now about 6pm but there was still a couple of hours of daylight left as I entered the shopping malls. The chill in the air meant there were not so many people around, not the teeming streams seen earlier in the year.

I spoke five or six times to a young, dark-skinned girl F12DSD. This happened at first by some kind of accident and then by anticipation, that is anticipating her movements as she progressed down the Kalverstraat, taking a steady course and stopping in shops along the way. My heart was bared; I asked her if I could walk with her and told her "I'm serious, I'm very lonely." I said that I would really go home and not talk to her again if she didn't want me to. She visibly enjoyed having a man's heart in her hands and, having examined it, she tossed it aside. "No" she said and I went home, but to pick up my cash card and return to the town to try again. This, perhaps, was normality once more, making persistent attempts (five or six in this case), the reason that some of the "No" replies during my experiments had been so strident. At each end of the Leidsestraat I made an approach: the first was refused and the other, getting minimal response, I abandoned.

I was heading for home down the Kalverstraat when I saw a pretty blonde alone, about 15 or maybe 16, and turned in pursuit. On approach I was greeted with a warm smile, similar to that I had received from LO1; that seemed a long time ago now. I was captivated; my guard dropped and I gave a lot of information about myself as we walked the rest of the Kalverstraat, across the Heiligeweg and to a tramstop on the Koningsplein. "Can I see you again?" I asked, as we waited for her tram. "Yes" she said. There was a discussion about telephones, I didn't have one so she gave me her number. It was recited and I wrote it down. She displayed some nervousness a few moments later, then looked behind to see if a tram was coming round the corner. "Don't worry, it'll come" I reassured her. There had been easy conversation; I had told her about the two times in London I had taken off my baseball boots and had them stolen, leaving me stranded without anything to wear on my feet. I joked about securing my shoes with a big lock to something on the side of the road, as one had to do with

bicycles. A man was nearby whom I thought might be eavesdropping and I remarked on my inherent British reserve and the difficulty of adapting to the Dutch absence of self-consciousness. In a pause in our conversation I had taken a risk, I thought: for about a second and a half I had looked into her face in such a way, almost going dizzy at the sensation of losing myself in her. Her tram came and as she ran towards it I shouted that I would telephone her the next day or the day after. 'Wow' I thought immediately afterwards 'I've got somewhere.' I was happy as I returned back to the house. M28DG and M28DLTS were waiting inside and commented on my gentlemanly manner. I decided to telephone her the following day, Friday, at around 7pm.

I thought about her a lot. My bearing changed slightly, I noticed that I started to walk more upright, as if a weight had started to lift from my shoulders: there was hope. It wasn't her fair complexion that made me fall in love with the image of her, or her blonde hair, or her almost perfect pretty features. It was that she'd trusted me, given me her telephone number and released control, giving tacit approval to us seeing a film together.

At the appointed time I went to the Telehouse and hesitated nervously before entering the sequence of digits. The possibility of it not being a real number had occurred to me the previous day but had been discounted since. I had repeated to myself several times that she had trusted me and was determined not to betray that trust, as I had trusted her with a brief glimpse of my feelings. There was the delicious memory of losing myself in her for a few short moments. She had trusted me, I wasn't going to betray that trust by being suspicious of the number I was about to dial. She had been easy to talk to and that thought alleviated my nervousness. The number was entered; once, twice, three times. Each time the telephone sang a tune as I entered the penultimate digit. One of the women behind the windows was asked what sort of tone is heard if a non-existent number is tried; I knew already but wanted it confirmed, to help me accept it. She understood the situation in an instant: "Several tones, a little tune" she said.

So it was male tears again at coffeeshop CS2 later; I hope it was well hidden, only visible to the perceptive. In fact I was at my wits' end, I didn't know what to do with myself. Every strategy I tried hit the same brick wall: the conspiracy was complete. "How are you?" asked a friendly New Zealander, one of the men who worked there. "Could be worse" I replied, laughing. Things could always be worse. Involuntarily I thought of the young man in England who had lost his penis in a motorcycle accident and killed himself a couple of years later because he couldn't live with his deficiency.

It was raining lightly as I walked back from the coffeeshop. Here, at the

junction of the Langestraat and Blauwburgwal some weeks previously, also returning from CS2, I had been struck by something which had made a great impression and stuck in my mind: that but for the elation of marijuana, someone in an underdeveloped country probably felt more genuine happiness than I. I was happy sometimes certainly, but most of the time it was drug-induced.

Then I remembered that Friday night was the open night for NVSH, the Dutch Foundation for Sexual Reform. They had a shop and a bar on the other side of the Blauwburgwal and a reputation for helping people realize their fantasies. I didn't expect them to help me but at least I could be confident of open-mindedness and understanding. Whether due to the rain I don't know but water ran down my cheek as I turned to go in. I ordered a coffee and retired quickly to the spacious lavatories to compose myself.

They were friendly in here, although there seemed to be an ever-present sexual tension, and often a contingent of squeaky-clean males. On an earlier visit I had been put under a microscope, although very good-naturedly, but this time I both obtained and gave some solid information. M28DLTS had told me about an NVSH event for men who wanted to expose themselves in front of a woman; there had been just one woman and fifty men. It was true I was told; furthermore it had been necessary for the woman to be hired-in, the session had lasted one or two hours. "Why couldn't one of the women here do it?" I asked the woman of perhaps 45 seated beside me at the bar, naïvely: "Women don't like to be used in that way" she said. "You'd only have to sit and look" I replied.

The next information, from one of the Foundation's organizers, was as expected. He told me that they would advertise an event, hoping to get males and females in approximately equal numbers and have a nice evening, but 99% of the people who came would be male and, said my informant, 80% of those ended up getting off with each other due to the absence of females. He believed everyone was bisexual. "That's an old theory" I said and told him about the hormonal origin of male homosexuality. I added my interpretation of the absence of sexual graffiti in Amsterdam, that jokes about sex were a normal and natural response, psychologically healthy.

My last sequence of questions was long overdue. I wanted to check the law regarding the age of consent, to confirm that it was 12; one of P4 had cast doubt on my understanding of the legal situation. "It's alright with children who leave home at 8 or 9" he said, "then it's possible." I don't think he understood that I didn't want sex with a child but a fully developed young girl to adore. About the age of consent he said "It's a sneaky law. It's possible but the young one between 12 and 16 must say that they really wanted it." He was unspecific about target but I made it relevant to me. He said he couldn't help with my problem and I replied

that I didn't think it was my problem any more but the rest of the world. He went on: "So if you slept with a girl under 16 and the parents found out they could call the police and they would interview you and the girl, and she would have to say that she really wanted it. There is a lot of scope for the girl to change her mind, either by her feelings afterwards or under pressure from her parents." "It gives the girl a lot of power" I said and he agreed. It occurred to me that it might be prudent to get the girl to sign a paper, but that would be strongly against IoR. In fact it was an example of feminine influence: it was an ambiguous law, not a clear 'This you can do, this you can't' and the scope for recriminations after the event was considerable. I had been walking a tightrope all this time, although this wasn't unusual for me: I was a natural tightrope walker, brinkmanship a speciality, but this time I hadn't even known. The bubble of hope for my Dream Girl had not quite burst, it was theoretically possible, but it had definitely compacted in size.

The next day I fought off wakefulness, covering my head with the sheets: to wake would be to countenance a wall of depression. Being a Saturday I would normally have considered one last session surveying prams but I arose just in time for the supermarket. I was unusually – exceptionally – bad-tempered there, with the strains of 'It's A Wonderful World' floating out of the shop's speakers. Then I finished off breakfast with ice-cream and a joint, it was already getting dark and I went straight back to bed. I'd had a wonderful, delicious dream earlier, it was still to be savoured. It had, I think, been inspired by my visit to NVSH.

THE DREAM. I was in a large sitting room, seated on a set of modular couch units, the sort with no armrests that can be placed end-to-end to make settees of any length. On another bank, at right angles, was a girl, only vaguely defined yet petite and fully formed. She was one of the flared jeans, long strides and chewing-gum type I had seen on the town, the jeans were present but the chewing gum was not. She was sullen; her parents had left us alone by some sort of arrangement and she was sunk into the couch, playing with her hands. 'What would you like to do?' I asked. 'Hit you on the head' she replied. 'Go on then' I said and bowed my head, wrapping my arms to cover my face. The blows from the bottom of her fists rained down on the back of my head, my shoulders, my arms, they were strong at first but subsided and finally stopped. I looked up and she was standing before me, smiling. 'Now it's my turn' I said and glanced behind her in anticipation; her eyes darted to one side in confusion. In an instant I pushed her down, pinning her on the couch with my hands on her shoulders and my knee in her crotch, pressing her head with my mouth to hers. I felt the tension in her body as she resisted but held her firmly and

slowly she relaxed as I drank her lips. Then I released her and sat upright, self-occupied for a few moments. She manoeuvred herself onto my lap and we agreed that this was what we both wanted.

Entirely coincidentally, flicking through Wilson's book a few days later I came across the part about alternative mating systems and the sexual behaviour of orang-utans: "When first assaulted the female orang-utan struggles and cries in distress, but once pinned down and penetrated she seems resigned to her fate."

Dreaming may operate on several levels. One likely function of dreaming is processing recent experiences, establishing which are to be stored as long-term memories and which not. Another, more subtle function may be to achieve a pressing catharsis, as in my dream of saying Goodbye to my mother and potentially, the dream above. This process is comparable to the immune functions which operate during particular phases of sleep.

STONEWALLING. Stonewalling is ignoring or failing to greet a person who is known, and the practice was commonplace in Amsterdam. Newcomers from other parts of Holland had remarked that they would meet someone and talk to them for 10 or 15 minutes, then see them a few days or a week later to be completely ignored, causing them some confoundment. My girl neighbours routinely ignored my attempts to be friendly and say "Hello," making me feel sometimes like the Invisible Man. The origin of this, I supposed, was that attractive females received an inordinate number of greetings and approaches, these being so frequent that they came to be ignored. The less attractive females, aspiring to this, followed suit. At the beginning of the season I had found myself involuntarily saying "Hello" to pretty girls in their summer dresses on their way into the town, even though I'd had no intention of doing so, and had noticed other males doing the same. The female would give no response to the greeting, even though she had in some way courted it.

CONDOM USE. Many females cannot tell whether a condom is being used or not. On the other hand males do not like them at all and try to avoid them whenever possible, since they interfere with his pleasure, his main motivation for entering into sex in the first place. Females exclusively risk pregnancy and are probably most at risk of disease: males are more polygamous so more likely to carry disease from one partner to another. Subclinical infections can be contained by females for considerable periods without their being aware of it, increasing the severity of the infection. Then of course love is blind, and no-one imagines that the love object one is about consummate is diseased. Despite the additional burdens of cost to the female however, and the slight difference it makes to them, many

females fail to enforce a 'no condom, no entry' rule. It is not a matter of strength of will, since females are evidently wilful enough to avoid entering into sex entirely if it suits them.

It is logical to use condoms but females, in their natural domain of sex and relationships, insist on instinctive behaviour and responses. It is manifestly not instinctive to use a condom: stopping the semen is an obviously non-viable strategy. Neither is it instinctive to arrest the proceedings at the height of passion to fit one.

Females can use the guise of appraising the risk of infection from a prospective partner to make the male disclose his relational and sexual history, satisfying her desire for information about him. She is also likely to gain a position of advantage and control by doing so. Sufficiently reassured by the information she receives, she will consent to have sex without a condom. This is completely at odds with the strong female craving for safety: the safe avoidance of extremes. Then it seems that practically the only risk females take is to have unprotected sex. This is because, when entering into sex, the female subconsciously (or even consciously) wants to become pregnant. She either wants a baby, or to secure a lock-in on the male, or both at the same time.

LYING BY FEMALES. DENIAL. Throughout these investigations lying by females was so frequent that it could without fear of an accusation of exaggeration be described as routine. My conclusion became that it is habitual and inherent. The dishonesty was particularly prevalent on the telephone and most especially when a female was challenged about her manipulation or signalling. Then it seemed that the female would swear until her dying breath that she had not engineered a situation where a relationship could be consolidated or sex take place, when the opposite was very obviously the case. My experience with P3 led me to wonder whether a Personality Girl was in fact a female with a male ego, and that the bigger the ego, the greater the tendency to lie.

Another repeated instance was females saying that they were too busy to see you for an appointment after they had just spent several hours in your presence in a café, coffeeshop or whatever, so they evidently had the time to do that. Around this time I walked out of the house and along the street at the same time as a *hoerenloper* (prostitute-goer) was finishing an exchange with a prostitute and walking away. I asked him, "What happened, did she refuse to take you or did you change your mind?" He was a big, strapping man with a flattened nose and the puffy face of a boxer, but seemed perfectly amiable. She had told him "I don't have the time." The traditional explanation for dishonesty of this kind is that it serves to protect the male ego in the circumstance of a rejection, but my belief became that it was more to enhance the female ego. Many of the lies were

confoundedly shallow. Then why should females lie about condom use? This points to the motivation for dishonesty being to enhance her ego, not preserve the male's.

ADVANCED DSoU. Once a blonde Dutchwoman with classic beautiful features was walking in my direction on the Prinsenstraat, so I approached. A female saying she had a partner had been repeated hardly ever but she said she was on her way to meet her boyfriend and further, that it was his birthday. Claiming to have a boyfriend was a Dubious Statement of Unavailability which, once it is recognized as such, is clearly to the detriment of any male who is one. In this case it was amplified by the claim of a special occasion. The smile the woman made on making this statement led me to suspect that it was untrue.

TRADITIONAL ROLES. The traditional role is that the female gives the male the illusion of control while in fact retaining it. Nowadays, here at least, there was no longer any pretence. Females utterly refused to allow males to impose their will on them, and males' inability to exert control was akin to impotence, a sort of psychological castration of males by females. The male ego is about control and this was being denied.

The basic female dishonesty may be denial of their sexuality. Perhaps I bring out the worst in women but then I get, it seems, less sex and more book. By this stage I must have failed to obtain sex for practically every reason imaginable, the ultimate one being that I just didn't like them anymore.

TIT FOR TAT, TFT. I began to appreciate the downward spiral of Tit For Tat, the crassness of 'Do you have a light.' Once in BIGBAR3 I saw a male offer a flame to a female holding an unlit cigarette. She already had a lighter in her hand and sparked it twice demonstrably, then lit her own cigarette. A male (or even a more masculinized female) would have done the easiest thing and taken a light from the existing flame rather than signalled and lit with the more distant lighter. There was the pettiness of drink politics: the protocols of who buys a drink and when, or monitoring the level of liquid in a glass or bottle as an indicator of how long someone will stay, or when the opportunity to offer a drink will arise. Once in Brighton, on the London Road, I met a girl I had seen a couple of days before on the university campus. Earlier that day I had found a £5 note in the post office so was feeling flush. I invited her for a cup of tea and we walked for 20 minutes or so through Preston Park to the café in the middle, and I told her about my find. Then she insisted on buying her own tea, although we sat, drank it and walked back together.

TFT (which could alternatively be termed What's In It For Me) is an immature and inferior strategy; no major new attainments can be realized by it since no-one initially would have done anything to be reciprocated. Similarly it is small scale, because often the benefits of large projects cannot be foreseen when they are embarked upon. It is degenerative because in TFT someone is bound to fail to reciprocate sooner or later, so an attempt will be made to reduce the risk in subsequent exchanges, starting a deteriorating cycle. Moreover the concept of doing something for nothing is entirely absent.

Males will do something for nothing but only under special circumstances or for a limited period of time. Females however are an immature subset of the human population whose mentality does not extend beyond What's In It For Me. They will only do something when they think they will get something out of it. Their only motivation for acting otherwise is obfuscation.

RELATIVE MATURITY OF MALES AND FEMALES. The origin of the well known greater maturity of females at pubescence is that females who did not anticipate pregnancy, and adopted the male attitude of taking as much pleasure as is available, allowed themselves to become pregnant and died in childbirth. The females who were psychologically as well as physically immature at this age became extinct.

Females are immature in later life because they make better mothers. They have a natural affinity for children, enjoy them and can spend a great deal of time with them. One can say many things about a 6-year-old, how sweet, playful, honest or naughty they are but that the child has a mental age of 6 cannot be denied. The immature female forms a better bond with the child, resulting in progeny that is better adjusted, more likely to be successful and therefore be progenitor to more offspring in later life than a child who has not had that advantage.

BENEFICIAL LYING BY FEMALES. Females' natural affinity for children provides another explanation for their propensity to lie. It has been said that humans' ability to deceive accounts in part for our success as a species. To a certain extent it is necessary for humans to be dishonest. A child being taught to read will have its confidence destroyed if every faltering attempt is criticized. The mother deceives the child so as to concentrate on the worst mistakes only and thence progressively builds its confidence and skill.

CONSPIRACY. Conspiracy may be as strong a strategy as DWIT; perhaps females use Conspiracy to raise the costs of sex because these two strategies are equivalently strong. Due to their tendency to conspire, 50%

representation by females, for example in a parliamentary system, would have far greater than 50% influence. There are so many males expressing the female perspective that even with zero female representation the female interest would still be heard. The number of males expressing female characteristics would be more than sufficient.

Even neglecting humans' biological requirement for it, sex is a ready source of pleasure which is considerably under-exploited considering the degree to which its costs can now be minimized. However females are completely concerned with motherhood and babies. The courtship rituals which females inflict upon males are nothing more than a pathetic, anachronistic process of mate selection for children that in most cases will never be born.

Females are primary benefactors of social security systems: males put more into the system by way of taxes than they take out while females take out considerably more than they put in. It is a direct transfer of wealth from males to females. The men on my street who were paying for sex were actually paying twice: once through their taxes and the second time to the woman. Most of the prostitutes on my street, I had heard, worked black (didn't pay taxes) in any case.

GENES AND MEMES. Memes are rarely produced by females, they are not interested enough in things. If a list were compiled of women who have produced memes and it was set alongside one of men, there would be no comparison. Females owe males a debt for their emancipation from domestic drudgery, by the invention of every modern appliance. It would be interesting to write a critical history of the supposed political emancipation of women, with emphasis on how the early suffragettes and activists were supported. This 'Short History of Feminism' would, I suspect, reveal that most were maintained by docile, wealthy husbands, or using wealth left them by their fathers.

INFERIORITY OF FEMALES. I did not expect this conclusion when I started these accounts and their analysis; I am not going to mince words. It is that females are inferior. If this was ever doubted all I had to do was remember the times I had attempted to be friendly, just that and nothing else, saying "Hello" to girls on the street, even my girl neighbours, and been completely ignored. They are capable, even eager, to inflict the most appalling neuroses and suffering on males for no worthwhile objective, they are small-minded, petty and selfish, sometimes even wilfully illogical, dishonest and immature. They are indecisive and ungrateful creatures.

RAPE. THE PLAIN TRUTH. The reason females fear rape so much, and are so distressed by it, is that it sets the cost of sex at nought and this undermines their entire strategy. Males' need for sex is their evolutionary Achilles heel and ultimately the only power which females have to exploit. The female instinct therefore is to extract the last possible ounce of value for sex. If the female can get by on the promise of sex, only, so much the better.

In reality the only difference between a prostitute and a normal female is the value placed on her feelings and the degree of control exercised over them. However no matter how strong the arguments, females will never accept the truth of their position, just as a beggar made a king would never willingly surrender his throne.

Females appear unable to concede one simple and basic truth: that they are mentally as well as physically adapted to child-rearing. I realized that the reason I had got so much done over the preceding few years was that I'd had so little to do with them. For males to maintain relationships on female terms they must be so attuned to the female emotional pulse that they are good for nothing else.

Females are closer to the animal than the male, they are the human reproductive animal. They find it difficult, if not impossible, to separate 'what is right' from 'what is felt'; they are driven by instinct. At the limit they are eggs on legs because a stupid man can always dig a hole in the road but all a stupid woman can do is have stupid children. The female can signal intensely for fully five minutes rather than present herself and open a conversation with a male, something she is apparently incapable of, and the female influence was so pervasive that males were becoming as bad as they were.

The Dream Girl in my lap was not like this though. She was young, she hadn't learnt dishonesty, the craft of denying her sexuality in order to gain advantage over males, or the despicable, subtle art of signalling. I gently kissed her lips for the umpteenth time, she was falling asleep on my shoulder as I stroked her hair. But she was just a dream, it was only a dream.

The Fall

2 November 1992

INTRODUCTION: NEUROTIC SUSPENSION. Sexual neurosis carries over to non-sexual signals. When signals of distress are given sometimes people do not respond, or even hurry by. Again there is one stimulus and two (or more) potential responses. The Distress State may be an interesting object for cost-benefit analysis. Some benefits include the feeling of an obligation to help being satisfied, that an individual feels better by helping, and that a person would like to think that they would be helped in a similar situation. Conversely, considering some of the costs, there is the feeling of not wanting to get involved, the possible loss of status or composure if there is an adverse response, or the possibility of greater feelings of guilt if the involvement goes awry.

AFTER THE DREAM: THE FALL. It was a dingy, overcast Monday with intervals of soft drizzle and rain. The night before had not been particularly heavy but I was still groggy from it; I arose about midday. My first trip out, even before breakfast, was not to the post office as usual but to a photocopy shop on the Singel; due to Monday's late start there would be no new mail until 4pm. As I returned, rounding the corner of the Blauwburgwal and Herengracht, I was confronted by the sight of two men, a couple of metres in front of me and directly in my path.

A man of about 35 was standing in profile and watching a corpulent older one with spindly legs and a full, fat face. The latter was around 55 and in the process of settling himself onto the cobbled footpath. I stopped, startled, to watch the man finish his descent, as gracefully as he could manage, until he had seated himself. Then he lay down on the wet stone ground, his huge convex chest and large head forming a mound where before had been nothing. Sometimes croaking noises came from his throat. He had been carrying an umbrella and some shopping, including a package from the luxury bakery on the nearby Prinsenstraat. I went over and examined him, trying to feel a pulse and for breath. The other man

followed me doing this but perfunctorily. I asked him what had happened; he told me that he had just been walking along and the man had come close to him.

I cannot remember what we talked about after that; we just spoke. Later I realized that he must have been a *hoerenloper* who had come from my street and was on his way to the Korsjespoortsteeg, a similar one on the other side of the Blauwburgwal. I just felt I should stay, although around a dozen people hurried by while the bulk of the man lay spread on the ground.

It is a fault of mine that sometimes I am very susceptible to influence. Around here, that is in Squatland Amsterdam, the day is just the morning, a preliminary to the activities of the night. Being for me the first thing in the morning and only half-awake, it certainly occurred. Perhaps this is related to the ability I shared with F31USJ of having an ear close to the ground, although mine was no match for that of M31DS who had the advantage of regular female contact. Perhaps susceptibility to influence is the cost of it.

The man on the ground stopped making croaking noises. After my examination of him, early on, the *hoerenloper* announced "He's dead." I was stunned into immobility for a few seconds by this, but returned to the figure to look at it again. At one point, while traversing the body or standing close to it, I had the urge to leap on the man's chest but checked it: the violence of the act seemed repulsive.

'Heart attack, must act quickly' passed through my mind but the thought was blocked out by some other. A boy, obviously an office junior left to tend the telephone, came out of the offices at the corner and ran down some steps towards us; a man had collapsed beneath the company's proud mural inset into the wall. "Call an ambulance" I shouted to him as he approached. "I already have" he replied, but quickly retreated into the building anyway. I stood again, in silence, next to the *hoerenloper* and looked at the man on the ground. This time it was with the *hoerenloper's* eyes. The fat face, immaculately clean shaven, the greedy, bulging eyes, his dandy appearance: he was an Old Queer, out breakfast (or maybe lunchtime) shopping. He was well-dressed but I could see that he was without female influence; somehow I could tell with certainty that he lived alone. There was no compassion, and it occurred to me that he didn't have much to look forward to. At one point I definitely caught a glint, a start of a smile on the face of the *hoerenloper* as we stood there.

Occasionally a muted croak would be heard. The first time I didn't know what it was, the second spurred the *hoerenloper* and I back into conversation, and another time it was simply ignored. The boy from the offices reappeared at the top of the steps and there was further discussion about the ambulance. "Tell them to hurry" I told him. He went to telephone again and didn't reappear.

It started to rain again. I opened the man's umbrella and rested it on the ground to shield his face from the light but steady rain. More people hurried by and several asked whether an ambulance was coming. After some moments of silence the man on the ground seemed to shudder and deflate; it was the relaxation of death.

A couple of minutes later a Jaguar came over the bridge and pulled up at the junction just beyond it. A door opened and a man in his early thirties jumped out; he was the Dutch Preppy Type, wearing an overcoat and long scarf, lean and dark-haired – I dubbed him Action Man. A woman with long, silvery-blond hair sat in the passenger seat and a girl of about 8, also with long blond hair, pressed her face against one of the rear windows.

He rushed over, exchanged a few words with the *hoerenloper* and I and then leapt upon the body, shouting and calling others to help. There was some commotion over at the car; his wife and daughter were clambering into different seats. He motioned violently with his arm and shouted something about meeting later on. Soon four men were helping him hold back the head and pump the body. Action Man was in charge and at the head of things; he pumped the man's chest but never actually touched the lips which accompanied those grotesquely bulging eyes. The pumping continued until the men showed exhaustion and they slackened. Eventually the sound of an approaching ambulance was heard, having come all the way from the other side of town. Now it was having to navigate the Herengracht the wrong way, against the normal traffic flow, due to a blockage caused by a pantechnicon. Once the arrival of the ambulance revealed the seriousness of the situation people flocked to watch and the boy from the offices re-emerged.

The ambulance crew went through the motions, briefly, of trying to revive him but they could see it was too late: resuscitation now would be regretted in any case. The body was heaved onto a stretcher and bundled into the back of the ambulance; the man's belongings, his bags and umbrella, followed him through the doors, placed inside with exaggerated conscientiousness by me and others. A map was glimpsed amongst his things; he may have been a tourist on holiday. The ambulance man I spoke to, during the exchanges about how long ago he had fallen and when he had told me "It's too late, it's all over" had been impassive, but while the body was being wheeled to the ambulance Action Man cast a derisory glance towards the *hoerenloper* and I as we still stood, transfixed, on the pavement. Then he checked himself. I tried to look through the back windows of the ambulance. After it departed I stood for a few moments before picking up my photocopies and returning to the house.

RED LIGHT DISTRICT. Afterwards I was struck by how the *hoerenloper's* perception had been transferred to me, how I had suddenly seemed to

have acquired his eyes and appraised him as an Old Queer. Then I thought 'He's alone and better out of it.' I wondered whether there was any raw, natural justice in it. It seemed that a person's value was determined solely by the quality of the experiences they could enjoy; as if there was a lack of basic humanity and compassion in Amsterdam, that the value of an individual was measured solely by the quality of the sensations they could experience. Perhaps an effect of the Red Light District was the loss of that compassion, that everyone was appraised only according to the quality of the emotions they could attain.

The possibility had already been considered that the Red Light District served the female interest more than the male. It was work for the females and they got money for it. More significantly, it served to trivialize male desires and drives to a mere 15-minute fuck, as if it were a fairground ride, but I'd had no conception of the effects going so deep. One evening I had been watching TV with M31DS and seeing someone on the screen he had exclaimed "He's a *hoerenloper*." He had been able to recognize him as such by his manner. M31DS said it was something he could often do.

The next day I wrote to LO1 telling her what had happened and asking her to agree to a UCC, that I could have her any time I wanted, to logically justify travelling all the way to Denmark to see her. I also had the idea of sending a letter to the relatives of the man, giving a brief account of what had happened and making some expression of condolence. My nearest police station told me that it was not in their district; that evening, by which time it had become dark, I went to the police station on the Marnixstraat. I was there for 15 or 20 minutes, long enough to cry real tears, tears which had in fact been building up for months.

I told the policeman at the counter that I wanted to send a brief message to the family of the man the ambulance had come for the previous day. In addition there was a sergeant and a woman officer at a desk; she was doing something else. The sergeant had been listening and intervened: "We don't give addresses of victims." Some discussion ensued between them about whether an exception could be made. "*Voor de kinderen*" (for the children) I heard the junior officer say; I knew it would be unlikely in this case but if it helped my argument I would let it pass. "Did you know him?" he asked. "I felt that I did after I watched him die" I said. With this frank admission the tears started to flow. I stood facing a wall, then sat on a bench at the back. Activity at the desk continued during my outburst, and eventually I was told that they had looked on the computer but there was no record since the police had not been involved. They directed me to the station from whence the ambulance had wound its long journey the previous rainy afternoon. After crying, even just before leaving the police station, I felt elated.

The next day I went to the ambulance station and spoke to the manager. A couple of men sat at terminals in an office in the centre of the ambulance garage. Crews could be seen crossing the tarmac, coming and going off-duty. He refused to interrupt his procedures to get the address I wanted, probably having heard of the havoc ensuing when the London Ambulance Service had been prematurely computerized just a week earlier, with people waiting up to 30 hours for a response, and feared similar disruption. There were around four heart attacks a day, he said. "How many make it?" I asked. "About 50%" he replied. He became thoughtful for a moment and then I left.

NEUROTIC SUSPENSION. This incident led to the definition of Neurotic Suspension: looking at something in a state of neurosis, not knowing what to do. Neurotic Suspension is symptomatic of excess signalling. The suppression of instinctive behaviour, by habit, can lead to a failure to respond to urgent signals of distress. It is to be frozen in neurosis: sexual inhibition and neurosis carries over to non-sexual signals. 'He just stood there looking at it,' 'He just sat there gawping,' 'He didn't move a muscle' are some phrases which come to mind. Usually such incidents are shrugged off, especially if the event is not serious. However the nature of Neurotic Suspension may be, or may become, such that the more serious the distress the more intense the transfixation. Males can become so used to acting against their instincts that they eventually do so routinely and habitually. To be frozen in fear is also likely to be Neurotic Suspension: the natural responses are to fight or run.

SIGNAL REVERSAL. Once a woman was dragging a pram up the four steps of the post office basement, where the post-boxes were, and I stopped and stared. A young woman saw me staring fixedly at the struggling mother and took action, helping her up the steps with the pram. The point here is that this was a complete reversal of the normal situation; moreover, had I been in England I would not have hesitated, I would immediately have helped the woman up the steps with the pram.

An allied incident took place, again outside the post office. At least this is more pleasant to relate. Three cash machines were there at which queues would form at busy times. I was standing behind an old man in one of the queues and when his turn came he had obvious difficulty withdrawing his money. Old people were relatively uncommon in Amsterdam; according to one report 40% of the city's population were aged 30 or under. The old man was leaning over the screen at an odd angle, in a manner suggesting mental illness or senility. A woman standing in the adjacent queue gave a mocking smile in my direction, attempting to involve me in it, but I did not respond. Instead I approached the elderly

man and helped him; the woman's derisory smile had spurred me to action. The old man told me his number and I discovered that I had to lean over the screen at almost as acute an angle as he to see through a haze of paint and scratches on the vandalized glass screen. The old man was grateful for my help; it was a pleasant encounter.

The mechanism under investigation is the female signal and the male response. In this case my reaction of distaste to the female signal inspired positive action. This can be compared with my signal to the other female to help with the pram at the post office in the Signal Reversal incident, or the scream of a female announcing a Distress State.

WEAKENING OF DISTRESS SIGNALS. Car and burglar alarms going off unnecessarily are examples of signals of distress being weakened. In Amsterdam a clutch of car alarms would go off every time there was a heavy roll of thunder, or a loud motorcycle passed by, or a large lorry delicately navigated its way along the canals. Such alarms were now even being fitted to scooters.

THE FALL OF JEAN-BAPTISTE CLAMENCE. In the novel by Camus, Clamence was walking home and passed a woman standing on the Pont Royal, a bridge over the Seine. After going another 50 yards he heard a splash and muffled screams; he considered turning back but did not. It was the signals, first of the sight of the back of the woman's neck then the sounds of her jumping off the bridge to drown in the water below, which instigated his downfall. This culminated in his seedy, netherworld existence dispensing legal advice to criminals from a bar in Amsterdam's Red Light District. For, said Clamence, "If pimps and thieves were invariably sentenced, all decent people would get to thinking they themselves were constantly innocent. And in my opinion that's what must be avoided at all costs. Otherwise, everything would be just a joke."

Perhaps this seedy atmosphere, captured in the novel, was one of the reasons there were no famous people in Amsterdam. Clamence's fall was the same syndrome: signal and no response. In fact it was what I had been doing all season, ignoring signals, seeing them but deliberately (and ultimately habitually) suppressing my reactions to them. I had been controlling the actions which might on a superficial evaluation be considered spontaneous but which in reality were motivated by the instincts I was becoming increasingly aware of, for the purpose of understanding and documenting them. Not responding to those instincts had become a difficult habit to break.

M34HISW, who had been to university in England, told me an incidental story. He had been in a pub with someone and each had

consumed a heavy lunch and about five pints of beer. Afterwards they had gone to the swimming baths and competed as to how long each could swim underwater without coming up for breath. His swimming partner, who was somewhat older, had a heart attack. M34HISW dragged him out of the water and gave him the kiss of life. The man revived, but only long enough to be sick into M34HISW's mouth and then choke on his own vomit.

POWER OF FREEDOM TO FOLLOW INSTINCTS. There is a sheer power associated with following one's instincts. Action Man was able to act on his instincts; in this environment it was a luxury for a male to be able to do so. He had a warm female body to lie beside each night and a little girl to sit on his knee whenever he pleased. (If a hint of jealousy is detected then it would be a correct perception.)

In Amsterdam, women accumulated strength by being able to follow their instincts. This was not true of the men. If females are allowed to follow their instincts, males must be allowed to do likewise. We need to examine the validity of the instinctive drives of males and females. The basic problem again: that females lack the reason required to separate valid emotions from invalid ones.

THE INSTINCT PARK. In the future instinct parks might be provided, where certain instincts could be expressed. There could be a heated, covered park with trees, shrubs and hiding places in which naked or near-naked people could do whatever they felt like, barring weapons, physical damage or excess pain, for example in battles between males. Conceivably there could be adjudication panels to determine if a person had acted without a signal or outside of their licence. The whole place could be wired with video cameras, 1984-style, and the recordings replayed when a party demanded redress.

There would be two immediate problems. Firstly, safety from sexually transmitted diseases, although perhaps at some time in the future we shall be free of them. The second is more rudimentary however: the old problem of getting females inside.

SPECULATIVE FIXES. Some speculative solutions to the problem of invalid emotions are offered. Rape might be made legal, particularly within an Instinct Park, or there might be technological or genetic fixes. A society might elect to couple a female gene associated with the ability to orgasm to some other characteristic, enabling a greater number of females to achieve orgasm.

As far as encouraging females to enter an Instinct Park, or to participate in some other system obliging their availability to males, an obvious

solution would be to link it to the social security system. Then either the system would be compulsory (which would be undesirable) or there would be an economic aristocracy created, consisting of families who could afford to forego the financial advantages of participation.

PERCEPTIONS. MORE BACKGROUND TO AMSTERDAM. The very definite impression is that in Amsterdam, the females were much happier than the males. This cannot at present be objectively confirmed; it could be in the future, perhaps by measuring the balance of certain substances in the body.

FEMALES SIGNALLING PLEASURE. There was certainly no shortage of females signalling pleasure. They would make small jumps on their legs, or dance around, and pairs of girls would be seen on bicycles laughing and smiling, or girls would sing to themselves.

The first time the Small Jumps Signal was noticed it was being given by a cute little American arriving at Schipol airport. I was leaving for my visit to Romania a few weeks before the revolution there and saw her on the opposite walkway; I was leaving Amsterdam and she was arriving. When she saw me she made little jumps up and down in pleasurable anticipation of the males she was shortly to meet. Pleasure signalling by females in Amsterdam was commonplace.

There was also an inordinate number of mismatches in females' favour, for example youthful, handsome males with unattractive and/or older females. I had even been confused occasionally on the Pram Survey as to whether it was the mother of the man or his partner, although in these few cases (which were counted as ambiguous) the presence of the pram pointed to the latter circumstance.

MISCEGENATION. The Dutch females who had taken Negro boyfriends were obviously 'cooking a snook' at indigenous Dutch males. There is no possibility that this aspect will have escaped the consideration of the female, indeed I saw embarrassment on their faces on a couple of occasions. In Amsterdam females would happily parade their boyfriend as a trophy. Claiming innocence of the insult their choice constituted to their own males would be rather like the advertising agency which devised the campaign for an airline some years ago, featuring a picture of a pretty airline hostess with the slogan "I'm Mandy, fly me." They subsequently claimed ignorance of the sexual connotation, which from an advertising agency is utterly absurd: every subtle nuance of the phrase would have been discussed by the copywriters, and at great length. The selection of a partner is so essential to the female that all its implications would have been considered, if not actually discussed with other females.

In my own case, there had definitely been an imbalance in many of the females who had hovered around me or signalled; many were not at all appealing yet seemed to think they had a chance. Then there were the females in a bar or café, already with an audience of two or three attentive males, and not content with that, they would signal me. I would think, 'What does she want me for, she's got two (or three) already.' It was evident that she would not have had the boldness to signal had her confidence not been enhanced by the attentions of the males already in attendance.

AFFECTIONATE FAREWELLS. *Doei* (pronounced 'dooee') was the local affectionate farewell, frequently given by females. Sometimes when it was given it practically stopped me in my tracks. I had the astounded realization that this would often be the strongest signal and warmest acknowledgment of the relationship, yet it was given in parting. In fact it was cowardice, that the only tangible sign of affection was given at the very moment that no development of that affection could take place.

Females were getting by on the promise, but not the actuality, of sex. There was a lot of speculation about everything in Amsterdam, but it was mostly talk with little action. It seemed to be the result of female influence: feminization. It was like window shopping; females were only toying with ideas, not actually doing it. Indeed I was coming to the conclusion that males were continuously and almost effortlessly being mindfucked by the females.

Attempts had been made by female visitors to my house to identify a stereotype *hoerenloper*, presumably so that they could adapt their strategy when faced with one, for example rejecting them or making it especially hard. Surprised comments were made as they observed the comings and goings on the street, such as "Some of them are good-looking" and "They just look normal." Earlier in the year I had noticed several Dutch Preppy Type males standing on the corner or rounding it, then charging determinedly for the nearest window, apparently regardless of its contents, giving every appearance of having reached the end of their tether and forcing themselves to do it. Less frequently there were males who had to be bundled out of the door after the sex, the male still pouring his heart out to the prostitute and even, once, an invalid in a wheelchair being delivered to a prostitute by his carer. Save for the commercial sex it seemed that mindfucking was most of the fucking that was going on.

Amsterdam was certainly a cosy environment, a bath which was ripe for female selection and control. It occurred to me that a female visiting a strange town could appraise the sexual balance merely by making rough estimates of the status of the males who reacted to her, which she could

easily perceive, for example using peripheral vision.

It was a society in which the status quo was maintained, stable with everything in balance. For example, the ownership of many of the *grachtenhuisen* went back hundreds of years. It also seemed to be a society, at least amongst the people with whom I circulated, in which no-one believed in doing anything they didn't want to. It was apparently usual for females not to show up. Even F25J, my former live-in girlfriend, who had by this time been given her introduction to feminism Amsterdam-style, made an appointment to meet me in a café which she had no intention of keeping, even at the moment of making the appointment.

ELOQUENCE ADVANTAGE. Females could very eloquently express their interest and were able to prevail as a consequence of it. Many had got what they wanted, they were pushing prams; or rather, according to the results of my Pram Survey, it wasn't only that, they were getting males to push the prams for them.

TRANSDUCTION. After her relationship with me F25J married a Dutchman to obtain permanent residency in Holland. She secured a council flat for herself by making a female council official feel guilty about evicting the squatted building in which she had lived, saying that by its eviction the council had "destroyed their community."

BUREAUCRACIES. It was claimed that Dutch business activity was high-yield and value-adding, with a highly automated bureaucracy. How efficient it was may be another matter; perhaps no bureaucracy is. Once I helped install a computer network at a large Dutch charitable organization, the Dutch Institute for Care and Well-being. From this and other experiences it was evident that some so-called charities only benefited the people working in them: the needy only served to justify the existence of the organization, by offering themselves as subjects for the writing of reports. Such high levels of bureaucracy and malversation under the pretence of charitable work might have been the object of public ridicule elsewhere. Very little money appeared to actually leave these organizations: the health and well-being was contained almost entirely to the people within them.

Paul Watzlawick has called this the Helper Syndrome. The helper, whether it be an individual or an organization, is unlikely to be of any real benefit since if they actually solved the problem they would be deprived of their role. The Helper Syndrome is another form of Diversionary Purpose.

RISK DISENCUMBERMENT. The Dutch Institute for Care and Well-being even had a second layer of bureaucracy to oversee the first and further

provided an archetype of Risk Disencumberment; such shifting of risk was a common occurrence. When the computers were being delivered the staff were asked to help carry the large number of cartons inside. They consented but only on the condition that if one was dropped it would not be their responsibility. This was a telling example of many instances when risk was foreseen, usually over-zealously, and then shifted onto someone else.

The bureaucracy involved when transferring a large sum of money by letter or wire is proportional to the number and success of earlier attempts to defraud the system. Each attempt at a computer fraud employs more people to prevent it, complicating the system and making the number of people needed to execute a fraud, and among whom a secret conspiracy must be maintained, larger and larger. If it was possible to bung a few tens of thousands of pounds into an envelope and post it the banking system would be very different. During my visit to Romania I visited a Government change bureau, although it was not actually possible to change money because I arrived outside the prescribed hours. However while I was there an official behind the counter was studiously recording the numbers of a large stack of American banknotes. I seem to recall that they were \$1,000 bills, but they may have been \$100 ones. In either case in that environment it was an absolutely huge sum and I would have had to do little more than lean over the counter and grab it, if I'd had such a mind. On the metro system I saw a worker carry a large amount of money in his hand from one ticket office to another, with no regard whatever of the people he intermingled with on the way, although this was in Romanian currency and I had seen such rolls being palmed by taxi-drivers in a restaurant. Clearly there was such a remote chance of a snatch taking place that the possibility was discounted, or it was simply that the crime had not yet occurred to provoke any countermeasures.

EVOLUTION OF AN AGENCY: MARIJUANA EXAMPLE. The following is offered to illustrate the evolution of a bureaucratic chain: I have struggled to find a clearer example but cannot. It also serves as another example of the Dynamic System, but this should come as no surprise because ultimately everything is.

There was a time not long ago when Dutch marijuana growers had little difficulty finding a buyer for their harvests. A typical grower might have a plantation of 150-200 plants yielding perhaps 1kg each time. Subsequently however the 'big boys' moved in, with reports of plantations of 40,000 being raided by police. The result was that the market became saturated, the price at which growers could sell fell and finding a buyer was no longer an easy matter.

Thus selling the marijuana became a job in itself. M28DG would go round the coffeeshops when he wanted to sell his produce, asking to speak to the owner. Invariably, because coffeeshops are places in which time is wasted, the meeting would take time to set up; typically the owner would have to be summoned from a bar or residence nearby. Then he usually had no intention of buying but would still be curious what type of marijuana my friend had to offer, the quantity involved so he could establish on what scale it was being grown and, most importantly, the price that was being asked, for comparison with what he was currently paying. M28DG would spend, at a conservative estimate, an average of half an hour setting up the meeting and another half-hour in conversation before the owner eventually told him he wasn't interested, or gave some other excuse which amounted to the same thing. Then M28DG would move on to the next coffeeshop.

The practice of gleaning information by pretending to be interested was commonplace. On a couple of occasions I was invited along to keep M28DG company during his quest; he would often have to progress through a great many coffeeshops before his grass was sold. The outcome was that he no longer wanted to do it, preferring to concentrate on actually growing the stuff rather than selling it. Hence he began using an agent to sell for him who took a percentage for doing so. The agent would minimize his risk by taking away the grass and returning with the money, rather than buying the grass himself and then selling it. The result was a bureaucratic chain being established which, if anything went wrong, was always to the detriment of the grower, since he was at the end of the chain. There were two separate reports of payment for marijuana being made with forged foreign currency. It seems that each instance of default, incompetence, inconstancy or over-scrupulous adherence to regulations generates more bureaucracy in its accommodation, until ultimately there is something akin to a bureaucratic feeding frenzy.

An incidental example was related by one of the Russians living in the building which housed BAR4, who tried to send *f*250,- to his father in the Crimea. For arranging the transfer he was charged *f*50,- by the Dutch bank. His father at the other end then drove 300km from the countryside to the large town where the bank was situated, especially since *f*250,- in foreign currency was, in that locality, a large amount. When he arrived at the bank however the staff told him that they had received the instructions for the transfer but were unable to pay him as they had no funds. The father had to drive back empty-handed.

ORIGIN OF GAME. The origin of sexual-political gaming is that a direct request or demand for sex is almost certain to fail. There was the 0% success rate in the American study in a Singles' Bar and my own experience, which was consistent. The male has no alternative but to play

the game dictated by the female; moreover, it is necessary for the male to appear to enjoy the game he is obliged to play in order to have any chance of success, although there may be an element of synchronization here. Whether true for males in general I cannot say but I certainly felt as if I was pretending to enjoy it. Because females called all the shots as far as sexual activity was concerned, the male has no alternative but to adapt to the mores of signals and tokens and accept the extension and elevation of the neurotic state. This increase in female control may produce a breakdown in the male, particularly due to the extension of the neurotic state. He might break prematurely, make a sudden demand or proposition, clutch at the female or perhaps, at the extreme, attempt to overpower her.

CONTROL. The origin of the female desire to control is insecurity and inadequacy, as well as jealousy. The exaggerated egos sometimes displayed were an over-reaction to that inadequacy. Feminists hate nothing more than having to rely on a man. F25J said "I hate it when I need a man to do something."

Most females subconsciously want to relinquish control of sex but cannot bring themselves to do it, at least in speech. Recall that 13% of females fantasize about being raped; the scope for injustices to males, for example by females unconsciously manipulating that very situation, was considerable. There is the sentiment of "Do it to me one more time"; in reality there is a strong element of female passiveness, wanting it doing 'to them' not 'with them.' Again there is a female insistence on instinctive behaviour: females want to be able to forget themselves and be carried away, but their ego and the prevailing power balance got in the way. In Holland, already for some time, it was possible for a man to be charged with raping his wife.

Although females instinctively extend the male neurotic state, they have a deep longing for resolution, particularly that of the male orgasm ("When he had finished..."). In Britain it was also now possible for a husband to be prosecuted for raping his wife.

BEVIES. Another common sight in Amsterdam was be vies of females, exhibiting a tendency for females to gather in groups. Up to twelve reproductive females at a time were seen. Females in such groups seemed to have greater confidence. Be vies may be associated with reproductivity; they seem more typical of reproductive females and older females in them may feel younger.

FIRST BIGBAR3 NOTE. During this period a note was handed out to people as they entered BIGBAR3. The English version read as follows:

Did you know that BIGBAR3 is still in a squatted state! Did you know that BIGBAR3 is run by volunteers for 8 years! Did you know that in BIGBAR3 20 people work unpaid each Saturday night! Did you know that we of BIGBAR3 do not accept any boss but instead discuss together and take no decision before a consensus has been reached! Did you know that BIGBAR3 endorses an active door-policy against people behaving in a racist, fascist or sexist manner! Did you know that BIGBAR3 policy is aimed against sexual harassment and insinuations and expects of you, when encountering such behaviour, to inform the 'entrance-posse'!

Signals, Markers, Tokens and Handles

November 1992

F24DBWK Female, 24, Dutch Bitch with Klingon

THE BASIC MECHANISMS OF HUMAN INTERACTION. Some might argue that it cannot be this straightforward but I say that most things in nature are simple unless there is a strong reason for them not to be. An example is the immune system which, if unsophisticated, would be vulnerable to co-evolving pathogens. Simple processes are the most reliable because there is less to go wrong. Applying this truth as a design rule (in electronics for example) is a good principle to adhere to. Costs are reduced and reliability is increased. The latter can be of paramount importance, especially for evolutionary time scales.

The basic mechanisms of human interaction really are simple but before working them out the essential components have to be isolated from a seeming morass of factors and this is not an easy task. Once the basic variables have been identified however it appears shockingly simple, but that is with the benefit of hindsight and practically everyone has 20/20 vision in that regard.

The analysis of human relationships presented here is the basis for a formal science of human interactions: in the future there will be PhD's in the algebra of human association. Although research is done in this field, such studies cannot properly be undertaken in laboratories but must be done under real field conditions, as these investigations have been.

By these investigations relationships are taken out of the female and into the male domain. However there is opposition to the analysis of relationships and sexual behaviour, including sometimes by males. Studies of this ilk are contrary to IoR, and objections from males indicate feminine influence. The current situation favours females, with males being vulnerable to them by their ignorance. The following definitions are presented:

SIGNAL: Ambiguous; a signal is an ambiguous gesture, particularly of a sexual (relational) nature.

MARKER: Unambiguous; a marker is an unambiguous indication of involvement.

TOKEN: Ambiguous; a token is when one thing means another.

HANDLE: Unambiguous; a handle is a request which generates a fixed and predetermined response.

SIGNALS. A signal is a sign or gesture and is inherently ambiguous. It could be given as a practical joke, although it is noteworthy that this is unlawful in some situations, for example sending a flare from a ship in jest. A signal invites a response. The male instinct is to weaken (i.e. reduce the significance of) sexual signals, but not to weaken societal ones like traffic signals or distress signals from ships and aeroplanes. However even traffic signals can be ambiguous; the apparatus may be faulty. There is no such thing as an unambiguous signal because this is defined as a marker.

MARKERS. Many markers involve the transmission of a thing. Buying someone a drink is a marker: someone pays money and a transfer of wealth is certainly unambiguous. A 'token of affection,' that is a gift, is actually a marker as well since something is given. Talking to someone is a marker: there is involvement between the parties, even if the conversation is uncomplimentary to one of them. In this case the thing transmitted is information. Marking can be of a thing or a person; an animal leaves its scent (primordial marking) or a person might leave a distinctive piece of graffiti at a place to similarly mark territory. There is a male instinct to be anarchic with markers, distributing them indiscriminately. Leaving a coat, glass or cigarettes at a seat is a marker, as is decorating a room to a preferred colour scheme (as opposed to decorating it by necessity). A female choosing clothes for a male is a strong marker: a female marks a male by choosing or mending his clothes. We may talk of the feminine markers of cleanliness and detail. There is a female trait, which might be normal, of wanting to have sex in unusual places or, for example, in every room of a new house. This is also an expression of marking. A male marks a female by having sex with her.

OBLITERATION OF MARKERS. Females can be enthusiastic about erasing former markers. Examples are unnecessarily removing existing coats of paint while redecorating and wanting to obliterate the name of a former girlfriend from their partners' tattoos.

THE MARKING MAN. Once a crazy man was walking around my neighbourhood carrying a pot of white paint and a paintbrush. (He may have been under the delusion that he was a council worker.) When he saw a piece of street furniture, such as the small grey metal cases containing switchgear jutting out of the ground, he would approach the cabinet, give it two or three wipes of paint, stand back admiring his handiwork and then move off in search of the next. It was pure marking and his handiwork can still be seen.

APPETENT AND INAPPETENT MARKERS. Inappetent marking is giving things, sharing things or seeing people without hoping for or expecting something in return. An appetent marker is one for which something is wanted or expected. Because of TFT, female markers tend to be appetent while due to GTFT male markers are more likely to be inappetent.

EXAMPLE OF APPETENT MARKING. Females can ignore a male's greeting or pass him by when alone but stop and talk to him when they are with other females. Their desire is to demonstrate the relationship they have with the male to the other females. A petite prostitute who worked on my street once stopped to talk when she was with two other women but subsequently completely ignored me. Then comprehension finally dawned about a comparable incident several years previously involving F20EBB and two of her female family members in Brighton.

TRANSFORMING A MARKER. A male buying a female a drink is a marker, although the marker may be territorial and not discriminate ('You are in this place in which I have influence and I want you to be included in it'). There is a male instinct to distribute inappetent markers, expressed by being anarchic with them, say by wildly going around giving something away or talking to people. Females have a tendency to interpret inappetent markers as appetent ones and projection of a female characteristic onto the male is the likely origin of this. Moreover, the following scenario illustrates an inappetent marker not only being regarded as appetent but also changed; it has been transformed.

A man has just made love to a new girlfriend whom he adores, and he feels elated as a result. They split up for a few hours and he decides to take a beer. In the bar he sees a girl sitting alone and, a little intoxicated by his romantic interlude, he offers to buy her a drink. He thinks of her as another version of the wonderful female sex, another incarnation of the girl he has just made love to, and he wants to place an inappetent marker. It may merely be territorial. The girl however refuses it: 'I'm not taking a drink from you, I don't know you,' thinking that he wants something in return.

Or she accepts the drink and then voices her opinion that she is doing him a favour by accepting it. What started as a good-natured, generous gesture is turned into something distasteful. The female has turned the marker around and made it, in some way, negative. A female believing that she is doing a male a favour by accepting a drink from him is a basic example of a female transforming a marker.

This is analogous to the philosophy that a beggar is doing people a favour by allowing them to feel good about themselves, merely by giving a small amount of money to a poor man.

TOKENS. The prototype token in this system was the piece of metal given as a prize by a fruit machine. The value of the token is assigned by the giver and is different for the giver and the receiver.

A typical token is 'Do you have a light?' which can really mean 'Let's open and talk.' Tokens vary considerably in ambiguity; the ambiguity of DYHAL? can depend on something as mundane as the availability of cheap disposable lighters (in Amsterdam they were plentiful). A relatively unambiguous token, which might be jokingly used by a male in England, is 'Come back and see my etchings.' Tokens also invite a response.

An invitation for tea or coffee is a token. A division might be made between tokens which are consumable and those which are not. The cost of a cup of coffee in a café is a token because the cost of the drink is insignificant compared to the price charged to the customer. The price of the drink incorporates the rent of the premises, the wages of the staff and all the other costs of maintaining the café, and this is understood by both parties. The actual cost of the coffee is probably the least significant one. The traditional interpretation of an invitation for tea or coffee is that it is to share in the ritual of its preparation and consumption, and to talk.

In Amsterdam, any situation I attempted to create which involved the remotest possibility of sex taking place, such as an invitation to tea after an evening in a bar, or offering help to a woman with a large load of shopping, would fail due to tokenism.

Attempts to avoid tokens result in stress. (The opposite situation is a group of people using double entendres in jest, which relieves stress.) The female desire for novelty (e.g. through IoR) means that anything can become a token for sex.

LOCAL TOKENS. Tokens appear to vary considerably according to location. The following were identified just in the very centre of Amsterdam:

- BIGBAR3: Do you have a light?
 Coffeeshop CS2: Sharing a joint or playing a customer's tape is or has been a token.
 BAR2: Buying a drink for someone appears to be a token.
 Street: Invitation for coffee, or home, or mention of a tram.

The reactions of the onlookers to P2 and I walking hand-in-hand indicated that this was a local token for being on the way to have sex. There had been perhaps four occasions when I had received hints about trams while talking to females. Several times I discovered that an address I had given to a female had been kept for months, as if it were some kind of insurance policy, but it had not been, nor probably ever would be, acted upon. In actuality it had been treated as a token.

HANDLES AND HANDLE STATES. The basic handle is calling someone by name. Then calling the name evokes a fixed and predetermined response: they respond to find out why you are calling them. Another handle is being able to touch or hold a person; in this case the handle is the absence of a response, that the act is permitted and not spurned. Other handles are having an arrangement to meet or asking for the return of something which has been lent. A *handle state* is a state in which handles are issued.

Table 6. Handle States

HANDLE STATE	HANDLE	RESPONSE
Know someone's name	Call name	Receive reply
Lend something	Ask for its return	Item returned
In position to make proposal	Agree later meeting	Turns up
Able to touch or hold	Touch or hold	Not spurned
Marriage	Request for sex	Request granted

SIGNIFICANCE OF NAMING. Since the female is intensely interested in relationships, it is of fundamental concern to her that relationships are maintained in a fashion which is considered satisfactory by her and also by her peers. Relationships are of paramount importance to her. Naming an individual (and most significantly, a male) to another female gives her the ability to enquire about the individual at a later date. A female will be diminished, and probably considerably so, if the named individual has rejected or disappointed her in the interim.

MALE AND FEMALE INSTINCTS IN RELATION TO SIGNALS, MARKERS, TOKENS AND HANDLES. Females prefer signals and tokens, because they are ambiguous and therefore manipulative, while males prefer markers and handles because they are not. Females weaken markers by distributing them further after they have been given. Examples are being offered a sweet by someone sharing a seat with you on a coach, then the giver offers the sweets to someone else, or when a conversation is started with one person and they then talk to a second person to reduce the significance of entering into conversation with the first. There may be a fear that the marker will be interpreted as a token, and then a retroactive attempt is made to weaken the marker by distributing it further afield.

A memorable instance of marker-weakening was a young woman in conversation with a man in the entrance to the public library on the Prinsengracht. She was laughing and signalling around, ostensibly because she wanted everyone to see that she was enjoying herself. In reality however, stopping short of proclaiming her enhancement to all, she was weakening the marker of the man talking to her by engaging others in eye contact, involving others in the encounter.

The female instinct is to weaken markers by further distribution of them, for example by sharing the marker with someone else, signalling to widen a conversation or by refusal. Females raise the significance of tokens because they enhance control. Conversely the male instinct is to raise the value of markers, since they are material and involve the wealth which he creates, and devalue tokens.

A common phenomenon in Amsterdam was a pronounced reticence about using someone's name, even when the name was known. The female instinct is to avoid handles.

MUTATION OF A HANDLE TO A MARKER. A handle is when a thing is expected or demanded; a man who is married expects (or at least used to expect) that a request to his wife for sex would be granted. The erosion of such 'conjugal rights' is an example of the formalized mutation of a handle to a marker. A female not replying to a proposal but merely regarding it as a statement of interest is another example of mutating a handle to a marker, as is failing to reply to a letter.

MUTATION OF A HANDLE TO A SIGNAL. Greeting someone and being ignored is the mutation by them of a handle to a signal.

MORE MARKERS, MALE TO FEMALE. P4 have responded to my request for an explicit statement of their terms with "Our only term is that there are no terms." This is a further example of females weakening and exploiting male markers, if not of mutating handles. Clearly there are a great number

of implied terms: they do not expect me to rape and murder them, or otherwise break the law, and these laws and our civilization are defined, created and enforced by males.

FEMALE LOVE OF TELEPHONE. Females have a remarkable affinity for the telephone and this is a specific instance of a thing moving from the male to the female domain. (The telephone is of course a male marker, since a male has made his mark on society by inventing it.) Females love to talk, especially on the telephone. For many it seems that a good night is spending an evening making telephone calls, perhaps in conjunction with a cosy situation in front of the TV. Some will telephone their next-door neighbour rather than knock on their door. There is a tendency, if there is any opportunity at all, for females to telephone each other while at work.

LENDING. Lending something can be all of a marker, a token and a handle. The offer to lend may be a hint (i.e. a token) that a person wishes an involvement; as soon as the thing changes hands it explicitly indicates that involvement, i.e. it is a marker. The transaction entails a handle, when the thing's return is due or requested. Borrowing something and not returning it is another example of mutating a handle to a marker. Similarly, touching someone can be all of a signal, marker, token and handle.

INCIDENTS IN CS2 AND BAR2. GLIMPSES OF NORMALITY. One evening in CS2 a girl was sitting at a table and, having struck up a conversation, I moved to sit with her for 10 or 15 minutes. There was a move of an empty coke bottle, very delicately and deliberately, as if it was a piece on a chess board and a complicated gambit was being attempted. She was signalling for curiosity, perhaps seeing if her favourite signal worked in this place or with this male. In fact she was waiting for her boyfriend, who appeared some minutes later. Later I reflected that such normal relations as the conversation I had shared with this girl only seemed to take place when the female was under the influence of a stable sexual relationship with a male.

There were several occasions when I sensed normality in myself. I had been persistent with F12DSD, the dark-skinned discarder, approaching five or six times, manoeuvring until I was able to show my heart, and it seemed the norm to have my feelings as well as my pride playfully inspected and then discarded. Of course it wasn't quite that, pursuing a 12-year-old target wasn't exactly normal but the persistence of my approaches was, I felt, more or less the usual state of affairs in this environment (this, indeed, was the reason that some of the previous "No" replies had been so forceful). I felt as if I was coming down, it was like a kind of incremental descent onto a plateau, whence the methods and strategies of my attempts to win either

sex or love fell within the bounds of usual male behaviour in these surroundings.

There was an incident in BAR2 around this time when I again had a sense of reaching that plateau of normality. I asked F24DBWK, who was familiar to me, if she was available. She was not especially appealing but I thought her a lovely Bitch and admired her tremendously when she said "I'm always available." She stressed that she was honest.

Then I deliberately made myself conform, making my desire obvious to her, pliant to her control and unselfconscious in the attempt, knowing that my signals would be observed by others and that a trip to the lavatory would be used as an opportunity by my prospective sex partner to inspect my bearing as I moved around. I sat at the bar facing outwards, attentive to her and participating in the expected signal exchanges (exchanging smiles when something happened at the pool table, for example) for around two hours. She played pool most of the time. As we left another male insisted on accompanying us, a Klingon to F24DBWK. The three of us walked along the Raadhuisstraat with my attempts to maintain a conversation with F24DBWK sounding hollow in the presence of the silent audience on the other side of her. 'If this is normality you can keep it' was my instinctive response to this battle of nerves walk back to her place, which for me was turning into an ordeal. Nearing my usual turn-off point at the Herengracht a few minutes later I invited her to my house, thus refusing to follow the 'her place, not his' rule, which seems to be enforced regardless of how much nearer or more convenient his place is. There was an automatic transfer of control to the female at her place, putting the male at a disadvantage. I said goodbye and went home.

This again seemed usual in this environment: intense competition, with someone getting there first, or having to navigate around a relationship between an available female and another male adopting a Klingon strategy; one, that is, whose *modus operandi* was to stick to and follow the female under any circumstances.

NEUROTIC LOAD. SUBLIMATION. I feel that I cannot cope with the increase in neurotic load. Probably I am sensitive to it already and have become more so. Sometimes the stress of a courtship attempt made me flakier, more eccentric. This pressure from females, their propensity for illogical behaviour, which is intended to confuse the male, and the neurosis they induce, motivates males to the solution of technical problems which have a definite and logical solution.

When it came to talking to females or making an invitation I would freeze up and not be able to think of anything to say. I would certainly freeze to utter The Words, whether it was a proposal or a proposition. Perhaps this is what happens when signalling is made into a primary form

of communication. Neurosis seems to affect speech ability but writing is unaffected or there would be considerably less books in existence, including this one. In my experiments I was forcing myself to make approaches systematically, attempting to do it in such a way that even I could not screw it up.

FURTHER NORMALIZATION: A TENTATIVE RULE IN THE GENERAL CASE. In the circumstances of a proposal, Ask Only Once.

An experiment I considered designing would be to test the relative selfishness of the sexes. How this could be measured however was unclear. One survey I did consider was monitoring a set of busy traffic lights and counting the male and female cyclists who kept going after the lights had changed to amber or red. The expected result would be that males would take more risk, although of course a good experiment is one that obtains information whatever the outcome.

Second UK Trip. IoR

November 1992	F19PAFT	Female, 19, part-Asian former template
	M20E	Male, 20, English

It occurred to me to retract some of the value judgements made earlier, specifically my appraisal that females are inferior, but after consideration I determined not to. For one thing, essential to this investigation is veracity and I genuinely believe what I wrote then. Thinking about it, I don't see how an opinion that has been held for centuries can be overturned in a few decades, evolution just doesn't work that way. Females cannot suddenly have become more able, only the perception of their inadequacies has changed, and the world has changed to accommodate them. Physical changes take hundreds of thousands of years; the minimum for any significant change, such as growing a new limb or organ, is supposed to be 500,000 years.

To quote Wilson again, as he comments on the likelihood of the situation altering in the future: "The belief expressed... that the momentum of contemporary cultural change might be expected to erase (or perhaps reverse) current male-female sexual response differences in the relatively near future is not just over-optimistic, it is totally forlorn." It is possible however that changes brought about by sexual selection could happen relatively quickly.

REVERSE STRATEGY. There seemed to be a sudden spark effect sometimes with a female and I realized that I probably initiated many signals, if only by looking directly at a female. I seem to have acquired a female response pattern, which manifests itself intermittently. I will signal, my mind will go blank, I am unable to speak, I watch and wait. If I fall into this pattern I definitely notice an inability of females to respond in male manner to a male who is signalling and behaving in a female manner.

Another trip to England followed and there, using my new apperception, it was established that the behaviour I had observed was by no means unique to Amsterdam. The difference was a quantitative but not a qualitative one; it varied in degree but not in substance. The existence of the Red Light District, the preponderance of males in night spots, the coffeeshops and tourist culture in Amsterdam made the situation acute, and thus much more productive for study, but it could be the same anywhere. Walking in Brighton there was the same propensity for females to look directly at me if they were accompanied by a male, but when alone they always avoided eye contact. In London there was a similar tendency for females, already accompanied on the street or being entertained by two males in a pub, to signal far more strongly than they would if alone.

APPROACH RESPONSE REPERTOIRE. I shuttled backwards and forwards between London and Brighton. Links with my home country were becoming increasingly tenuous and I felt unable to cope with another romance by correspondence, so I had no intention of making approaches while in England. In a common room at my old university however I saw a girl F19PAFT with dark eyes and sallow, freckled skin. She probably had some Asian blood and I know exactly where this template came from; a girl I had been besotted with while a student. I could not resist. As she stood holding a drink and a sandwich, looking for somewhere to sit, I approached. She left the common room but ten minutes later I met her again nearby. After the responses I obtained I wished I had not approached at all. From this girl I got the lot.

I: "Why don't you come and sit over here, I'd like to talk to you."

F19PAFT: "Why?"

F19PAFT: "I don't know you."

F19PAFT: "I'm busy right now."

F19PAFT: "I don't feel like talking to you."

Needless to say I abandoned. Being appraised as a potential father for children yet another time seemed infantile. It also seemed that an approach by someone outside a female's known circle ("I don't know you") was being regarded almost as an aggressive act.

A couple of days later I visited the campus again and, standing at the counter in the same common room, made a joke to a couple of male students. As I stood deciding where to sit one called from his chair "Sit here mate" and I did. We talked about learning to type. It was one of many incidental and good-natured conversations I enjoyed while in England, freed of the language and cultural constraints of Holland. Few are worthy of report save for those which in like manner and with no more intent than

being friendly, perhaps, at most, with only a vague awareness that something might happen, I had attempted to initiate a conversation with a female, only to have it invariably interpreted as an approach. This was to their advantage, both individually by Enhancement and collectively by the removal of Ambiguity of Intention from males.

The train back to Brighton was nearly full and I sat in a compartment at the front; I was the eighth to join an 8-seater compartment. It stopped on the way and an attractive girl entered, the seven occupants of the compartment and I sat facing each other in two rows, jammed up like peas in a pod. "If you want to sit down you'll have to find someone's knee to sit on" I joked as she passed through. She looked back, appraising me in the short pause before speaking. "I don't think so" she said, "Thanks for the offer." I just had time to reply "Not necessarily my knee" before she disappeared out of the compartment. She had obviously, and entirely characteristically, interpreted my light-hearted remark as a proposal.

INTENTIONS AND OBJECTIVES. During this couple of days in Brighton M39SHN and I discussed Benny Hill, who had died recently. He had given pleasure to millions yet died alone and was not discovered until several days afterward. It was an example, I thought, of the injustice of the current system. My primary objective, I realized, was taking relationships out of the female domain into the male, in order to enforce at least a modicum of fairness and equity. There are lots of lonely people, lots of frustrated people, lots of people stuck in monogamous relationships of which they are thoroughly bored. If and when an attempt is made to minimize the human misery arising from relationships, or lack of them, then the first thing we must do is understand. Certainly no improvement is likely to result until the field of human relations is taken by such analysis from females to males.

While staying in Brighton I felt the paranoia of the writer close to completion. I had the most terrible anxiety and nightmares about the house burning down in my absence and the single copy of my handwritten manuscript being destroyed. I didn't care much for the other contents of the house but knew that I could not again write this way, I could never repeat the learning process of the last four months or so.

Another hospital worker and resident of the nurses' home where I was staying was M20E; like most males in his profession he was good-natured and easy-going. He would join M39SHN and I in front of the TV, especially to watch *Coronation Street*, when we would all share in M39SHN's relish for this long-running British soap opera. I hardly ever watched TV except when in England. M39SHN maintained a long-running infatuation with M20E's elder brother, but although he was also

homosexual the relationship remained a platonic one; M20E's brother was acting like a female. One evening in M39SHN's room I was told about the signal among male homosexuals in the local supermarket, an example of loR tending to zero in the absence of female influence. It was to walk around the local supermarket carrying a baguette and a bag of sugar.

In a large London supermarket one Saturday afternoon I saw a girl of about 7 with her mother and younger sister. She was running around and laughing and a pleasure to watch. A few minutes later I saw her again; the mother had left the shopping trolley in the charge of her daughters. The young girl was standing behind the trolley with her hands on the handle, in emulation of her mother. I gave a grin, pointed to the heaped contents of the shopping trolley and joked "You've got a big family." The reaction was instant; the chatter which had been going back and forth between the two little girls ceased immediately, like a shock wave of muteness. I retreated selfconsciously a few metres. The silence continued; the girls eyed me suspiciously. A few moments later their mother returned. "That man spoke to me" I heard the girl say, at last breaking the silence. "It's not a crime to speak to someone" I said, making sure that all could hear. "Huh" muttered the mother as she led them away. It was as if there was a creeping, almost imperceptible change from 'Don't go with strange men' to 'Don't talk to strange men.' The former was more in accordance with the actual risk, which by any objective analysis was negligible in any case.

In a London pub it felt a relief to be among unselfconscious people, without having every move observed. There was a wide mixture of different types, including one man I spoke to who was an IRA sympathizer. The signals and hints in England appeared on first impression to be refreshingly honest, compared to those in Amsterdam. However they were still, at best, only hints and signals.

COLLISION SIGNALS. There was an attempt at a collision, a Collision Signal, on the tube; it seemed to occur the one time I was hurrying to catch a train to Brighton. Memorably on the London tube some years previously a girl tourist seated opposite had got off the train apparently expecting me to follow. She had disappeared into a short passageway leading off the platform, only to re-emerge back onto it. I saw this as the train on which I was still sitting pulled away. On another occasion I saw a girl, probably the same very forward girl I had had a torrid affair with several years previously, although the odds in London of it being the same girl were incredibly low. She collided with a good-looking male, sending the papers he was carrying flying all over the platform, then helped him pick them up.

Because there was no studio work to be done with M36SEM my trip to England lasted only 14 days, quite short this time. I did however spend one

night mixing with M30ERP and his friend just before I left.

The squat and music scenes tend to set trends because they are faster in response than other spheres due to the lack of constraints. Performers need substantial egos to command their audiences but the first-rate ego, when an individual is able to suppress his desire to control as circumstances demand, seems rare. Girls really do throw themselves at pop stars but female celebrities probably have (in female terms) a dismal sex life. This is to some extent confirmed by the high number of suicides among female film stars in the past.

AFTER UK. During the journey back I contemplated that my return to Amsterdam was a return to celibacy. I had been servicing F35I as usual but she was too small for me and I didn't find it enjoyable most of the time. My philosophy was that I didn't mind giving sex that I didn't particularly want, so long as I got some that I did. M39SHN and I had discussed this, that females will only go along with half of this arrangement.

Often on returning from England I would charge around at high speed, being almost a threat to life as I raced around on my bike. British speed appeared to be about three times the usual Dutch pace. Walking around and catching the occasional signal it seemed that the more determined and purposeful the male, that is the more masculine, and the less likely he was to stop, the more likely the female was to signal.

PROPOSITION 7. The less likely the male is to respond, the more likely the female is to signal.

DISCUSSION. In illustration we examine the behaviour of a group of females on a passing *bateau-mouche*, the many-windowed tourist boats which tour the canals of Amsterdam. Sometimes a group of girls will be at the rear of the boat, which is open, and in high spirits. They will see a male on the side of the canal and wave to him (a strong signal). The male cannot respond because a physical barrier separates him from them; his only option is to dive into the canal and swim after the boat. If the females had been walking along the road they would have been much less likely to signal. A similar effect is observed in females passing in a coach, seated in a tram, on a bicycle or in a car: the directness of female signalling is inversely proportional to the likelihood of an approach being made. It has already been noted (in the discussion of the Direct Look Signal) that a female will only meet the eyes of a male if she is accompanied by one or more males, behind the wheel of a car or pushing a pram. An obvious comparison can be made with Affectionate Farewells.

An alternative explanation for some of the signals was that the females were under the influence of one or more males, that there had been some

transfer of masculine characteristics to them. It was almost as if they had been in this circumstance marked, as a female marks a male by choosing his clothes. It is far easier to have a normal, friendly relationship with a female who has sexual relations with another male; her association with him has made her, in some way, more masculine. However, as previously stated, this was unlikely to be generally applicable in Amsterdam, and neither was this alternative explanation consistent with the pronounced signals which were emitted when a physical barrier separated a signaller from her object.

EFFECT OF MALE NEUROSIS. On returning to Amsterdam the neurotic atmosphere was so evident it was almost tangible. It seemed to be an intensely work-unfriendly environment, with considerable energy being expended just to overcome the neurotic load. The energy available to counteract it was at a minimum when out in a bar or otherwise relaxing.

NEUROTIC TRANSFER. Even in the early stages of neurosis the male can efficiently transmit information about females' behaviour during previous encounters to subsequent ones. The neurotic male inadvertently teaches females how to make his objective difficult. Examples are when he says such things as 'It's a good telephone number, isn't it?,' 'Are you going to stay and talk or immediately jump onto a tram?' or 'You will turn up won't you?'

F22D FIRST GAME. A day or so after arriving back I was going through some papers and found a note of a strategy I had considered using. There was even a short list of females on whom I had thought of trying it. At the top of the list was F22D, the expert signaller in coffeeshop CS2.

I had just had something of a business meeting with M28DIW, utilising some of the speed and directness I still retained from my trip to England to negotiate the terms under which he was to write some software. The negotiations were not completely conclusive but the outlook was promising; we were in good spirits. About 8pm we retired together to CS2; I had originally met M28DIW there and we were both regulars. As we walked in I saw that it was F22D behind the counter, the girl by whom I had been manipulated on several occasions.

LIMIT OF INFORMATION BY TRANSDUCTION. There was conversation between the three of us although mainly between F22D and I, talking about my trip to England. I often felt a compulsion to talk trivia in the environment of the coffeeshop, something at which I was singularly inept. As soon as you became known in a particular place there were the politics of what you told to whom. Clearly most people would not want to go to a

coffeeshop to relax and have their brains picked, or leave with the feeling that everyone knew their business. Maybe also, the control of information in and around the coffeeshop was mostly because there really wasn't much to tell. However I was still unselfconscious from being away and although aware of imparting information I gave it nonetheless. In an environment where words are sparse and information is measured, its flow can be checked by, for example, a transferred diminishment of status, say by a person responding in a subtle way to the revelation in casual conversation that you had travelled by coach and not by aeroplane. This is precisely what happened on this occasion.

POSITIVE TRANSDUCTION. Passengers aboard aircraft are treated well to induce polite and well-controlled behaviour, minimizing the panic outbursts which might otherwise be provoked by the strong sensations of take-off amid the tightly-packed crowd. Similarly mannerisms like distinguished airs and graces can easily be inspired in the environment of a restaurant.

The girl who was F22D, tall, attractive and curvaceous, with long mousy blonde hair, moved her stool over to the end of the bar where M28DIW and I were sitting and deliberately made a joint. I knew already that I would be the first to be passed it. After finishing the elaborate building process she lit it, took a few draws then passed it to me. It was a marker and F22D seemed to be warming to the theme. I produced a tape of the music I had helped mix a couple of nights before in London, for F22D, M28DIW and I to hear.

Nervousness by several of the girls in this coffeeshop had been apparent when I and other males had brought in tapes and put them on the counter, leading me to surmise that a tape was, or had been used as, some sort of token. It could be used to detain a male if the female did not immediately return the tape, and in fact this had once happened with me; I had asked for it back at closing time. F22D displayed some hesitancy towards it but I said "It's six minutes, just play it and give me it back." The track (an instrumental with sampled vocals) was played; it was pleasant enough but suffered from being a mix by committee, with faults in the bass end and some overcompression. It was intended as a 'B' side in any case.

The normal musical fare was resumed and as I distractedly took the tape from F22D's hand she seemed to be trying to impart meaning into the transaction. She was kneeling at the cassette deck beneath the counter at this point, out of sight of M28DIW who had distanced himself somewhat, and attempted to catch my attention as she passed it to me. This and the events which followed happened so slowly, with only a few interruptions while others ordered drinks, that despite the unremitting rhythm of

coffeeshop music every increment of the ensuing sequence could be followed like an old grandfather clock slowly ticking in the background.

A sensation arose of doubt and uncertainty. I was being manipulated, the prospect of a sexual transaction was being raised and it was a diversion I had not expected, a distraction from what was supposed to be pleasant relaxation. There was uncertainty about the outcome but predominantly there was the realization, looking at the clock, that I would have to go along with this for at least another two hours to have any chance of success. It was around 9pm by this time and CS2 closed at 11pm.

The signalled sensation grew but I could not precisely identify it. The feeling was uncomfortable but vague and I struggled to distinguish some characteristic or identifiable feature of the sensation but could not. M28DIW was more sensitive to certain signals than I; he and others seemed to know some things before I did, and it had looked very much as if they had sometimes left prematurely in the past to leave me alone with someone. But whatever signalling had taken place between F22D and I had paled to insignificance by the symbolism, the markers and tokens of the passing of the joint and the tape. Even the joint played a role as a token in this environment.

As awareness settled I remembered my test strategy, the list I had rediscovered, and that F22D was at the top of it. Now was the time, it was quiet and there was relative privacy. For this I didn't much care in any case. The adoption of my plan brought my heartbeat to a high rate; my pulse could be heard racing in my ears and I waited for it to pass. I could always rely on the urge to strike, to destroy, good old Thanatos, it was unsafe for me to stand near the edge of tube station platforms. When my heartbeat had settled a few minutes later I rose up and piped "You like to play games, don't you F22D?" She certainly did; I remembered her sensuously flirting with me while standing playing backgammon with another a few months previously, but the game which really mattered of course was manipulation in exchange for sex. "Yes" she said "Why?" "I'd like to play a game with you" I said.

A moment later an interruption took place, one of only two or three which occurred during this whole sequence. F22D potted around the bar and at least once, shortly after my saying "I'd like to play a game with you," she moved to the one place behind the bar where she was out of sight, to compose herself.

F22D moved back and forth collecting information about the game I proposed. Inspired by a rapid movement of mine towards the counter, when I jumped up a little too quickly, she displayed hesitation. "What sort of game is it?" she asked. "Just question and answer" I replied. M28DIW had distanced himself further, either so as not to intrude or in disassociation; a group of Americans sitting nearby talked among

themselves, characteristically unselfconscious and not prone to eavesdropping. The only other was a regular. "Go on then" said F22D. I said "I'll ask you a question and you can answer what you like, but I'll never ask you the question again." F22D's interest was mounting; she prompted me to continue. I said "Can I meet you either later tonight or sometime over the next couple of days?"

"Can I think about it?" asked F22D. A brisk exchange followed and two minutes was agreed. I tried to relax, leant on the counter and found myself looking at M28DIW. This was a mistake: it had become obvious that my body movements were to be considered a part of the exchange. A sideways look to a third party under the conditions of a proposal in female signalling meant Divulgence and Referral: if you make a proposal to a female and she refuses with a look to another female it means that the other female (the non-target) knows of the existing relational arrangements of the target. In this case it suggested that M28DIW knew of a prearranged plan to play this game; there was a whisper of conspiracy. I knew I could not trust myself to signal accurately under such stressful conditions, which is why I had tried to relax. The two minutes were not used up: the refusal arrived 10 or 15 seconds later, like a dull thud in the viscera; it went through me like Brighton through a stick of rock.

There was a silent pause after she said "No." I had already hardened in anticipation of it. There had been a deadening of feelings, a numbness as I had braced myself for disappointment. The pattern was by now familiar, from scores of times before: the general sequence was that my eyes would unfocus as I concentrated on my words, taking care not to stumble over them and then, my eyes still distant, I would brace myself for the diminishment which had begun as a burning sizzle on my consciousness but which, by frequent exposure, had faded to a vestige, just a faint echo.

I struck up again with M28DIW, taking no notice of F22D who lingered nearby. Eventually she asked "Are you offended?" "No" I said. My attitude was changing, and I thought 'You are offended, not I. It could have been just a lunchtime coffee in a snack bar for us to have a look at each other outside of this place.' Signals may be, indeed are, wholly ambiguous but meetings between the sexes seemingly may not be. From now on with her I'll believe in equality of the sexes: I'll treat her like a male. F22D started to signal playful remorse and then, when it was ignored, there was coldness.

As I became acclimatised back to Amsterdam I found myself signalling more and talking less. I also started to worry about my own signalling, again I was sure this was very usual here. Sometimes I felt like a horse, a male horse with a huge thing hanging. This grand appendage of mine seemed to have a consciousness all of its own and demanded periodic

emptying. Perhaps only once per hundred times it had to be emptied into someone, but alarm bells would definitely ring if that once in a hundred times was missed. Pursuing this theme one time I caught the thought that I was doing it not for pleasure or relief but to remove the power that females had over me.

One likely reason that meetings between the sexes were problematic was that males locally were so eager for sex that for any meeting he would find himself becoming hopeful, or even expectant, that sex would take place. Males were projecting their aspirations onto females; I remembered doing this as an adolescent. It was an adolescent male response. It would follow from the scarcity of normal sexual relations for many males that the change which would come upon him on having sex would be greater, and lead to a greater destabilization of the political balance already achieved by the females.

My interesting voyage of a second adolescence seemed to be drawing to its close. I was landing on that plane of normality somewhat askew perhaps but gracefully. The strategy I had used on F22D I recognized as one I had considered the first time round, during or immediately post-adolescence; it had been abandoned then because applied consistently it was likely to be profoundly unsuccessful.

EXPEDIENCY VERSUS JUSTICE. It was the principle of promoting expediency at the expense of justice, which despite protests from an active conscience nevertheless can hold true. Suppose that Smith thinks he has been wronged by Jones and sues him; Smith is the Plaintiff and Jones the Defendant. The value of the claim is £500. Jones retaliates by making a counterclaim against Smith, also for £500. The court messes up the judgement and wrongly (the Divine Adjudicator knows the truth) awards £500 to Jones.

This would be preferable to the situation in which the matter was dragged out inordinately and legal costs ran to £1,000 for each party. Then the costs and distress of the legal battle would eclipse the original dispute. So expediency over justice has some validity if the costs of resolvment are significant.

THE INDULGENCE OF ROMANCE. Expediency over justice would be contrary to IoR, if by nothing else than its very methodology. By this point I had concluded that IoR was an indulgence for mature females, by which I mean those above 20. IoR was really just a screen behind which females hid while they ruthlessly got what they wanted. It was an indulgence to which they had become accustomed and were unwilling to surrender. They knew the score and everything else was just playing games.

A redundant system is one which allows for waste or error. Text is

redundant because there can be spelling mistakes, even missing characters, and the message still understood. Contrarily telephone numbers are *irredundant*: if one digit is wrong, no clues exist to indicate what it should be; there is no capacity for error. GTFT is a redundant system while TFT is not; losses in TFT lead to its degeneration.

Another redundant system is methodically hunting for a female, because after failure one just goes straight onto the next. Somehow the game I had employed with F22D seemed diametrically opposed to IoR and by antithesis went some way towards defining it. It was speculated that any redundant system is incompatible with IoR.

NORMAL DISHONESTY. Visits were received from two Dutch males aged 25-35. One said women "want to be tricked into sex" and illustrated it with a mannerism: he held out his hand, palm upwards, then quickly flipped it over. M33DJG admitted being dishonest in the past, meeting demands for a commitment to a longer-term relationship to obtain sex and then reneging on his promise. He related an event in Japan which illustrated the maxim that when a female has a choice between a male who is frustrated and one who is not, she always chooses the one who is not. My appraisal was that females did not so much want to be tricked into sex as overwhelmed, they wanted to be made to lose control of themselves.

Dishonesty is required by males to hide a state of horniness, yet a male must remain in that state in order to provide the necessary drive for success. On the occasions when I had seen or been involved with females in a state of preparedness or arousal, such as those making hints about trams, or tipsy females in bars, it seemed essential that the male sense the situation immediately and respond. Horny females seemed to require servicing without delay; they appeared sometimes, reflecting on it, to find the situation of being aroused unbearable. The time the female would spend in preparedness for a male proposition or other response was directly proportional to Diminishment of Self, and this she could not tolerate.

I was going back on the terms I had dictated to P4 and was about to arrange another meeting with them. After the strategy I had employed with F22D I would have to be dishonest if there were to be any further chance with her. The prospect of being dishonest to obtain sex was visible if not actually, slowly, being put into practice. It was yet another hint of normality.

BIGBAR3 Note. 'Telepathic' and Assent Signals

December 1992	F14HN	Female, 14, half-Negro
	F15-16D	Female, 15 or 16, Dutch
	F25DSG	Female, 21, Dutch squatter girl

On a Saturday afternoon I talked to F25HNJP and another prostitute, standing behind a partition separating their chambers as they signalled through the windows in their scanty clothes. I told them about my difficulty recognizing faces and they recounted a few of their experiences, when former clients had not recognized them because they had changed their hair from straight to curled, for example. Talking to them as they sat at their stations was a novelty; it was interesting to see the street from their side of the glass. One recited a local saying: 'No pain, no gain.' I invited F25HNJP for coffee when her session finished at around 6pm.

In a fit of frustration I set out for the Kalverstraat. The approach of F14HN was in the now familiar style: target, anticipate movements, wait for another sighting, check. She gave a signal, looking over her shoulder. Anticipating her movements again I waited at the very bottom of the Kalverstraat, but it was for so long that I began to think I had lost her. Then she reappeared and I approached as she crossed over the road onto Dam Square.

We walked down the Nieuwendijk together, reached the bottom and decided to return. She was tall, possibly half-Negro, beautiful I thought; she reminded me a little of S14/F13, the girl who had said "Yes... no.. Oh!" and then recoiled violently away. The transactions were aided by a shorter girl who earned my admiration for her role as helper. I said goodbye to her too later as we parted on Dam Square. She, the non-target, had been the one who had said "Yes" when I proposed accompanying them on a return parade up the Nieuwendijk, although all of the conversation had been between F14HN and I. We walked up the mall without stopping, engrossed in conversation. Once I fell behind due to the pressure of the

crowd and F14HN turned anxiously round to see where I was. When we got back to the top, to the Dam, we looked at the time and they took the decision to break. As we parted I pleaded to see her again: "I want to see you again, I'll wait for you, tell me where" and I secured an arrangement for us to meet at the same place and time the following Saturday afternoon.

Later that afternoon I returned to a spot some distance from the centre, hoping to see the lovely girl I had spoken to the week before. I was just about to abandon my vigil when a young girl, coming from behind, briskly and confidently walked past, heading for a tram stop. A tram was already approaching to convey its new passenger townwards and also, for me, in the direction of home. I fairly sprang into action. Unlocking my bike I raced after the tram. It was a new trick, being used only for the second time. She alighted two stops later, displaying the same confident and purposeful walk.

I approached almost immediately. Her face was heavily made up and a flash of disappointment crossed it as I drew alongside, then she became alert. "Are you the girl I spoke to before?" I asked; "No" she said but her reply was unconvincing, it was too fast. I tried to extend the conversation, becoming convinced in myself that I had indeed spoken to her before, on the town if not the previous Saturday. It felt like all I wanted her to do was stop and tell me in a reasonable and believable way that she wasn't the girl I had spoken to near the Westerkerk the week before, but she hurried nonchalantly and defiantly through the doors of a department store. Hardly pausing I locked my bike against one of the display windows and quickly established that there were only two exits. I set about covering them, standing on a corner in sight of both, waiting for her to re-emerge.

Boundaries were being broken: the previous Saturday I had chased a tram for the first time and now I was hot in pursuit of a target I had already unsuccessfully approached and was encamped outside a store waiting for her to come out. There was only around five minutes before it closed and all the customers would have to leave, but I didn't have the patience even for that. I went in at the far doors. The lights were bright after the darkness which had fallen outside and it took a few seconds to adjust to the light and warmth of the store. Taking only a few steps farther I saw my target by the make-up counter. That instant I realized that I should not have entered the shop but it was too late, she had seen me.

I stood, frozen and not knowing what to do, about six metres from the counter where she was handling the make-up she had evidently rushed out at the last minute to buy. I smiled briefly, trying to look inoffensive, gave it up, waited. She started toward the doors, came halfway and then stopped dead, although I was well out of her path. Hesitating for a moment she retreated back to the counter where her purchase had been made and said something to the staff. Trying to guess what was being said, I thought of the

staff exit. I imagined the D&R which would follow this episode when she returned home and that was it: I left to gather my thoughts outside. Through a display window a couple of minutes later I caught a glimpse of rapid movement towards the other doors as I stood in doubt, my determination to cover the exits gone. Then I walked through the store from one end to the other.

Unless, as seems highly unlikely in retrospect, she was the girl I had spoken to the previous Saturday and followed westwards on the tram, I had mistargeted. Notwithstanding, I had demonstrated how a shy and retiring male could, in a matter of months, become a nuisance to a young girl going out in a last-minute dash to buy cosmetics. She was a mistarget because, although she was attractive, I had always ignored signals as a rule and this one, the confident, fast walk in particular. If it meant anything at all it meant that the signaller was going to be hard work and that was not what I wanted. The entire episode had been the product of defective male targeting: the template of the girl I had spoken to the week before was a confusion of her shape, her woollen tights and the image of her sitting playfully atop a bench at the Westermarkt. I strained to picture her face but could not. F25HNJP didn't turn up for after-session coffee, in fact it was the second time this had happened

THE INDUCTION OF PSYCHOSIS. That night M21QIMS and I visited BIGBAR3 and again notes were being thrust into hands at the entrance. They were different this time and in Dutch, but I surmised that they were similar to those distributed between four and five weeks previously. The place was full, as was usual for a Saturday night. Someone told me that the note complained of "Touching up of females, annoying staring at them and other shit." M21QIMS said that the widely received interpretation was 'You may not make passes to females in BIGBAR3.' He went off for a while and I stood opposite the bar, not taking a great deal of notice of the people around but feeling mildly uncomfortable of the atmosphere.

M21QIMS had brown hair, often worn in a pony-tail, and we would sometimes discuss medical matters. Going in search of him a few minutes later I found him by the entrance to the dance hall, talking to a girl he knew. The girl, resuming conversation, pinned her shoulders back against the wall and I took her in; my glance fell as far as TVV would allow to register a fine pair of breasts, pouting and otherwise unrestrained beneath a dark T-shirt. The following happened in rapid succession, separated only by an instant. First, the possibility of making a bid for her sprang into my mind, second I recalled the note handed to me at the door, the contents of which I could only guess at, then I felt it: it was no longer neurosis, it had been elevated by the ambiguous character of the note to paranoia.

There was nothing vague about this feeling. I was sure that what I could

sense consciously, in others would likely only remain subliminal. Shortly M21QIMS and I retired to BAR2 across the road, mostly on my initiative. There I would only have to contend with neurosis if attracted to a member of the opposite sex.

TEXT OF SECOND BIGBAR3 NOTE. Shortly BIGBAR3 themselves provided an English translation:

So, this is BIGBAR3 the world disco. Don't forget that this space has been fought for. Don't forget that within these walls we are trying to create other values and norms of behaviour than outside on the street or in other discos. Men who harass women can reckon on being dealt with, and in extreme cases, will be thrown out. Women who don't feel at ease here, because of men amusing themselves with unwelcome advances towards them, whether touching or staring, are encouraged to say something about it to the people on the door. There are always women in the area who will help you.

ANALYSIS. In my pursuit of the girl buying make-up I had evidently become a nuisance and this must be examined. My initial thought was that I should never do this again. What, however, if it was necessary to become a nuisance, to persevere in this way to get a girlfriend? Such determination can lead to dangerous situations, or at least ones that are perceived as such by females. I had not broken any laws. Was my behaviour conventional? Apparently so, judging by the note that was now being handed out at BIGBAR3. I would never have touched this girl, or done any physical thing against her wishes except perhaps in gentle trial; her fear had been unfounded, certainly as far as I was concerned. I, in turn, had perceived at least six distinct signals, all of which were indiscriminate. Whether all, or some, or none were considered worthy or suitable for a male response was entirely a matter of cultural and social norms. It was purely a matter of culture and convention. They were:

1. Confidence and purposefulness (postulated Fertile Signal);
2. Fast Walk, with defiant and superior airs (Challenge Signal);
3. Provocative make-up (deliberately attractive);
4. Pretty clothes (deliberately attractive);
5. Prettiness (attractive);
6. Unaccompanied (available).

CYCLE OF REINFORCEMENT. Her confident and purposeful walk, the purpose being, on this occasion, to further facilitate item 3, may have

indicated the fertile state. Similarly with defiance, the attitude she had displayed as she disappeared through the doors of the store. It was a Challenge Signal. One only has to watch young lovers at play to see this signal immediately evoke a response. Her provocative make-up can certainly be considered a legitimate signal as could, to lesser extents, pretty clothes and prettiness.

It would be the easiest thing for females who genuinely did not desire approaches to dress down to avoid them; by the manipulation of colours and dress the female can alter herself almost beyond male recognition. The claim that make-up is not intended to make themselves attractive to males is naught but droll; even if, as is sometimes alleged, it is to establish their status relative to other females, it relies entirely on male criteria and perceptions of attractiveness.

The power of this girl was derived from her ability to attract approaches and her strength was borne out of practice in resisting them. Her confidence was because she knew, from the attentions of males, that she was desired and her purpose, at least on this occasion, was in furtherance of that cycle. The cycle would continue until she either lost control to a male or ceased to be attractive to them.

The behaviours which had inspired complaint in this second BIGBAR3 note were male reactions to elevated neurosis. Fixed staring at females was Neurotic Suspension and the note provided independent confirmation of it. I had seen males being admonished in BIGBAR3 but the incidents had been blocked out, the same effect as when I had seen a man buy F25DG1P and her friend drinks, again in BIGBAR3, and it had not been remembered until over two weeks later, although I clearly recalled the remainder of the incident. Now I remembered once seeing a man being sternly talked to at the side of the dance hall and another being frog-marched out by a group.

Recollecting the atmosphere of BIGBAR3 the night M21QIMS and I had been there, which had made me uncomfortable, the females had seemed pleased with the situation. In fact they had been signalling so much they had been practically shimmering.

'TELEPATHIC' AND ASSENT SIGNALS. The following week would have passed without comment, I having fallen into a routine of confining my serious hunting activities to Saturdays when at least I could count on having little difficulty finding targets. However two incidents occurred which shook the ground beneath my feet. I thought I had twice received telepathic signals.

This came as a shock. There is a possibility that such messages exist, the problem is their intangible nature. Some individuals have a compulsive attraction for any explanation besides the logical one: a sequence of

alternative, even ludicrous, scenarios will be tested until one is eventually found which cannot be refuted. Broaching this subject among a number of people seems to result in the recounting of experiences, the like of which perhaps only occur a few times in each lifetime, when no obvious logical explanation exists for the perceived events. M34EEI detailed a meeting with his sister, I once experienced an apparently supernatural awareness and one of P4 said she was 100% confident that telepathy existed. Attempting to rely on these sensations however seems guaranteed to reduce an individual to a neurotic mess, going through life with a consciousness like a vacuum cleaner, attributing significance to every emotional flutter and symbolism to every trivial event.

It should be evident by now that I have been working somewhat at the boundaries of knowledge if not of sanity. Certainly this is how it had felt sometimes; I remembered my workmanlike coffee break in the tram shelter overlooking a melancholy Leidseplein. I could have been the Marking Man, dressed in brown overalls, IoR at absolute zero. Raising the topic of telepathy here should not come as too much of a surprise, especially when I have striven to undertake this study with a completely open mind.

The second incident would have been dismissed as a random and insignificant sensation had I not ignored a similar signal just a couple of days before. The reinforcement of the second event meant that, however unlikely its nature, my intellect, after several months of delving into my deepest instincts and analyzing them, could no longer ignore it. To do so would have seemed dishonest.

There were already problems with the 'agreeing to take you' signal, the Assent Signal, but this was easy to rationalize. I could not precisely characterize it but since it was given in close proximity the signal could consist of subtle cues, given in the form of looks or mannerisms, or in some other way such as a pheromone. I had responded to the Assent Signal in the past, notably with F24DMS. In these two incidents the females who were presumed to have emitted telepathic signals were a significant distance away and out of sight.

In the first instance I was deep inside coffeeshop CS2. On entering I had passed a girl who looked like a Bitch, seated near the entrance. At the counter with my back to her I had felt as if I was being summoned to turn around and look at her.

In fact I had almost certainly seen this girl in CS2 before. There was a Negro who worked there intermittently, she might have been his girlfriend. I had seen him summon her out one evening with little more than a gesticulation of his shoulder. Perhaps, I had wondered, this was why the blacks were more successful, they had more of the animal instinct, it was harder for it to be suppressed by the neurosis: a certain primal arrogance. Everyone knew that black women were highly sexed but, unlike the males,

they did not seem to be fashionable. It looked easy, I had thought then, it was just a case of knowing a few more signals and taking the decision to act on them.

The second occurred while taking a thermos of tea to the new squatters on the other side of the Herengracht. They had occupied one of the large *grachtenhuisen* during a period of builders' inactivity. I was sitting at a large table in the front room, roughly constructed from planks and covered with beer bottles, remnants of food, tools and the assorted flotsam of life several days into a new squat. The house's new occupants were politically motivated and of relatively affluent backgrounds, in fact they were students. I had taken a shine to one of the girls, who had responded by giving me a strong, involuntary and honest signal a couple of nights before; I was trying to get her to accept an invitation to dinner.

She came in the front door and briefly appeared at the entrance to the room. A few minutes later I had the urge to find her; imagining the expanse of house above, some of it with walls missing and all but a small part without electric wiring, I wilfully abandoned the idea. Later I emerged from the room to see her by the front door, leaning against another male in an embrace.

In both incidents I had felt as if I had been beckoned. It had been a tugging feeling, as if something had been pulling at my consciousness. If humans did possess telepathic abilities the place it would certainly first be evident would be in sex. If such a mutation occurred during our evolution it would be expressed in sex, and specifically in signalling, since this is where it would be directly reinforced.

Afterwards I considered that telepathy was the least likely explanation. What really happened was that on both occasions I had perceived a potential target but attempted, more or less subconsciously, to block it from conscious awareness out of fear; the tugging feeling was the re-emergence of the instinct to respond to a signal after a time delay. This is by far the most likely explanation: that what can be perceived as supernatural perception is merely the product of a time delay or a distortion in time-perception. Many cues and signals are not consciously perceived, and furthermore there is synchronization, as observed in American Singles' Bars: that two people in an association can think of, start to speak or do something at the same time.

Other, more subtle explanations may exist for such phenomena, and although telepathic signalling may not completely be beyond the realms of possibility, it is better not to concentrate on intangibles which cannot be proved one way or the other.

During this week I heard about a man who was approaching females and, when they refused his proposal to go to a disco or wherever, they would

be given a folded card which would later be discovered to contain a note about licking and fucking. Good old D&R here in Gossip City had resulted in a link being formed between two of his targets, at which point I got to hear about it. Needless to say he was not being cast in a very favourable light. "He's taking an extremely masculine view, he hasn't been feminized by a relationship" was my response to the account, which was delivered by M34EEI. I had little difficulty reaching this conclusion since I was in a similar state myself.

(Actually I should have said 'He hasn't been *feminated* by a relationship'; the terminology had not yet been finalized. Similarly with the categories of signals in the text of the leaflet below. They were still in development.)

One day in a photocopy shop it was possible for me to sense the arrival of a stereotypical beautiful female, by her postures alone, even using inferior male peripheral vision.

RESPONSE TO BIGBAR3 NOTES. The best part of the following Saturday, there being intense Christmas shopping in progress on the town, was spent producing the leaflet I had decided to give out at BIGBAR3 in response to their notes. In fact they had done me a service of a kind; their independent documentation of male behaviour, which I now attributed to mass neurosis, was confirmation of my ideas. I had been tempted to stand back and see how far the situation would progress but any reserve I felt about making my rather unorthodox views public had been dispelled by the paranoia induced by their latest edition.

The most difficult part of the leaflet was the account of breast rubbing. I knew that females never collided their breasts accidentally, unless it really was crowded. There had been a number of occasions when females had done this, memorably in BIGBAR3 and BAR4. Having an inkling that my unorthodox views would raise a storm I attempted to lessen the leaflet's impact. Instead of stating that "females were signalling for pleasure, entertainment and status" this was diluted so that they were only signalling "for entertainment and status."

At the appointed time, interrupting my work, I made my way to the Dam to meet F14HN. Perhaps she had felt as nervous as I, and took the easy way out, or perhaps her emotional landscape had changed during the week and this had caused her not to show, but such was the case. Or I thought, it could have been my unintentional use of a token: "Perhaps then we can go for coffee" I had said, motioning towards the Bijenkorf opposite, which contained at least two cafés. I had regretted it as soon as I had said it, and feared that during the inevitable D&R my utterance would be given a more sordid, unintended interpretation. Or perhaps it was because I hadn't smiled on parting, as I had with the blonde F15-16D only to

discover that the telephone number she had given was false.

Whatever the reason she failed to appear it felt like I had completed a circle. I recalled Experiment 0 in which I had arranged to meet five females and none, not one, had kept the appointment. It had not been intended as an experiment and the surprising outcome had led in large part to these investigations.

The leaflets were handed out in BIGBAR3 but I did not stay to gauge the reaction as intended, it being a benefit night on the theme of repression in Turkey, or some such, and it looked uninviting. My analysis of their notes, which by this time had been rendered into English and Spanish, was all too short but still covered both sides of an A5 leaflet.

NO SEX PLEASE, WE'RE SQUATTERS:– AN ANALYSIS.

The human animal has been on this planet a long time, I don't know the current best estimate but maybe a few hundred million years or so. Humans are extremely complex but we should not be beyond our own understanding; we shall be condemned if we are. If we are to begin to understand ourselves and our behaviour we must firstly try to understand our foremost and primary drive: sex.

The manner and mechanisms of our evolution are still being worked out but one theory, by the evolutionary biologist Prof. John Maynard Smith, currently predominates. The Mixed Evolutionarily Stable Strategy (MESS) holds (very briefly and simply) that any organism will seek to minimize the cost and maximize the benefit of its actions. The measure used as to whether any action is good or bad is whether it is good or bad for the gene. As humans we have something else, the meme (introduced by Richard Dawkins in the book *The Selfish Gene*) to contend with: the meme is what distinguishes us from animals. No other species can create an idea or concept and pass it on to future generations as humans can with memes. Shakespeare, Bohr, Einstein and van Gogh have all had memes which have persisted and prevailed in evolutionary competition with thousands of other memes. The meme then is a special human equivalent of the gene.

Sex is humans' strongest drive, for both males and females. We have spent the bulk of our time in evolution as members of tribes, living in caves and crude huts as part of primitive communities. Competitive evolutionary pressures have ensured that those who don't like or want sex or children have not had much of either and they have become either a

minority or their genes have become extinct. We are the offspring of those ancestors of ours who have had plenty of sex and children and this process has been going on and been reinforced over millions of generations. It's no surprise therefore that humans are very highly sexed. If we don't get enough sex we try to find substitutes for it and males and females, having different instinctive drives which have also been reinforced over millions of years, will tend to substitute different things. For example, males will tend to substitute pleasure-seeking activities like drinking beer or smoking marijuana and females will tend to substitute activities like relationships with other females and domestic pets. Look around and see if it is not the truth. All of this is likely to be the subject of a book because this analysis according to MESS is very fascinating.

Now has come the time when something should be said about the notes which have recently been shoved into peoples' hands on entry to BIGBAR3. The full analysis of the notes might become rather tedious here but the results are disturbing; they also confirm my own theories and observations. The first sentence of the first note I believe to be untrue, it is pushing the limits of definition of what is a squat to its extreme and is therefore not truthful. The people working behind the bar are not paid, I thank them for that. But did I agree that they are not paid? Now is the pay-off – the payment is in a different form and actually it's a much higher cost – the Bar Group want Control. The place I admired for having a 'No Sheriffs' rule has now been taken over by Big Sister.

BIGBAR3 has been fought for, it's true. Many other things have been fought for as well but the battles have been fought by males, not females. The result now is that females can feel safe enough to join in and take advantage of those efforts. The memes which have built our civilisation, the discovery of electricity, the invention of the washing machine, various kinds of engines and the contraceptive pill to name just a few things are all, save for a minute number of exceptions, the result of male efforts. I'm sorry if anyone finds this revelation painful but it seems to be the case. There appear to be good and provable biological reasons why it is so.

The evolutionary role of a signal, given by a female to a male, is to induce neurosis in the male. In a normal situation the male would seek (consciously or subconsciously) to

resolve the induced neurotic tension by approaching the female or abandoning. Males are extremely sensitive to signalling for obvious reasons. A high level of signalling will induce a great deal of neurosis and that neurosis will be worsened if there is a lot of 'false signalling' (in the extreme case, just to have beers bought or more commonly, signalling for entertainment and status), 'erroneous signalling' (e.g. accidental signalling due to stress) and 'dysfunctional signalling.' The strongest signals to a male are the sight of a female with her legs open or one rubbing her breasts against him. The latter has happened to me several times in BIGBAR3 and elsewhere and is an extreme example, for the purpose of demonstration, of the general high level of signalling and the female preference for using this manner of communication instead of plain speech. In fact even in speech there is dishonesty and a veritable minefield of 'tokens' to navigate. (We can start our analysis of tokens with "Do you have a light?" and a female asking another female for a light rather than risk an undesired interpretation, also preserving and reinforcing the token for use by other females.)

The behaviour of males talked about in the notes, annoying staring at females and the like, I believe to be symptomatic of mass neurosis. The male can be frozen in a state of what I have termed 'Neurotic Suspension.' It is what happens when males are exposed to a great deal of signalling, most of it false and all of it ambiguous, when the females don't give the males enough sex, or when males find that the rituals they have to go through in order to obtain sex are humiliating. If there are female sexists in BIGBAR3 who think that male sexuality is just a matter of a 15-minute fairground ride with a prostitute then they definitely have a screwed-up idea of what it's about. It's true that males who are frustrated and made neurotic can be a nuisance but I say it's the females who are to blame for this situation.

Regarding the status of BIGBAR3, above which around twenty people lived, it was well known that the owner had wanted to sell the building. In protest a crowd of squatters had descended on him and threatened to set fire to his country home if he did not sell it to them. A large number of people had each paid £1,000,- so thenceforth the building containing BIGBAR3 was collectively owned.

I went to the weekly bar meeting the next night to face the music. About 15 people were seated at a table just inside the door and a few

others stood around. In the discussion, which rapidly became heated, remarks were also made about sudden public outbursts of anger and unprovoked, direct propositions from males. Some or all of this was, I considered, attributable to excessive neurosis. One of the people seated at the table was F21DSG and she confirmed that my leaflet was capable of reflecting neurosis – she said “You make me neurotic about whether I’m signalling or not.” F21DSG was the girl who had claimed to have been in a hurry while walking a dog in the Vondelpark. I was asked to leave and banned thenceforth from BIGBAR3.

A couple of days later I also became *persona non grata* at the new squat I had been taking tea to on the other side of the canal. The reaction to my leaflet from the females, and the males sympathetic to them and under their immediate influence, may best be described as a mixture of fear and enagement. During each exchange leading to these bans the taunt was made “You’re frustrated” but I did not reply. It was true enough but not relevant to my arguments, although it was clearly instrumental in their generation. In any event in being frustrated I was definitely not alone.

It seemed that any expression of annoyance at Dutch lethargy was likely to attract an accusation of sexual frustration. For example, the charge had been made when I had become annoyed at trying to get a project, already talked about for a year, finally underway.

FIRST MATRIARCHY. ELOQUENCE ADVANTAGE. By the bans I thought I had isolated a matriarchal power structure in at least some sectors of contemporary Dutch society. Two occasions were recalled when I had made a small request at a bar, such as for a glass of water, simultaneously to a male and a female. The female had raced the male to reply; the female had responded first with the shortest possible delay, then the male had followed with an identical reply. Here I refer to a demonstrated tendency for females to respond to spoken questions more quickly than males but with less accuracy. The superior verbal ability of females is well known so that, for example, stammering is rare in females; they have so much speech capacity that minor dysfunctions make no difference.

LONE FEMALE AT BAR EXAMPLE. In the discussions with P4 and others which followed the limited circulation of my leaflet, a lone female sitting at a bar became my stock illustration of the induction of neurosis and its resolution. To add spice and realism the female is made reproductive and attractive. A male, perceiving the situation, is likely to wonder whether she is seeking a mate; the female is undoubtedly signalling, by location at least, although she could be or could claim to be there for a rendezvous; the ambiguity is implicit in signals.

A male might think ‘She’s alright, I’d like to talk to her.’ He will seek to

resolve the neurosis either by abandoning or approaching. He does not want to pester her if she is just enjoying a drink, and approaching is likely to result in an escalation of neurosis since it would be considered bad form and likely ruin his chances were he to ask 'Are you available?' Similarly if he made a blunt request for sex. A female sitting alone at a bar is an ambiguous situation and the male is faced with two possible responses.

In addition the male, attempting to be sympathetic to the female perspective, may leave her to sit by herself having been led to believe, following obfuscation by other females, that she desires this state. In reality being alone is considerably less satisfactory to a woman than it is to a man.

One of P4 raised the possibility that a female in this scenario might be unable to admit to herself that she desired a male, and I thought there was a deal of truth in this suggestion.

Christmas and the New Year. F25G

December 1992

F25G Female, 25, German

CHRISTMAS. Shortly it was Christmas and my brother came to stay. He had recently spent another period in mental hospital and was prone, despite protest from me, to over-indulgence in amphetamine sulphate. The drug seems to be preferred by certain kinds of schizophrenic. It was he that our mother had doused with nitric acid while asleep, shortly after he and our half-brothers had returned from a visit to Amsterdam. He definitely had a character trait which encouraged people to be rotten to him; I had it also but to a lesser extent.

In his periods of coherence between bouts of amphetamine psychosis he would use strong words, which I thought were out of context. He talked of "violent language" and I told him to stick to the dictionary definitions of the words he was using. If I were to express myself in such terms I could say that I had been mentally raped, repetitively dallied with and taken to the brink of what I could tolerate, just to see how I would react, by the females I had approached.

These are strong words and it feels mean writing them but pushing males to their limit seemed to be females' favourite pastime. The vast majority had absolutely no information to give in return for that offered, and in any case the only information the male is interested in after a while is what the female feels like. Their indecision and prevarication was either practised, or habitual, or instinctive but it was certainly real. I had been repeatedly sucked of information and manipulated in pursuance of a fatuous and anachronistic selection process. If nothing else it was excruciatingly boring.

SEXUAL DISABILITIES. There were frequent, perhaps even normal, manifestations of sexual disabilities which obviously had an inherent or hormonal origin. Females, in the main, seemed incapable of navigating any significant distance, were unable to perform the simplest household repair or find solutions to other problems involving things. Despite these disabilities control of sex would be enforced with unswerving ruthlessness. But then I should know better by now: this ruthlessness, in evolutionary terms, was not in spite of these disabilities but because of them. Only males create wealth, or define how wealth is created. The optimal female strategy is to find, and most importantly keep, a suitable male.

Here I was, barely five minutes' walk away from the Dam and the Palace, the site where the water was first stopped to found the original town, yet it seemed an age away, the crowds remote. I was on the edge of something, whether it was knowledge, or sanity, or neurosis or psychosis I knew not, could not completely decide. There was a constant struggle against neurosis, the distractions while trying to get things done, the time spent wondering what might have happened, wishing it had, the car alarms constantly going off and even, occasionally, the feeling of life slipping by.

The car alarms would now only register on my consciousness if they were near and too annoying to ignore. Sometimes in the early hours of the morning a muffled thump and blast of a car alarm could be heard as a junkie did *f*500,- worth of damage for his next *f*25,- fix, but I for one was not going to risk getting a knife in the ribs to save someone's car stereo.

When about 14 I had spent a year doing nothing, staying up all night and sleeping most of the day. Afterwards it was as if time had stood still but now the opposite had happened: I had re-emerged into a different country and culture as from a time warp and attitudes had completely changed around me. The Dutch females had all been approached 500 times before; the comparatively few tourists I had attempted all assumed I'd had 499 before them. Every one expected to be treated like God's gift to males.

DOMESTIC PETS. Over Christmas M27HERM showed me a video of a Vietnamese family slaughtering a puppy. A plump candidate was selected from a litter and then butchered at the kitchen sink, in sight of the two children. A cosy meal followed in which, following tradition, each family member ate different parts. It illustrated the value of difference, prompting us to reappraise our attitudes. Humans prefer animals that signal a great deal, such as cats and dogs, or for which the signals are interpreted by humans as agreeable. A dog holding its mouth open to lose heat can look as if it is smiling, which of course it is not, and the large eyes of baby seals invoke the protective instinct normally reserved for babies.

A common sight in Amsterdam was notices seeking information about

lost pets. I collected a thick sheaf of them; several were displayed on the walls of the house. To me, the insularity of these plaintive cries quite defied belief, that people had nothing to worry about except a lost animal. Posters for cats outnumbered those for dogs by about three to one. Often a reward would be offered which led to jesting with saner visitors to the house that a lucrative pastime might be kidnapping expensive or particularly well cared-for animals and holding them to ransom; or fly-posting a satirical notice demanding money for a fictional animal's return. The best poster (the one most illustrative of my substitution theories) was headed "*Baby vermist!!*" (Baby missing) relating to a young pit-bull terrier.

So much freedom was allowed to domestic animals that a visit to friends sometimes resembled sitting in a cage at the zoo. One cat had fallen off a roof and broken both its back legs, with a veterinary bill of £1,500,- being paid rather than have it destroyed, and such expenditure on domestic pets was not uncommon. Other local manifestations of anthropomorphism and the inordinate reverence given to animals were an animal ambulance, a special animal crematorium, a CD for dogs advertised in the newspaper, a towel for dogs being given as a gift at the supermarket and dogs allowed to jump up at strangers. On my reaction to the latter the female owner could give a mischievous smirk. Females would frequently ignore the 'No dogs' rule in shops.

Besides being a sex substitute, another reason for the popularity of pets may be residual guilt. Childhood pets often die, due to accident or neglect. The current pet provides the opportunity to resolve the guilt of a childhood event. Additionally, some people appear to seek to prove to animals that they are benevolent. The lack of a response may merely reinforce such a person's desire to convince.

SELFISHNESS. In contrast to the generosity of spirit displayed to animals, another local feature was the selfishness of the people. One could easily imagine an irate motorist leaning over the battered body of a cyclist or pedestrian demanding compensation for the dent they had caused to their car. M28DSW agreed that this would certainly have happened at some time in the past. In fact something similar had happened to me: I had been distracted by some dogs playing outside a café and collided with a car on its way to park on the wrong side of the road. My hand was injured and the front of my bicycle wrecked but the driver's only concern was payment for the almost insignificant damage to his vehicle.

M28DIW visited the house around this time. Somewhat the worse for drink, and having just been warned about the heater he had moved close to, he burnt his jacket and demanded that I pay half the cost of its repair. Small signs were displayed on shop windows or railings outside houses, asking people not to put their bicycle there. These seemed ridiculous in a

town where bicycles were so abundant. The damage done by leaning a cycle against a window or railing was so insignificant that it counted as another example of self-centredness.

The common sight of females using males as a trophy was an expression, I concluded, not of 'I've got a man' but 'I've got a man under my control.' A dictionary was consulted and "violent language" was a valid word combination. I had not been exaggerating when expressing my feelings in similar terms, particularly when talking of being dallied with and pushed to the brink, being repetitively led on and then let down, of being mentally raped by female manipulation.

I laid low over Christmas and the tumultuous New Year; my Christmas sex consisted of one probable missed opportunity and half an hour of snogging the dark-haired half of P4 one very chilly night at the end of a railway platform. Some years the canals would freeze over and there would be skating but it was not cold enough this year. My street was busy with activity during the brief return to normal business between Christmas and the New Year.

POWER AND SEX. Around this time I put three or four people under contract. When one of the documents was returned with its signature it gave me an erection. It was evidence of power being an expression of sex, but direct confirmation like this was a rare event, and possibly my very first conscious experience of the theory I had already formed.

AN EXPERIMENT WITH AMPHETAMINE. Early in the New Year, on a Saturday afternoon, I did an experiment on myself. About half an hour before going out on the town I took a mild dose of amphetamine by nose. Unlike my brother my use of the drug was infrequent; a couple of tablets of the stuff had been lying around the house for months, eventually being given to a visitor. Amphetamine was far too toxic for frequent use but its effects were enjoyable and in this case certainly worked. I met two small 'ultra-blondes,' the type without a single dark hair on their body, in one day. I thought I had found my type, or perhaps my type had found me.

Among the effects of amphetamine were an increased proclivity for speech and greater empathy with others. I entered the crowds milling along the Kalverstraat and, thanks to the drug, felt for once a part of them. After some delay waiting for a worthwhile target, having to hold myself back a couple of times, I walked with a bonny young girl and her friend. The encounter was, as far as I could tell, flawless and enjoyable; I even felt there might have been a bit of IoR in there somewhere.

As we walked along the Leidsestraat she gave me a fascinating smile, a smile which made me melt inside. There was a slight delay before turning

to give it the first time, signifying that its likely effect was known and its use deliberate. Perhaps (and it was only a perhaps) my only error had been when, at the end of our conversation, I arranged to meet her again. Then, my head filling with something akin to pure joy, I had been unable to think of where and when to suggest for our next meeting. Her friend came to our aid and we settled on the same time and place, at the entrance to a cinema, the following Saturday. As I already knew, a week was a long time in sexual politics.

FEMALE, 25, GERMAN. That night, still finding it considerably easier to initiate conversations than usual, I got the address of another girl of the same type, attractive, with long, straight blonde hair and just a little chubby, this time older and German. I relearnt in this first encounter with F25G the basic dishonesty imposed by females: the male must pretend not to be interested for the female to become so.

Before the week was out I had won her. The young Amsterdam girl whom, I still felt, could really have become my Paragon, entirely true to form, didn't turn up the following Saturday. Again my results were consistent; I had achieved success but with a foreigner, albeit one who was going to be around for a few weeks.

M28DG estimated her age at 23 and at first I relied on that since I seemed to lose my ability to accurately guess someone's age as soon as I became involved. A fortnight with 'my little blonde bundle of cunning' was sufficient to demonstrate that female complexity was not to magically disappear as soon as a relationship got underway. F25G had some interesting characteristics; she was strong-willed and feminine. Although I was very attracted to her I sensed early on the potential for discord in battles for control.

FEMALE PERCEPTION OF SINGLE MALES. The modification of my perception resulting from my involvement with F25G was observed with detachment and some bemusement. The most curious change was my greatly enhanced awareness of single males. This struck me particularly forcefully once as F25G and I entered BIGBAR5, the place we had originally met. I could see that many of the males were good-looking but obviously had no girlfriend. The following night, cycling home at 3am on a Sunday morning after visiting M31DS, I saw no less than three attractive females, each going home on their own.

The first couple of times we made love, when the increasing urgency of my strokes announced an approaching climax, she would fix me with a hard stare, attempting to stop me in my tracks. Later she confessed that at these times she had gone off it, she had lost the feeling of wanting sex.

The primordial female mating response is erectness of the nipples and readiness of the vagina. Originally, reproductive females had little choice, and would have spent all their time either pregnant or lactating. Perhaps as many as one in six pregnancies resulted in the death of the mother, from attempts to induce abortion or in childbirth. Once the awareness was achieved that copulation resulted in pregnancy (and the likelihood is that it was an exceptional male who first made this discovery), females who could control sex had an advantage over those who could not. Female control of sex led to delay before impregnation and enhanced mate selection.

With F25G, there was an incremental progression of conscious responses. Attempts had twice been made to arrest the proceedings during coitus, by means of the fixed stare. Then an attempt had been made to do the same after extended foreplay, just as I had been about to enter her. Being afraid that the female might change her mind at any moment was obviously incompatible with male control and safety.

EMOTIONAL FASCISM. Later, even though the erectness of her nipples and the moistness of her sex clearly indicated her arousal as we lay together, her spoken mind would still insist on abstention. Thus developed a conflict, due to her unwillingness to take me. The first frustrated and practically sleepless night caused me considerable upset. That part of her I wanted so much to be inside was so near, and in which I already felt I belonged, and was even ready for me, and yet... I felt like a starving Ethiopian at a table being forced to watch a wealthy Westerner tuck into a hearty breakfast. I used this analogy later to illustrate the inaccuracy of her feelings: "What if you don't *feel* like giving him food?"

By these lessons grew the concept of Emotional Fascism, defined as the strict enforcement of 'I don't feel like it,' a rigid adherence to emotion as the sole determinant of behaviour. A person, usually a female, insists that their feelings are infallible: "Feelings are never wrong." Possibly the origin of Emotional Fascism is projection: the female expects, and then requires, males to feel the same as she does.

There is little difficulty finding agreement that the male instincts to be aggressive or to rape are unacceptable, but some females will claim that their emotions are always valid. Females seem to wish to indulge their emotions as much as possible. The insistence that their feelings are always accurate can be regardless of plain facts to the contrary, especially if those sensations confer advantage. An individual female, once caught up in a cycle of 'what I feel is what is right,' cannot contemplate not indulging in and enforcing her emotions; the implications of her emotions being false seem to be too terrible for her to contemplate. It is a form of dictatorship because the male has no alternative (under current legal strictures) but to acquiesce to the dictates of her emotions; hence the term 'fascism' is used.

Many analogies can be made; there are the feelings induced by marijuana for example, or the desire to smoke another cigarette, take more heroin or eat yet another cream cake. Feelings may be artificially induced and there are many reasons not always to follow them. A compulsion might be felt to jump off a cliff or kill someone.

Although we had spent a number of enjoyable times together both in and out of bed in the interim, the second time she refused sex seemed the last straw and I felt that the only proper response was termination of the relationship. In the ensuing recriminations it seemed that any compromise in our relative standpoints was too terrible for either to contemplate.

The next time we were to see each other, I put my work to one side and cleaned up before the earliest she might arrive. When she did I cooked her dinner and we sat and talked until it was close to bedtime when, with her on my knee, I asked if she was staying: "Yes."

She wanted a heater in the bedroom. I changed the sheets, joking that it was a big event indeed. A further 20 minutes was spent wiring up the hi-fi for the tuner-timer to act as an alarm so she could be certain of waking up in time for work. By this time she had retired and was taking advantage of the electric blanket. Finally I climbed into bed beside her.

I was soon to realize that my assumption was unfounded. A little unwelcome exploration revealed erect nipples and, to my dismay, not only a sanitary towel outside but a tampon inside. It was not a response of fear, unless she feared giving in to me, but an expression of determination. Faced with such a barrage of resistance I gave up.

Then, as before, I looked at the clock and made a mental calculation of the number of hours I had to wait before she would leave and I could relax again. During the fitful sleep and bizarre dreams that night I had my back to her, trying to minimize contact, since any intimacy would increase my arousal and make things worse. The female I had affectionately treated as my girlfriend for two weeks was not to be one for much longer, I thought. This is called 'the jamrag treatment' in adolescent argot. If she really had been menstruating there would have been only one towel and I would have been warned.

THE FUNDAMENTAL FEMALE NEUROSIS (SECOND SWITCH). F25G's behaviour was reminiscent of Wilson's trial in which females' vaginally-measured and self-reported arousal differed. It was as if a switch inside her brain had not operated, the switch being consent to sex.

The Second Switch explains why females find it difficult to consent to sex. Physical preparedness is the first switch, conscious acceptance the second. It is the fundamental female neurosis: they want, even need sex but cannot bring themselves to give it. Most female sex problems are very

probably due to exacerbation of the Second Switch. In addition, females find it difficult to admit (these days especially) to their basic instinct of finding and securing a mate. Many would, deep down, prefer to have these decisions taken from them, because of these difficulties. From Wilson's experiment and my own observations I thought it a case not of NIMBY (Not In My Back Yard) but of RHIMOB (Right Here In My Own Bed).

That evening was a meeting with P4, there having been a long-standing arrangement for them to come on this date. Our habit had become to have a pasta dinner together. As I waited for them at Centraal Station however I almost wished they wouldn't come, that they would let me down and I would (in the mood I was in) throw away their addresses. Then I could get back to a simpler life without female complications cluttering my mind and interfering with my work. They did come though and we shared a pleasant but uneventful evening, somewhat hampered by the comings and goings of my brother and a couple of other visitors. One day soon matters would have to be brought to a head I thought; they had been on an extension since the original experiment and terms some time ago.

Nevertheless two interesting incidents took place that evening, one during our now routine visit to the shops together. The supermarket which was our destination had a cat. I set one in search of it and drifted around choosing items with the other. It was common for me when in the company of a Pair to confuse the two; I would start a conversation with one and finish it with the other, for example. Our scout reported the presence of the shop's cat among the pet food and we hurried to investigate.

The cat was skulking around on one of the shelves, next to a box of cat food on its side; a customer had evidently opened a box and spilled some of the contents onto the shelf for its benefit. I bid P4 to stay back and observe: "Look" I said "It's behaving neurotically." The cat would eat a few pieces of cat biscuit, retreat and circle about itself a few times in the small confines of the shelf. Then it would take some more pieces and repeat.

FEMALE LOVE OF EAVESDROPPING. The second incident occurred while accompanying P4 back on the train (this time I was hopeful of keeping the tall blonde warm at the end of the station platform). The widespread practice of eavesdropping was suspected to have a feminine origin; there seemed to be a definite female relish for it. In fact one girl had already confessed to me that she loved to eavesdrop. As P4 and I occupied our seats a middle-aged woman joined the train and sat nearby. We were talking about a press conference which had been arranged for me and she positively bristled to attention when she realized the potential interest of our conversation.

A few days later I questioned one of the suppositions I had made, for it has to be admitted that I had only the vaguest idea how a neurotic cat was supposed to behave. I had assumed that neurosis was induced by the conflict between the cat's desire to eat and its conditioning (training) not to eat the stock. At least this was easy to check, and during a subsequent visit to the supermarket I asked: yes, the cat had been trained to only eat food placed directly in front of it on the floor.

There is a simple philosophical question allied to Emotional Fascism. Suppose we have two options from which we can choose: to be deluded and happy, or to be unhappy and know the truth. Actually we have four options, equivalent to win-win, win-lose, lose-win, lose-lose, but it is safe to assume that everyone wants win-win (know the truth and be happy) and no-one wants lose-lose (deluded and unhappy); the question is which of the remainder is preferable. No doubt some would prefer bliss in ignorance but the correct answer is to be unhappy but know the truth, because this provides the ability to solve problems and achieve true, long-term happiness.

RAPIDITY OF RESPONSE TO OPPORTUNITY TO INCREASE POWER. It seemed that in my ongoing relationships with P4 and F25G advantage would be taken whenever my guard dropped. With P4 there was to be a delay of three weeks before our next meeting and with F25G it took the form of withholding sex. I was beginning to be able to sense the onset of another of F25G's 'Let's talk about us' relationship-analysis sessions, and could envisage being maintained on a minimal ration of sex, such as I had learnt was the situation for several Dutch males I had talked to. They had admitted that they still, in a monogamous relationship, did not have sex as often as they would like. If the male wanted it and the female did not, that was it; nothing happened. I felt as if I was being trained for a finely metered diet of sanitized, female-controlled sex. F25G's episodes of withholding sex were blows in the battle for control of the relationship.

Some time later F25G and I settled our differences, albeit in an ambiguous way and therefore likely to favour her. At least it was at a face-saving, superficial level, by me asking her back onto my knee, whereupon I buried my face in her hair (which I said was by God in Heaven) and not talking about it but kissing instead.

FIRST FULCRUM. F25G revealed that females would brag and enjoy telling their friends about an affair they had secured while on holiday. She also admitted, without any prompting from me, that some women intentionally went to discos and clubs which had few females and a large proportion of immigrants to acquire confidence.

Another phenomenon, reported by M20E, is a female breaking into tears during sex. She can be overcome with emotion and plead the male never to leave her. M28DIW subsequently satisfied his demand that I contribute half the cost of the repair of his jacket by borrowing some money and returning it less the amount he considered I should pay.

Female Stereotypes. Spoiling

January 1993

F23CA Female, 23, Cambridge academic

SOME MECHANISMS AND SYNDROMES. In this section Girl, Woman and Female are used interchangeably, the only consideration being whether it sounds fitting in the definition. This section is to a large extent speculative, probably more so than any other, in the hope of isolating a common thread. It is known that females vary less than males and thus they should be more readily classifiable. I am attempting to show that all females are the same save for a limited number of distinct characteristics and dysfunctions.

It is proposed that types are biologically or hormonally determined. However many of the categories supposed to be types may be emulated by other females as roles. Hence rigid distinctions between types and roles may be impossible to establish, and it is obvious that some classifications also overlap.

TYPE: ABLE WOMAN, AW. The example is given of an Able Woman who was a student at the University of Groningen Medical School circa 1975. This story was related by a coach driver who had been a student there; not actually during the incident but the following was well known among the students and staff.

A group of students were to perform their first human dissections, having hitherto practised on piglets, and were split up into pairs. The bodies were laid on thick glass tables ready for dissection by each pair of students. One pair consisted of a male and a female, but the female student had great difficulty with the exercise, could not bring herself to begin and was close to tears. A senior member of staff, the tutor of the group, took her into his office and explained that if she was unable to do it she would have to leave the medical school and that would be the end of her intended career as a doctor. By this time the whole group knew what was going on.

The young woman braced herself after this sympathetic counselling and returned to the table where her partner and the cadaver were waiting for her. Taking the scalpel in her hand she was about to pierce the body

when the male student on the other side of the table said "Ouch." She promptly fainted, hitting her head on the side of the glass table as she went down.

The result of this incident was that she not only prematurely ended her studies but was confined to a wheelchair for at least some time afterwards, having sustained a neck injury during her fall. (The nature of this kind of injury is that she may have been confined to a wheelchair permanently, but more is not known.) The male student was immediately expelled due, according to my informant, to his role in provoking the incident.

My reaction to this tale however was to conclude that the male student had been blameless and that such a joke, in masculine terms, was an entirely natural and normal response, serving to release tension, and that the tutor of the group was to blame for having cajoled the female to continue with an exercise for which she was obviously unsuited.

I have had a number of experiences of my own with Able Women. The capacity of AW to make relational initiatives has already been noted; AW will use males as a Remote Paragon and I have been so used on several occasions. A flurried exchange of letters is typical but, for the writer at least, consummation of the relationship was a rare event. My best example of AW was F23CA; she was tall, blonde, attractive and womanly and an academic at Cambridge studying for her PhD. It seems that AW is the fashionable role which females are currently trying to emulate.

Another example of Able Woman is Margaret Mead, an anthropologist who wrote several influential books in the 1920s. Her books were popular and widely quoted. Subsequently however most of her central conclusions were found to be false. Mead used these fallacious arguments to support the new theory about the pre-eminence of social conditioning over the biological variety. (I had also reached erroneous conclusions about Amsterdam culture during my early years in the city, similarly basing them on superficial observations and hearsay.)

Because of her tendency to be over-sensitive, unsuited to certain tasks or just plain wrong, Able Woman is the most dangerous female type of all. If AW is also attractive the disruption she can cause in emotional distraction to the males who are her peers is considerable, while the actual contribution she makes, by any objective measurement, is merely average. The odds of it being otherwise are so remote that any apparent benefits will be completely outweighed by the costs.

ROLE: BAD GIRLS. Bad Girls overtly induce neurosis in any male in their vicinity or who makes an approach; the approach is likely to be encouraged for this purpose. Bad Girls often travel in pairs, flitting from place to place. They play the game for all it is worth and appear incapable of resisting the temptation to induce neurosis whenever an opportunity

presents itself. They can actually avoid normal relations with males because it limits their ability to play this role, but in the acute case the role can be performed regardless of their existing relational commitments. Girls as young as 10 or 11 have been observed playing this role.

TYPE: THE BIMBO, BO. The classic Bimbo is totally stupid, absolutely gorgeous and follows a male around like a dog. However the biggest failing of Bimbo is that she is attracted to Jerk (a male with an exaggerated opinion of himself). If the Jerk is monied so much the better. Under the influence of Jerk, Bimbo will have an increased tendency to induce neurosis in other males.

Because of the impact of feminism the role of Bimbo is currently unfashionable, consequently those remaining are more likely to be types not roles. A subset of Bimbos are intelligent, a larger subset is unattractive; subconsciously all females want to be Bimbos. Hence Bimbo may be the most honest female category of all.

ROLE: THE BITCH. The definition of a Bitch is not meant here in a derogatory sense: this is not the conventional definition of a bitch, of a female being bitchy; that is when a female two-facedly gossips behind someone's back and all females do this (cf. OCC). Bitches usually appear in slightly disordered dress, with incongruous and badly fitting components; the incongruous and provocative manner of her dress is the hallmark of her kind. She lopes around and is opportunistic, is freedom loving, likes sex and is not afraid to admit it. She is only moderately promiscuous but gives the impression of being more so. However some Bitches do not deliver; indeed Bitches who do not deliver and Bad Girls may be one and the same. The Bitch is basically a pleasure-seeker; she is not afraid to give the Open Legs Signal, although more as a statement than as a signal.

TYPE: DEFECTIVE FEMALE, DF. The DF is an especially interesting and perhaps relatively rare female type who provides a valuable counterexample to females generally. Defective Female has three essential characteristics: she is only as capable as males at manipulating relationships; unlike normal females, she is interested in things; attempts by her to lie go wrong.

Three females of this type were known to me and all satisfied the three criteria for Defective Females above. The most obvious DF would help loading and unloading electronic equipment and could write simple computer software; one did voluntary work maintaining a ship and another regularly picked things up off the street (this latter, M28EEI's elder sister, was also UF). Defective Females can often maintain successful non-sexual relationships with males, which can result in jealous animosity being

expressed towards them by other females. Extreme DF's cannot even lie on the telephone while moderate DF's can. DF's appear to have a higher sex drive than normal.

Because she is not adept at manipulating relationships Defective Female may make relational initiatives, though she might enlist the help of another male when doing so.

ROLE: THE LADY. The Lady is one of the most important female classifications by virtue of being the most common. Possibly 95% of females conform to the role of Lady most of the time. In her Victorian incarnation the typical Lady was prim and proper, dressed in white, sported a parasol and signalled a passing Gentleman by dropping a handkerchief on the ground to start a conversation with him. There would be no sex before marriage. The contemporary definition of the Lady is of a female who initiates a relationship by signalling and will be dominant if she can get away with it. No sex takes place before the relationship is negotiated and agreed, or none will take place before the power balance of the relationship has been stabilized to the Lady's satisfaction.

TYPE: LIABILITY GIRL, LG. Theoretically, two kinds of Liability Girl exist. The first kind is a liability to herself, the second is a liability to males.

True Liability Girl of the first kind may be a genuine rarity because of the unviability of the strategy. This Liability Girl, in the acute case, has a boyfriend who is HIV positive and sometimes has sex without a condom. A girl who did this was known to M21QIMS and I. More generally, this kind of Liability Girl is attracted to drug addicts and tramps.

Liability Girl of the second variety makes a baby of herself and wants to be assured that her male will still be around when she needs him. She needs a male to bolster her low self-esteem and this lack of confidence is at the root of any drug problem she has. She may also be mentally unstable. She is attention-seeking and signals sex to gain attention.

It is debatable whether Liability Girl of the second kind exists as a discrete entity at all: it will be a role and not a type. Not only must she be fed and kept warm but also continuously kept in check and/or entertained. This is also true of BG, SF and UF.

TYPE: PERSONALITY GIRL, PG. Personality Girl has a strong, bright and attractive personality. A male on countenancing such a female might think 'All this and pussy too!' Probably more so than any other, the will and confidence of Personality Girl exceeds her ability. PG may possess an abundance of some biological substance which modulates strength of personality or ego, a substance which is more usually prevalent in a male hormonal profile.

TYPE: SCATTERBRAINED FEMALE, SF. The Scatterbrained (or Scatty, or Disordered) Female is an especially interesting female type with many novel characteristics. Once the origin of her traits are understood however she becomes less intriguing. Formerly, Scatterbrained Females were completely dependent on males but modern technology and amenities enable SF to exist in relative independence. It can also be argued that all females possess at least some of SF's characteristics. SF's evolutionary strategy, and this observation explains a great deal of her behaviour, is to inspire endearment and thus exploit the protective and caretaking instincts of males. It is thus a viable strategy: the male correctly observes 'She needs me,' begets children by her and the cycle repeats.

Some characteristics of SF are being unable to leave things alone and constantly moving things around (both of which may be a compulsion to place markers), an inability to throw anything away, continually losing things and leaving clocks set wrongly. Scatterbrained Female's idea of tidying up is to blithely sweep into a drawer the entire contents of the work surface above, or similarly clearing things away by merely moving them out of sight ('out of sight, out of mind'). These and similar exercises may be terminated by a smirk of exultation as the trait is indulged.

Keeping Scatterbrained Female in any semblance of order is a full-time job in itself because she is determined to be disorganized. Many females, but especially Scatterbrained Females, have no sense of the old and the new, such as using up old food or materials before starting the new.

More seriously, scattiness can sometimes be indistinguishable from incompetence and dishonesty. It can easily give the same result as would negligence or theft. A person displaying SF characteristics who is entrusted with cash, or is sent a cheque for which some good is expected in return, can easily mislay it. The cheque might find its way to the bank, or the money lost or spent, but to the person who paid it there is no practical difference between someone who wilfully steals the money and someone who, with the best of intentions, merely mislays or forgets it. In any position of responsibility, good intentions are simply not good enough. Placing an individual displaying SF traits in a position where she (or he) plays a part in pivotal and life-critical roles is foolhardy in the extreme.

Scattiness is one female characteristic which might be better bred out or allowed to lapse into extinction: it appears to confer no benefit to females or indeed anyone else. Reproductive rights could be exchanged for other benefits such as a delay in the onset of menopausal effects. Indeed F351, a childless schoolteacher and herself SF, proposed that females who were in danger of producing unwanted children might be induced to exchange their reproductive ability for a meeting with their favourite pop star.

F35I would leave a clock set wrongly by one hour and adjust the alarm time accordingly, rather than set the clock to the correct time. The following example was also inspired by an observation of F35I which was not dissimilar. SF attempts to fit a plug to an electrical appliance which has a metal case. She fits it incorrectly, putting the earth wire to the live terminal so that the case becomes live when power is applied. Having got thus far she is distracted to some other activity and forgets to test whether the appliance works. Some time later, she or another attempts to use the appliance, plugs it in, touches the case and is electrocuted. Some of M39SHN's behaviour was also reminiscent of SF characteristics.

ROLE: THUG WOMAN. Thug Woman displays a pronounced form of the aggressive male ego. Sometimes it can be observed in groups of British lesbians. Thug Woman's only justification for her behaviour is emotive: "I don't like you." All possible control and power is exerted. Actual physical violence from a group of Thug Women is a rarity, and much more often merely alluded to, but there is a sense that if such a group were to become violent they may, unlike most males in such a role, not know when to stop.

This characteristic is often evident in driving behaviour. Not far away from British Thug Women will be all-female squats or retreats from which even young male children are prohibited. The Amsterdam equivalent of the genre existed but was more evolved.

TYPE: UNSTABLE FEMALE, UF. The instability of those suffering from mental illnesses and their tentative grasp on social norms often results in the tacit rules of social behaviour being stretched beyond their unwritten limits. Hence these unwritten rules are often the first to be discarded in cases of mental disturbance, and opiate addicts can be remarkably self-centred, so that both these groups can provide excellent examples of what people would do if they were not constrained by other factors. It is for this reason that the behaviour of individuals suffering from mental illness, or of individuals who are drug addicts, is unapologetically quoted as clear examples of a number of essential human mechanisms. An obvious case is the Marking Man.

M39SHN and M20E's residence adjoined the garden of a psychiatric hospital and female patients there made remarks such as "That man really screwed me up" and "My problems began when I started a relationship with...," comments which are not at all representative of males. Unstable Females sometimes exude sexuality and a large subset will be promiscuous in an environment where it is allowed. There was F20EBB who, in her first year at university, before her seduction of the Jehovah's Witness who came to her door, and to my great envy, turned up on another student wearing a fur coat with nothing underneath. It certainly seems that overt sexuality

often accompanies female mental instability. F20EBB later said of her behaviour during this period "I was not quite myself."

TIT FOR TAT/TAKE BACK. F28HJ was of the UF type but she was also intelligent and studious and so could to some extent be classifiable as AW. Although she undoubtedly displayed strong female characteristics it may not so much have been that the female characteristics were strong, only that they were strongly and forthrightly expressed. F28HJ once bought me a drink in BIGBAR5 and we had sat at a table on the stage at the rear. As I crossed the dance floor on my way to the lavatory, within sight of F28HJ, I exchanged a few words with another girl who was slightly familiar to me. In retaliation, while I was away, F28HJ started taking draughts from my glass, the glass of beer she had just bought for me, instead of her own. I witnessed one of the gulps on my way back.

On another occasion, much later and after she had dropped me, I met F28HJ at BIGBAR5 and we were talking, leaning against one of the covered pool tables upstairs. I gave just a glance at another girl passing by and she immediately became angry and moved away.

It had been obvious for some time that F28HJ had been available to me; I had refrained because of her mental fragility. When I was certain that she was settled enough I had sex with her, but then I broke the rule 'If you want to keep a female friend you must never fall in love or have sex with her.'

SPOILING. Removing a component from an object to devalue it. The object may be a thing or a person.

EXAMPLES OF SPOILING. Typical Spoiling is a trick used at public auctions. Before the auction the goods are on display for prospective bidders to examine. One item has an easily removed, essential component. Someone who wants to buy it, the Spoiler, removes the component and puts it in his pocket. Because it is incomplete others are less likely to bid for it and the Spoiler can then obtain it more cheaply. If the gambit fails, so that someone else obtains it, the Spoiler is still unlikely to restore the missing component out of spite or perhaps embarrassment.

Dominant females Spoil by signalling and attracting a sought-after male in order to disrupt other females' chances, but apparently with little or no intention of concluding the encounter to the satisfaction of the male. This had happened with F26DQB: a dominant female can ensure that no-one else gets the male she would like, whether she satisfies her desire for him or not. My earlier experiences with F22D (Section 6) point to Erroneous Signalling being an expression of Spoiling, as follows. A female emits a

particular signal to a male. He responds by making an approach and perhaps a proposal but the female is uncooperative. Then the male has been Spoiled because his capacity to respond to that signal has been disrupted. The next time the signal is emitted he is unlikely to respond.

Another form of Spoiling is a stranger (or someone known but not liked) audibly imitating or joining in with a distinctive form of address, affectionate farewell or special exchange between people who are on familiar terms. Corrupting text so as to pervert its meaning or render it nonsensical can be a favourite form of Spoiling (e.g. the mutilation of library books by Joe Orton and Co. in London in the 1960s).

If the object is desired Spoiling is undertaken to reduce its utility to others, in which case Spoiling may be an advanced, possessive form of marking. If the object is not desired a likely motivation is obfuscation. Adopting a style of dress associated with a certain philosophy (such as skinhead or hippie styles) while not ascribing to the philosophy is certainly an expression of Spoiling: it disrupts others' capacity to adopt that style of dress as a public statement.

Primordial Spoiling is soiling a place with excrement (the quality of cleanliness is removed). The normal catharsis of Spoiling in contemporary Western society probably consists of soiling a clean lavatory pan.

SUMMARY OF CLASSIFICATIONS. Early in my investigations I identified several types of pairs of girls who would course up and down the Leidsestraat. The bargers would push their way through people and the flaunters would flit around very ostentatiously. Then it would be that the bargers and flaunters were Bad Girls and the strollers were Ladies.

Both Scatterbrained and Unstable Females strongly defy the basic masculine principle of finishing one job before starting another. This male instinct is essentially polygamous; to finish one and progress to the next, and defiance of this generally sound rule may be a product of some hormonal imbalance. Spurning this rule results in behaviour such as starting to decorate a second room in a house before finishing the first. Unchecked, SF or UF will soon be decorating every room in a house simultaneously, often while attempting to live in it at the same time.

The destructive capacities of the SF and UF types are considerable. SF will accumulate antiques and the like and then leave them out in the rain while UF's can destroy them thinking they are possessed by evil spirits.

Testosterone is bound to be involved somewhere and, since this hormone has been shown to be associated with aggression and sense of direction, it could be that AW and PG, both of whom travel widely, have been or are affected by an abundance of it. Then it is not so much "penis envy" in other female types as testes envy. The normal source of testosterone in the female foetus is the ovaries, with the production of

small amounts of testosterone providing a small degree of male conditioning of female brains during gestation. In females with Turner's Syndrome the ovaries are absent, and as children they will constantly play with dolls, baby-sit at every available opportunity and have an appalling sense of direction. When they grow older they are very romantically inclined and often dream of getting married and having children which of course, without ovaries, they are incapable of.

The will and confidence of several female types exceeds her ability; AW might be excluded but the observation is certainly valid for SF, and probably PG more so than any other. Both AW and DF will make relational initiatives, like writing letters and making invitations (proposals), but the origin in each case is different: AW is unafraid of losing control while DF is unskilled at manipulating hints. The self-sacrificial tendencies of the LG type may be an expression of this normal male characteristic (e.g. male preparedness for death in battle). There appears to be a general tendency for females, and especially Unstable Females, to break unwritten rules.

WRITTEN AND UNWRITTEN RULES. Many social rules are unwritten and tacitly assumed. One expression of such social customs is selective perception, such as turning off one's attention when certain events occur, for example when someone goes to the lavatory or not eavesdropping or dwelling on what is obviously a private or emotional event. Unwritten rules are more evolved than formalized ones because they can be broken in exceptional circumstances.

We can take the loan of a key as our example. If I give a key to my house to a friend I do so according to certain unwritten rules: I expect that the key will not be copied, nor will it be given to anyone else. I also expect that it will be returned without hesitation if I ask for it back. Suppose however that I go away and a second friend, due to some crisis, urgently needs somewhere to stay. Then the friend who has the key, knowing that I wouldn't mind, can in these exceptional circumstances break the rules and provide him with either a copy of the key or the key itself. Unwritten rules rely on trust.

Two Evenings in BAR6

January 1993	F25D1	Female, 25, Dutch no. 1 (etc.)
	F28D	Female, 28, Dutch
	F35D	Female, 35, Dutch
	M33DME	Male, 33, Dutch mildly erratic

One Thursday evening late in January M28DG came round, my friend and sometime business partner, and we decided to go out on the town. M28DG was a certain kind of Dutchman, well-built, tall and blond with rugged good looks and the unsophisticated nature of someone from the provinces of Holland. By the time our business had been finished and the decision made to go out it was around 2am. We were in the workshop when M28DG suggested it. "Do you want to go hunting?" I asked in response to his suggestion. "If we go with the intention then we're bound to fail" he replied. I just shrugged my shoulders at this.

He climbed onto his mountain bike and I onto my functional one to head for BIGBAR5, on the outer ring of central Amsterdam. Two bars were there almost side by side with music and a dance floor and we thought that at least one would still be open. By the time we arrived however, to our disappointment, we found both in the process of closing and refusing to admit any more people, so we hung around for a couple of minutes wondering what to do. We decided to search out a late night bar on the Warmoesstraat we had heard about. This was back in the centre, so we set off again with it as our destination. If M28DG's bike had been fitted with a carrier over the rear wheel for conveying a passenger, as I had on mine, I could have asked two likely-looking girls who arrived to be similarly disappointed if they would like to come with us, but we could only have carried one even if they had agreed.

On the way M28DG punctured his back tyre but he elected to continue, making up for the increased friction with brute force. We found the bar, locked our bikes to each other and went in. BAR6 was part of a

hotel and the door had to be unlocked from inside to allow us entry. It was to be an education in what happens when the gloves are off in Amsterdam's sexual-political scene, although possibly the gloves weren't completely off, just the punches a little less restrained. Some sexual graffiti was discovered in the lavatories which was something of a novelty.

The events which subsequently took place are likely to be instructive in that they provide a number of undisguised examples of certain phenomena, which may make the account enlightening. They can be regarded as textbook examples of socio-sexual behaviour.

As we walked in the main signaller was immediately apparent. We'd had to wait a while before gaining entrance to the innocent-looking lobby and then we turned a corner into the busy bar. She was tall and well-built and standing by the double doors with another female and a male, provocatively dressed in tight, bum-hugging trousers and her full, voluptuous breasts only just restrained beneath a coloured and decorated bodice. It was her figure which drew my attention and it was difficult to see how attractive she was in the dim light of the bar. M28DG and I retreated to the still darker area at the rear to appraise the situation and get our bearings.

Now my attitude, and one that had been developing for some time, was that if sex landed in my lap and was available for not too much effort then I would rise to the bait and take it. I had been let down too many times, had too many games played on me and seen a promising situation change at the last moment too often to invest any serious effort into the affair. F25G had returned to Germany and all the sweet young things would be tucked up safely in bed by now, this being about the only category of female I felt worthy of the considerable effort which seemed to be demanded. In other words, I would take sex if it was handed me on a plate but otherwise I wasn't particularly interested, because in reality it wasn't just sex I wanted. M28DG however was to show no such restraint, displaying a Dutch (for he was very Dutch) absence of self-consciousness, possibly amplified by my newly-acquired absence of neurosis and frankness in these matters when talking to him. M28DG had a girlfriend; he wasn't frustrated, to him it was just sport and entertainment. Soon we moved further into the fray, sitting at a table nearer the bar. Although I stayed mostly static M28DG was soon to swing into action. Not so much a case, I thought, of him being a bull in a china shop, more a bull in a cattle market.

There must have been about a hundred people in the bar that night. The nomenclature is approximate in this section, being intended mainly as identifiers; the provocatively dressed girl by the door is designated F25D1 and her friend, F25D2. The bar had several pool tables at one end, the entrance was midway along its length with the bar itself at the other end. I

sat quietly at a table keeping a watchful eye on F25D1. Those generous breasts looked very inviting and could have graced Page 3 of any British tabloid, and I seriously considered making an approach, even though it looked like I was late and someone had beaten me to her. The closest I came was when the male left the two alone for a while, but my inaction turned out to be fitting because he returned a short time later with three drinks.

By this time M28DG was in his stride and had engaged a woman, F28D, in conversation; a message was relayed back from her, via M28DG, that she thought me "very handsome." Naturally I found this gratifying and felt myself enhanced, and M28DG continued in conversation with her. I just sat at my table, trying not to pay too much attention to F25D1 but vaguely directing my attention towards the pool tables or the activities of M28DG.

At one point, to relieve a degree of boredom, I moved to the back, beyond the pool tables, for a change and a new vantage point by the cigarette machine which, coincidentally, was close to a door leading to some lavatories. I fell into friendly conversation with a couple of people who bought cigarettes from the machine. A male smiled and said something in Dutch as he passed by, heading for the lavatories. I smiled in response, it being simpler that way, rather than making him translate an insignificant comment (it was some jibe about the rest of the people in the bar) which might not bear translation into English in any case. As he emerged from the lavatories however he drew me more firmly into conversation, and this time I told him I was English and that my Dutch wasn't so good. His second comment, in English, was a proposition for sex; my location by the entrance to the lavatory had been construed as a signal. Politely, and smiling, I declined. Then a temptation was felt to move, lest my presence by the cigarette machine, and particularly the entrance to the lavatories, continue to be interpreted as a signal but I rejected it. A few minutes later, from the same vantage point, I saw some intimacy develop between F25D1 and her suitor; I saw her, rather clumsily, for she was taller than he and it required her to bend her knees, nestle her head on his shoulder. The game was over, or it was almost so, because even from F25D1 there was yet more to come.

A little while later I returned to a position closer to M28DG and the bar. I may have given F25D1 the occasional glance but was otherwise sitting, with my feet on another chair, staring blankly into space. I wasn't paying any attention to the activities of M28DG, except when he came back to talk briefly, sometimes reporting incidents that had taken place.

During one of these forays back he told me that while talking to F28D (and probably groping her to some degree) she had challenged him to surprise her, whereupon M28DG had slid his hand down the back of her

trousers and stuck a finger up her bum. We laughed about this. I had no reason to doubt M28DG's word, he having proved his trustworthiness and honesty to me over the several years I had known him. Having relayed this information he resumed his adventures and I returned to my repose.

Soon afterwards F25D1 struck the final chord in an action which stayed in my mind for a considerable time afterwards, even several weeks later. I know from my own experiences and from talking frankly to other males that seemingly insignificant sexual incidents and signals can stick in a male's memory for years, if not decades. These scenes could probably be replicated in any ordinary Amsterdam discotheque but I had never yet been to one of those, not in all the years I had been in Amsterdam. I also felt a preference for a degree of understatement in these accounts but these incidents and encounters, involving for example the influence of F25D1, were to significantly alter subsequent behaviour. It became clear that these events were sufficiently didactic to justify their inclusion in this study.

LOUD VERBAL UTTERANCE SIGNAL. F25D1 was the most distant member of her group, being about two metres away, leaning against a door frame. By this time the area had thinned somewhat, time having moved past its peak and a clock, if one had been in view, would have shown somewhere between 3:30 and 4am. The final incident involving F25D1 was this: I heard a single word, loudly, spoken strongly but not shouted, in my direction: "Lelystad." It came from F25D1. Lelystad is a new town 50km from Amsterdam and the pronounced utterance of this single word, in the absence of any other and ostensibly for my benefit, was to cause me confusion for the following two days. It took that length of time to find an explanation for the incident because, of course, an explanation always exists even if one is not immediately apparent. The incident was sufficiently intriguing that before the solution was reached I mentioned it to M33DJG in an attempt to discover the rational explanation I knew existed.

This is the solution, although there will be several variations of detail. The most likely was that "Lelystad" was the response by F25D1 to a question from her suitor of 'Where do you live' as a preliminary to escorting her home. F25D1, seeing my interest in her, but unwilling to perturb the situation that had developed, had wished to leave some opportunity of a future encounter between myself and her. Presumably the way was open for me to scour the night-spots of Lelystad in search of her.

Finding her in these circumstances seemed most unlikely and it also seemed presumptuous to assume that the utterance was made for my benefit, except that it was made exceptionally loudly (I hadn't even heard a background mumble of any former conversation) and in my direction. I had been giving signals to her and, not in my own words, was considered "very handsome." Some minutes later F25D1 and her suitor left together,

leaving F25D2 to enthrall me with another signal, sitting with her legs wide apart facing two males with whom she was engaged in conversation.

Then F25D3 and F25D4 arrived as part of a group of three females. I knew both slightly and independently from previous encounters; F25D3 was the slim, long-haired blonde with freckles with whom I had once tried to exchange smiles in a supermarket during Experiment 1 and whose eyes, swivelling around using peripheral vision, had provoked a feeling of disgust. I had since spoken with her on better terms, when we had met at a market where she was working. Then she had dropped a hint about meeting afterwards which I, as usual, had not picked up. F25D3 was wearing light blue denim jeans and jacket and had a large soft toy, about 25-30cm tall, hanging by a cord around her neck. I told her that it was my first time in BAR6. She claimed that she and F25D4 were sisters but I could see no resemblance between them.

I had met F25D4 formerly in the fashionable BAR4, tucked away a little deeper inside the Red Light District. She had been translating for a French porn-star who had posed outside the tiny bar for a photographer. In fact I had arranged for a pair of strangely-dressed Germans to pose in the background and gone around the assembled collection of weird characters inside BAR4 collecting props to use without. The porn-queen had bared her breasts and posed suggestively on an *Amsterdammertje*, to the delight of passers-by on their way into the Red Light District.

F25D3 was the one girl in the place this evening with whom I could seriously contemplate having a relationship and I briefly spoke to her a couple of times. However my attempts at an extended conversation were always interrupted by her flitting off to join another person or group; she was enjoying the general attention she was receiving too much, I supposed, to stick solely to me.

MALE PRIORITY. Of course, another immediately obvious explanation for F25D3's flitting off while I was still in mid-sentence exists. It is that my conversation was unbearably boring and F25D3 had withdrawn to escape the tedium, or there may have been some other defect in my presentation. By way of response I state explicitly here that:

1. I don't believe that my conversation was boring, and in any event my conversation had certainly not been considered so by F25D3 when we had met previously and a hint had been given. I knew it to be true that people with specialized skills could be monotonous, and had even found some of my own friends so on occasion. Although such people might be thought dull, the information and skills they had were useful.

2. Compared to the utter trivia which seems to circulate in the minds of all but a tiny proportion of females, almost anything was an improvement. Even in such a technologically advanced society as the one in which we currently live, females seemed to think that their inconsequential conversations about relationships and similar immature tittle-tattle were equal to male conversations about abstract concepts and objects.
3. As a male I was a wealth creator rather than (as the female) a net consumer, and reasoned that as such my desires should have priority over those of females.
4. The relatively safe and comfortable society from which females were now unreservedly taking benefit had been created by my male forebears, people like me, and their success demonstrated that my desires had more validity. The females were taking advantage of male efforts as blithely and unthinkingly as someone who believes that the blowing of a whistle is the power which sets a train in motion.
5. Whether by the medical research I had done, the organization I ran or by this study I was contributing in at least a small way to the advancement of humankind. Not only did this reinforce my conviction that my male desires should be honoured, in preference to those of females, but in addition I resented the pressure I was clearly under to indulge in dishonesty and trickery in order to fulfil my desires, especially since such dishonesty of thought, for example by selective perception and distortion of truth, was inimical to such advancement.

I offered F25D3 a lift home on the back of my bike, making a joke about a free taxi service, but the offer was declined. Perhaps in a different setting (or without the influence of F25D1) I would have asked her for a later meeting, or a telephone number, but in the end I made an arrangement to meet F25D4 the following Sunday in BAR4, for her to show me the photographs which had been taken the night we had met there. A little later F25D3 and F25D4 emerged from the lavatories together looking in my direction and showing all the signs of having engaged in D&R. Shortly after that I watched their trio leave.

Meanwhile M28DG had been talking to a slim but not very attractive F35D and came back to report "I've scored." F28D had moved in close to me and was asking for a lift home on the back of my bike, having established that this was a possibility. Some consultation had taken place between M28DG and I about the logistics of going our separate ways, since despite his puncture our bicycles were locked together and he had in

mind leaving separately with F35D. (Later M28DG told me that some playful jousting had taken place between him and F35D, and that at one point she had pushed him away, whereupon M28DG had said "Push me away now if you like but do it now and not later," a comment I thought rather astute. It was her acceptance of this remark that had led to his belief that he'd succeeded.) I turned around at one point to glance at him, saw him all over her and couldn't bear to watch; it was a mystery to me why females tolerated such mauling. I had seen such behaviour even in BIGBAR3, the feminist-friendly squat bar from which I was now banned, notably with F25DG1P, and could only surmise that the use of the male as a trophy outweighed any discomfort or embarrassment felt by the female at being treated in public in such a way.

F28D was seated opposite me repeating her request for a lift home, it being by now around 5am and time for the evening's entertainment to draw to its close. The terms of the request were rich in sexual innuendo, "Will you give me a ride" and the like, and I looked at her quizzically in an effort to establish the balance of probabilities. The request must have been repeated four or five times until eventually I agreed. We had to wait some time for M28DG and F35D, which made our group practically the last to leave the bar, and then we made our way to the bikes.

Within just a few short moments outside on the Warmoesstraat M28DG was unceremoniously ditched by F35D, so then we were three. We walked across the Damrak, cutting through one of the alleys leading to the Nieuwendijk before we parted, since M28DG was going south and F28D and I, west. During the short walk, prompted by a pause in the banter between M28DG and F28D, I proposed to F28D that she take us both but she declined. 'Now that would have been interesting' I thought. After our walk we split up, although M28DG had a final grapple with her, lasting some minutes, in a shop doorway. M28DG asked her what was to happen with me; the reply, which was in English and so obviously for my ears, was "He'll get what he wants." Then F28D climbed onto the back of my bike and I set off to take her home.

The journey westward was uneventful, and would have been unworthy of comment save for one peculiarity which stirred my brain, made stolid by alcohol and the effort of propelling my not exactly lightweight passenger through the almost deserted streets of Amsterdam, into attention. It was by this time approaching 6am on Friday morning and a light drizzle was falling. Having committed myself to give the lift I felt honour-bound to complete the exercise; it seemed that the most I could manage at this late hour was avoiding the puddles, since this bike had no rear mudguard and going through one would spray water onto my passenger.

My mind sprang back to life however. After a number of interjections from behind I realized that, with quite astonishing precision, the hints as to

whether I was going to obtain sex at the end of our journey were getting progressively weaker as we neared our destination, which was the Kinkerstraat. It was just like a meter with a scale of 0 to 10; at the beginning the needle had been at maximum deflection, pointing to 10 with "He'll get what he wants," but it diminished to zero as we reached the stage in our journey at which my passenger could comfortably contemplate walking the remainder of the distance. On the way the hints and sexual innuendo became progressively more subtle in quite exact graduations, until the point at which just a short walk remained, when something was said which strongly implied that I was not to going to be invited inside at all. The meter had read something like 10, then 8, 6, 4, 2 and finally 0. At the end I said "As you please."

The thought of just dumping her there and turning back towards home briefly occurred to me but I rejected it. I believe I was directed to carry her some distance beyond her home; whether this was the case or not she undoubtedly went to some lengths to conceal its location, even though the likelihood of me trying to track her down at a later date was absolute zero. At the end, after asking her if she was going to invite me inside and receiving the reply "Some other time" I bid her goodnight and rode off, now on a considerably lighter and faster bike, without looking back. The feeling arose, as I left, that I had been used to weave some intricate web of romantic fantasy. I had to struggle with myself not to fall into the Dutch way of thinking and begrudge her the lift home, for which I had received no reward and barely any thanks. It would have been no struggle at all had the lift not been calculatedly procured with the aid of finely measured sexual hints and innuendo.

SECOND EVENING. The following Sunday I went again to BAR4. I had dubbed it the Bar of Almost Guaranteed Squat Craziness because all sorts of strange things could happen there; it seemed that every time I went it had changed. It was in this place that I had once been facing and talking to a well-dressed Moroccan and he had been picking my pocket during the conversation. Nowadays the Russian squatters only opened the bar on Sundays at midnight. I was hoping to meet F25D4 and maybe even F25D3 as well, but was not surprised when neither appeared. I stayed at the bar two or three hours; it was remarkable how quickly time could pass in these places.

Finally M33DME invited me to accompany him to the bar I had been in only three days before, BAR6. At first I declined, saying truthfully that there was a lot of work I wanted to get done the following day, so M33DME went off with someone else and without me. I stayed in BAR4 a few more minutes then left. As I was walking through the narrow street towards Centraal Station however Oscar Wilde rose from the grave, metaphorically

speaking, and whispered in my ear 'I can resist everything except temptation.' I decided to follow M33DME to BAR6, just, I thought, for one more beer before going home to bed.

I noticed F25D5 as soon as I entered. She was leaning over a pool table about to take a shot and had a dream-lust figure, large breasts and small bum. She occupied my attention for just a few moments before I saw M33DME close by and settled at his table. I was undecided about whether to stay and had only enough guilders left for one beer in any case, so was in no rush to get another.

M33DME was exceptionally tall and lank; he cut a distinctive figure with his long blond hair and short whiskers. His manner was mildly erratic. When he spoke English there was a hint of a Texan drawl; he told me he'd had a new tooth fitted for free by a dentist practising the new technique of replacing a missing tooth with titanium, before doing it for real with paying patients. He said it ached when he was run-down.

I had hardly finished a gentle interrogation of M33DME about his attitude to the opposite sex ("I've given up trying and feel much better for it. If it happens it happens") when F25D5 hovered into range and automatically drew my attention. "Did you win?" I asked her. "I always win" she said. The conversation developed and she sat down. Soon she settled more deliberately, placing a full glass of beer on the table. Halfway through the conversation she stopped and looked at the glass for a few moments, savouring it; then she picked it up and drank the contents, a standard 250ml, in one. At her suggestion we pooled resources for a large bottle of beer between us. She downed two glasses in this way to one of mine, mine being consumed rather more slowly. Her teeth were bad and she had a flat, over-large nose but I liked her in some way, and particularly for her extrovertness. She talked of having spent f250,- during a day-long binge of entertainment and drink.

SPITE AND JEALOUSY. She asked me what I did and I had to think what I had been doing that week. By this time I was slightly dulled, having consumed two bottles of beer in BAR4; this girl could certainly drink me under the table. I told her that I designed computer circuits and she seemed to be taken aback by this. Then she said "You're lying," first in Dutch and when asked to repeat, in English. "It's true" I said, and then with a laugh, "I'm a writer too." It seemed amusing describing myself as an electronics designer and a writer, and in two such distinct subjects.

Then she went into a stream of invective, I was looking at her with a smile still on my face. I cannot recall the beginning but the end was something very like "...you're small, you're little, you're nothing, you're nothing..." My smile started to fade and I looked at her more seriously as I grasped the meaning of the words. She stopped speaking, then said "I'm

just talking to you as a friend you understand, as a friend" and I relaxed. But then the diatribe resumed with "You're nothing, you're small, you're nothing..." before I finally got her off the track with "What do you do?" Something was said about her working out of town. At one point during the conversation she had said "I want you" and told me, separately, that she had to wait until 8am for her train and had nowhere to stay until then. This was about three hours hence and I said something like "I'm sure something could be arranged." My beer was finished or nearly finished and I visited the lavatory during a pause. F25D5 left while I was away.

Everyone was drifting outside so I left also. Emerging onto the street I saw F25D5 a short sprint's distance away down the Warmoesstraat and caught up. I asked her what she planned to do and she replied "I don't know." Then she pulled a pair of keys from her pocket and said "I don't know what these are for." She was drifting around a little on the road as she walked along, both before I caught up with her and as we walked side by side. Then she spun around, heading towards the Dam, and I spun in my tracks to follow her. I said she could stay at my place if she wanted and she asked where it was; I pointed and said it was just beyond the Palace. She stopped walking, paused and thought a moment: "No" she said. "Listen" I said "You can stay at my place, on the floor or what you like, I don't mind so long as you don't cause any trouble." I'd had a vision of a drunk girl casting herself about the small kitchen, in emulation of Princess Di throwing herself at a cocktail cabinet, or shouting at the top of her voice in the early hours of the morning. She paused again and considered, then said "No, I want to cause trouble." With this she spun around again, walking diagonally a few metres to my rear and took out the same keys. I was still acting on the presumption that the keys were for somewhere in a remoter part of Amsterdam or out of town.

She walked to a door and stood in front of it, then inserted a key and opened it. A 'Hotel' sign hung in the window beside it. The door was opened a couple of inches before being closed again. "Aren't you the clever girl" I said. By this time I was leaning against a wall at the side, to watch this play being acted out. M33DME passed by and we exchanged greetings. F25D5 spun around again, smiling, and veered across the street to knock at a door on the opposite side. After a short pause it opened and music could be heard emanating from within. She exchanged a few words and then, without looking back, disappeared inside. Thoughtfully I made my way the short distance home.

EPILOGUE. Now it will befit the reader that an item by item analysis of the transactions which took place during the two nights at this late night bar should be unnecessary by now. There was the most impressively skilful

manipulation by these females of males, even after, in some cases, a considerable amount of alcohol. The role of F25D1 in modifying the behaviour of other people in the bar and the inhibitions released by alcohol which resulted in an unbridled expression of spite and jealousy by F25D5 however are considered especially worthy of note.

END OF PART 2

Part 3

Big Sister

It is night. Luckily enough there's a moon: then at least you can see something. But this pleasure is doubtful, because what you see is at once spoiled, influenced, magically transformed by the moon. He looks down upon everything.

The sea is teeming with beautiful little fishes; a flood is coming in. Dogs bark, insects and spiders run to and fro, all kinds of animals become restless. People fall in love. A train of camels sets off on its trip through the desert. The trees in the forest are transformed into monsters, witches, people. The snow is whiter than by day.

This is when, unseen, the moon chuckles into his fist.

From a poem by W. Hofman.

The Fire. North and South of England

February 1993

F20D	Female, 20, Dutch
FTM26J	Female to Male, 26, Jewish
MTF31D	Male to Female, 31, Dutch
MTF33E	Male to Female, 33, English

One day at the beginning of February a group was gathered at the far end of the street and I went to see what had drawn their attention. A large old deconsecrated church at the bottom of the Singel, the Koepelkerk, was going up in flames. It was a saddening sight. The circular building had a domed roof with a turret at the top from which flames were leaping. All around people were stopping to look and I shared some grief with my neighbours as we stood watching. I made sure my brother, who was again staying with me, saw it as well to impress on him not to do the same to the house, setting it ablaze in one of his chemistry experiments in the basement. The Koepelkerk was a Lutheran church dating from 1668 but there had been a previous fire in 1882. Now it was owned by a nearby hotel and used for conferences and occasional concerts.

Later, going by bicycle to the shops, I made a detour to see the activity around the Koepelkerk close up. At the bottom of the Singel, with the burning building on the other side of the canal, a crowd had gathered to watch. I pulled up just behind a blonde head belonging to one of a pair of girls of about 20. It was almost directly opposite where LO1 and I had sat with our legs dangling over the side of the canal and I had put my arm around her for the first time.

There seemed to be an air almost of enjoyment, watching the spectacle opposite and the apparently futile attempts of the fire brigade to control the blaze, although no doubt only part of the activity could be seen from this perspective. The exultory atmosphere was mainly, I supposed, due to the opportunity it presented of conversation within the crowd. I rested on my bicycle for a few moments but found it too distressing a sight, seeing a building containing a lot of old artwork and beautiful decorations going up in smoke before my very eyes, to want to stay too long. Shortly however a post van came along and I moved to allow it to slowly squeeze between the ranks of onlookers.

After it had passed I noticed dog-mess on my front tyre, this being a hazard of living in Amsterdam where the dogs are fed better than people in many parts of the world. "Shit" I said and rubbed it off against the kerb. Then I began a U-turn towards the electrical shop on the Haarlemmerstraat which was my real destination. As I rode level with the blonde she opened her mouth and spoke, it was something along the lines of "So, you are going now?" 'This is novel' I thought 'a female speaking first.' I pulled up and asked her to repeat her remark in English but she refused. This was the ensuing conversation, as best as can be remembered, although I have learned to trust my recall of such exchanges by now.

I: "It's too saddening to see it burning away, they don't seem to be able to do much to fight it."

F20D: "There's five engines more round the other side, anyway there's no-one inside."

I: "That's probably a hundred man-years of work, no more, three hundred, going up in smoke. I think I'd rather three people died than an old building like that be destroyed."

F20D: "That's a terrible thing to say."

I: "I don't know how many people, it's difficult to quantify, but I still think that."

F20D: "I think even if it was Hitler I would rather he lived than just a building."

I: "Really? Hitler?"

F20D: "No, that's not a good example."

I: "I think it's a perfect example."

F20D: "No."

I: "Alright then, what about someone who is nothing, can be nothing and will be nothing?"

F20D: "You mean just because they don't have a career they don't matter."

I: "I didn't say anything about a career. I mean people who have nothing to say."

F20D: "I think that life is more important than anything. I don't believe in war."

I: "I don't believe in war either but so long as there's an opportunity someone somewhere will start one."

F20D: "That's not true."

I: "Yes it is. Look at Hitler, if it hadn't been for the Second World War we'd all be living under Nazism."

F20D: "That was then."

I: "Wars will always happen. Wars happen when someone, a society, has something to preserve. Like that building."

With this I looked at her, face on, for the first time and took her in; I had been concentrating up to this point on the discussion. I thought of making a proposal: perhaps a cup of coffee to discuss it further. After all my experiments such a possibility could hardly not have occurred to me but I dismissed it. There were at least a dozen and probably nearer twenty people listening; I became aware of all the others who had passively shared in the conversation, became self-conscious and rode away.

Later I cycled close to a police barrier surrounding the charred and blackened building and enquired about the damage. A policeman there also said "No people were inside." Somehow this repeated comment reminded me of a remark made in a squat in London, the house I called the House of Animals. A girl there had said "I'd rather a squaddie died than a dog." A squaddie is a soldier in the British Army.

A couple of days later, travelling to England by coach and hovercraft, I met P5, a Pair of pretty first year college students at York. The manner of my approach is worthy of comment because in it I recognized the same behaviour as had been followed with the Canadian Tourist, P4 and F25G.

As I walked down the coach looking for a place to sit I received a signal from one of the Pair: she was looking directly at me. Immediately I looked at her partner. I could not accurately judge the attractiveness of the signaller during the signal but she was at least half-decent; her passive friend was attractive. Without hesitation I registered a Pair target and sat a few seats in front, so thereafter they could see me but I could not see them.

Thus during the first part of the journey, and this is the essential point and the mechanism worthy of attention, I had signalled disinterest. At times I rested my chin on my arms on the seat in front, but to all intents and purposes I ignored them, even with Exaggerated Laughter Signals coming from behind. To win this happy and playful pair of English girls I had signalled dishonestly to arouse their interest.

Had I only been interested in playing games I would have opened up immediately, but since I was not, the approach was strategically directed to the non-signaller at the first break in the journey, as everyone alighted for a stop at a motorway services. This was entirely in accord with convention. To get (and try and keep) I was required to conform, and approach at this point and not before. If I had been playing for play I would have approached with a jocular comment immediately.

Having got my coffee I looked for them and asked if I could join them. There was pleasant banter and I recontinued the theme explored a couple of days earlier at the fire. They, predictably, took the 'Life is paramount' standpoint but I, by this time in full flight, said "No, some kinds of life are cheap" and talked about cat-life, the sort where you actually have to pay money to avoid being inundated with kittens. Then I got around to human

life, and said "Anyone can make a baby, I'll show you how if you like." After the break I took an adjacent seat and talked to them for the rest of the journey.

BASIC DISHONESTY. In the encounter with the Canadian Tourist, I remember not knowing whether I was developing or merely reverting to an automatic manner of response when more information about a proposal was requested. In that instance, after making the invitation for coffee, I had said "Do as you please, I don't mind" and signalled nonchalance. In pretending to be uncaring as to whether my proposal was accepted I had been dishonest. With P4, the dark one had invited me for a beer and I had half-spun around a lamp post, similarly signalling nonchalance, before accepting. These are examples of the basic dishonesty which the male must express to achieve his objective.

Dishonesty is a strategy evolved by females to retain control despite being physically weaker. The game which the female obliges the male to play facilitates selection by her and (excepting the Male Extremely Honest Strategy, already discussed) honesty by the male disrupts the game. Even honest male signals disrupt the game.

It is certainly possible to scare a female by being too keen and this is the male being too honest. If a male is very attracted to a female and unable to conceal his enthusiasm for her, or his anxiousness to succeed, he will generally fail. This is another explanation for males approaching less ambitious targets than they might otherwise attempt. There is less dishonesty required; the nonchalance expressed by the male need not be feigned.

On arriving in London I was considerably delayed by having a drink with P5 in a pub and seeing them onto the right tube train. Then I spent the last of my English money in a late-night shop before making my way to F351's house, only to discover that the lock had been changed. By this time I had not even enough money for a telephone call and ended up believing that F351 had gone away. I walked around wondering what to do before eventually trying the House of Animals and a man there let me sleep on a couch in the front room.

The House of Animals had pigeons in the attic, dogs on the chairs and at least one cat, the latter serving to displace the mice which, since its arrival, had gone underground. It was in a bad state, even by squat standards, and animal hairs covered every item of furniture. As I half-slept on the couch that night unfamiliar sounds could be heard which I struggled to identify. In the morning I discovered that chickens had been installed in the back yard since the time I had been a more frequent visitor. It was during that period that I had called one day and a girl had said "I'd rather a

squaddie died than a dog," with the reasoning that a dog would not harm anyone but a soldier was a willing instrument of war. This had made me rather angry. She was living in a room with her boyfriend and two dogs and was planning to live in the back of a lorry, again accompanied by their dogs.

Several militant animal-lovers lived there. It was dominated by a single female, the girl who had been the bass player in the band I had earlier recorded; hence there was a link to M36SEM and F36EF. The following morning I left a friendly note to say 'Thank you' for the use of the couch but met her coming down the stairs just as I was about to leave. "What are you doing here?" she said angrily, her manner suggesting that if she had been involved in the decision I would not have been given refuge that night. I bid my goodbyes and left.

M36SEM and I had squatted several London houses together, an alliance which had worked well; we squatted four in total. Each time we would be evicted and then M36SEM would instigate another, more out of desperation than anything, and I would assist or follow shortly afterwards and apply my electrical and plumbing skills to make it habitable.

LS1 (London Squat 1), which was close to the House of Animals, had been dubbed our 'dream ticket.' It was an empty council house with an escape route to another empty house just over the back wall. We did two weeks of extensive work there. Then a short while later we were evicted by court order, but not before discovering that the address was being used by a corrupt council employee to make bogus social security claims. We beat a retreat across the back wall to our reserve house LS2, requiring another intense period of plumbing and electrical work. Then LS1 was re-occupied by a group of militant feminists who thereafter made us unwelcome, despite us having originally squatted it, cleaned the damp growth off the walls and got most of the other facilities working in a house they then had the luxury of living in and prettifying. They were breaking the unwritten rule that the people who originally squat a house are always welcome into it subsequently.

One of the feminists occupying LS1 had twin young sons aged about 4. She was a veritable mess psychologically and was bitter and twisted about men, an attitude which was obviously being instilled into her sons. She was training to be a midwife and M36SEM and I had joked that there was a risk of her taking off down the street with any baby she helped deliver.

Staying with us in LS2 was an athletic-looking and busty German girl who claimed to be a lesbian, although it became clear that this had merely been a ploy to avoid sex with M36SEM. She was also one of a group of females, including F37ER, who were circulating around North London at this time claiming to be plumbers, having completed a training course provided by Islington Council. At the end of the course each had been

given £200-worth of tools. The German was no help at all in the repairs to LS2 and once at F36EF's home I had given F37ER a list of four houses which badly needed plumbing work. At the top of the list was the House of Animals but it still excluded the house in Shepherd's Bush I was working on by this time, LS4, otherwise known as Hollybush. F37ER was on holiday between spells of work as the carer of an old lady and declined my pointed proposal that she put her training to practical use. She did however offer to lend me her tools.

After LS2 M36SEM and I had moved over to West London, at the other end of the North London railway line, where the band's temperamental female lead guitarist lived. Our new abode LS3 had been squatted before but was again empty. It was owned by a Housing Association which had another house a few doors away.

DISGUISED PURPOSE. There a single male Negro was working full-time, with a view to the house ultimately being re-let to tenants, and he could often be seen in the front room during tea-breaks. We learnt that when that house was finished he was to start work on ours but it became very obvious that if the Housing Association had been fulfilling its primary function, that is providing housing, it would have been far more effective, not to mention profitable, to have engaged contractors to refurbish the house in a fraction of the time it took the single worker to do it.

A couple of months later we were evicted again and we evacuated to LS4, but a return visit was made to LS3 a few days afterwards to collect some things. The lavatories and washbasins had been smashed and excrement smeared over the walls, which had certainly not been our doing.

LS4 had been empty for about seven years before being discovered by a scout party sent out from LS3. The hardest part of getting in had been pushing the front door open past the piles of mail and free newspapers which had accumulated behind it. The house was small and had sustained severe flood damage the previous winter from burst pipes, necessitating a considerable amount of plumbing work, but it became our base for a comparatively long time and provided a period of relative stability for M36SEM, a couple of male lodgers and I.

TRANSSEXUALS. Another member of this London circle, and visitor to the House of Animals, was MTF33E. She had been male but had undergone a sex-change to become female, and is the first of three examples of transsexuals' behaviour given here.

MTF33E was certainly an interesting character. Once there had been an altercation in a traffic jam with a male car driver. He had rudely interrupted MTF33E's course and then asked "Are you a woman or what?" This had

incensed MTF33E to such a degree that she had picked up her racing cycle and wiped it all over the bonnet of the man's car, heavily scratching it. The car driver had been completely dumbfounded; indeed had he offered a response he would probably have been no match for MTF33E's fierceness. Her display of characteristic male aggression would probably have been sufficient to discourage any retaliation.

Another time someone was visiting MTF33E's North London council flat bragging that through his contacts he could get anything. MTF33E disappeared and returned a few moments later with several hundred pounds, the proceeds of the recent sale of some item of audio equipment or other, and laid it on the table. "Get me a shooter" she said "I want a sub-machine gun." The boaster balked, although probably equally to the fact that he was unable to deliver and the prospect of MTF33E loose in London with such a weapon.

MTF33E bought, sold and repaired sound equipment and was supposed to have bought a Uher tape recorder from me for £50, except that it was never paid for, so it was effectively stolen. She was suing the Health Authority for problems arising from her sex-change operation but it was obvious to anyone with an ounce of common sense that it should never have been performed in the first place.

Then there was MTF31D, in fact I considered this individual to be the best adjusted of perhaps a dozen transsexuals I had met. After her operation she became a stripper in an Amsterdam discotheque, a job she relished. This was still a male response, being an exhibitionist, proud of her new body and able to appreciate herself with a male perspective.

Female to male sex-change operations are less common and not very successful; the genitalia is diminutive due to the absence of fleshy material from which to build the new organ. FTM26J was a pointedly insecure individual who became vindictive if his attempts to dominate and control any individual within his circle failed, although some of this behaviour could have been due to hormone supplements.

SOUTH OF ENGLAND. The next day I found F35I and an incident was related to account for the change of lock; a new key was furnished. Shortly afterwards, on a train in Surrey, I met a girl with long wavy brown, almost Raphaelite, hair and thought I might be able to add her to my growing collection of girlfriends. I felt I was back on course at last, back where I wanted to be, with several girlfriends and thus secured from emotional tumult by the law of averages.

One fine afternoon in London, waiting for a train to take me down to Brighton, a young man was juggling on the platform. As I passed he dropped a ball; I said "Keep practising" and we fell into conversation. He told me he was a market researcher interviewing young women between

18 and 25. It was enormously interesting to compare perceptions with him and our conversation continued on the train for a few stops.

It was a financial questionnaire and he was paid 80p for each one returned to his employer, but if any of the essential details were found to be false he was not paid. Initially he had found that a little over 20% had contained incorrect personal details, like the stated occupation or address, or a wrong telephone number, the latter being the first item checked.

When interviewing he had noticed dilation of the pupils when dishonest answers were being given and also reddening of the lips. To reduce the number of questionnaires for which he was not paid he now asked for the last digit of the telephone number to be repeated. If the woman could not do it he would immediately strike through the questionnaire and terminate the interview. Then she would blush with embarrassment.

He had done 68 questionnaires that day and, with us seated opposite each other on the train, he gave me sight of them in the short time available before our paths separated at Blackfriars. I told him I thought there was likely to be further dishonest entries, in particular the females' stated occupations, since from my brief scan through them some had struck me as rather fanciful.

He was pleased to have received two offers of further meetings and speculated that pretending to do this would be a good method of procuring women if he were ever caught up in a strange town. I was surprised that he had apparently received the offers dry, that is unprompted, so enquired further. It turned out that he had in each case said something which could be (and, I explained, very likely would be) interpreted as a proposal. If he deliberately set out to procure women by this method, I told him, he would likely fail, since she would sense his intent and that control by her would not be possible. In both cases he had been prompted to make his proposal by the female.

Actually his ostensible role as a market researcher was likely to have been a guise for selling some investment scheme or other, and this is another example of Diversionary Purpose. Most noteworthy however was that both the indicators of dishonesty he observed have obvious sexual antecedents: dilation of the pupils is recognised as an indicator of attraction and lipstick is employed to that end.

Sitting on a dirty train at Brighton, looking through its stained windows while waiting to set off for the university campus, also noticing the scruffy dress of many of my fellow passengers, I reflected that Britain was a much more masculine society than Holland. It also seemed that one paid through the nose and got precious little for it. Many things in England were either as or more expensive than in Holland but of substantially lesser quality. The general hardship of life was however mitigated by a feeling of

togetherness in adversity. M39SHN made what was probably his pithiest comment ever: he was working in the adjoining psychiatric wing at this time and said "Half the people in here, all they need is a good fuck."

NORTH OF ENGLAND. I decided to follow P5 up to York in a mad adventure. When I arrived at their shared student house one confessed that they had been too nervous to meet me at the station. We spent an enjoyable evening but I left the next day with our relationship unconsummated, heading over to see my twin half-Chinese brothers in Hull. There I found that one had been stabbed twice in the chest and the other had a large cut across the hand sustained while deflecting the knife. Their assailant had claimed to be collecting a £30 debt for someone in jail.

The aggression and violence by young males was probably linked to the deprivation and lack of opportunity in cities like this, the bleakness and near-poverty being redolent of Eastern Europe, and also to frustration. A high level of sexual frustration seemed certain to spill over, in this environment, to aggression. Most crime is committed by young males, when sex-drive and aggression is at its peak. In just one day's edition of the local newspaper the following reports appeared:

1. "£5,000 boost to make estate of fear safer. A problem-plagued inner city estate has received a cash boost in a bid to stem the terror caused by teenage gangs."
2. "Fighting stress on breadline. A new drive to combat the stress of living life on the breadline has been launched in North Hull. Health surveys have revealed that the prospect of no money and no jobs have left many North Hull and Orchard Park Estate residents feeling powerless. Many mothers of young children are left at home feeling confined and overburdened with stress."
3. "Man denies rape attempt. A man sexually assaulted a woman old enough to be his mother while high on a cocktail of drugs, a court heard. Hull Crown Court was told that a man indecently assaulted the 48-year-old woman and attempted to rape her after breaking into her Bransholme home."
4. "Labourer pulled knife on former girlfriend. A stormy relationship ended when a man pulled a knife on his ex-girlfriend, a court heard. The 22-year-old unemployed labourer snapped when the girl telephoned to say she was pregnant by him but had a new boyfriend."

I considered that the calming effect of a satisfactory sexual relationship on a young male could set extremes of aggression almost to zero. Violent behaviour had risen to huge proportions in parts of England and a female's moderating and stabilizing influence on a male might also limit the amount of property crime. Much of the crime was drugs-related, and the drugs were used mainly by males as a substitute for sex.

MORE LOCK-INS. There were two striking instances, one in London and one in Hull, of females using soft-drug supply to secure lock-ins with their clientele. Normally customers would stay for polite talk before and after purchasing their cannabis. Its illegal status in England meant that it was perforce a matter of buying from someone known and selling to someone trusted enough not to inform the police. Buying on the street or in unfamiliar territory was likely to result in the purchase of ghee or something else containing little or none of the active substance. By this form of the lock-in a female dealer is able to maintain relationships on advantageous terms with her clientele, as well as making money. Hard drugs, particularly heroin, were in use but the supply of substances other than cannabis and ecstasy was either less common or better hidden from the writer.

The streets of Hull seemed to be full of girls pushing prams. They were busy producing fodder for the cannons and workers for the factories but the country was at peace, if not with itself then at least with others, and many of the factories had closed down. A long-term decline in male sperm counts had been recorded yet, I reflected, the population level was relatively unaffected despite this. An underclass had emerged of daughters emulating their mothers and having a baby as soon as they became reproductive. Not content with a substitute in the form of a cat or a dog, they wanted the real thing, a real living baby doll, regardless of the whereabouts of the father, the prospects for the child and the inappropriateness of further increases in population.

MORE USE OF CHILDREN. On arrival in Hull I had been unable to find my siblings and, slightly panicking about where I was to sleep that night, had telephoned an old friend. The number was now held by his sister, who told me "I'd put you up for the night on the couch but I've got a 4-year-old daughter." Another time a girl well known as a lesbian came to the door looking for some help, accompanied by the 5-year-old daughter of another woman. "I need help to do my CV and we've got to get it posted today" she said. Motioning towards the 5-year-old standing beside her, who's hand she was holding, she added: "Haven't we." The little girl immediately replied "Yes."

TELEPHONE RELATIONSHIPS. Back in London I telephoned the girl I met on the train, who had promised that we would go out together. We spent about half an hour talking with apparently warm relations between us, then I was suddenly dropped with "I don't think I want you to phone me anymore." "It's just not me" she said.

Shortly before leaving Amsterdam M28DG had told me how he had spent a total of around ten hours on the telephone with a girl he had found through a commercial contact service. He had paid by the minute during the initial call. A considerable degree of intimacy had taken place between them, including having 'telephone sex' together, but she had not appeared at an arranged meeting. She confirmed that she had not shown up and then stopped telephoning, although M28DG had left his telephone off the hook for a while afterwards. He did not have her telephone number, only she his. She had claimed to be an 18-year-old virgin but seemed to me to have very adult sexual fantasies. Apparently some of these agencies were free for females and girls as young as 12 were telephoning them.

At another point in England I turned my attention to a display of women's magazines in a large newsagency. I counted 40 different front covers, although not included in this tally were mother and baby, wedding and knitting magazines. Of the 40, 3 or 4 were in the traditional mould with flowers or country scenes on the cover, but all the remainder featured the face of an attractive woman, with hardly a wrinkle or a crow's foot in sight. It was further evidence of females' self-image being dependent on male ideals.

I did a comparative count shortly after returning to Holland. Of 16 Dutch women's magazines, 12 featured attractive women of reproductive age on the cover, although many were imported titles or Dutch editions of foreign titles. There was also a relatively high number of crossword and word-puzzle books; I had already noticed the female affinity for word puzzles. Then I fell to contemplation about the preponderance of articles about sex in contemporary women's magazines. It seemed, on the face of it at least, that females liked to read and talk about sex much more than actually doing it.

The Dynamical Laws of Female Behaviour

February 1993 F15DSKI Female, 15, Dutch silent Kalverstraat incident

Not long after returning to Amsterdam, on a chilly Saturday afternoon, I tried a spell of unsystematic hunting but decent targets seemed few and far between. I had become super-critical of looks and was trying hard not to mistarget. Someone who doesn't want to do something can always find an excuse not to do it; similarly, I could almost always find an excuse not to approach. Some flaw could always be found: she might have a pronounced jaw, display an unattractive or arrogant manner in her walk, or be too bulky or heavy-boned.

THE SILENT KALVERSTRAAT INCIDENT. An attractive girl F15DSKI, accompanied by a taller one, possibly her elder sister, was targeted. I advanced and was pleased to see that she got prettier as I got closer; the opposite was the norm. Her response to my approach was silence. Normally I could not cope with this but this time I made a joke of it. When she almost broke into a smile I said "Take care! Your lips almost moved!" She and her companion went into a clothes shop and I rested against a wall three or four metres beyond it, not knowing what to do and non-committal due to her silent, exceptionally ambiguous response.

I stood idly at the side with no deliberate objective. As I leant back against the wall I could see a wall clock sticking out a little further down the Kalverstraat. F15DSKI emerged from the clothes shop after two minutes, saw me and immediately dived back into the shop. Her companion appeared even more briefly and retreated after her friend.

Then I became interested. Up to this point I had not been paying much attention and could easily have missed them if they had emerged straight into a passing cluster of people. In particular I was not deliberately waiting for them to come out of the shop. Four (or six, my notes were unclear) minutes later they emerged, hugging the wall in an effort to avoid being seen, skulking up the Kalverstraat in the opposite direction.

I had been no threat to them whatever. No request had been made that I leave them alone yet I caused them to spend several minutes in concern about their escape from the shop and eventually change direction to avoid me. Probably, I thought, the incident would be further exaggerated and embellished in D&R to other females. It illustrated the extreme lengths to which females will apparently go to avoid a direct confrontation, due to cowardliness, irrational fear, or both.

Similarly, if I told a female when I was to call on her it was practically a guarantee that she would not be at home, or another female would be in place with instructions to cover for her, or other evasive measures would have been taken. This happened four times altogether. Twice a note left for me on the door merely masked the presence of the female within.

AMBIGUITY OF INTENTION. Two friendly invitations were made in coffeeshop CS2. For example, I invited F27DWE to dinner and the underlying motive (if any were really needed in any case) was to enlist her help in solving the impasse between F22D and I. Any invitation, whether for coffee, to come for dinner or to see the special house where I lived was invariably interpreted as a sexual one. Just being friendly seemed out of the question. I was denied any ambiguity in my intentions and therefore any control.

GRIMACE RESPONSE. Part of the reason for the oppressive atmosphere was that looking at someone was regarded as significant. In England a passing glance would not be given heed: you might just be looking to see if it was someone you knew, or wondering 'Who does she remind me of?' but in Holland it was obviously regarded as signifying more. Females often responded to a sustained look from a male with a deep frown, a grimace as if it caused them physical pain. Once I looked at a moderately attractive girl on the street and she became interested when I ignored her signal to drop my gaze.

If just looking at someone, for example on the way out of CS2, was regarded as a significant relational transaction (in this case signifying farewell), it follows that an actual conversation was an event indeed.

TRUNCATED SPEECH. Also notable was that the conversations which did take place often involved truncated speech, similar to that which occurs between family members. Within family groups sentences are often not finished because such familiarity exists between them that much is left to be assumed. The greater the familiarity, the less is actually said.

FEMALE SIGNALLING. It struck me very forcibly that females must actually enjoy signalling or they would not do it so much. Pleasure reinforcement

must take place as in eating or sex. Then it seems that females take pleasure in inducing neurosis in males.

One Dutch female who had been emitting the Looking Flustered Signal in a bar admitted she had been thinking 'Come on then' and 'Are you going to move or aren't you?' I questioned her and she evidently had not given the slightest consideration to approaching, even though these things had been going through her head.

LOUD VERBAL UTTERANCE SIGNAL. The analysis of the Loud Verbal Utterance Signal issued by F25D1 in BAR6 ("Lelystad") was confirmed by a second occurrence of this rare signal. I was walking along the curving Raadhuisstraat, under the glass canopy which sheltered the shopfronts and pavement there. Close in front was a long-haired girl flanked by two men. Overtaking the group I changed path to cross the road in front of them. As I waited for a gap in the traffic, well out of earshot of any normal conversation, I heard a very loud and distinctive "Yes" from the girl, presumably as she responded to a question from one of the males. This was a familiar situation: she would never have had the confidence, nor probably the inclination, to signal me had she not already had two males with her. The utterance had not been emitted as part of an involuntary laugh, and made accidentally loud; in characteristic fashion she had been signalling a third male to join the competition.

CONSOLIDATION MARKERS. The ostentatious displays of intimacy, in bars and so forth, were the public weakening of Consolidation Markers. That is, the markers which would normally have established consolidation of a relationship were being weakened and rendered insignificant by their public display.

The great majority of females in Amsterdam were provincial; they had little idea whether their behaviour was more or less egregious than females in any other country. The extreme behaviour of Dutch females was due to them following their instincts, only because they were freer to do so in this environment. They were less restrained in Amsterdam than elsewhere. It was not that Holland was exceptional, it was merely an amplification of the usual case. The same processes were in operation in Britain but delayed by a number of years. Females in England were not as headstrong as they were in Holland but they were getting there.

In the sudden outbursts of anger directed at females in bars, as reported at the BIGBAR3 meeting, it was as if males knew something was up but did not know exactly what, or at least not its extent. Or these outbursts may simply have been an effect of frustration. Dutch males thought their situation was normal because they had nothing to compare with, but still I

had the feeling that everyone knew, subconsciously at least, what was going on.

In my attempts with Dutch girls just plain not being neurotic definitely didn't work. Moreover any proposal seemed to have to be repeated half a dozen times to have any chance of acceptance, and this was not my style at all. I recalled the appraisal made before, that for a male to pursue relationships on female terms rendered him useless for anything else.

The females had evidently made the collective discovery that they could gain more status and attention by withholding sex than by providing it, and this was ample reason for them to avoid sexual relations with males. A sexually-sated male usually thinks little of sex but a frustrated one raises it (and the female capable of providing it) to higher esteem. Females were getting by on the promise, but not the actuality, of sex.

BASIC RELATIONAL TRANSACTION. The basic transaction between males and females was being defied. By the rigid control of sex females had made themselves into status symbols, or it had always been that way, only formerly it had been obscured beneath a polite cultural veneer.

The basic transaction between the sexes is that the female gives the male sex and the male gives the female a relationship. Each wants some of the other, but these are the essential foci. This evidently also takes place socially, such that females generally withholding sex results in males (or some of them at least) withholding platonic, non-sexual relationships from females.

KLINGONS. The exception was Klingon (cling-on) males who settle for an accompanying role of a desired female and are generally used by her as a surrogate boyfriend. There is intimacy (in conversation for example) but no sex. Thus it is without cost to the female and has considerable benefits. The Klingon can be used to discourage approaches from other males, which is to their mutual advantage since although the Klingon has no physical relationship he at least knows that no-one else does either.

It was possible that this situation was males' fault. But if so it was due to males giving females what they said they wanted, rather than what they really wanted. Or it was by omission, by failing to provide an opposing force. Whatever the origins of the present situation, I was sure that any improvement would be the result of male efforts.

Dutch girls seemed to be just too much trouble and hard work and moreover, a conviction had arisen that when they made things difficult for males they knew exactly what they were doing. I decided to spend the coming summer with the tourists.

Two or three females separately suggested that I take to relations with

males as a sexual outlet. The last time this comment was made I fell to wondering whether Sodom and Gomorrah had been an early experiment in feminism. Certainly there was a pronounced homosexual culture in Amsterdam: it was strong and visible. At times most of the loving couples in evidence were pairs of male gays. There also appeared to be a fashion for female-only bars and discos. BIGBAR3 was one of several venues advertising a female-only disco, theirs was entitled the Big Sister Party. The fact that I had furnished them with the name, yet would not be allowed entry due to being both male and banned, was regarded somewhat ironically.

THEOREM 1, the Dynamical Laws of Female Behaviour:

- 1. The only power that females have is given to them by males;**
- 2. The only thing which females do with that power is use it against males.**

DISCUSSION. A counterexample, an instance of female power which has not been furnished by males, has not been found. Female attractiveness is the product of male perceptions: the male response to that attractiveness is a transfer of his confidence to her. A male assembly of law-makers made rape an offence and females by withholding sex increment their power. The female instinct is to control sex and select an ideal partner; whatever power they procure will be used in furtherance of these objectives.

Many examples could be quoted of females who have been empowered by a male, or by an association with him, and have then used that power to destroy his career. However I use as an example a woman correspondent of George Bernard Shaw.

The correspondence began when the woman became convinced that the baby she had taken home from hospital was not her own, that an exchange with another had inadvertently taken place. Much later her belief was confirmed. Interviewed by the BBC about the correspondence she had maintained with Shaw she said "The things he was busy working on were just tail-end stuff." She was 60 years his junior and was able to say this after his death. What utter cheek she displayed by this comment! She was derogating Shaw yet all she had ever achieved was having a baby, and even that she had managed to lose.

CREATIVE TRANSDUCTION. Females cause trouble and then blame males for it. A trivial example is when a female gives a telephone number but then gives evasive responses to calls. The male rings and her flatmate at first reports that she is in, then returns saying she is not. The male may

suspect but is unsure, and calls back several times wanting a conclusive answer. The female fails to come to the telephone during repeated attempts. The male is then accused of pestering her.

NEUROTIC TRANSFER. The neurotic male provides the female with ammunition for use against him. A remark such as 'You will turn up won't you?' informs a female that others have formerly let him down. In neurotically divulging a greatest fear ('Do you want to go now?') or other knowledge ("Ninety-nine percent of the sex around here is commercial") the male also provides the female with information which can be used against him.

Of course females have problems too, the essential point is that males solve their problems for them and get increasingly little in return. Indeed it may be that to give females power allows them to inflict backwardness on males.

While I felt that I had overcome my own psychological problems, particularly neurosis, by strict adherence to honesty and logic, much as if I was designing another computer circuit or writing a piece of software, the rest of the world seemed to be going crazy. A man in England had been living with a girl, in fact she had been his fiancée. He was 24 and she 20. The couple were visited by the police on some unrelated matter, for which no charges were ever brought, but it came out during the interviews that eight months previously the man had come home somewhat drunk and the couple had gone to bed. In the middle of sex the woman had withdrawn consent but he had carried on for a further five minutes. Armed with an admission from the man that this had taken place he was charged, taken into custody and sentenced to six months' imprisonment for rape.

There were my own experiences with F25G and the hypothetical definition of the Second Switch. Her withdrawal of consent had been progressive during several occasions. I had been unable to stop after 20 minutes or so of foreplay; even though she had expressed an objection I had easily entered her and thereafter there had been no complaint.

One female interviewed said "I only have sex when I'm in love." Possibly this was the utmost in a certain kind of female sexuality, the highest, the ultimate IoR. Perhaps there was a feeling of emptiness or dissatisfaction that the female who was not in love found slightly disagreeable, so that even liking someone was no longer enough.

In antithesis I remembered two of my school contemporaries. They had gone to a party, got drunk and ended up in one of the bedrooms together. The male had been performing his instinctive role but halfway through had leant over the side of the bed, vomited and then continued.

More topically, the prostitutes known to me engaged in sex five or ten

times a day, most would do it more if they had the chance. The same female said "Life is all about finding out which feelings are accurate."

PROSTITUTES. The American journalist who had interviewed me for the local English language magazine, F31USJ, might have overstepped the mark in one of her articles. It was a piece about prostitution in Amsterdam and F31USJ had adopted the feminist party-line, portraying the prostitute as a victim of pimps and a slave at the mercy of males. The reality, as I and many others in this city certainly knew, was rather different. On my street the rooms were generally booked by the women themselves who only needed one good client per day to pay the fee. Many of the women did very well. Several had told me that it was their only motivation for doing it.

Seeing a couple of familiar faces it seemed that while attractive women working in shops were overwhelmed with attention, men who worked in shops visited my street. I also noticed the habit of prostitutes to use too much perfume, especially when going for a night out. Perhaps it indicated defective self-esteem.

LIMIT COROLLARY. In the case of the man charged with the rape of his fiancée, the radio report featured a female Professor of Law who was adamant that the correct course had been followed. I wondered how far this lunacy would continue, but then realized I knew already; to the limit, all the way. Except that, in an emerging corollary, there wasn't a limit at all, the process was unbounded, just like the growth of an unopposed tooth. The only constraint would be when an opposing mechanism came, sooner or later, into play.

Stated explicitly, the Second Dynamical Law applies with no natural limit. Given the opportunity, females will increase the costs of sex indefinitely. They cannot help but make things difficult for the male, according to their instinct. Females will be as selective as they are allowed.

MALE PROTECTIVE INSTINCTS. Early one evening F22D came into CS2 rather drunk. She sat beside me at the bar and started signalling rather overtly. "So you want to play some more games do you?" I said. Then she pretended to be about to leave and from the other end of the coffeeshop gave a very deliberate Wave of Keys Signal. At first I was unsure whether it was directed at me, and looked over my shoulder. Seeing no other possible candidate I remained completely stoic, except for being reminded of one form of expression of the male protective instinct.

Surprisingly I was not upset or made neurotic by this incident at all. It was as if some sort of saturation had taken place in her respect.

Male protective and caretaking instincts are very strong and readily manipulated by females. These instincts can come to the fore at

inappropriate times because they must be resolved first. There was the occasion when I had approached four young females in this same coffeeshop, to protect them from others. With F22D it was embarrassment by signals. Ultimately the signals from a female can become so overt that they inspire embarrassment on her behalf – the male takes pity and responds to save her face.

ADVANCEMENT OF SELECTION. In F22D's case however I knew it to be an expression of a continuing power struggle: 'When I'm ready', 'No, when I'm ready.' By engaging in a relationship without sex beforehand the female indulges in testing and selection in a struggle for control; control was being explored and the power balance established even before a relationship had truly begun. It was a specific example of the Advancement of Selection which would be expected in a feminized society.

Some females get by solely by inspiring male protective instincts. Females are a lot less capable than males at jobs but are not reported to their superiors, or even generally to their peers, because of such sentiments. This, and skilful manipulation, is a likely explanation for stories which are occasionally heard, and which are not fictitious, of secretaries working in large organizations for months before it is discovered that they cannot type.

Sitting once at the front of a train stopped at one of the new underground rail stations in London, the station attendant was a woman of reproductive age; she may have been a Negress. As the train halted she came out and talked to the driver. She was still talking to him when she was supposed to be monitoring the train's departure. The train was one-man operated, with not even a guard. It was a lonely job for the driver, who would probably have few opportunities for female contact. I wondered how much of a distraction she was to him, how well she performed her role and how his protective feelings towards her influenced the reports he made about her to his superiors.

F22D LAST GAME. A few days after the keys incident I was again in CS2 and F22D was on duty. It had taken some months to arrive upon a potential next stage of the game between us, after the dead-end down which I had boxed myself with "I'll never ask you this question again." The control she demanded in exchange for her favours was total and the progression I had devised was simple, concise and furthermore I was sure that F22D would like it.

My plan was to say 'Since I've said I would never ask you out again I can't do that, but there's nothing to stop you asking me a question. You can ask me a question, anything you like, the answer is yes. If you force me to be dishonest or otherwise cheat then the game is over.' What I would do

if she asked me to jump into the canal immediately outside I did not know. Yes, F22D would definitely like this game, I thought.

"Would you like to play the game I've got in store for you?" I spoke out loud to F22D behind the counter, with M28DIW sitting nearby. "No" she said sharply then, remembering where she was, added a little more kindly: "I don't like your games." "I have to confess that I'm not overly impressed by yours either" I replied and that, as they say, was that.

MISCELLANEOUS PHENOMENA. Thinking evolutionarily, we assume that everything exists because there is advantage in it being so, or equivalently, there would be disadvantage were it not so. Systems in nature are only as complicated as necessary because simpler systems are more reliable, and this is of paramount importance for evolutionary viability. Simplicity is the norm unless there is good reason for it to be otherwise.

THE TRIAL. The Trial (or Task) is a consistent theme. In fairy tales a knight must kill a dragon to win the fair princess, or climb a tower wherein his sweetheart is imprisoned. It might consist of a physical or virtual battle for a female with another male, or something altogether more mundane like paying for admission to a disco and conforming to expectations within it. The purpose of the Trial is to test the male, assuring the female that he is determined to keep her. Specifically and essentially, its origin is ensuring that he will still be around in nine months' time.

IRRATIONAL FEAR. One day M28DIW told me it was dangerous for people to know where you lived because if seen while out someone could go round to your place and steal your possessions. It was irrational fear, disproportionate to the actual incidence of such burglaries, which was low. M28DIW lived in a block of half a dozen flats with neighbours in close proximity, very thin walls and little in reality worth stealing.

M28DIW was asked several times about his progress on a project I had furnished him with the equipment to complete, having by this time waited six months for a result. His skilful evasion, and the fact that he had completed a former project to establish his credentials but was now using that power to its maximum, made me wonder whether this was another case of Dutch male muliebrity.

PRE-MENSTRUAL SYNDROME. Sometimes in the Pre-Menstrual Syndrome (PMS) females require progesterone supplements and a special diet (such as eating starch every three hours) to prevent loss of control and irrational, violent and destructive behaviour. One female suffering from PMS deliberately burnt down her parents' house.

MENSTRUAL SYNCHRONIZATION. Females who live together tend to menstruate together, but what advantage this confers is unclear. Some potential origins are explored.

Having several females is a very strong gene proliferation strategy for the male. In such an arrangement the male must be tough enough to support several females and resist attempts by other males to take his women. Only one polygamous arrangement like this would be sufficient to dominate, gene-wise, a whole tribe of otherwise monogamous humans. An advantage of menstrual synchronization in this scenario might be to reinforce bonding by the male to his group of females. If only one was available for sex he might bond disproportionately to her and destabilize the group. However it seems doubtful that this explanation is sufficient, even though a single male with several females is such an advantageous gene survival strategy.

Alternatively, synchronization might promote monogamy, so that if several couples were living in close proximity, females menstruating together would discourage a male from resorting to a neighbouring female when his own was unavailable. Monogamy may be the path of least resistance for males due to game-playing by females. It is also important for the male to know that his offspring are his own if he is to pass his wealth onto them.

The fact that human females largely obscure their 'window of fertility' during the monthly cycle is considered to be an important component in human phylogeny. However this particular can of worms will not be opened here.

FEMALE FATNESS. A tendency more readily explainable is the effect, experienced by many females, that they so easily become overweight. Females require about a year of nutritional stability to reproduce: nine months in gestation and three months, say, in lactation. The female who could store energy had an advantage over those who could not, and thus many females now have difficulty controlling their weight.

FEMALE LONGEVITY. Was female longevity merely the result of females' greater robustness for childbearing? In terms of gene survival the male is more disposable, hence male birds are usually the ones having bright coloration. This serves to attract a mate but also makes them targets for predators. However, what evolutionary benefit have aged females to account for their longer life-span? How attractive, able or useful the female is after her menopause is of no consequence in evolutionary terms: no reinforcement of the characteristic can take place. The benefit females have of an average of six years of extra life is an advantage not easily dismissed.

LEMMA 1 FOR THEOREM 2. Any voluntary system must be to the advantage of the female or the female will not participate.

DISCUSSION. 'Any system' includes the present one. The current system relies on chance meetings by which a female seeks high IoR, or she utilizes referrals from friends or relatives. Any relational activity must favour females or it will be doomed by not attracting them in sufficient numbers. Thus meeting places are female-friendly domains: subdued and flattering lighting at a disco or nightclub, the Trial of an admission charge, an implied or actual incidence of OCC and alcohol to diminish inhibitions and promote 'spontaneous' behaviour. Often, loud music prevents random, incidental comments: the male must shout in a female's ear, denying him any Ambiguity of Intention. Dating agencies, the closest there is to a systematic approach, advertise love, friendship and marriage but with no mention of sex. Similarly with the *Blind Date* TV programme (shown, with local variations, in several countries): the male is capable of selecting his favourite within seconds, based on appearance alone.

All the aforementioned situations are in terms advantageous to the female. Further, any procedure which relies on timing is likely to favour the female.

After the observations in BAR6 a role of Bitches at the forefront of the sex battle was considered. Bitches present themselves and their captured male as a trophy, advertising the rapid availability of sex. This had the effect of making other males jealous and similarly desirous of immediate sex. Signals trigger male desire because the female is actually signalling sex. Further, if females are seen unreservedly following their instincts, males will attempt to do likewise and this often corresponded to wanting immediate gratification. This cycle was likely to earn males disrespect, since females would project their characteristic selectivity onto males and deride them for their absence of it. Seeing a couple leave together strongly suggested that sex was to take place, but in reality it frequently did not. There was no doubt that such presumptions were made.

SPITE AND JEALOUSY. Females may harbour jealousy of males for a variety of reasons. There is males' longer reproductive period and their many practical abilities and non-sexual interests. The corresponding spitefulness originates from an awareness of that jealousy, whether consciously or subconsciously. Conceivably males could subconsciously under-achieve, so as not to offend delicate female sensibilities of their inadequacies.

When a breakdown in a relationship occurs females will often remove a male from the family home, either because the home belongs to the woman or the children are staying with the mother. However before the actual removal is effected the woman can use the argument "I can't afford you to leave yet" to delay his departure. A great many possessions are often left behind by males in such circumstances. Men so ejected, or who have never been selected in the first place, often end up alone in bedsit-land subsisting on fried-egg sandwiches.

The ethic of former times, of opening doors and expressing gentility towards females, was likely to have been a device to impose an ethos onto females to which they would rise and conform. In effect it defined a role-model for females to which they acquiesced.

It is astonishingly easy to defy social norms. For example there is the equidistant spacing rule in waiting rooms and on public transport. In the West, the usual practice is to sit with equal spacing between strangers; all one has to do to defy this rule is to sit close to someone when there is more space available elsewhere.

Any problem which arises in an unorthodox situation is likely to be blamed on that unorthodox state, and this generates pressure to conform. Erring on the side of caution is synonymous with erring on the side of conformity.

Another example of defying social norms is attempting to barter in shops, and this was tested by some American psychology students. Initially the students expressed great opposition to doing the experiment. Once their reticence was overcome however shopkeepers were found to be surprisingly receptive to their offers. On a superficial analysis many Western social norms seem rigid and immutable, but on deeper examination a large number, some of which might be essential to our civilization, are actually perilously fragile. Certainly selling goods at a fixed price is fundamental to our economic system.

HUMAN VARIATION. Several people challenged my premise that humans could be analyzed in such a way. Formerly I had thought of human characteristics as being like frequencies, with traits such as kindness, aggressiveness, tendency to signal, interpret relational transactions as tokens and so forth arranged much as the spectrum analysis of an audio signal. More simply perhaps, human character was like a kaleidoscope: infinite variation was produced from a finite number of pieces. Nevertheless every female I encountered insisted on being special, while in reality they were usually anything but, especially in light of their uniformity compared to males.

JUVENILE CRIME. Media attention was being given to a rise in juvenile crime in Britain. A great extent of it, for example youths stealing powerful cars and revving them up outside police stations in taunts for a chase, was for thrills as an obvious substitute for sex. Much male crime arises from the male desire for risk and adventure, with many having little to lose if they are caught.

MALE BIG SISTER. The BBC were broadcasting a series dedicated to male issues called *The Locker Room*. It was a male version of *Woman's Hour*, except that *Woman's Hour* was ninety minutes per day and this male equivalent was thirty minutes a week. Even so there had formerly been no such programme. It epitomized the current confusion in masculine identity, being presented by Tom Robinson, who rose to fame some years ago with his anthem 'Glad to be Gay.' I had done a couple of sessions with him in London during which he had sat in the control room with a 14-year-old boy on his knee. Now he was being touted as a spokesman of the masculine standpoint and a male role model. The programme sounded like an apologia, with content that might have been culled straight from a feminist textbook. To my ears now BBC radio was so femicentric that practically every hour sounded like *Woman's Hour*.

DOING WHAT WORKED LAST TIME, DWWLT. Doing What Worked Last Time, DWWLT, is an important human strategy. Occasionally people are met, usually of the unstable type, who have either never made, or at some point lost, their value system. That is, they have no individual, fixed appraisal of what is good and bad. Every situation they meet is reviewed afresh, a process which is clumsy and inefficient. It is certainly not conducive to decisiveness and rapid action. Perhaps DWWLT is the precursor of bigotry, or bigotry is an exaggeration of DWWLT.

On the last day of winter I found myself dreading the spring neurosis that was due. According to the theory, that females are quicker to respond and follow their instincts more, such seasonal behaviour would be led by females. Whether neurosis would return to me I did not know but it was certain to be a battle.

After I had acclimatised back to Amsterdam, following my trip to England, I planned to stay in and work and by this means avoid neurosis. I had developed a great distaste for the social scene, felt that I knew what was going on and did not like it. There seemed to be no neutral territory: every place had been staked out. Every bar or café had some political stance, ego or collection of egos dominating it and for which it was assumed that the customer tacitly supported by their presence. In CS2 a practical effect was having to seek approval before anything could be put

on display or distributed, equivalent to a form of censorship. (Requiring approval before disseminating information was actually contrary to the Dutch Constitution.) A great deal of energy could be wasted if one allowed oneself to be drawn into petty ego battles.

I knew deep down why I was going out, if it was not to sit quietly and write under different surroundings. It was in the hope of meeting a Paragon, or secondarily, in the hope of sex and I knew I was unlikely to succeed in either. Even being seen out felt as if I was giving some credence to the status quo. I was verging on elected celibacy in an attempt to protect myself from neurosis.

Rather cynically I concluded that the easy-going atmosphere in Amsterdam was professionally generated. When I commented to males in England that females control relationships their reaction was one of thoughtfulness, while in Holland the remark usually provoked unreserved agreement.

A Neurotic Incident. Queen's Day

April 1993

F16DD	Female, 16, Dutch dimples
F22DAF	Female, 22, Dutch angel face
M48D	Male, 48, Dutch

Between three and four weeks later a notable event occurred, my first major neurotic incident of the season. Actually there were two incidents but the first did not have such an effect, although it probably contributed to the intensity of the second. Again it was a particular set of circumstances, a double incidence in close succession, which led me to examine the phenomenon in detail.

It was a fine spring Sunday and four days before Queen's Day on 29 April. Early on, M21QIMS and his girlfriend called for me to accompany them to a meeting where people were being rallied for some squatting activity. Shortly after entering the front room of a house on the Prinsengracht containing fifty or sixty people someone said "That's Simon Sheppard" and people starting looking in my direction. Then I was asked to leave by one of a small group of females, "We don't like your ideas, your way of looking at things" one said. When I did not immediately leave the girls started chanting "Out! Out! Out!" in unison, at first quietly then more loudly, to make me go. M21QIMS and his girlfriend were apologetic but there had been only the slightest murmur of dissent, coming from a male with whom I had exchanged glances on my way out. I had gone to help and was not going to insist on doing so.

NEUROTIC EMOTIONS. The questions I seek to answer, for understanding in the general case, are:

1. Where do neurotic emotions come from?
2. Why are they so pronounced?
3. How can they be resolved?

The fount of the neurosis was evidently my own emotions, triggered by external stimuli.

The first incident was an honest signal from an attractive girl. Immediately after the affair with the squatters I was cycling near the house, rounded a corner to cross a bridge and saw two girls emerging from a side-street. One had super red hair, gingerish but with a bright tint. She had been looking at me but quickly looked downwards as I glanced in her direction. There was just time to see that she was about 21 and pretty. I continued riding; wanting to look back but not doing so until I had turned the corner on the far side of the bridge. She was still walking, but with her head turned downwards. Her face was obscured by a shock of red hair flowing down each side but I had the impression that she was sullen. For the next few minutes I cycled slowly, wondering whether I should go back and talk to her. This was the first accumulation of neurosis. The friend I had been on my way to see was out.

The second incident was almost trivial but the feelings generated were strong, causing me to expend a considerable amount of energy seeking to resolve the neurosis induced. Its effects continued for several days afterwards. Perhaps the world-weary look I had observed on the faces of shop workers was due to seeing neurotic incidents like these, and the subsequent attempts by males to resolve their neurosis.

That afternoon I called at CS2 for a couple of cigarettes. Behind the counter, exceptionally, no female was working; a male dealer was both serving drinks and selling cannabis. As I walked in two girls were sitting near the bar, almost facing me. The place was unusually quiet; the only others there were the coffeeshop owner and his friends, three or four of them, and the two girls. One, F22DAF, was blonde and I sat opposite her for a few moments. She seemed strikingly similar in facial features to the first girl I had seen that day, the one with the super red hair, but F22DAF was even prettier, with one of those heart-melting faces you could fall in love with almost straightaway. She avoided my glance and appeared slightly agitated, exchanging a small comment with her friend. Something to say – ‘You’re pretty’ – came into my head but it sounded hollow to my inner ear; it was not spoken.

My expulsion from the squatter’s meeting flashed briefly through my mind, sufficient to give me a fleeting sense, or anticipation, of rejection. The tension was too much and I abruptly left. My intention had only been to buy a couple of cigarettes in any case.

Once outside I looked back and the object of my brief adoration was moving slowly and spreading her limbs in a release of tension, but there had been none of this manner while I had been inside. However I may have caught the hint of a certain atmosphere as I went in.

CONSIDERATIONS IN THE SUPER-FEMININE STATE. Then things went from bad to worse. Rounding a corner I slowed to absolute minimum cycling speed, realizing I wanted to return but that it would be embarrassing to do so. Going back involved losing face among the people there, because to them the reason I had done so would be obvious. It would also demonstrate that I was uncaring as to what they thought, and thus risked giving offence to them.

I stopped on one of the bridges nearby. Another group of squatters was gathering outside the large *grachtenhuis* on the other side of the Herengracht in which M28DSW had lived. It was about to be reoccupied after being evicted several months earlier. I watched them while thinking what to do, then decided to resume my original plan of visiting M53I on his houseboat. If he was out, as he probably would be on such a sunny afternoon, I would return to CS2 and see if F22DAF was still there.

M53I was at home and after around ten or fifteen minutes of slightly agitated conversation, eating something at the same time, I decided to return to CS2 anyway and set off for the five-minute journey back. Nearing CS2 I cycled along the opposite side of the canal to try and see from a distance if the girls were still there; it looked as if they were not. Then I looked inside as I went past on the near-side, to check.

Once during this circular journey I stopped at the house but there was some confusion as to the order in which these events took place, due to my neurotic state. I had pulled up outside the coffeeshop, having decided to go in regardless and stay a while, but having seen that F22DAF and her friend were no longer inside I decided not to go in after all. A very peculiar sensation was experienced as I came to a sudden stop just beyond the door. It might have been like an arrow hitting its mark, but finding the words to accurately describe the sensation is not easy. I felt as if I were a duck making a crash-landing.

The light was fading as I cycled back from visiting M53I again a couple of hours later. A blonde shock of hair was seen ahead, lots of it in a long tail, almost reaching her waist. At the Rozengracht the lights were red and the junction busy enough that not to stop would be unwise. "Hey-ho" I said as I pulled alongside and deliberately started a conversation, regardless of what she looked like. Later we cycled alongside and talked. I know that I went slightly farther along our common route so as to extend the conversation and I think she did also. She was attractive too, but my intention had only been to resolve neurosis and making a proposal as we parted, even though a hint may have been given, was not my intention; she was not F22DAF. A proposal would also have seemed blunt.

The atmosphere in CS2 was noticeably different that night for not having a girl working, with no sense of an oppressive atmosphere. I was

friendly and more talkative than usual: further attempts on my part to resolve neurosis. By returning several times to CS2 that day I had, in a classic exercise in male displacement, substituted the location for the target.

Now having detailed the neurotic incident I wish to examine why my emotions were so forceful and behaviour so erratic; the background to the encounter which, I am sure, will reveal why seemingly trivial incidents like these can inspire such intense emotions. Social exchanges like this in England would hardly provoke these effects.

F25G had paid a brief visit from Germany about three weeks previously but I had no especial sense of being frustrated. However it must be said, not in particular reference to this incident, that it would seem as if others could tell I was getting desperate even before I knew myself. Or perhaps neurosis was being directly interpreted as frustration.

I had met a couple of promising girls at BIGBAR5, F16DD (a punkette who showed adorable dimples in her cheeks when she smiled) and another, but long delays were being specified before meeting or contacting them again. Around four weeks previously I had telephoned to arrange a meeting with P4, whom I had known for seven months by this stage, to be told "We're very busy, it'll have to be in three or four weeks time."

Females imposing such delays was the result of either impulse or habit. But then, being more specific, we can simply attribute it to instinct. It was an atavistic expression of female drives, a strategy which had been refined over generations. I was being tested by these females; they were prevaricating to elongate the selection process. If I were to find someone better, whom I would bond to more, before my next contact with them, I would be expected to abandon; the female would prefer to wait for another who would bond to her more strongly in this instance. Similarly, if the female found a superior male in the intervening period I would be ditched and, at best, descend in rank in the Celestial Waiting List. That was the theory behind these females telling me that they were all as busy as high-flying executives, as if they spent their life jet-setting between business meetings.

This was why the neurotic emotions were so intense: firstly it was reinforced in two separate incidents and secondly I had failed to resolve a growing desire for a Paragon. F22DAF was undoubtedly a potential Paragon and this would have increased the tension inspired by the transaction, which in reality was merely a signal exchange. A Paragonic template, even a temporary one, which would have protected me from neurosis, was not in place. The instinct for a Paragon had not been satisfied by close, affectionate or even loving physical contact.

Afterwards I nearly lulled myself into a belief that the incident had been a nothing, almost as if I had imagined it. In reality F22DAF, who had

certainly looked at me during my conversation at the bar, had deliberately avoided signalling, not even giving a look in my direction when my attention was on her. Thus she had actually signalled in an honest fashion. All it would have taken to resolve my neurosis at this point would have been to start an innocuous conversation, which would probably have come to nothing in any case, and all that had been required of her was look at me at the moment when I had been most likely to speak.

The following day I felt slightly bitter towards F22DAF, because a gorgeous girl like her would receive plenty of male approaches. She would have no shortage of attention from males, or it could be procured at a moment's notice. The agitation she expressed might have been because she really did want to give a signal, or at least have my attention. She may have feared giving an overt signal because a male had formerly reacted angrily on rejection and accused her: 'You signalled.' Or perhaps I make the same presumption as some females who think that I should have little difficulty.

ORIGIN OF IoR. No, I am sure that a girl with an angel face like hers could choose from a large number of potential partners, males who had been throwing themselves at her for months. There would be those near her home, from her work or college, the friends of her female friends or social circle. But they were not good enough: they were just fish and chips and she wanted the romantic equivalent of a ten-course meal. It was our old friend IoR again: she wanted it to be special, she wanted romance, she wanted this indulgence even though every time she encountered it the process would be harder to repeat. Here, I realized at last, I had struck upon the very origin of IoR.

There was bitterness also with the awareness that her desires would dissipate rapidly and she would become resistive and selective as soon as a male approached her. If she succeeded in attracting a suitable male she would rise to consolidate her control the moment she sensed that her position was secure enough to do so.

The incident was deeply depressing during the following few days, relegating my exclusion from the squatters' gathering to unimportance. I was, I thought, suffering this degree of neurosis and the girls had not even started taking their clothes off yet, revealing those shapely curves and inviting folds which altogether sang of pleasure. It was likely to be the first neurotic incident of many; I had to try and brace myself for the pain of them.

Both Red Hair and F22DAF had almost certainly been hunting. They may have set forth for the centre of Amsterdam with that goal, perhaps having read one of the articles in the Dutch women's magazines, 'How to

get a man.' It was spring and spring was the female hunting season, summer the male. The weather was getting warmer and a spring truce was in place; my street had gone quiet. It was evident that a great disparity existed in the perception and social acceptance of a female hunting and a male doing so.

F22DAF had probably been indiscriminately signalling that she was hunting to the others in the coffeeshop before I arrived: the Playful Abandon Signals of a hunting female. Everyone would have realized what was going on but I. This general distribution of neurosis is a feature of all indiscriminate signals.

QUEEN'S DAY. The day of festivities which was Koninginnedag, Queen's Day, when Amsterdam erupted into pandemonium, had begun as a celebration of the Queen's birthday but with typical Dutch pragmatism was now held on the Queen Mother's. To have moved it on the succession would have meant holding it when the weather was less clement. Thus 30 April was a day on which anything could be sold without tax, and streets all over Holland were lined with stalls selling bric-a-brac and food. As usual my street remained relatively tranquil but within a short distance the crowds were such that riding a bicycle was impossible and the only realistic option was to join the throng and go with the flow.

Every Queen's Day the canals filled with boat parties waving to other vessels and the people pressing against the railings on the bridges. The day seemed to be a national catharsis of free and sporadic marking; the instincts to distribute markers indiscriminately which were suppressed for the rest of the year were being resolved. I joined a crowd standing on the Lijnbaansbrug, near where the canal merged into the river by Centraal Station.

Below the bridge were four male Police Agents in one of their high speed, open speedboats. One of the policemen had seen a couple of girls he knew in the crowd and they had stopped to talk to them. They were invited aboard. One of the girls, a blonde, had a round, full figure in a bright red dress while the other had dark hair and was more conservatively dressed. The latter was transferred into the boat first.

The interesting thing was how this was accomplished; the brick and concrete sides of the canal were high at this point and the operation of getting the girls down into the speedboat was not a trivial one. It was made more difficult by the evident hesitancy of all the men to handle the women. True, there must have been at least a hundred people watching, but by far the simplest method would have been for the men to have placed their strong hands under the girl's arms or, even more easily, for one of the policemen to have taken the girl in a bear hug, grabbing her somewhere between her knees and her buttocks, and then put her down

onto the floor of the boat after a brief embrace. Instead the men held out their hands without connecting and waited for the girls to put their hands onto their shoulders. This clumsy procedure was repeated for both the girls. Obviously it was not just me who was neurotic about physical contact; it was everywhere, even institutionalized.

The second event, also on a boating theme, occurred later in the day when M48D, a rugged, worldly-wise Dutchman and one of the more popular of the characters who frequented CS2, invited everyone there for a cruise. He had a large open wooden boat with an engine near the stern and a long tiller. This sometimes had to be swung violently from one side to the other, as the boat was manoeuvred around sharp corners, to avoid other boats or to shuttle out of jams.

The boat was well-filled but not packed. Our skipper M48D stayed at the back, peering forward as we progressed on our way. In the front centre were three females aged between 20 and 30; one was F22D and another had a baby. One male was in this circle. Another regular at CS2, also a mildly erratic Dutchman, and I stood on the wooden seats so that we had to stoop when we passed under low bridges. One or two older females were among the people sitting around the sides but besides those mentioned, the remainder, perhaps ten or so, were males of various creeds and colours including, of course, Dutch. We chugged along waving and watching, passing joints and bottles of drink between us.

One group of jokers on a bridge packed with hundreds of delighted spectators had pails on lengths of rope and were tipping water onto the occupants of the boats as they emerged from under the bridge. Then the pails would be dropped into the canal to be refilled for the next round. Thanks to evasive manoeuvres by M48D however we escaped with only minor splashes.

Sailing along the Amstel it became evident that spirits on the side were running a little higher than was advisable. A floating platform was moored opposite the Bloemenmarkt, near the Koningsplein. Some glass beer bottles were being flung from the platform in our direction. F22D stood to shout "*Kindermoorderen*" (child murderers) at the group of boisterous males at the side. One of the group of beer drinkers from the floating platform was at this moment in the water doggy-paddling, trying to retrieve a whole crateful of empties which had similarly been propelled into the water. '*Kindermoorderer*' seemed just about the worst insult that could be hurled; I remembered it being used in similar fashion before.

The most interesting thing however, and to me the most striking perception of the voyage, was the central group in our boat. There was three females and a baby which was occasionally passed between them, and one Dutch male. He was attached to one of the females and had evidently been influenced by the relationship. Uniquely among the male

passengers in the boat, he could relate freely with the females, and could talk and gesticulate seemingly without inhibition. He was unselfconscious and without fear or nervousness; his mannerisms were completely non-threatening and agreeable to the females. I was one of the few who moved around and passed comments to their group. Even so the comments I did make were via F22D.

It might have been a microcosm of Amsterdam society: one male granted sexual (even reproductive) benefits and all this entailed. Some of those benefits I could see right before me. A large proportion at least of the other males were not so privileged and all they could do was impotently look on. It was a model of Dutch female selectivity and the granting of sexual and reproductive privileges by them. Furthermore, it suddenly struck me, this process had been going on for generations.

At BIGBAR5 that night I almost certainly received invitations for sex from two plain Bitches of around 17, but both were in the form of tokens and were not accepted. Somehow I had been under the impression that the use of tokens was something which developed during the season, but evidently this was not so.

APPROACH DISPLACEMENT. A revelation occurred a short time later which shed additional light on the neurotic incident. There was a repeated pattern of a female becoming agitated on receipt of a male signal. Typically a male would look directly at one of a pair of females and the object of his attention would then animatedly start talking to her female companion. This, I realized, was evidence that formerly it was normal for the female to approach the male, she being more sensitive to signals and adept at their interpretation than he. Originally it would not have been that the female signals and the male responds, but vice versa. This would have been a strong female strategy, but evidently not as successful as the mechanism which evolved from it.

ADVANCED APPROACH DISPLACEMENT: RESPONSE DISPLACEMENT. Another behaviour makes sense in this context, because Approach Displacement is its precursor. I would become known to a female to the extent that I believed we were friends, or at least friendly. Then we would meet by chance in a pub or café and I would sit next to her. After only a cursory exchange with me she would engross herself in conversation with someone who worked there (male or female, and whichever side of the counter they happened to be on), sometimes leaning with her elbow on the counter leaving me looking at the back of her head, but in each case practically ignoring me. The first instance I could recall was F20EBB in a Hove pub but there were three subsequent occasions in Amsterdam. In three cases the female was one I wanted but my attempts to steer the

relationship to a satisfactory outcome had failed; in the fourth the situation could have been construed as such.

I saw a young girl walking a dog on the Herengracht several times, and eventually decided I had seen her so many times that I should say hello. When I approached she actually put a hand over her mouth to prevent herself giving a reply.

The next time I saw M21QIMS I was told that the squatters from the meeting had occupied the canal boat which had been their objective, but after the crowd had departed those remaining had taken fright and deserted it. M28FY told me I was a *wilde kraker* (wild squatter), outside of orthodox squatter circles and of a kind often disliked by conventional squatters.

ADVANCED LEVEL. In the analysis of the Neurotic Incident I considered that an advanced level of understanding had been reached, and jotted down the following Exercises for Advanced Students:

1. Approach an unorthodox target in the presence of a) an elder, b) peers or c) an existing partner;
2. Cope when two Unconsolidated Paragons turn up at the same place at the same time;
3. Formally prove that the Paragon exists;
4. Stay sane in Amsterdam.

Matriarchy

May 1993

F21DF Female, 21, Dutch flimsy
 F30DAC Female, 30, Dutch artistic couple
 M30DAC Male, 30, Dutch artistic couple
 M38AS Male, 38, Australian squatter

My patience with P4 expired on their admission of knowledge of the male requirement for sex and their veiled but discernible gloating over the situation. They were perfectly unexceptional yet refused to acknowledge my achievements, which far exceeded theirs. Our last meeting was during an afternoon and lasted only half an hour because the blonde said she had a dental appointment. Most of the arrogance was displayed by the dark signaller and as we parted I learnt that she had achieved her objective in any case, a place to stay in Amsterdam, due to a relationship she had secured with another male.

A week after the neurotic incident an attractive young woman was flirting around in coffeeshop CS2. This environment was normally constrained and self-conscious but she was basking in the attentions of two or three men; another girl, not so attractive, was also in her group. It was just possible, I thought, that she was the girl I had seen the week before, and reasoned that the quickest way to find out was to ask, so I did. "Excuse me, were you here last Sunday?" I asked, explaining that I had a poor memory for faces. "No" she said, pointing to her friend: "Ask her." On reflection she bore very little resemblance, beyond hair colour, to F22DAF; her friend bore still less. There was no doubt whatever that my query had been interpreted as an approach.

ELDER FEMALES. Older females complain of feeling that they become a non-person after their menopause, generally ignored by people and not acknowledged. The stereotypical Dutch post-menopausal female wore a wide gown over a large, rotund body and this type would give me disapproving looks as I rested at the side of the Kalverstraat or Nieuwendijk while hunting. Once I had been rushing to a supermarket just before closing time and sped by a woman of about 50 on my bike, rather close due to my path having been obstructed by a car. "*Mannen!*" (Men!) she exclaimed disgustedly. I wondered how embittered older females became when male attentions were withdrawn after their menopause, and the extent of their influence on younger females.

FEMALE LONGEVITY. SUBSTITUTES. Male life can be highly variable due to the stresses of male struggles, with dramatic swings between intense activity in conflict or competition and rest. In contrast, the female requirement is for a stable period of pregnancy and nurture in order to pass on her genes, and this is a possible origin of female longevity. Females store more energy in fatty tissue; a proportion do so to a greater extent.

Sex is less harmful for the male than many of its traditional or contemporary substitutes. Male sex substitutes often involve alcohol or drugs, which are harmful to a greater or lesser extent, or thrills, the latter directly equating to risk-taking (the greater the risk, the greater the thrill). Conversely, female sex substitutes are a great deal safer than male ones. The main female sex substitutes are food and relationships with other females or domestic pets. This is another potential explanation for the difference in longevity between males and females.

HYPOTHESIS OF MATRIARCHY. A matriarchal power structure might have been isolated in some subsections of Amsterdam society but this could not be proved, failing a precise definition. My ejection from the squatter meeting, with barely a murmur of male dissent, was evidence of a matriarchy within the squat community.

There was this important revelation concerning relationships: that once a female had targeted a male, at which time everything suddenly and almost miraculously became easy, or when the male found himself automatically responsive to and actively controlled by signals, the only remaining control available to him was to disrupt the proceedings. This would usually occur before the relationship proper got under way, since this was the period of maximal female control and from which the male would subconsciously rebel.

This certainly explained a deal of male behaviour. Males have been known to deliberately go late to a meeting, or sit outside or in a nearby café without calling at a female's home as arranged. The relationship

would be disrupted and often effectively discontinued.

Another girl with strong female characteristics was F21DF, a brunette of diminutive build whom I had first met in BAR4. She played name games when I met her once in BAR1, loved to gossip and stonewalled. Once I met her with two males at Spectators' Corner and she gave me her address. I called on her several times but she was never in. During one of these attempts I had been overwhelmed by a sense of being like a clockwork toy, of mechanically conforming to female signals or acting on male instincts. It was a sense that the actions being performed, which one ostensibly thought were autonomous, had really been calculatedly stimulated by the female.

It was M34EEI's account of his failure to take the bait progressively offered by an experienced female predator that brought this tentative awareness to urgent comprehension. It was the thwarted male instinct for control. In the field of relationships, a field which had been elevated in importance in any case, the females had achieved a complete monopoly of control. If the only control remaining to the male was to arrest the sex, then arrest it he would.

SIGNALS ABOVE SPEECH. If the definition of matriarchy was that females had elevated signals above speech, as they were constantly attempting to do and usually succeeded, then the hypothesis was true. Virtually all of the recent relational transactions which had taken place between a female and I had been dominated by signals.

My encounter with F16DD, the punkette with dimples I had met at BIGBAR5, was typical: I would talk about where we might go but she would not reply. A silent pause would follow and then she would dive off, expecting me to follow. Finally she went to cling with exaggerated affection to another, which was my cue to abandon. A touch on the shoulder for example, which was not desired or at the wrong time would be met with a frown, not a comment.

The other girl from BIGBAR5 dropped me on the telephone, not telling me directly but with increasingly evasive excuses, until finally the handset was thrown back onto the cradle by another as soon as it was determined who was calling. When I had first met these girls however both had seemed as keen on me as I on them.

More formally, there were two notable stalemates with females where no relationship developed because of their insistence on signals and refusal to respond to verbal proposals, while for my part I refused to respond to signals and insisted on spoken agreement. F22D is probably the best example previously. Then at a gathering in a bar she was again rather tipsy and gave the Wave of Keys Signal in my direction once more, whereupon another male immediately stepped into my place and steered her out of the

door. There was also F26DQB, whom I ran into fully a year after the original experiment involving her.

SECOND F26DQB. I met F26DQB again while walking through the Herenstraat one evening and we agreed to go for a drink. On the way F26DQB stopped several times to look in the shop windows of the Herenstraat and Prinsenstraat and I shared in her perceptions. We sat for a while in a bar, which was quiet, and I asked her about Fast Walking: she confirmed that it made approaches less likely. She offered to make a joint and we went outside to smoke it. By this time darkness was drawing in but it was still warm. We ended up sitting near the bridge at the junction of the Leliegracht and Prinsengracht, on a section a little below the roadway. We sat together overlooking the canal and talked and smoked the joint.

At one point I stopped following her conversation and in mid-sentence broke in to say "Can I put my arm around you?" but she refused. A few minutes later a solitary red rose floated past in the water below us. Asian men going round the bars and cafés selling them to couples were a common feature but they didn't seem to sell enough to justify the number of vendors. I noticed the discarded rose drifting past, and it struck me as deeply symbolic, but I didn't point it out to F26DQB. After she had refused to let me put my arm around her there didn't seem much point.

Once she smeared her lips with lip balm as with a lipstick. I was invited back to her flat but then she began frantically weakening markers, saying that she would often sit by the canal and share a joint with someone on warm spring evenings, and invite them back for tea. I asked her once or twice subsequently if we could go out together and then gave up.

GENERAL TRANSFORMATION OF MARKERS. Markers were being routinely transformed by young Amsterdam females. All knew that a drink could be, and frequently was, a token for sex. Consequently she would only accept a drink from a male whom she trusted not to infer this or a similar connotation from its acceptance. Thus the male was supposed to feel privileged that the female would accept a drink from him, that she was doing him an honour by accepting it.

A mature female would be unlikely to accept a drink as a gift because of possible obligations being placed upon her, or resentment being subsequently expressed by the male if she gave nothing in return. The male, I presumed, would not mind incurring such costs if it was the case that another female could be found without too much difficulty who would give him sex.

It was clear from remarks over a long period that females were aware of males' physical need, not just desire, for sex. Yet, and it was impossible not

to draw a comparison, there were the ostentatious displays of intimacy between females, like kissing each other almost full on the lips on parting, and the rise in female homosexuality. Both male-male and female-female displays of intimacy were relatively uninhibited, while for heterosexual couples holding hands signified either 'We fuck or are going to fuck' or was akin to a public statement: 'This is my chosen one.' Similarly there was a great contrast between the sympathy and deference shown by females towards animals and their willingness to heap derision and inflict suffering on males.

Regarding the alacrity females demanded from males when they were in a state of preparedness or arousal, the denouement was that local females had fallen into a confidence that they could have any male they desired, whether for casual sex or a relationship. Hesitation by the male was a challenge to that confidence and was intolerable to them.

There was a sense of widespread derision of males by females, barely hidden, and male concerns were routinely cast aside as inconsequential. Anything involving a single male seemed to carry an air of sordidness, or sleaziness, as if the male were indelibly tainted with the stigma 'Just looking for sex.' An activity would be regarded as legitimate however if a female was involved, and especially so if children were included; in the absence of either a dog was an acceptable substitute.

'I'M NICE' SIGNAL. Stroking an animal locally denoted 'I'm nice'; some males would set about it like a chore. By American females this message is often conveyed by a particular vocal inflection. In photographs of women it appears as a sideways inclination of the head (as if in sympathy).

M28DLTS had already commented on the absence of romance on the streets. Females had high expectations of IoR and many members of couples were evidently still looking for a better partner; it was obvious that their current partner was not a Paragon. Signals from accompanied females would be directed towards me, sometimes slightly shamefully. Amsterdam had one of the most beautiful and romantic city centres in the world, even after seven years of living here it still had not lost its charm, yet a real love affair was a rare event. When love did occur it usually went unrequited: the female would merely bask in the warm glow of adoration and relish the additional power and confidence it gave her.

COCOON EFFECT. The male learns to suppress his attentions to other females during his initial relational transactions with a female. This would be a natural or emulated Cocoon Effect: talking to someone and being completely oblivious to others, as happens with someone one knows well or is very attracted to. This had certainly happened between F25G and I

when out one night and also with LO1; less intensely with males I knew well. Similarly, an astute female will steer the male who is her objective away from potential rivals.

SUPER-FEMININE STATE. A female-friendly atmosphere pervaded in which looks and other non-verbal communication were considered important. After a trip to England this atmosphere would creep up slowly and almost imperceptibly until it totally stifled male directness. Making a proposal felt like delivering an ultimatum. When such subtleties as looks and signals are considered significant, a proposal, even if such was required, seemed coarse and almost violent.

There was a feeling that everyone was watching each other and this certainly had a rational explanation: it was precisely because they were. People lived very close together and during clement weather immobile ranks of spectators were formed by the people sitting on the café terraces. Then there were the mobile podia of the trams, the people waiting at the tram shelters and the anonymous observers on the *bateaux-mouches*. These would shimmer by with little more than a gurgle and a splash of waves against the side of the canal. At their peak they passed every few minutes or so, a moving island of tourists wielding cameras and camcorders. Walking back from the post office once I had used my umbrella to shield myself not from the rain but from the gaze of the occupants of a passing tourist boat. The population of Amsterdam was 760,000 but the city received around two million visitors per year.

The attentions of the tourists however were not nearly so disquieting as those of the Dutch, who were far more intense in their perception. Something stronger than a suspicion arose that Amsterdammers were watching each other so intently out of fear of missing something. Their own neuroses could be contained more comfortably with a knowledge that no-one else was getting what they also desired.

FEMALE RESPONSE INSTINCTS. A very common female phenomenon was a delay before following a natural, curious instinct to turn round and look at someone, or some minor event close-by. A loaded pause would occur when a person moved alongside at a shop window, at a counter or in a queue, as she tried to pretend that she had no interest in who it was. She very evidently wanted to look but inhibited herself from doing so, or there would be a delay and then she would sneak a glance. If one looked directly at a girl at close quarters she would wilfully refuse to acknowledge the male signal even with a glimpse. This pattern was consistent among females of all ages. Once I smiled and waved to a girl of about 4 through a shop window but she just stared blankly back, immutably refusing to

acknowledge my friendly greeting, and this sort of thing happened several times with only minor variation. Girls as young as 7 would bristle to attention and employ peripheral vision the instant they saw me looking at them. Female behaviour was no longer spontaneous but had developed to confer maximal control and advantage to them.

There was that feeling of being abused, mentally raped by being taken to the brink, repeatedly pushed to my limit just to see how I would react. It was a burden having to suppress my feelings of anger, like having to fight the urge to spit at my girl neighbours when they ignored a greeting, and frustration. Bitterness had accumulated from all the times I had been manipulated, led on by females who had little or no intention of assenting to my proposal but nonetheless were curious to discover its form.

I met the girl who had dropped me on the telephone in BIGBAR5 again and to my surprise she asked me to ignore her. She wanted to observe as an interested spectator while remaining secure in the safety of remoteness, with not even the participation of a response being required of her.

SITTING APART. Invitations to join someone you knew when meeting them coincidentally in a bar or coffeeshop were rare; one was expected to know when it was appropriate. The situation repeatedly arose in which someone you knew would be sitting in another area of the bar, within sight. This could happen especially if you were feeling self-conscious or they were with a female, with the rationale that one did not want to disturb the time they had together. There were numerous variations on this score. Once F30D and F26DQB arrived together (!) at a bar I had been about to leave because I knew no-one there, then insisted on Sitting Apart from me.

In Sitting Apart the female is able to spectate with no demands being made upon her. A handle state (the relationship) is weakened and a marker is distributed (being in the same place as not only the person with whom she has a relationship but also the others).

In contrast, if I was with a female, a male who otherwise would have been unlikely to join me did so on two occasions; this was effectively Spoiling.

Visiting females would indulge themselves by being ruthlessly exploitative, using males to find places to stay, where to obtain drugs like ecstasy or amphetamine, places to go out or to glean inside information to make them feel secure and at home. They frequently succeeded due to male desires to place markers being frustrated in their normal intercourse with Amsterdam females.

Exchanges with local females were more complex and amounted to a process of discovery about how you were faring: how you were doing in

the sex-battle and what new armoury you had at your disposal for it.

Females derived strength from being uniquely able to follow their instincts. Males were inhibited and afflicted by neurosis, often burdened not only with the tasks of maintaining society but of controlling their drives, many of which were not as socially acceptable as female ones. Male instincts had to be controlled more frequently and more forcefully. Even those male instincts which were socially acceptable were seldom allowed to be expressed.

Further, the male protective instinct was unresolved. For the local females I felt that I needed protecting from them, not vice versa. To feel protective towards these arrogant and scabrous Amsterdam females was plainly ridiculous. They were arrogant, they universally thought the sun shone from their rear-ends and most assuredly they were difficult to handle with decency. Even the egos of plain females were inflated, with ordinary Dutch girls from the provinces like P4 seeing themselves as saviours of the world, rescuing it from the evils of male domination such as pollution and environmental damage. The reality was that without male technology we would still be living in caves. Females had barely any skill at all beside their ability to manipulate males, enforced by the stranglehold they had over them regarding sex. It was true for P4 as well as, it seemed, females generally, that although they did not necessarily ascribe to the views of militant feminists they had few reservations about exploiting the benefits gained by them.

MATRIARCHY. If a matriarchy was in place it was the worst, the most abhorrent form of helotry. It would be 'You discover everything, invent everything, dig all the holes in the ground and do all the work to keep the system going and I'll just sit and watch and even, if you let me, I'll tell you what to do.' The females were major carriers of information as males divulged it in their efforts to impress and their frustrated desires to place markers. It was the females towards whom all the attention was directed. When females moved, especially attractive ones, males followed. I remembered waiting for a train one evening at Canonbury, near where F36EF lived. There were two girls, one tall and attractive, the other shorter and less so, and about five males. All were about 13 or 14. The tall girl led the group up and down the entire length of the platform at her whim four or five times. I had been sitting on a bench some way back but even so had felt an urge to follow.

There was the potent influence of a single female holding a public auction for her favours in a snack bar, or a similar effect on the atmosphere of a small art exhibition by a pair of hunting females.

This latter event was telling in another way. F30DAC was the partner of M30DAC; the two were an artistic couple. F30DAC had been flirting with

me for some time and M30DAC was worried that I might fraternize with his partner behind his back. The exhibition was of a huge painting by F30DAC on the theme of the Ice Man, the 5,000 year-old body discovered in a glacier between Austria and Italy in 1991. Apparently some women, thinking that since he had been preserved in ice his sperm would still be viable, had expressed a desire to be impregnated with it, a fantasy which F30DAC had evidently shared.

A complicated system had been instituted whereby a voucher was exchanged for a glass of champagne, and to which I characteristically refused to adhere. During one of my forays to the improvised bar to get a refill M30DAC said "You're not following the rules." I had just been talking to F30DAC and there was an obvious allusion to the situation between us. "If someone will tell me what the rules are I'll tell you if I'm breaking them" I had replied. No-one knew what was right or wrong anymore; the goalposts had not so much been moved, they were running all over the football pitch.

It was not just in the field of relationships that tacit rules had been discarded. M38AS had spent several years living in Amsterdam squats, finally spending a year as a guest of M53I. He had claimed to be poor and without means, but it eventually came out that his father owned a sizeable chunk of Little Rock, Arkansas. His family constantly moved to avoid paying tax, since M38AS's father was as parsimonious as M38AS was. Tales of the extraordinary lengths to which M38AS would go to avoid spending money were legion. At one point M53I fell to thinking about a will, and said that perhaps he should bequeath his houseboat to certain friends to whom he felt he owed recompense, whereupon M38AS, already the heir to millions, begged M53I to leave it to him.

In a just society neither wealth nor other benefits should be concentrated in the hands of the selfish and greedy, who have the best instinctive resources for accumulating them. A debt owed by F36EF which was now unlikely to be repaid seemed representative of a continual drift of property into the possession of females. One girlfriend I briefly had in Amsterdam illustrated the advanced case. She, foreseeing the end of the relationship, had borrowed something with no intention either of returning the item or of formally terminating our association.

Around the end of May this male and others became intermittently short-tempered and aggressive in manner. In me, a feeling of disgust could arise on hearing a certain intonation of the Dutch female voice. A particular consonant, similar to a cat growl, would sometimes be emphasized by females. This sound particularly would provoke a reaction of distaste and revulsion.

Forms and Indicators of Female Influence

May 1993

FEMINATION AND MASCULINATION. Two kinds of female influence are defined: *femination* is the influence of a female on an individual male while *feminization* is the collective influence of females on males. The feminated male is sexually sated; femination makes him feel more masculine. Thus the feminated male will be more aggressive, in general, than the feminized.

A male who is subject to the collective influence of females but who has no physical relationship with one is feminized but unfeminated. A male who has a sexual relationship with a female but which is dominated and controlled by her will be only partially feminated. One effect of feminization without femination appears to be an elevated awareness of others in the immediate vicinity. I believe that my response during the Fall, inhibiting my urge to jump on the man's chest, which was more or less what was required, was a feminized but unfeminated response.

Females are correspondingly *masculinated* and/or *masculinized*. Again, the masculinated female is sexually sated.

Table 7. Male Categorizations and Stereotypes

COMBINATION	STEREOTYPE	POSSIBLE EXTREME
Feminized and feminated	Devoted and dutiful husband	
Feminized and unfeminated	Unattached male	Serial killer
Unfeminized and feminated	Macho bully boy	
Unfeminized and unfeminated	Isolated male	Spree killer

FORMS AND INDICATORS OF FEMALE INFLUENCE. Several of the following characteristics, such as those involving rapidity of response, originate from females being physically weaker than males and have evolved to compensate for that deficiency. Other behaviours derive from females projecting their nature onto males.

1. Moving slowly, especially when approaching someone.
2. Having to wait for the right time to ask or say something.
3. Conversation or activity pauses when another conversation or minor event takes place.
4. Development of personal relations (however superficial) among business colleagues.
5. Singularity of relationships. Disloyalty. Falling in and out of favour.
6. Disruption of business affairs due to breakdowns in social relationships. Arrangements and projects failing because of such breakdowns and not because the objective (at least, the stated objective) has changed (Diversionary Purpose).
7. Atmospherics, that is, walking into a room or office and sensing that the atmosphere has changed by one's presence. Over-attentiveness to others; empathic airs.
8. Cosy atmospheres; smiling during any conversation.

COMPULSIVE SMILING. In Amsterdam people would commonly break into a smile immediately a conversation started. A conscious act was required to stop oneself responding similarly and one did not always succeed. The smiling could persist even in the most unlikely circumstances. Two examples are given: firstly some severely handicapped youngsters were interviewed on Dutch TV and secondly a woman seated on the back of another cycle accidentally brushed against mine and fell off, practically bouncing along the road on her backside. In both these cases the continuous smiles and exaggerated affability were hardly perturbed throughout. Synchronizing with individuals displaying this manner was compulsive and could only be resisted by the most determined act of will. Smiling by females is a defence mechanism, raising the cost of disturbance of the cosy environment so created.

9. Agreeing with everything someone says, or presuming that by an association with a person one does so (e.g. guilt by association).
10. Increased imitation. Perhaps the most basic examples are girl-children pushing toy prams and playing with dolls, and boys playing soldiers. Typical female imitation is randomly pushing buttons until an apparatus shows some semblance of working (or stopping working, if that is desired).
11. Prevalence of Affectionate Farewells. The origin of exaggerated displays of affection on parting is the female signalling most strongly at the very moment when sex can no longer take place (Proposition 7). The most despicable form of the Affectionate Farewell however is praising someone who has materially contributed to society, in terms of its happiness or advancement, only after they have died. Only when it is too late for them to be given any real benefit in acknowledgment of their contribution is it recognized as such.
12. Less physical sex.
13. Increased monogamy.
14. Intensification of male breeding competition.
15. Preferential selection by females of docile males and males expressing other female characteristics. (Miscellaneous examples of males expressing female characteristics are a father's attitude 'No man is good enough for my daughter,' or a younger male derogating a female as an 'easy lay.' Both are cases of males increasing the cost of sex, which is a female characteristic.)
16. Miscegenation and ensuing degeneration in human genetic diversity.

SURVEY 2. This survey was undertaken to try and confirm my subjective impression that taking a partner of alien race was a female characteristic.

During the provisional survey 22 White Female, Coloured Male couples and 8 White Male, Coloured Female couples were counted. Of the 22 WFCM, 12 followed what I regarded as the stereotypical pattern, that of a White Female, Negro Male. The duration of this first survey, really only intended to check the design of the subsequent survey, was 60 minutes.

Thereafter the survey proper took place on seven Saturday afternoons on the Nieuwendijk. For the subject couples, just walking together was not enough: I had to be reasonably assured that they were partners and this

was established by the observation of certain subtle signals. In this culture walking together probably meant that something was going on, but for this purpose walking together was not enough. If there were mutual sideways glances I regarded this as an indication that the relationship was unconsolidated; they were not included in the count. There had to be a clear indication of intimacy, the minimum confirmation being repeated brushing against each other as they walked along.

I tried my best to be fair, if not too fair; at one point I found myself consciously resisting the temptation to look for WMCF to offset the obvious high score of WFCM. If the couples were recognized they were not counted twice. Hair texture was often a good indicator in ambiguous cases. No regard of age was taken.

Table 8. Results of Survey 2, the Preference Survey

MONTH, DURATION	WMCF (WMNF)	WFCM (WFNM)	OF	OM	AM or AF	AF	AM
May, 120	17 (–)	26 (11)	–	–	9	–	–
June, 130	21 (6)	30 (11)	–	–	7	–	–
June, 155	25 (11)	36 (14)	3	3	–	3	9
June, 80	9 (5)	15 (4)	4	0	–	6	3
July, 65	8 (3)	24 (10)	0	0	–	0	2
July, 105	12 (6)	23 (12)	4	1	–	5	7
July, 105	15 (4)	20 (8)	7	4	–	5	3
TOTALS	107 (35 +)	174 (70)	18+	8+			

Key to Table 8

WMCF	White Males with Coloured Females
(WMNF)	Number of WMCF which were White Male, Negro Female
WFCM	White Females with Coloured Males
(WFNM)	Number of WFCM which were White Female, Negro Male
OF	White Males with Oriental Females
OM	White Females with Oriental Males
AM or AF	Ambiguous male or female
AF	Female of ambiguous race, irrespective of the male
AM	Male of ambiguous race, irrespective of the female
Duration	Duration of the session in minutes
–	No count taken
+	Minimum figure, since count incomplete

Nieuwendijk, Central Amsterdam, 1993

17. Increased population.
18. Greater social uniformity.
19. Inquisitive questioning. Pretending to be interested in one thing (such as something being sold) to obtain information about another (such as the status and wealth of the seller). (Diversionary Purpose.)
20. Control of information. Not divulging information until the reason for it being requested is understood and agreed with: 'Why do you want to know?'
21. Attribution of equal gravity to something which is said to something which is done.
22. Correspondences between disparate groups i.e. conspiracies. (The 'unholy alliance' already had a name in Dutch: *monsterverbond* – a monstrous alliance.)
23. Cultural stagnation, especially recycling former styles in fashion, art and music.
24. Lack of Secrecy. Compulsive confessions. A Lack of Secrecy obviously increases the cost of sex; for example, it is not possible to have 'a quick one' with a female chum without everyone knowing about it and interpreting the association as a statement of partner choice. It also ensures that only one female within a circle can ever be successfully approached. An absence of secrecy quells female fears and insecurity, and the accumulation of these origins may explain why the female abhorrence of secrecy is such a strong one. The interest a female has in acquiring information is proportional to the reticence shown in divulging it. A common manifestation of Lack of Secrecy is large, unobscured windows allowing everyone to see in and out.
25. Irrational fear (including paranoia about paedophilia and incest).
26. Use of peripheral vision by males. Reliance on other forms of peripheral communication, such as eavesdropping, for example not speaking directly to an intended audience but directing a comment to another and assuming that the intended audience is listening. (In Amsterdam any conversation in a public place was considered fair game: females would unselfconsciously display their interest and males

would also eagerly eavesdrop.) Acknowledging someone's presence only by regarding them in peripheral vision.

27. Increased use of and emphasis on signals; female attention-seeking; being conscious of body language; self-conscious movements; males signalling (usually too honestly for their own good). Exaggerated signalling by males in reaction to the knowledge or expectation of being observed.
28. Increased male neurosis.
29. Use of non-verbal communications e.g. shush, he-he, tut-tut etc.
30. Emotional inflections in speech, such as framing every statement in the inflections of a question or pausing between words for effect. Over-emphasis on adjectives.
31. Increased occurrence of Dispersive Procedures such as false alarms and saying 'No' to mundane requests in jest.
32. Less relationships. Increased value placed on relationships.
33. Increased male suicide rate, or use of substitutes (such as drugs).
34. Male psychosis. Sudden and otherwise inexplicable incidences of extreme violence: Spree killers. Serial killers.
35. Increased perception of and emphasis on physical appearance.
36. Emphasis on personality rather than ability.
37. Selective perception. Lack of confidence in objectivity.
38. Small-mindedness. Females being evangelical about shops, particularly clothes shops. Emphasis on the individual: extrapolating the individual experience to the general case, incapacity to disregard sporadic individual experiences for the general case, and distrust in the conclusions of investigations in the general case. Females reduce everything to the personal. (In illustration, during these investigations any observation or result I reported was invariably interpreted by females as personal to them or the imparter of the information.)

39. Increased appetite of markers, for example not talking, doing something or otherwise becoming involved with someone unless something is desired of them.
40. Increased use of tokens. Use of hints by males.
41. Expression of ego by preference rather than action. Examples are "I like this café, don't you?," "What kind of music do you like?" or buying a preferred newspaper or magazine to support it rather than to read it (in this case money becomes a token).
42. Unequal loading of prices so that some items have a disproportionate level of profit. Varying prices according to the identity of the purchaser.
43. Capriciousness; emotive responses; greater expression of feelings; emotional appeals.
44. Fluidity of truth. Mendacity, that is, lying; the philosophy that what you believe is the truth, because conviction alone is sufficient.
45. Rewriting of history.
46. Lack of integrity in spoken agreements. Dubiety. Responses of "Yes, no" in answer to questions.
47. Protraction and Postponement and other forms of tergiversation. The origin of this and the breaking of agreements is the female demanding attention, necessitating continuous management of her by the male. It perpetuates the relationship, tests the patience of the male and is attention-seeking. Increased investment in the relationship is demanded.
48. Inability to egress, of which the following are manifestations: irresolution; vacillation; inconstancy; love of compromise; retroactive legislation; digging up old feuds; refusing to forgive transgressions or write-off old debts or favours owed. Females are unforgiving because grudges are too useful as weapons to be discarded and forgotten. Avoiding a conclusion one way or the other is also the purpose of Protraction and Postponement. Inability to egress also takes the form of retentiveness and wanting to recycle everything, regardless of the energy expended by so doing, as when the petrol consumed depositing used bottles in a bottle bank expends more resources than is recovered

from them. (The root cause of environmental damage, which is the supposed impetus for such recycling, is over-population.)

THE CLEARANCE INSTINCT. Recycling also has the non-trivial effect of displacing the Clearance Instinct, the periodic impulse to purge the remains of old projects or other redundant materials. Clearly this instinct serves to make way for a new cycle of activity but when the instinct is displaced the material which would normally be discarded is not. The Clearance Instinct has been expended instead by taking a collection of newspapers or old bottles for recycling.

49. Going to extreme lengths to avoid a direct confrontation: a possible expression of this is leaving notes instead of making a direct protest. Expressions of Indirect Invocation, such as calling the police over minor domestic disputes.

50. Efficiency drives. This is an expression of Supra-Maximization of Advantage. The female will strive to be efficient, to inordinately maximize advantage by minimizing input costs and wastage. In contrast a male in a business environment will be content to make profit in sufficient amount that incidental costs (such as losses incurred in failed projects, or in consumables and refreshments for the workers) can be neglected. The original expression of Supra-Maximization is stalling until the best or last possible moment before sex (Paragonism and Advancement of Selection). Supra-Maximization of Advantage is an essential element in the policy the female employs for advancement in her competition with the male: the female optimally proceeds at just below the threshold at which the male is provoked.

51. Imprecision. Dutch examples of this were "*Helemaal niet of zo*" (completely not or so) and use of the diminutive 'tje' or 'je' applied to everything. Thus "*Een bier*" (a beer) invariably became "*Eentje*." I used to borrow an enormous brown Newfoundlander from my local copy shop and walk it. A Dutchman described this huge dog to his young son as "*Een hondje*" (a little dog). Another example is removing capitalization, which is a loss of information: during the early part of this study the entire Dutch telephone directory was printed in lower case. Most tellingly however, the female exemplar "I don't like numbers."

52. Unscientific and anti-scientific thought. Devaluing masculine standards by adopting its terminology. Anti-science is again feminine in that it imitates orthodox science in its language and form, borrowing

terminology from contemporary science in its attempts to appear legitimate. To quote an early essay by M33DJG:

'Modern superstition hunts after the symbols of science. It employs such terms as field, energy, waves, forces, dimensions etc. and pretends to apply a rigorous scientific method in discussing all manner of paraphenomena. Thus it seeks respectability for anti-scientific ideas only by emitting scientific signals... It looks as though what inspires much anti-scientific criticism is merely a kind of envy.'

Favourite topics of Dutch anti-scientific magazines were outlandish conspiracy theories, brain implants, free energy and perpetual motion machines. Contemporary examples of the adoption of masculine terminology are "research" for reading books, "products" for financial schemes and "consultant" for telephone operator.

53. Affinity for conspiracy theories. It is virtually impossible to maintain a secret conspiracy among a large number of males due to the inevitability, sooner or later, of one breaking ranks. Conversely there is a natural conspiracy among females which they will project onto their environment.
54. Derogation of national culture. Examples are disparaging Christianity but never Islam or Judaism-Zionism, or mocking the French or Germans but never Negroes or Arabs. Erosion of national esteem and other forms of devaluing national identity. Fragmentation of States, such as tribal feuds and movements within States for independence (the DSoD Theory).
55. Undermining of authority (applications of the Dynamical Laws). Challenge Signals.
56. Shamanism ('caveman religion'); popularity of Earth Mother, New Age and holistic religions; aroma, bead, trinket, astrology, tarot and psychic prediction and healing shops with a predominantly female clientele.
57. Indulgence in speculation. Fortunately for the female the male has a logical brain and unfortunately for the male the female has an illogical one. Females' speculative ability is an adaptation for the avoidance of sex. Countless generations of males have been trying to manoeuvre the female into a position where sex could be obtained and she, being illogical, casts her mind around in attempts to foresee a situation in

which she might be obliged to provide it. Thus the origin of the female love of speculation is to anticipate and avoid sex.

On another occasion when walking the Newfoundlander a group of four or five young Dutchwomen rounded a corner. On seeing me with the dog one exclaimed "Oh-oh" in expectation of an approach. One woman accused me of deliberately using the dog to procure women; yet another asked me if I slept with it. Females will anticipate sex taking place well before the male, and often when no such likelihood exists.

58. Love of change. Its origin is changing appearance, clothes, etc. to disrupt male targeting strategies.
59. Rapidity of response to opportunities to increase power.
60. Rapidity of response to potential personal detriment.
61. Demands for increased physical safety; unwillingness to take risks; foreseeing problems before they arise; fearing the worst; cowardice. Risk Disencumberment: in a masculine environment provocation generates a response and people have to face the consequences of their actions.
62. Hypochondria.
63. Increased selfishness. The origin is that the female is instinctively concerned not only for her own well-being but also for the child she is nurturing or equivalently, the eggs she is carrying.
64. Greed. There was great deliberation about whether to add selfishness and greed to this list and the latter in particular was not done lightly. A male in a sexual relationship is generally content but the female apparently not so. There is no limit on the number of males she would have in admiration or pursuit of her, because each addition further enhances her power and position. The female appetite in this respect appears to be insatiable.

LEMMA 2 FOR THEOREM 2. Females are never satisfied.

DISCUSSION. A formal proof is likely to involve the Satiation/Insatiation Effect and the polygamous character of females as detailed above. The most obvious example of this insatiable nature is marriage: in the UK in 1986 females were three times more likely to sue for divorce than males.

Marriage satisfies virtually all feminine instincts yet the modern female is still unlikely to be content with it. The widespread contemporary policy of serial monogamy is advantageous for the female because her confidence and power increases with each successive relationship. Her manipulative skills improve as they are applied each time in a different context.

65. Unreasonable demands solely to test power. In the female state and way of things such demands usually take the form of stopping things from happening.
66. Immaturity, notably the 'What's in it for me' mentality; not doing anything for nothing (e.g. having to pay for the use of a lavatory). Using whatever power is available (cf. *Supra-Maximization of Advantage*); whatever can be done, is done.
67. Delicate egos, particularly, relying on others for one's self-image. Unfounded arrogance, especially in females. Inability to enter into persiflage, because it is inevitably construed as an insult.

FALSE ACCUSATIONS. An enlightening example was provided by a process of degeneration regarding stealing, as follows. There was a strong ethos in Holland that one should not steal, but also that one should not accuse a person of stealing without being certain of their guilt. The grounds were that a false accusation would increase the likelihood of the accused actually stealing subsequently. This was because (in this terminology) they had suffered the cost (the Diminishment of an accusation) but not received the benefit (the material value of the item they were supposed to have stolen), a balance they would later seek to redress by stealing for real in the future. In contrast if something was stolen in England and three people were suspected, an accusation might well be made to each just to see how they reacted. Confronting the wrong person also gives the accused an incentive to clear the suspicion hanging over him, and in this way an alternative explanation is often found.

The Dutch reticence in making an accusation resulted in degeneration. Since an accusation was unlikely to be made without being absolutely certain of the perpetrator, a theft tended to happen whenever an opportunity for stealing arose in which several people would be suspected, because not even be the cost of a shared accusation would be incurred.

The result was more minor thefts. In Amsterdam it could accurately be said that inviting a group of people back to your house without something going astray, even if it was only a favourite pen or some music tapes, was a major achievement.

68. Going too far.
69. Increase in and acceptance of passive criticism. The following is of sufficient import that it stands being reiterated: that the only sure way of not making mistakes is not to do anything.
70. Increase in and acceptance of passive consumption (e.g. street begging, watching television).
71. Social segregation of the sexes, for example large groups of females going out together for social outings.
72. Exaggerated displays of affection between members of the same sex. Increased socially-adapted homosexuality, especially female homosexuality.
73. Prurience. Toilet humour. Confrontations with sanitary towels, e.g. in television advertising.
74. Sophistry.
75. Ambivalence; contrariety; hypocrisy and consequent amorality. Doing anything which shows a profit. There is no shortage of examples: anti-sexist women's group meetings, concern about the environment and willingness to consume, desire to get 'back to nature' yet eagerness to exploit modern technological benefits and vegetarians who feed meat to their pets.

A fundamental contradiction is expressed in Proposition 7: The less likely the male is to respond, the more likely the female is to signal. There is the female empathy with others yet their unreliability regarding appointments. Originally and fundamentally, female empathy and awareness of others yet their failure to satisfy males' evident sexual needs.
76. Superficiality, because it is consistent with ambivalence.
77. Greater awareness of children and animals.
78. Anthropomorphism.
79. Extended weekends. Increased incidence of part-time work.

80. Institutional incompetence.
81. Apologizing all the time. In Amsterdam 'Excuse me' as in 'Please can I come past' had been routinely replaced by 'Sorry,' which may have been attempts to discharge guilt. Similarly 'Excuse me, you've left something behind' or 'Excuse me, you've forgotten to pay' had been routinely replaced by a sternly shouted 'Hallo!' This had the result that saying 'Hallo' to a neighbour could induce visible nervousness before they realized it was a greeting. These behaviours were trivial but had been taken up so uniformly that their origin was unlikely to be.
82. Promoting the value of young life and devaluing old life (the masculine instinct is precisely the opposite). Euthanasia was permitted in Holland: in 1996 there were 2,216 official cases and perhaps as many again unofficial ones. Moreover, that it was so and that not all of the latter category were voluntary had reached common knowledge.

The Feminization of Society. BSF

IDEAL FEMALE EMPLOYMENT. BUREAUCRACIES. The ideal female job seems to be in an employment agency or as a health service or health insurance bureaucrat. In the former she is passive but has power and secures a lock-in with the workers in her charge. In the latter roles she has less power but there is a compensatory pretence of caring.

Amsterdam was awash with employment agencies (*uitzendburos*). Certainly for the lower-paid jobs the *uitzendburo* would earn more than the person actually doing the work. Tales abounded of how people, particularly the British who were unused to such treatment and were unprepared for it, were messed about by these agencies. If they got work they had to wait two weeks to be paid and sometimes, due to some bureaucratic complication, they were not paid at all.

Similarly there were charities which did little else but pay themselves to write reports. All of these functions are superfluous, parasitic and serve no directly useful purpose save for creaming off wealth and providing the creamer with a role which ostensibly justifies their existence.

THE FEMINIZATION OF SOCIETY. Several potential origins exist for the progressive, and now pronounced, feminization of society:

1. A general cycle of reinforcement. The progressive gentrification of society provides an environment in which females feel comfortable and thrive, increasing their confidence and demands. A reinforcing cycle is established.
2. The nature of politics. Skill at manipulation (a female characteristic) confers advantage in the political system so that an adept at double-dealing and political backbiting can prevail. (An optimal system would engage a tenured committee of scientists, with a panel of women to foresee any problems which might arise.)
3. The cumulative effect of wars. War is dysgenic and results in the loss of many of the most able men.
4. Reproductive control. Females can use males' political views as a selection criterion. This may be why females were traditionally denied

the vote: because in the long-term they have not one vote but several, as their beliefs are instilled (or even inherent) in their offspring. A male who failed in sexual selection because of his political beliefs would have first one vote then none.

5. A more specific control of sex. That is, the granting of sexual favours by females to their partners according to their beliefs or behaviour. Several Dutch males were asked what happened if they wanted sex and their girlfriend did not. The standard reply was "Nothing." Most memorably a man working at CS2 who had been living with a girl for a year was interviewed: he told me he was allowed sex once a week. There were other reports of the amount and quality of sex being used by Dutch females as a reward to males for good behaviour.
6. Behaviour modification resulting from environmental pollution. For example, hormonal imbalances ensuing from metabolites of the contraceptive pill being excreted into the environment in urine. Plastics with similarities to female hormones may have a similar effect.
7. Influence of marijuana. The direct intake of female hormones from marijuana (or cannabis resin), particularly by a sizeable proportion of the young male population, may also be significant. (THC, the best known active substance, is produced by female plants attempting to induce a nearby male to pollinate.)

PROGRESS. The moderating and stabilizing influence of females, and their longing for the safe avoidance of extremes, is capable of significantly interfering with future progress. The size of any change is proportional to the conflict which is required to bring it about, and conflict is something the female will go to great lengths to avoid. Thus new developments are most likely to occur in areas unaffected by female influence.

In a complex world someone, somewhere will be upset by any new development. Even curing a disease perturbs the status quo: an academic on the other side of the world will be disgruntled because his reputation is based on a theory that the disease is incurable for such-and-such a reason, and a drug company will lose revenue because they can no longer supply a medicine which merely palliates the disorder instead of permanently curing it.

It is undeniable that technology can create problems but it also provides the capacity to rectify them. The female instinct is not to act but wait and see what happens, for example to stop using certain chemicals suspected of depleting the ozone layer, while a male approach would be to actively correct the atmosphere by, say, physically replacing the ozone.

Such remedial measures may involve risk but further knowledge would be acquired in their execution.

FIRST NICE THEN NASTY. Four examples of a proposed 'First Nice Then Nasty' Rule are given.

1. In places where packs of street dogs exist, spoiled domestic dogs which are ejected from homes soon become the most vicious of the pack.
2. People who come to Amsterdam thinking it is 'free and easy' and that they can get by with little or no money discover that this is not the case and sometimes over-react to become street criminals.
3. Flint, Michigan was a one-company American town, the company in question being General Motors. The plant closed down and what was formerly a typically quiet industrial town suddenly had a huge crime rate and dramatically increased drug use.
4. Females at puberty aspire to being nice to everybody but once they realize that the nicest thing they can do for males is give them sex, this philosophy must be rapidly modified.

BASE AND SPOILED FEMALE, BSF. A Base and Spoiled Female is unrestrictedly allowed to act upon the dictates of her emotions. It is the ambition of every female to be so spoiled, because such females have the freedom to indulge their impulses. Increasing numbers of females are attaining this goal, at least during the ascendant half of their reproductive period. Base and Spoiled Female must not only be financially supported, kept warm, fed and so forth, but also continuously amused and entertained.

Any involvement by a male with Base and Spoiled Female will be to his detriment, for it to be otherwise will require inordinate skill and dexterity.

Some males are also capable of expressing BSF characteristics. When a male adopts a female strategy this is classed as a reverse strategy. It appears that mechanisms exist to discourage males using female procedures against females, but it is noteworthy that there seems to be little to prevent males using female procedures against each other.

BASE AND SPOILED MALE, BSM. Base and Spoiled Male is one who copulates, fights and kills whenever the whim takes him. Needless to say, any male acting in this way will very rapidly find himself incarcerated, or worse.

ORIGIN OF BASE AND SPOILED FEMALE. Base Female is the mould from which all females are cast; she is morally corrupt. Spoiled Female is her outward expression after being allowed excessive licence. Some females, such as the DF type, are likely to be slower on the uptake than other females but all will ultimately take advantage of such licence in an environment where it is available.

OTHER CHARACTERISTICS OF BASE AND SPOILED FEMALE. It is explicitly stated, lest any misunderstanding exist, that the ultimate instinct of the female, and the one which BSF will generally seek to satisfy, is to have babies. The female who does not desire babies, whether consciously or subconsciously, has become extinct.

Single mothers are an example of BSF: they indulge themselves with a baby regardless of the consequences for the child. It is the principal responsibility of the female to control conception and ensure that the male she uses to conceive a child will remain to perform the fatherhood role that is necessary for it. This self-evident truth and many others are ignored by BSF, with the sole motivation that it allows her to satisfy her base emotions.

Base and Spoiled Female will go through a male's papers and private belongings to gather information about him if the opportunity presents itself. She will answer the door or telephone only if she feels like it. BSF is quick to complain of boredom or discomfort, and will be the first to point out that one of a group maintains an advantageous position over the others (a trivial example being that one has not bought a round of drinks). She will unselfconsciously announce to a group that she wants a boyfriend for a long-term relationship even before she has consulted her intended target.

BSF is uncompromisingly selfish and gives the appearance of having no perception of male sensitivities and needs. She wants to be contacted "on the psychic telephone," proposes giving the next letter of her name on each chance meeting, or refuses to give her name and then flicks her hair in the male's face. BSF is, or seeks to be, totally capricious: "I don't make appointments, I just go along as I feel" and "feelings are never wrong" are typical claims of the genre. They thrive on attention: several times I concluded that the proper response to Base and Spoiled Female, and the only remaining sensible option, was to ignore her. However perhaps no other policy better ensures failure for the male.

Almost everyone can learn to get along with each other if they put some work into it. This philosophy is anathema to females, and especially to the Base and Spoiled variety.

RECAPITULATION OF PROPOSITION 2. The status of the female is proportional to the status of the male she can attract.

LEMMA 3 FOR THEOREM 2. Base and Spoiled Female (BSF) perceives her status as being proportional not to the status of the male she can attract but to the status of the male she can reject.

DISCUSSION. Base and Spoiled Female is merely following her purest and strongest instinct: to increase the cost of sex. Females, if they are allowed to fall into the habit of following their instincts, cannot help but reject approaches from males. No male will be good enough; all will be flawed. Only when a male has been elevated to the status of Paragon by the tribe, for example via television, will Base and Spoiled Female acquiesce to a male who is honest. The dynamics of BSF's behaviour is a potential explanation why the harder males try, either individually or collectively, the less likely he is to succeed.

DISCARDING IoR. Since the female can endow IoR with great significance, there has to be some mechanism by which IoR can be discarded. If a situation were to arise in which, quite coincidentally, high IoR occurred, she might be obliged to enter into a relationship, a situation which for the female is most unsatisfactory. If there is high IoR but the female finds reason not to take the male then she will indulge herself in discarding the IoR. (Applying the earlier analogy for Spoiling at a public auction, she discards the component which was removed because she has found some flaw or other reason not to purchase the item from which it came.)

TENUOUS FEMALE GRASP ON REALITY. Amsterdam females universally believed that they were not, nor should be, under any obligation to provide sex if they did not feel like it. This is cited as an example of a certain tenuous female grasp on reality, because if males worked only when they had the inclination everything would grind to a halt in about five minutes. The police may not come if there was a crime, an ambulance might not arrive if someone was injured, nor would the fire brigade be certain to attend if there was a fire. It may be argued that males fulfilling such roles are merely satisfying their instinct to work, much as a female satisfies her instinct to place markers by tidying up or mending her male's clothes, but there was the undeniable truism that a male who followed many of his aggressive and sexual instincts would very rapidly find himself removed from circulation.

STONEWALLING. Stonewalling, that is ignoring someone known or who offers a greeting, was routine in Amsterdam. Once one of my girl neighbours, approaching a nearby junction, actually broke into a run to

avoid arriving at the same time and receiving a greeting from me. Stonewalling could even extend to tapping a female on the shoulder and still being ignored. It was very obvious in these and similar circumstances that a conscious decision to stonewall had been taken.

Females probably almost always recognize a male before he recognizes her, because they look directly from a greater distance, identifying manner as much as features, and perhaps have a greater ability to recognize faces.

BSF however will always wait for a male to greet her before reacting. The origin of this behaviour is that she is forcing the male to define the relationship, removing any Ambiguity of Intention from him and monopolizing it all for herself. It is a ploy to see how much energy the male is prepared to invest in attracting her attention, again removing any ambiguity he may be attempting to maintain in his intentions. It is intended to enhance female selection.

PROEM TO THEOREM 2. The following important theorem takes three forms, all of which are equivalent and interchangeable.

THEOREM 2. In a system in which females are allowed free sexual selection, the higher the standard of living:

- 1. The less relationships take place;**
- 2. The less physical sex takes place;**
- 3. The less happy people become.**

REASONS:

1. Increased selectivity. Females become more selective of the partners they are prepared to accept and the type of relationships they are willing to enter into. Males follow suit and become more selective also. This applies to all relationships although especially (and originally) sexual ones.
2. Increased sensitivity. Relational transactions, including the sex act, can be emotionally disturbing. As the standard of living increases individuals become more sensitive to such perturbations, increasing the significance of all relational transactions.
3. Increased individuality. The higher standard of living and absence of other pressures gives people the freedom to cultivate their personal idiosyncrasies, so that the compromises required in any relationship become harder to achieve. The disparate male and female desires become relatively wider.

4. Increased expectations. The higher the standard of living the more individuals' expectations will rise, and they become less prepared to accept what they perceive as second best.
5. Decreased need of others. People need each other less so there is less social contact; for example it is rarely necessary to borrow anything from a neighbour. Particularly, the sexes need each other less: females have no need of males for their material well-being, since state benefits have replaced the male role of wealth-provider. Due to modern amenities the male can live without the services traditionally provided by females such as cleaning, cooking and laundry.
6. Greater stability. Society becomes increasingly safe; its citizens are unlikely to be struck down the next day, as might happen during a war or famine, so there is less likelihood of a 'Live for today, take pleasure as one can' philosophy which is often the instigation of sexual and other relationships.
7. Less physical work. Physical labour and sex are probably associated and a higher standard of living implies less work by males and thus less sex.

DISCUSSION. The dominant reason is probably the first, increased selectivity. It is not money which makes people happy, but relationships; in other words, sex. Everything can be measured. Although no basis for the measurement of human happiness has been established, an objective method must surely exist.

If this theory is correct then doing nothing is not an option. There has to be some systematic management of human relationships in the future because the situation will only worsen until such control is implemented.

A PROSPECTIVE FIX. Economic incentives could be provided via the social security system. This would create an elite of families who could support their daughters financially and thus free them from participation, and the creation of such an elite might be regarded by some as disadvantageous, but this system would have the important advantage of not being uniformly compulsory.

All males over a certain age might be periodically issued with vouchers. These would be transferred to participating females who would use them to qualify for benefits. No state benefits would be provided to females over a certain age who did not tender vouchers. No doubt this would immediately create a lively black market in vouchers but if the

system was properly designed it would not stop them from fulfilling their primary purpose.

Young Amsterdam females thrived and gave every appearance of being happy, but the ruthlessness they enforced in the granting of their favours was certainly returned once they had lost that special attractiveness. In England, for example, if I met an older female whom I did not particularly want but who wanted sex from me, I would likely enter into it and even, for her sake, pretend that I wanted to. In Holland however, because I had become more selective and for other reasons (all pertaining to the increased cost of sex, and especially the likelihood that everyone would hear about it), I would reject the equivalent approach, and think 'You had your chance earlier, what makes you think that if you suddenly make it easy for me now I'm going to jump at the chance?'

Some females, especially the attractive reproductive ones, may be happy but when they are meagre with their favours males will return that ruthlessness in full measure as soon as they cease to be attractive. Overall, people will be less content because the proportion of the population which is happy is small and only enjoy this benefit for a relatively short period. Even so, whether the real desires of these few fortunate females are satisfied is debatable. Some may succeed in securing a long-term partner, but in light of the divorce statistics and likelihood of dissatisfaction again reappearing, genuine happiness for females might be an illusory objective.

Holland undeniably had a high standard of living yet the proportion of females in work was the lowest in Europe. Here was an environment where the females could fulfil any role of which they were capable, and they chose to stay at home.

TRADITIONAL ROLES. The traditional roles were that the female pretended that the male was taking advantage of her, that she gave the male the illusion of control while largely maintaining control herself and further, that she did not enjoy sex. It had occurred to me by now that these practices, and perhaps especially the latter, could actually result in more sex taking place and most people being happier.

In Amsterdam however there were few illusions: the attractive females moved, the males followed, and every step was manipulated by signals and hints. Females expected to enjoy sex and the practised ones controlled it to that end.

The Mindfuck Experiment, Part 1

July 1993	F19HF	Female, 19, half-French
	PDF15	Psycho-darling, Female, 15
	PDF17	Psycho-darling, Female, 17

At the start of the holiday season I had the idea of catching female tourists as they arrived at Centraal Station, but it shortly became evident that I was not the only one to whom this brainwave had occurred. One fine day I sat at the side of the station concourse, on a long row of seats which might have been situated especially for the purpose, to see if this was a practical strategy. I watched an obese young man approach three American girls and be brushed aside, practically without hesitation. He rode off, disappointed, on a scooter. A tall Moroccan was seen emerging even from inside the station accompanying a not very attractive woman of about 28 bearing a rucksack. She was the sort the Moroccans normally went for, not pretty and therefore thought to be a feasible conquest. The couple walked across the concourse onto the Damrak, he gesticulating around as he walked, showing off his knowledge of the city and also noticing that I was observing him. He disappeared from view but returned alone some minutes later. I abandoned the idea of catching tourists as they arrived.

As the holiday season intensified the tourists seemed to come in waves. One day the place would be full of French, another day it would be Italians, at other times it might be British or German, according to the dates of their national holidays.

LAST F25G. F25G and I broke up during a visit to Germany when, in by now familiar circumstances, after donning a condom the telephone rang. After the call she wanted to stop and I became so enraged that I nearly struck her. Later that night as we slept together I took her and was asked to leave the next day.

Attempting to resurrect the relationship I telephoned her from the Amsterdam Telehouse. When it began to seem futile I said I wanted to end the call, mentioning the cost which could be seen increasing on a display in front of me. F25G responded by prick-teasing to deliberately prolong the

call, increasing the cost of my involvement with her in a most direct manner. I was less consciously aware of her doing this than physically so; I felt myself harden and rise as she did it, but still she insisted that I could not see her again.

F19HF. Almost inconsequentially I found myself in a relationship with a tall brown-haired half-French, half-Dutch girl F19HF. I had gone to a youth theatre and after the performance she had taken up a seat beside me. It was one of those occasions when everything suddenly became easy. In retrospect I had probably been vetted by her mother, who was also there.

Once, a day or two after having sex, I saw a woman in tears in one of the alleys off the Kalverstraat. The rear basket of her bicycle contained two dogs wagging their tails, oblivious to the distraught state of their owner. I stopped to exchange a few words. "Are you okay?" I asked. There was no reply. "What's the matter?" She shook her head and said "Nothing" but I knew from my own experience that someone just expressing concern could make a lot of difference in these circumstances. I would certainly not have spoken to her had I not recently been given sex by another female.

Being with F19HF confirmed that the inhibition and other effects of marijuana were trivial compared to the effects of a satisfactory sexual relationship. It was noticeable how much more sociable I became. My experience with F19HF showed that the influence of marijuana was minor compared to my femination by her.

There were further revealing observations involving F19HF. I was happy to enter into platonic relationships, which I had not been hitherto, but on having an adequate diet of sex that attitude immediately changed. Once to my surprise F19HF started compulsively tidying up after we had sex at the house.

Later F19HF wanted me to leave about twenty minutes after we had sex in her room and I learnt then what it was like to see a prostitute. I did not like the feeling of being alone afterwards at all. F19HF said that a previous boyfriend had also been disturbed by it, and I believe this incident influenced my subsequent behaviour.

THE PSYCHO-DARLINGS. Perhaps by the visit of the psycho-darlings I came the closest to achieving my personal objectives, albeit only briefly. I had been to the shops on the Haarlemmerstraat and saw them sitting on a bridge, actually on the ground, near the bottom of the Herengracht, smoking cigarettes. They were Swedish, had arrived at the Christian Youth Hostel, seen "Jesus loves you" on the wall and walked straight out again. They had stopped to rest while trying to find somewhere else to stay; one was 15, the other 17. I invited them to the house and they stayed for two weeks.

PDF17 was a short brunette with proud breasts while PDF15 was taller with long straight black hair. They lived in different parts of Stockholm and generally only met when on holiday together. Towards the end of her stay PDF17 confessed to having had eight abortions, claiming that she became pregnant almost at the drop of a hat; her boyfriend in Stockholm would lend her to his friends. This I believed but the claims of the younger one, who was dominant, I did not. Shortly after she arrived she began to insist that she was a Stockholm prostitute, a claim which was undoubtedly inspired by my neighbours. In fact she was a virgin, and used PDF17 to help her remain so and corroborate her story, which was that she'd come to Amsterdam to have a holiday from sex. Ultimately I reasoned that whether this was true or not, the fact that the claim was made indicated a problem and I accepted it as such. They would sit up half the night talking and smoking cigarettes, which I could not match, so I would retire before them. After a week with no sex, during which time I was driven almost to distraction by PDF15's compulsive signalling, things came to a head with the Dice Game.

PDF15 told how she had been discovered at the age of three in the bathroom of a man's apartment. Virtually all she remembered was thinking at the time 'Act normal.' PDF15 went a long way towards confirming the association between dysfunctional signalling and child abuse; as I told her, the one thing which could be established with certainty from her scant memory of the event was that something abnormal had happened. This provided an explanation for her intense dysfunctional signalling; I would awake sometimes to be greeted with the sight of her open legs and white knickers. A similar condition had been observed in F19DAG.

Once during a heavy thunderstorm they ran up and down the street revelling in it, coming back into the house soaking wet with their blouses clinging to their breasts. This had thrown me into a state of acute neurosis, not knowing where to put myself. By such means my neighbours, both the ones who worked in the street in some way and those who lived there, all knew about my guests. During their stay the psycho-darlings repeatedly played a song by Psychic TV on the hi-fi. There were three complaints about noise and it was telling that all were from females: one who worked in coffeeshop CS1 and two who tended the brothels. It looked to them that I had finally got what I wanted and it looked to me as if this was a situation they could not tolerate, and they were doing their utmost to spoil it.

THE DICE GAME. After a week of the Psycho-Darlings avoiding sex and unsure of what to do one night I proposed that we play the Dice Game, as featured in the novel *The Dice Man*. Some time was spent drawing up the list and emphasis was placed on strict adherence to the outcome: "The Die never lies." The list was as follows:

1. Go for a walk and perhaps to a bar or club.
2. Visit somebody.
3. Sex with the three of us.
4. Sex with two of us.
5. PDF15 and I would take LSD.
6. Stay in.

A plate was mounted on a vase on the kitchen table and the ritual begun. I asked if they were ready and they said "Yes." The die was cast. It was a 3.

They complained, and wanted it thrown again, but I reiterated "The Die never lies." For me it was the best possible outcome.

What followed was a crisis in our relationship because they, and PDF15 in particular, refused to conform to the decision of the die. We sat in the kitchen with me trying to rationalize the situation; several times I offered to make them tea, and every time they eagerly accepted because (I found out later) they were terrified that I would throw them out in the middle of the night, and the provision of tea meant they were safe at least for that duration. In the end a compromise was reached; PDF15 would remain intact and would not have to watch PDF17 and I in action but the latter had to supply sex on demand. PDF15 and I took the acid (she had wanted this all along) and the three of us went out on the town. In the morning, back at the house and coming down, I had sex with PDF17 while PDF15 pretended to be asleep. As our relationship settled down our habit became that PDF15 and I would share a chair and I would stroke her hair and fondle her, while PDF17 was my sexual release. The sex still wasn't effortlessly obtained however.

They would spend 20 minutes putting on makeup for a trip to the supermarket. I tried to take them somewhere different every night but, perhaps surprisingly, we soon ran out of places to go. One night we were in BAR2, sitting around the barrel table there, with PDF17 beside me. It would have been evident that we were intimate. Then PDF17 went to the lavatory and PDF15 signalled for attention; I gave her a brief kiss on the lips in reassurance. In no way did I court attention, or seek to measure others' reactions to us, but I caught a glimpse of another male's eyes nearly popping out of his head when he realized that I was intimate not with one but both.

Once, to my chagrin, the two went off on the invitation of another male to some suburban town outside Amsterdam. When they arrived at his place he had turned nasty in some way and they left, hitch-hiking back to Amsterdam and into my arms. This was the only time we slept together properly, when I fell asleep with one on each shoulder. Another time PDF15 went out alone and returned saying that an attempt had been made to bundle her into a car.

The experience of the psycho-darlings led me to suspect that the high suicide rate in Scandinavia was due to females' induction not of neurosis but of psychosis. They described how in Sweden someone could break down crying in the street and children would mock them for losing control of their emotions. After their stay I felt as if I had been not so much spoiled as mauled, although probably more so by their departure than by anything else.

THE MINDFUCK EXPERIMENT. I had noticed a variety of females, especially Bitches and notably F21DBI, acting as if sex had taken place if a proposal, particularly but not necessarily for sex, had earlier been made but refused. (Here a proposal is a general invitation and a proposition is specifically for sex.) This would take the form of a certain familiarity, or knowing and meaningful looks. There was the possibility that females used the identity and preparedness of a male to fuel their private sexual fantasies. There had been occasions when females had stared very fixedly at me and I now suspected that it was for this purpose.

THE REIDENTIFICATION SYNDROME. I recalled reading 'agony letters' years ago from wives who were worried that while their husband was making love to them they could not stop themselves imagining it was another. Typically the person they would imagine would be a fictional character such as James Bond. Females will also discuss the events and characters in television soap operas as if they are real. This appears to be common to females of all ages. The obvious evolutionary origin of the Reidentification Syndrome is encouraging intercourse in females, especially with a long-term partner with whom they have become bored. Doing so increases her fecundity, and her genes proliferate.

FEMALE CONSPIRACY MECHANISMS. I was in the workshop at the beginning of the high season, trying to keep working against increasing neurosis as the sun shone and the girl tourists arrived in large numbers. LO1 was due to come and I was waiting for her but she was four days overdue and my resolve broke. I went out, found two Canadians on Dam Square and brought them back to the house. Barely ten minutes had elapsed, as we were seated around the kitchen table, when LO1 arrived. The doorbell rang and I opened the door. All I knew at the time was that this lovely girl on the doorstep seemed to expect entry, so I moved aside to let her in. She took a place at the end of the table, and as awareness of who it was shortly dawned I reached over, put my hand on her knee and told her "It's great to see you." The Canadians, although not entirely ignored, appraised the situation and took their leave five or ten minutes later.

LO1 sat on my knee for half an hour before announcing that she was

leaving again to see a friend in another part of Holland and that she would return. I saw her to the train station. That she had come and left again so suddenly I found very disquieting and in response I returned to Dam Square and found four young German girls. That night I took them to BIGBAR5 and we formed a sitting party, the five of us sitting on the floor of the balcony overlooking the dance floor while all the others stood or sat on stools. All that is except later, when a characteristically over-friendly Arab emulated us and sat on the floor close to our group, which was slightly embarrassing. One of the Canadian girls was there, the slim and slightly more attractive one, and I told her what had happened with LO1. She was all over me, putting her arms around me, inviting me to play pool and so forth. "I feel like having sex with someone I don't know very well" she said. This would have been fine except that I was with four 16-year-old Germans and I wasn't going to desert them. I told her to come to the house in the morning but she didn't appear.

A couple of nights later my affair with F19HF reached its demise when I invited her and the four Germans to the house all on the same night. I told F19HF that I had got fed up looking for a party and had decided to make my own. F19HF wasn't very happy about sharing my attentions with the others but at least in her reaction a mystery was solved which needed an answer. The Germans had reported that they had received other offers of places to stay, not only from males but also from females. This was inconsistent because according to my analysis, specifically in light of TFT, a female would have no motive for making such an invitation: she would get nothing out of it. The conundrum was solved when F19HF tried to steal the four from me, a manoeuvre for which I never forgave her, inviting them to BIGBAR3 (from which she knew I was banned) and even offering to put them up in her single room. Local females were evidently prepared to play host to visiting females in order to prevent their menfolk gaining access to them.

There was a repeated pattern of the Canadian pair who left to make way for LO1 and the German girls who quitted to their campsite in the early hours of the morning with exhortations that I should chase after F19HF. They probably left to provide further encouragement for me to do so. It seems that females will often endeavour to preserve an established monogamous relationship if one is thought to exist. Females will also tend to leave a naïve male alone in order to maintain a subsequent female's prospects of obtaining maximal IoR.

TIT FOR TAT/TAKE BACK. LO1 returned three or four days later but refused to have sex. I suspect that she may have arrived with the determination not to provide it. She was not impressed by my report of the psycho-darlings. For her part she revealed that since her first visit she had

been the mistress of a married man. She left the next day after a disturbed night, with us sleeping apart at her insistence. Without my knowledge she took back the photograph she had sent me and which had been on display on the mantelpiece in the sleeping room.

This time I didn't walk her to the train station. Perhaps by our touching as we parted outside the house she had wanted me to lead her back inside, but by this time it was too late; she had rejected me too many times and I interpreted it as another rebuttal. About ten minutes after she left I went to try and get her back but there was no sign of her.

This, it struck me, was instinctive behaviour but in slow motion. The female instinct is to make trouble, create a scene and threaten to withdraw from the relationship. The male response is to run after her, calm, control and reassure her.

ABNORMAL AND DANGEROUS BEHAVIOUR. Around this time I almost died under the wheels of a car. I should have pulled up at a busy junction alongside a lone girl who was also waiting to cross, resting on her cycle, but I couldn't face being appraised as a potential suitor and the pregnant pause as she waited for me to open a conversation. Rather than stop I kept going and nearly found myself under the wheels of a fast-moving car I had not seen.

Similar behaviour had been seen in a female the previous year: I recalled stopping to wait at some traffic lights alongside a young woman. Seeing that I was alone she moved off almost immediately, directly into the path of a moving bus. Fortunately the bus was going slowly, having just started off.

THE BYSTANDER EFFECT. In Rotterdam on 21 August 1993, a Saturday afternoon, a 9-year-old Moroccan girl drowned in a shallow lake. Around two hundred people stood and watched as she noisily drowned; her friend, only a year or two older, struggled to keep her head above water after she had fallen out of a boat. An old fisherman who couldn't swim himself tried to get somebody to swim out; someone even recorded the event with a video camera. Then there was a discussion in the newspapers about whether failing to act in these circumstances should be unlawful, which was consistent with my own feelings after the Fall. This is evidently not a solution however, because the basic problem is another. The "Bystander Effect," as it was called, appears to be a collective, and thus strong, expression of Neurotic Suspension: that is, to be frozen in a state of neurosis.

There was the fixed staring which those at BIGBAR3 had documented and this was independent confirmation of the effect. Another example,

which may shed light on its origins, uses the Lingering Signal and Response Displacement. This intense displacement of attention in neurosis (typically, studying something with exaggerated concentration) may occur with particular force in response to the Lingering Signal.

RESPONSE DISPLACEMENT. Near the end of an evening in the bar beside BIGBAR5 I had been talking to one of two Dutch girls. As it was time to leave I asked "Which way are you going?" She did not reply but immediately ran off to talk to her friend. In fact this has happened several times, and this had led to Response Displacement putatively becoming the advancement of Approach Displacement.

NEUROTIC SUSPENSION. During the Fall I had at one point suppressed an urge to jump on the man's chest and at another, spoken to the *hoerenloper* instead of responding to the dying croaks of the man. I had entered Neurotic Suspension several times in libraries in response to the Lingering Signal. A female had hovered around and I had increased my attention on what I was doing.

On a train on the North London Line a man was sitting reading a computer magazine. He almost certainly had Otaku characteristics. An attractive girl took up a seat opposite him whereupon he increased the intensity with which he read the magazine. When the girl got up to leave his head swung round with exaggerated enthusiasm to look at her, presumably because this was the only occasion he felt he could safely take her in.

In his case he may have wished to stare at the girl, and his response was to resume his reading. Or he could have reacted to the girl as if she were emitting the Lingering Signal. Following his displaced response he entered Neurotic Suspension. In my case, when exposed to the Lingering Signal, in some sense I wanted to respond, but could not do so, and was frozen in that state.

So it seems that Response Displacement provides the impetus into Neurotic Suspension. This is a potential model for Neurotic Suspension generally.

The Mindfuck Experiment was not intended as such until the count of females that summer reached 8, at which point I realized that this number had passed through the door of the house without me having had any sex. A trend was emerging and I decided to see what would happen if I continued it, and of course I was still hopeful of obtaining sex. At this point I recollected each female and made pencil marks on the kitchen wall, much as a fighter pilot marks kills on the nose of his aeroplane.

My early memory of the sequence is a little hazy. My usual strategy was to cycle around in loops on Dam Square, choose my targets, fall in and out of conversation and then either produce or subsequently take a flask of coffee to them if they were responsive. Then I would invite them back to the house for more. The sequence includes a pair of Italians to whom I fed pasta and these were the only girls ever to have overcome my polite objections and done the washing-up afterwards. One of two young English girls gleefully took everything which was offered her on Dam Square, even taking joints out of my hand, and then became nervous on her way to the house and had to be reassured. She and her friend quit soon after drinking the coffee I served them.

CLICK SIGNAL. I learnt to recognize the Click Signal walking towards the house sometimes, as it dawned on a female that I was getting her into a position where I wanted her. It seemed that, having reached this realization, all would assume that I had been involved with several hundred females before them, which by this time was just about true, but not in the way that they imagined. S14/F13's violent reaction could conceivably have been an extreme expression of the Click Signal.

Some of the tourists would tell me "We've been here before" or "We were here last year" with some emphasis, when I made a proposal for us to meet later. Its significance I did not appreciate until afterwards: it was that they had learnt the local form.

It was apparently a pleasant surprise for the girl tourists coming to Amsterdam to be met with a large pool of frustrated males with whom they could play games to their heart's content. There was little or no sex in the hostels where they stayed. There was very little opportunity, as I knew from conversations with them. As many as two hundred would share one hall in the larger hostels, in the smaller ones it was six or ten to a room. Even the youngest of the females commented on how much they liked the atmosphere in Amsterdam.

A similar situation exists at open-air music festivals, which females also attend in large numbers. There they can dress fetchingly and signal freely, yet the extreme density of people makes sex impractical most of the time.

TYPICAL FEMALE QUOTES. Typical conversation between females consists of speculation about how someone they know would react in a certain situation, what kind of margarine they use or how they prepare eggs. Information is made more interesting to them by decisions they take on what to divulge and what to withhold from others. Typical female utterances, from the observations of this experiment and former ones, are:

"Do you think he'll come and talk to us?"

"Do you think he believed us?"

"Oh, just tell him anything."

"I shouldn't tell you this but..."

"Quick, let's go before he comes back."

"Shall we tell X about this?"

The preferred occupation of females is to sit around measuring, thinking and talking about their feelings. Another favourite activity is gossiping about neighbours.

MORE PGL: APPRAISAL BY PEERS. LOSS OF CONTROL. A bizarre and potentially illuminating situation occurred with a pair of Dutch girls: there was loss of control. I took both up to the workshop and pointed out the cable which had formerly supplied electricity and which still ran across the roofs. Girls were always very interested in what others thought of me, as appraised by the information I tendered. They seemed very quick to react to information about ostracism, for example that I was banned from certain places, or that my neighbouring squatters had formerly supplied electricity and now stopped.

I went downstairs ahead of them and paused outside the sleeping room which had the mattresses on the floor and the main stereo. Somehow I knew at this moment that the break in my footsteps would register with the girls above and my mind violently recoiled at the significance that would be attributed to it. When we gathered again in the kitchen I became a little boastful, I think due to nervousness, and then found myself utterly fascinated by one of the two and unable to break the mutual gaze between our eyes. I even excluded the other in a question about whether they would like to drink something further, only addressing my query to the girl with whom my eyes were frozen. They quit, on a flimsy pretext, even though they had previously said that they had two hours to spare. The mesmerization with one continued even as they went down the street, with me standing at the door alternatively smiling back at her and looking down at the doorstep in confusion.

This incident made me reflect on the statistic that in 80% of cases of rape, the perpetrator is someone known to the victim. In light of this incident, particularly the girl who had been unable to break her gaze into my eyes, and to whose eyes I had been magnetically drawn, I wondered whether it was not so much the male who had lost control on these occasions as the female.

BOASTING. THE INDUCTION OF PSYCHOSIS. The induction of psychosis is an instinctive (but it can certainly be conscious and deliberate) undermining of reality. The male may lapse into boasting, either due to insensitivity of the female abhorrence of it or nervousness. Then the female induces psychosis instead of heaping derision on him. This may be accomplished or supplemented by rapidly abandoning the male.

This in fact is a distortion of reality: in many cases (perhaps even all, since mistakes are also instructive) the male can justifiably be proud. The male who boasts is giving a display of masculinity which the female cannot tolerate. It has already been suggested (Proposition 1) that any display of masculinity, or simply being overtly masculine, is sufficient to destroy a male's chances. The profound female response to boasting, with boasters even being isolated as a distinct category by delinquent girls, is confirmation of the Proposition. The female derides the male in response to his display. The origin of the female hatred of male boasting is jealousy, since they have nothing comparable of which they can be proud.

PROSTITUTES. F25HNJP came round for coffee a couple of times at the end of her day's work and demonstrated how she signalled her disdain for the Moroccans and Turks: she raised her eyes to an imaginary sky and gave a flicking away motion with her hand. She ground her teeth and grimaced to gleefully illustrate the reaction of the passing rejected male. I realized that even the prostitutes were vying with each other as to how selective they could be.

We talked some more about her business: "A lot of the time I get more than £50,-" she confessed. I enquired further. "I look to see how much they have in their wallets when they pay me the first time, a lot of the time by the time they leave I have most of it." I already knew that the women were in control throughout the transaction and had a button they could use if anything went wrong. I asked how she got the money from her clients, she told me she would manipulate them: "With my mouth" she said, motioning to her jaw. F25HNJP's English wasn't so good but she added plenty of hand and facial expressions which always made her meaning clear. She told me about her first job at CLUB2, a well known local club, how they were encouraged to go and sit next to the clients. They were only allowed to drink champagne at several hundred guilders for the cheapest bottle. The client could take one or more of them to a jacuzzi and each girl cost £400,- per hour. She explained that the jacuzzi would take ten minutes to fill which could, with messing about with towels and so forth, easily be spun out to an hour. Then the client would have to pay another £400,- or the session would prematurely terminate. She said that in her work nowadays she could tell within a few seconds of her client walking in whether she could manipulate him or not.

The following Saturday I saw her again and asked what proportion of her clients she was able to manipulate. She thought for a few moments and said "About 50%." I told her I was shocked by these revelations. "It's my job" she said. She asked me if I had ever been to see a prostitute, I told her I hadn't. "Don't" she said, "you're too nice." I hadn't even been round the sex bookshops in the Red Light District, having concluded some years ago that if pornography really did relieve sexual tension then cookbooks would be given to the hungry.

The count of MF subjects progressed towards 24 but still excluded were several females with whom I spent time but who did not come to the house, such as two Swiss women I helped find a lost car. By the time it was located it had been clamped and most of their money was spent on releasing it. A number of tourists told me that they had been in Amsterdam for several days and I had been the first person with whom they had shared a friendly conversation. A common occurrence was visitors arriving by car and leaving their vehicle for 10 or 15 minutes to change money for the parking meter, only to return to find it clamped or towed away. M28FY told me that the council had cleared its debt by this means, otherwise it would have gone bankrupt, as had the city which was the seat of government, Den Haag. Another Englishman I met told me he had taken a girl out for two nights, paying for all the drinks and a meal, and at the end of the second night she had told him she was a lesbian.

I was given the slip by two Italian tourists; this time, rather appropriately I thought, in the Torture Museum. I had failed to respond to a signal to kiss my target and immediately afterwards the two had disappeared. There was a spiritual love affair with two young Austrian sisters on the Leidseplein, the three of us spending two afternoons sitting there together. After they left and on the rebound I fell for two young German sisters and followed them like an adolescent to the remnants of an open air festival outside Amsterdam, sleeping rough as part of a group under an awning in a field.

INDIRECT INVOCATION. During these early stages it seemed that different instincts were expressed with each set of females, both by them and I. The beautiful Swiss dental assistant whom I had helped find her car had stood outside the first parking-fines office we tried, which was just closing, and a Dutch woman official of about 30 had come out to give directions to another office, which I was able to follow. The Swiss, who was about 22, then gave an intense and sustained burst of Helpless Female Signals, but these were directed to the woman official, not to me.

Examples of Indirect Invocation are complaining to a third party that money is owed without confronting the debtor, or calling the police

without first asking an unwanted person to leave. Females readily make accusations of harassment, for example on writing letters to a girl in whom you are interested. Multiple letters can even result in an accusation of mental torture but there will be no note asking for the letters to stop, nor will the letters be returned. A complaint is more likely to be addressed to some mutual third party, whether male or female, in whom protective instincts can be exploited.

An obvious similarity exists between Indirect Invocation and IPoE and the two may coincide in some cases or be confused.

Sometimes the females I invited to the house would express a fear of getting stuck in Amsterdam, presumably by having sex with me, bonding and then not wanting to leave. As the count of females increased however a more common behaviour was suddenly quitting on very obviously fictitious pretexts (previously forgotten appointments, friends they had to meet etc.). I didn't know how to respond to either of these gambits. It seemed that the females ensured that they exercised their instinct to mindfuck before I could satisfy my desire for physical contact. I hardly laid a hand on any of the females.

The Mindfuck Experiment, Part 2

September 1993

With MF subjects 23-24 I hit pay-dirt, at least as far as the experiment was concerned: I was prospecting for the mindfuck characteristic strongly expressed. They were two students from a fashion college in London. I was cycling along the Singel, the quiet section opposite the Bloemenmarkt, when I saw them lounging on a large barge converted to a floating platform. They were watching their car which was parked nearby, because they were short of money and couldn't afford to pay any fines. After talking to them for 10 or 15 minutes I asked if they would like some coffee and offered to bring a flask. By the time I returned however the suspicion had been raised that something had been added to it, so I was the only one to drink. They had no reservations about smoking the joints I made however. Then they accepted an invitation back to the house. I locked my cycle on the Singel and joined them in the car (in which they also slept), giving directions to the house and finding them one of the last free parking places in central Amsterdam. Thus began a mindfuck lasting 10 hours.

BEHAVIOURAL ESTABLISHMENT. Early in the proceedings a question was posed that I would have preferred not to answer but it was answered nonetheless. Thereafter I found myself in a cycle of complete divulgence, unreservedly giving information.

Again there was concern about whether I was experimenting but in reality I was experimenting not on them but on myself. One of the two said she had a friend, with whom she had shared a room for a year or so, and this friend had loved to play games and score points over males. She recounted some incidents characteristic of her former room-mate and had obviously been influenced by her.

Once the tendency to tease or be evasive or dishonest or mindfuck one way or another had been recognized (and all these seemed to me by this stage to be precisely equivalent to one another), it appeared to be present regardless of how mild or good-natured the female; it was expressed in all

but the youngest ones, including those of around 16 whom I met early in the sequence. At best it took the form of a burst of concocted excuses as to why they had to leave.

Concerning mindfucking and other tricks, it cannot be over-emphasized that it is not necessary for females to learn or plan these stratagems, it is only necessary for them to follow their innate, subconscious instincts. These drives and temptations will inevitably surface to consciousness, so that females know exactly what mindfucking is; it requires no explanation to them. It comes as naturally to the female as masturbation does to the male.

One reason that females are so insistent on staying in the company of people they know, and will confine themselves to the small number of people with whom they have ongoing relationships is that, projecting their own tendencies onto the male, they imagine, indeed are terrified of the eventuality, that an unknown male will do to them what they in similar circumstances would happily do to the male. Females take pleasure in inflicting pain on males and fear that the male will do likewise to them. Clemency is not, generally, a female characteristic.

TORTURE BY FEMALES. A warrior captured by Red Indians was sometimes presented to their squaws as a gift, who would spend three days torturing him to death. The women were better at it because they enjoyed it. (Another report of Red Indians was that the females of some tribes had a different language to the males, which the males could not understand, although the females were able to follow the males' language.) British soldiers captured at the Khyber Pass were similarly given to Afghani women for sustained torture until death.

There were several instances, and it is proposed as a general tendency, of females determinedly going off in the wrong direction or in pursuit of some utterly stupid objective. This was noticed once with F19HF and several times during this experiment. The irrationality of their action was in direct relation to the likelihood they perceived of sex taking place otherwise.

PROPOSITION 8. Females will use any argument, however ludicrous, to increase the costs of sex and particularly to avoid physical sex.

COROLLARY 1. Females will use any argument, however ridiculous, if it suits their purpose.

COROLLARY 2. It is only necessary for females to know that an argument exists, and that a body of people concurs with it, to apply it.

DISCUSSION. This Proposition may account for the female propensity for unholy alliances and doing anything which shows a profit. Corollary 1 follows immediately from the essentially sexual nature of females, and can be compared to the well known method of character assassination, that of 'throwing mud against a wall' with the likelihood that sooner or later some of it will stick. An obvious application of Corollary 2 is females exploiting the gains of extreme feminists although not overtly supporting them. However it has wider implications, perhaps especially when arguments are employed using other cultures or species as examples.

EXAMPLES. Three examples are given. The first was an early occasion when a Dutchwoman came back to the house for coffee, almost certainly expecting that sex would be involved (she had come to show me some erotic pictures). She sat on the other side of the kitchen table and I told her about my research. She gave as her reason for not partaking in sex "I don't want to disturb your work." This selflessness struck me as totally uncharacteristic of a female and in reality it was merely an opening bid in the negotiations, intended to procure information and establish control.

Twice in my knowledge it has been claimed that the Second World War was worse for the women who had to stay at home: "The men had all the excitement, all the adventure." Females can claim that having a leg or head blown off is better than sitting in an Underground station singing songs and consoling children.

The third example took place near the end of the 10-hour mindfuck with MF23-24; indeed I considered afterwards that the claim was so hilarious that it alone was almost worth the entire ordeal. The girl who had served her apprenticeship (by her former association) had a small wound on the side of her heel, sustained from sleeping in the car: it was round and 6 or 7mm in diameter. She showed it to me and gave her fear of contracting a sexually transmitted disease through it as the reason she did not want to partake in sex.

By this stage, having had 24 females in and out of the door for coffees, teas, meals, toast, shelter and the like, but without receiving any sex, I felt that I was stuck in a recurrent cycle of being manipulated and exploited from which I could not escape. Over and over again I gave the girls everything they wanted, allowing them to take advantage of me, even encouraging it, but none of them gave me what I wanted, nor indeed what it must have been very obvious I needed.

Here I put it crudely because foremost in these accounts I am concerned with accuracy, then readability; if I express some things elegantly it is the icing on the cake. The following is the nub and essence of it: that the female who is being made to feel wanted, liked, is being given information freely, in this and other ways is made to feel cosy and

secure, acknowledged and important then, as far as she is concerned, she is shagging the arse off the male. Sitting across a candlelit table over dinner in these circumstances is the essence of the mindfuck. These terms may seem extreme, and throughout these accounts I have tried to carefully measure my words, but I wish to convey the full sense of it. This is the ultimate consequence of the fact that the primary sexual activity of the female is relationships. Deep in the female psyche and above all else she longs to be desired, and for her the male's preparedness to act, alone, is sufficient. She is passive and has strong evolutionary reasons for avoiding impregnation as long as humanly possible.

EFFECTS OF SUSTAINED MENTAL ASSAULT. MF23-24 left the house at about midnight, rejecting my invitation to stay, and I immediately fought an urge to chase after them and let down the tyres of their car. Then I spent three hours frozen to my seat in the kitchen, trembling, alternately eating ice cream and smoking joints. In the aftermath of this 10-hour mindfuck, over the following couple of days, firstly and strongly I felt like blowing my brains out, wanting to put a bullet between my eyes and end it all. Secondly I was having difficulty masturbating and had started fantasizing homosexual sex instead of sex with a female. Specifically, even though I found myself involuntarily entertaining such fantasies, and knew for certain that I wasn't homosexual, I could not help imagining being penetrated. Thirdly I had developed a nervous tic in one eye. Fourthly, and not for the first time, I felt very tempted to ditch everything and become totally self-centred and selfish, as I considered females to be, but knew that if I did this they would have won.

A measure of relief came after I killed a pigeon on Dam Square. I definitely felt better afterwards and the incident is significant in that regard. I had been cycling around on the Square, passing through the carpet of pigeons, not caring if any got under the wheels. One of the Arabs who hung around there (selling pigeon food to the tourists or making decorative ties in girls' hair) shouted something and I looked back. He pointed to a bird on the ground, mechanically moving on the same spot like a broken clockwork toy. I dismounted, walked over and with one of my heavy boots stamped on its head two or three times until it stopped moving. Although not looking round I became aware of a reaction, perhaps of daughters' eyes being shielded from the spectacle by their mothers. A commotion sprang up among the Moroccans; one said something in Dutch, searched for the English word and found it: "Maniac" he said.

A few minutes later some policemen arrived on mountain bikes and were directed towards me, still cycling around. The senior one asked if I had killed a pigeon and I admitted I had, then asked if it was illegal. He said it was and that I was not to be allowed onto Dam Square in the future.

“Don’t be ridiculous” I said. “We’re the police” one of the juniors interposed proudly, jutting out his chest. Another tried to kick me as I rode away.

I am sure that it was the actual slaughter of the pigeon which made me feel so much better, not the commotion which ensued. It struck me as rare for a pigeon to die for such a worthwhile purpose.

MF25-26. Three or four days later there was another pair MF25-26 from an English all-girls’ public school. I had exchanged a few words with them in the Jordaan before cycling away. Then I met them again near the Muntplein. We went to a small coffeeshop and spent an enjoyable couple of hours talking, and I realized that although neither was stunning they were well-matched to each other and feminine. Both had shapely bodies and full breasts and I wanted to bury myself in all four of the latter.

When I made the invitation to dinner they passed over my suggestion that it be held that same evening, preferring the following one. By the time the hour of our rendezvous arrived there had been too much of a build up of tension; I loved them for delaying, that they had made me wait made me love them, but becoming smitten was absolutely the worst thing I could have done.

Shortly after their arrival one gave a story about having to be somewhere else later on, the exact time left unspecified. They also announced, with some decisiveness, that they had booked their homeward journey four days hence; this led me to wonder whether in the speculation in which they had indulged in the interim the possibility that they may become stuck in Amsterdam with me may have occurred to them.

INTOLERANCE OF AMBIGUITY. At this stage I seemed to be in a similar state as with the Canadian Tourist, much earlier in my investigations. I could stand no ambiguity whatever, and their conveniently vague get-out excuse (“We can’t stay very long”) provoked a strong reaction: anger in response to the neurosis induced by the ambiguous statement. In the case of the Canadian Tourist the over-reaction had been primed initially by the change to tea, not coffee as per the invitation, then provoked by a patently false Statement of Unavailability. Here was an analogy with M40EP’s behaviour, who was apparently in a similar state when on holiday. This explained his extreme response to being touched.

It was obvious that the anger I expressed towards MF25-26 was a valid but delayed emotional response to the 10-hour mindfuck of the previous pair MF23-24. In each case (the Canadian Tourist and MF25-26) the expression of anger was only mild, and really only amounted to an annoyed tone of voice, but it still seemed most disquieting, indeed intolerable, to the females.

Throughout the sequence I bore an accumulation of marks of the previous mindfucks, and once this had been ascertained the current Pair, if Pair they were, would join in. This was certainly consistent during the later part of this experiment: once I bore the signs of having been mindfucked by previous females the current ones seemed to regard it as a cue to join the party.

According to my aspirations of social behaviour, MF25-26's withdrawal of their commitment to stay for dinner was the height of rudeness. I had invited them to come for a meal, which was to be our third meeting, and was prepared to feed and entertain them. Admittedly the best possible outcome was that I would bed them but this was by no means assumed. Once their commitment to stay for dinner had been withdrawn it was downhill from then on.

SERIAL KILLER. EFFECT OF REPEATED MENTAL ASSAULT. It cannot be said with absolute certainty that this was the occasion that the following events occurred. I am almost certain that they took place with MF25-26, in the period between their renegeing on our dinner arrangement and the time they actually left, but my mental state was such that memory was impaired. It may also be that the glimpse I obtained of the mind of the serial killer occurred not once but twice. Perhaps I had started to enter this state but shaken my head to clear it away, or it was interrupted by someone saying something. The circumstances of the second incident are forgotten.

As with the Canadian Tourist there was a delay of a few further exchanges before my anger was expressed. When one said something in reinforcement like "We have to go soon" I told her "You're quite intelligent but your instincts are stupid." Shortly afterwards she expressed her belief that females should be able to have sex any time they felt like it. (This had been mooted by females before and I had pointed out then how one-sided it was, but on this occasion it was passed over.) The other described this meeting as weird and I would certainly agree with that. There was no chance of me spiking their drinks, or jumping on them suddenly, or playing sudden tricks, but I was beginning to comprehend how someone in the state I was in could entertain such plans. I experienced a vivid sense of detachment and superiority, thinking somehow that I was looking down on them from the corner of the kitchen ceiling.

I resorted to serving them toast instead of the dinner I had planned, taking the opportunity to use up some slightly stale slices for the toast. The two females, with their finer senses of taste and texture, may have recognized that the bread was slightly stale, or my concern that they would detect this may have been signalled to them.

This is the fundamental ambivalence of signals. I remembered seeing a man selling a bicycle at the Waterlooplein market not long after I moved to

Amsterdam: it had looked very evident from his nervousness that the bicycle was stolen. However it might just as easily have been that his agitation arose from a fear that people thought the bicycle was stolen, not that it actually was. Both sets of signals are identical or very similar.

At this point, from some association with the stale toast, I sensed a distinct feeling of superiority, a satisfaction that these females were under some sort of perverse and secret control. I believe that this was the mind of a serial killer, that this was the state of mind I had glimpsed. There is the climax-like nature of murder, the mess (the blood), and perhaps the distinctively individual hallmark, like a signature, of each serial killer. Ending someone's life is the ultimate in control. All of these have analogies with sex and point to a sexual origin of this kind of murder. Then it seems that serial killers are the result of frustration and being mentally assaulted by females, and that females' irrational fears are the inspiration of it.

The analogy with false accusations of stealing can be applied again. A person who is falsely accused suffers the cost in terms of diminishment, particularly if the ego is weak. Then the cost-benefit ratio changes: there is little additional diminishment if the individual subsequently steals and avoids detection. Hence a false accusation increases the likelihood of a theft later occurring. A similar correspondence exists between the irrational fears of females and murderous tendencies in males. For example, on recounting the Coffee Experiment to others four separate suggestions were made that the coffee I carried may have been laced with a drug or otherwise poisoned. How many times would a male need to encounter a suspicion that the drink he offered was laced, before seriously considering it and perhaps actually doing it? Females' irrational fears are projected onto the male, and assimilated by him.

At the count of 30 it seemed that the more frustrated I became, the more I desired total control and the less the females were prepared to give it. Again I could tolerate no ambiguity whatever.

PAIR 6. I approached P6/MF31-32, who were the final subjects, on Dam Square. There had been a couple of incidental pairs throughout the sequence but perhaps none so characteristic as to merit Pair nomenclature as these. The first thing I said to them was "You're an interesting Pair" and I was certainly right about that. One was Dutch, the other was of Oriental extraction; both were around 17 and from Eindhoven. By this time I was automatically adding two years if my target came from outside Amsterdam, corresponding to the amount I perceived as the extra maturity living in Amsterdam conferred.

I met the Dutch one on the steps of the Palace as we had arranged if wet, under the shelter of the entrance. She was engrossed in conversation with a young Moroccan. He became reticent as soon as I arrived, but she

attempted to extend the conversation beyond its natural conclusion. She even said "Is there anything else you want to say?" to him. Then we were joined by a heavily-built but wimpy male and we sat around my kitchen table talking about the time a cargo-carrying Jumbo jet had come down on the Bijlmer, a housing estate on the periphery. The death toll had initially been massively exaggerated by several hundred bogus claims for missing relatives, inspired by hopes of compensation from Amsterdam City Council, but the actual death toll was 62. Most of those who had died had been Negro or other immigrants, stressed the wimpy male; he referred to them with loaded meaning as "Our friends." During the night the Dutch girl and I ended up kissing. The intimacy and physical contact definitely helped my state of mind.

About a week later the Pair were taken out to dinner. I was to take them for a meal at BAR1 but this required two working bicycles, so after they arrived I had to fix punctures to get us there. While I was repairing the bicycles outside there was an instance of a mother teaching her daughter how to pick up a man. The daughter was about 18, tall with dark brown hair. First there was a request for directions to a restaurant from the mother, which was almost certainly bogus. They seemed to avoid quitting immediately so I produced a telephone directory, then they hung around for another five minutes. At the end the daughter stood facing me for a few moments and I nearly asked "Is there something you want to say?" but as usual I didn't follow signals; besides, I already had a Pair inside. The mother and her attractive offspring eventually walked off in a huff.

During the meal it emerged that the Oriental one was not drinking anything to avoid having to go to the lavatory until she got home. She didn't want to use any other. The whole outing was for her a round trip of 250km, with at least a couple of hours in the middle. (This wasn't explicitly stated at the time but my appraisal was confirmed in a subsequent telephone conversation with the Dutch girl.)

Females prefer to use their own lavatory and in this girl of Oriental origin the trait was strongly expressed. Another girl, whom I had met at BIGBAR5, confessed that when away from home she would desperately want to go but could not actually release when the crucial moment came. I prefer not to dwell on this theme, except that it did appear to be consistent among females. Some association obviously existed with marking.

ROLE OF HUMOUR. Whenever I attempted to share a joke with P6, to relieve tension, it flopped dramatically. Shortly after we returned to the house the Dutch girl said "Can we leave now?" and I replied "No, I'm going to keep you here as my prisoners." Despite my light-hearted manner the comment was apparently received with near-terror. The Dutch girl had at this moment clutched a small screwdriver in her pocket. I was shown it a

few minutes later as we walked along the canal on the way to the train station; it was easily capable of blinding in one eye or permanently scaring someone. Many cases of rape are less serious than such an injury.

Jokes to the Dutch were likely to be interpreted literally; they certainly seemed to have difficulty sometimes with the British sense of humour. The range of topics which were considered unsuitable subjects for jokes had become extensive.

The role of humour is to spread information and release tension. Here is the real purpose of political correctness: inhibiting the release of tension (exacerbating neurosis) and the distribution of information. Once intolerance of jokes on a certain topic is established, and made taboo, perception of the theme can be modified to suit certain (usually unstated) political and sexual goals.

The Eindhoven Pair P6 provided evidence that super-feminine characteristics, and the social tolerance of them which had allowed them to flourish, were not confined to Amsterdam. P6 were obsessive about saving energy, insisting that my automatic hallway night-light be turned off before we left for BAR1, even though it consumed all of about 8W. They also displayed some interesting communistic tendencies – they couldn't understand why cars, cigarettes etc. shouldn't all be of one kind instead of having lots of different brands. Subsequently the Dutch one proposed that our next meeting take place around Christmas, i.e. three months hence. I saw neither again after this.

What probably happened was that the Dutch girl, fearing loss of control, had brought along a malleable male as guardian and eventual protector. She may have considered the relationship to have been consolidated after our intimacy while I, with the Pair as target and having been subjected to the weakening of Consolidation Markers, did not.

For some places for which there was no entrance charge, such as BIGBAR5, the practice developed of tipping doormen on the way out. This seemed to be due to the influence of the Affectionate Farewell, possibly an extension of it. It was comparable to Eastern Bloc countries where it was easy to enter but difficult to get out. Another similarity with the Eastern Bloc was a strong dislike of photographs being taken, notably in BIGBAR3.

DEGENERATION OF GTFT TO TFT. Even well before the end of the sequence of 32 it had become very obvious that I had exhausted the traditional male strategy of Generous Tit For Tat. What I had thought formerly to be a viable strategy was now so inefficient as to be soul-destroying. I was having to go through the same rituals with females over and over again, rituals which I considered to be pathetic and childish, in order to have any chance of success, just to try and avoid the awful

neurosis and frustration. It was like brute force against an obstacle – only by such pounding could I escape the anguish of mental recriminations: ‘If only I had done...’ or ‘If only I had said...’ Thoughts like this would beat in my brain like a hammer.

What appeared to have happened locally was that females unreservedly exploiting the generous element in GTFT had led males to respond with strict Tit For Tat; they had by the necessity of waste descended to the level of the females. Ten years formerly a female felt an obligation to provide sex if there was a relationship, but now females would only enter into sex if they felt like it. Indeed by this stage several females had voiced the view that she would only have sex when she was in love.

FORMAL DEFINITION OF THE MINDFUCK, THE MENTAL ASSAULT. It is possible for a male to mindfuck a female, but the female is so much better at it, and of manipulating relationships in general, that he is unlikely to prevail in competition with her.

1. The mindfuck is essentially a political manoeuvre. The female manipulates the male into a position where she could have sex but refrains from doing so.
2. She maintains the male in a state of arousal or false expectation.
3. She scores points to satisfy and bolster her ego.
4. She evokes images of granting sexual favours to another (the more perverse her selection, for this purpose, the better) but grants them to the male or males in her audience either rarely or never.
5. She quits from a male suddenly or prematurely, because she prefers to Assault rather than engage in a proper relationship.
6. She grants and withdraws sexual favours to a male with whom she is involved in a relationship without logic or reason.

EVOLUTIONARY ORIGIN OF THE MENTAL ASSAULT. The primary purpose of the Mental Assault is to confound the male, thus to limit sex. The confused male is easier to manipulate. The Mental Assault operates (as usual) on at least two levels, the individual and the collective. On the individual level, confusing the male tests his determination to win the female, since a male who is easily swayed is unlikely to remain for the birth and support of his child. On the collective level the Mental Assault is beneficial to females generally and is already institutionalized, for example in advertising.

Observation 4, the more perverse her selection for these purposes the better, suddenly put an entirely different complexion on the females who had chosen, and could often be seen publicly flaunting, coloured boyfriends. With the sight of a black male and white female it was often evident firstly that the male was being used as a trophy and secondly that the female was trying to elicit a reaction. Once, for example, a golden-haired blonde of 17 or 18 with flowing curly locks had been walking hand-in-hand with a jet-black male, with the girl intensely using peripheral vision to try to gauge the reactions of M34EEI and I as we passed by.

One evening cycling near my street I saw a Dutchwoman of about 30 leaning her back against her Moroccan boyfriend. I caught a snippet of their conversation as I passed by; the woman was saying "*Nee, luisteert maar wat ik zeg*" (No, just listen to what I say). The reduced status of blacks and Arabs (or their self-perceived status) made them more amenable to control. White females were also seen walking alongside a Negro or other immigrant male, the male pushing a pram containing the half-caste child they had produced.

By the end of the experiment I was desperately in need of a consolidated or (even better) a consummated Paragon. Indeed several females asked me as I neared the end of the sequence "Have you been hurt by lots of women?" I had definitely been in Amsterdam too long; it had been months since I had taken a break and was generally listless and unable to concentrate on work. I wrote a short letter to LO1 saying when I would arrive and set forth on a considerably overdue trip to Copenhagen to see her, but after being sent on a diversionary goose-chase I ended up sleeping in the hallway outside her apartment under my overcoat.

The flood of tears I had produced at the end of the previous season was now reduced to a single tear. I sat beside the lake in the centre of Copenhagen in the early hours struggling with myself whether to go back to LO1 and knock her up, to ask if she was sure about not taking me in, or whether I should go directly to the train station. At that moment a single tear ran down my cheek. I caught the train.

For a couple of days after my return to Amsterdam I felt strangely elated, thinking that she must love me to hurt me so much. Perhaps, I thought, it was an expression of 'You always hurt the one you love.' Maybe it was just the overdue catharsis of a mad, romantic instinct. Once this had passed however I became more circumspect.

MALES PUSHING PRAMS. Plenty of males were pushing prams in Copenhagen. Many times I had seen a male pushing a pram while hunting in Amsterdam I had felt that perhaps by my efforts to obtain a girlfriend I was playing straight into their collective hands, and my determination

weakened. At other times it would strengthen my resolve, as if in opposition. There was never a neutral response. In earlier days I would have been pleased to see it, regarding it as an encouraging sign in the movement towards equality of the sexes.

One day I saw a Dutchman practically slobbering along as he walked. He had a baby slung in a harness, the baby resting against where breasts should be. I remembered the experiment with the chimpanzees, about how those fed from a wiry frame were maladjusted. So was the male in this case, never mind the prospects for the child; he was in an acute state of something. A Dutchwoman had been seen bubbling along in similar fashion pushing a pram full of half-Negro children.

LITTLE JOHNNIE'S LAW. M28FY told me of another feature which was common to Holland and Denmark: Little Johnnie's Law. In Holland it was *De Wet van Jantje*, in Denmark it was the *Jätteløven*, in Sweden I learnt it was the *Jantelagen*. LJL meant that no-one was allowed to be too good at anything, too successful or too clever. Someone who was too different would not be accepted by others. It was, I considered, an alternative formulation of Spite and Jealousy; S&J was its overt form. It served firstly to protect delicate female sensibilities of inadequacy and secondly it encouraged an environment of conformism.

M28FY also gave an account of a Dutch female he knew who had the habit of asking a male if she could sleep with him. Then she would take off all or most of her clothes and climb into bed. When the inevitable advances were made she would "throw up" in horror (M28FY's words) at the prospect of sex. M28FY knew this to have occurred with six different males. With him it had happened on two or three occasions and each time he had just turned over and gone to sleep. Apparently one Dutchman wrote her a letter afterwards apologizing for his presumption that sex would take place.

I had been thinking about it for some time and had reached no firm conclusion, but the 10-hour mindfuck, which was one of many, and sleeping on the floor outside LO1's apartment, were the circumstances which finally led to the determination that it was valid generally. I talked to a Dutchman who would have seen me many times on, and often leaving with females from, Dam Square. He drove a horse-drawn landau giving tourist rides from the Square and was from outside Amsterdam. "What do you think I'm doing here?" I asked. He shrugged his shoulders. "I'm writing a book and have a new theory" I said. He didn't agree with the theory but I asked him to assume, for the sake of argument, that it was true. It would be disgusting if so, he agreed. A few moments later a woman of about 25 walked up and we watched her smirking while she wordlessly stroked the

horse with one hand and held a pet ferret to her bosom with the other. It had become very evident that women, if left to their own devices, will treat animals with greater kindness than they treat men.

PROPOSITION 9. Females, if unconstrained, will treat animals better than their own males.

DISCUSSION. Females will justify being cruel based on their erroneous perception that males treat them badly, or with their own notions of being cruel to be kind. This will be by females' criteria of being kind, such as ending a relationship which would be impractical as a monogamous one but perfectly feasible as a polygamous one.

A remarkable contrast exists between the lack of inhibition females express in talking to animals and their reticence in opening a conversation with a male. The situation can readily be imagined of a wife who dotes on an animal but treats her husband only cursorily. This benevolent attitude towards animals defies the basic truth that humans are capable of suffering more pain than any other animal, because they endure not only physical but also emotional and psychological pain.

END OF THE SUMMER. By the end of the summer I had come to regard females as knavish creatures with which, in any exchange with a male, the male will come off worse. I was starting to view them, especially the attractive ones, like swans, they were beautiful but absolutely vicious. It was as if I had acquired eyes borne of painful experience and could now see through them. I simply did not like them any more.

An atmosphere of female arrogance, similar to that which I associated with BIGBAR3, and which I was beginning to find unbearable, was sensed in the central University of Amsterdam building while checking references for one of my papers before submission. With this awareness I would face a trip to a public library or a train journey with a feeling of mild trepidation, because I knew that both these scenarios had become (temporarily, until expectations increased still further) environments which females found favourable for emitting deliberate signals and receiving approaches. They were only prepared to accept approaches when everyone around was watching and probably also listening. The costs of sex had been increased to the extent that the male had to conform to their demands for the public weakening of markers.

Power. The Dishonest Submersion of Difference

October 1993 F18PM Female, 18, Parisian model
 F24DMH Female, 24, Dutch with Moroccan husband
 M32ATS Male, 32, Amsterdam tree surgeon

THE ACCUMULATION AND EXERCISE OF POWER. It took a considerable time to appreciate why the female appetite for talking, reading and everything else to do with sex, except actually doing it, was so strong. It was that sexual images, whether explicit or merely evoked, were a direct transfer of power to the female. Everywhere one was assailed by the female body beautiful. Not only were they directed to males but also to females, in women's magazines, on billboards and the like, so they were clearly pleasing to them. This was because females were being portrayed in idealized terms, teaching her how the male perceives the female and how she can be regarded by him. She could then appreciate herself as an object of male attention and this gave her confidence and power, increasing the value of sex.

M34EEI related how he had been called out to do some computer work at a porn factory and been shown into a large room full of computers being used to manipulate and prepare the images. Behind every one sat a woman.

If control of sex is in the female domain then any treatment of it increases female power because it is an arena in which males cannot compete. The male confusion about his emotions and difficulty expressing them, in contrast to females' preoccupation with feelings and their superior speech ability, are only minor examples of the many ways by which in relational transactions the female will inevitably prevail over the male. Anything involving emotion will confer advantage on the female, and any dependence on timing is also likely to favour the female.

One day I badly wanted to get out of Amsterdam; it was a feeling that had been building up for a while. I couldn't go away because two papers were being submitted to the journals. Instead I went to the airport for an afternoon out. On the large viewing balcony I saw the back of a blonde

head, alone at a corner; she was leaning against the railing at the front. She and I were the only people there, but I only walked around and didn't approach. Other people came and went, and I left to walk around another part of the airport and returned. Eventually I went up and started talking to her. She told me she was waiting for the aeroplane below to depart, carrying her boyfriend away for several months. She had bid him goodbye in the departure lounge but its departure was delayed; she had already been waiting for around an hour. Since that time she had been staring fixedly at the aircraft, indulging herself in the sensations the situation evoked in her. I chatted, became a little intimate at one point and suggested she might give me her telephone number, but it was passed over. A few minutes later I made a further allusion to her telephone number and almost under her breath she said that I should wait until her boyfriend's aircraft had departed. After some moments I left her to her emotional self-indulgence and went for another wander around the airport. About half an hour later I returned to the balcony once more and she was still there, but by this time she had become not so much a prospective consort as an object of curiosity.

THE LEIDSEPLEIN. FEMALE TERRORISM. It was as if a state of terrorism was being inflicted on males and if so the Leidseplein was its focus. Someone might think: 'Has the woman I am thinking of entering into a relationship with ever been there?' Or, 'If I am rejected will she immediately go there and pick up another man?' Such thoughts would inevitably have occurred to others as well as I. There was my own tendency to take girl-tourists there for a brief showing, as if it was some sort of token, or as if being or being seen there with them was some sort of consolidation.

I visited F25HNJP at her home two or three times and met her husband, a blond German who spoke no English, and her 7-year-old daughter by a previous association. F25HNJP's daughter was already growing breasts and wanted to wear lipstick and nail-varnish all the time; she was being taken to hospital every month for injections to stop her starting her periods, otherwise her normal growth would be arrested. This supported the hypothesis of female hormones in the environment causing such early physical development in females, and more general aberrations. F25HNJP's daughter came home from school for lunch every day but still her mother was looking forward to going away for a 'Mother and daughter weekend' during which she would be alone with her.

F25HNJP turned out to have a Jewish mother and a Negro father, which made an even greater mockery of "I'm not a racist but I don't take Moroccans or Turks." Her UF mother had survived a Nazi concentration camp as a girl. Once in my presence she earnestly asked her grand-

daughter "Don't you like me?" F25HNJP's father was a large-scale heroin dealer who had been arrested and a large quantity of heroin discovered, but he was set free after a matter of weeks. I learnt that some of the "car alarms" I had heard were in fact the prostitutes' alarm sirens.

INDUCTION OF PSYCHOSIS. During one these visits to F25HNJP's apartment a tendency for females to deliberately instil fear was confirmed, although the most distinctive examples involve prostitutes. This had been done several times early on by F38PP, telling me that a man who was loitering in my street had been in contact with the owner of my house and wanted it. In actuality he had been one of the type of unstable males who would form an attachment to one of the prostitutes and then hang around. F25HNJP told me that if her partner found us together I would be very aggressively dealt with. The reality I believe was that F25HNJP's partner anticipated a *menage-a-trois*, although not the kind that I was seeking.

A milder and more commonplace expression of female terrorism was females working in coffeeshops attempting to remove a glass or cup which was still unfinished. In this case the customer, sensitized by marijuana, was likely to become insecure and worry that he was unwelcome. (In more ordinary circumstances this procedure is another example of the insidious Challenge Signal.)

PROSTITUTION. Prostitution was much more to the benefit of females, due to the displacement of cost. One day I saw another of the prostitutes of my street being picked up in an expensive car by her husband. Her two young daughters were playing in the back seat. One of the daughters, who was less than 5 years old, accidentally met my gaze as I surveyed the scene and immediately looked away. To imagine that these girls, when old enough to be sexually active, would not exploit that asset to its maximum seemed so unlikely as to be unthinkable.

A common local sight was a swagger in the walk of females. This was noticed sometimes as they walked down my street, or as they were emerging from the Red Light District, at which time female tourists would sometimes signal me.

Another woman I was seeing during this period was F24DMH, who had a Moroccan husband. One of the most significant things she told me was that she would never accept an approach on the street, but in fact she had accepted an approach from, and later married, the Moroccan man who had done just that. I asked F24DMH if she wanted children. "No" she replied "My genes are bad." With this I concurred, since she had a number of health problems, but commented that it didn't seem to stop others who wanted a baby. It had been F24DMH's voice that had attracted me to her; I

had thought at first that she was French. Her husband was now pressuring her to have a child which, by my analysis and advice to her, was an attempt by him to secure a lock-in.

F24DMH was evidently very used to having her own way. She was studying law and wanted to be a part-time lawyer, and openly had relations with other males, which was where I came in. I saw her three times and nothing happened, at which point I stopped seeing her. In all our dealings together she adopted strict Tit For Tat, down to the nearest guilder. During our meetings she would deliberately steer our conversations in the knowledge that other people were listening, twice publicly announcing her perception that I had difficulties with women, once on a train and once in a cinema. The actual point of departure came at the Muntplein when I asked if I could kiss her and she refused. Another girl I saw during this period, who was more my type in any case, having dismounted from the back of my cycle, refused to let me hold her hand as we crossed the Melkmeisjesbrug, at which point I lost interest.

BEHAVIOURAL ESTABLISHMENT. After my experience with the English girls MF23-24, with whom once a pattern of complete divulgence had been instituted it became fixed thereafter, I wondered about the precise point at which behavioural patterns were established. Of relevance is what children are told by their mothers when they misbehave. M27HERM had an old record narrating them:

America: Be good! (also Italy and Greece)

Germany: Sei artig! Be in line! Get back in step!

Norway: Ble snil! Be friendly! Be kind!

Sweden: Var snell! Be friendly! Be kind!

France: Sois sage! Be wise! Don't be foolish!

Britain: Behave yourself! Mind your manners!

Apparently many Japanese children sleep with their mothers until their teens, which for boys can result in their first sex being with their mothers. More pertinent however is the point of Behavioural Establishment in adults. A reversion to former behaviours certainly takes place when resuming a relationship with a partner or friend after it has lapsed. According to PGL the mechanism is unlikely to be unique to relationships between two people, but it may be particularly distinctive in them.

Perhaps one of the most significant observations of the Mindfuck Experiment was my sense of being stuck in a recurrent cycle of being manipulated and exploited from which I could not escape. Applied generally, as it undoubtedly can be, it explains a number of phenomena. One is the lap-dancing clubs in which naked females tease males with the

only physical contact taking place when money is given. Some males keep returning and are apparently caught in this cycle. The effect will certainly exist in lesser degree.

POWER. More power does not mean more force or strength; giving more power to an individual only results in the stronger expression of their character. Hence when a weak personality obtains power they become not strong, but strongly weak. A Machiavellian example would be a land ruled by a weak king; the country is invaded, the generals clamour for action but the weak king overrules them, delays inordinately and the country is overrun by the enemy.

This maxim was confirmed in the Amsterdam scene. Characteristics were so strongly expressed they became almost professional in nature. The professional amateur, although ostensibly a contradiction in terms, was someone who perpetually dabbled and was so adept at it that they almost qualified for professional recognition. There were professional time-wasters and professional flirts, as well as the usual folk who were out all the time or who would not answer the door when not in the mood. There was M28DIW with his intermittent answering machine, which ground to a halt even before completing its outgoing message; M26DM had a doorbell which shared an electric socket with his refrigerator, which meant that half the time, and especially in summer, it wasn't connected. Another telephone trick was not answering but seeing who it was when the caller tried to leave a message. This extended to picking up the telephone and putting it straight back on the hook.

As much energy was often necessary to motivate someone as was required to accomplish the task oneself, even though there were plenty of intelligent people and many of the males were skilled and potentially capable. To achieve even the most trivial objective a relationship had to be maintained for several days beforehand. A definite commitment was usually very difficult to obtain. The capacity of the Dutch to waste time was quite spectacular, with libraries closing without warning for staff social events and services which were only available on one day of the week.

EXPLORATIONS ON MATRIARCHY. There is an obvious distinction between economic power and sexual power. Ultimately it is not money which makes people happy, but relationships; that is, sex. Males still had the power of economic control (neglecting the routine transfer of wealth to females who outlived them) and males still had some power in the establishment, although this was diminishing. However the question had to be asked: for whose benefit were the establishment structures for? The state may be patriarchal in that the engines of economic power were in the hands of males, but for whose benefit were those institutions maintained?

My long-time friend M32ATS told me that the Dutch feminist magazine *Opzij* ('Out of my way') had reported that 60% of the wealth in Holland was held by old women who safely invested it in bonds and shares. It was mainly males aged 30-40 who worked to increase the value of those shares. In effect males were working for the benefit of elder females, who did nothing except rest on the capital which had been left them by their husbands.

SUBORDINATE CONVICTION. All the attention seemed to be directed towards females. This also extended to children: girls seemed to be treasured and fussed over, while boys could be practically ignored. It was apparent that young girls were aware of their status. However even in this environment females would still claim to be oppressed and downtrodden. During a visit to F25HNJP a German colleague of hers (i.e. another prostitute) made this claim and said "But things are turning in our direction."

MATRIARCHAL CONSOLIDATION. There was an apparent acceptance of Exaggerated Behaviour in Alien Role and this could constitute a consolidation of matriarchy. Just as the female can maintain a relationship without consolidation, she can maintain a matriarchy without it being apparent to males.

Two examples of EBIAR are quoted in illustration. Firstly there were the male and female police pairs: the female would over-react and then the male would adopt a retiring attitude in an attempt to redress the balance. Once this pattern was established however it would follow that a matriarchal power structure was in effect, since in many situations a chain of automatic responses had been started; let us say that an over-zealous female officer pursued a trivial misdemeanour, which then resulted in an altercation. Behavioural habits were also being established.

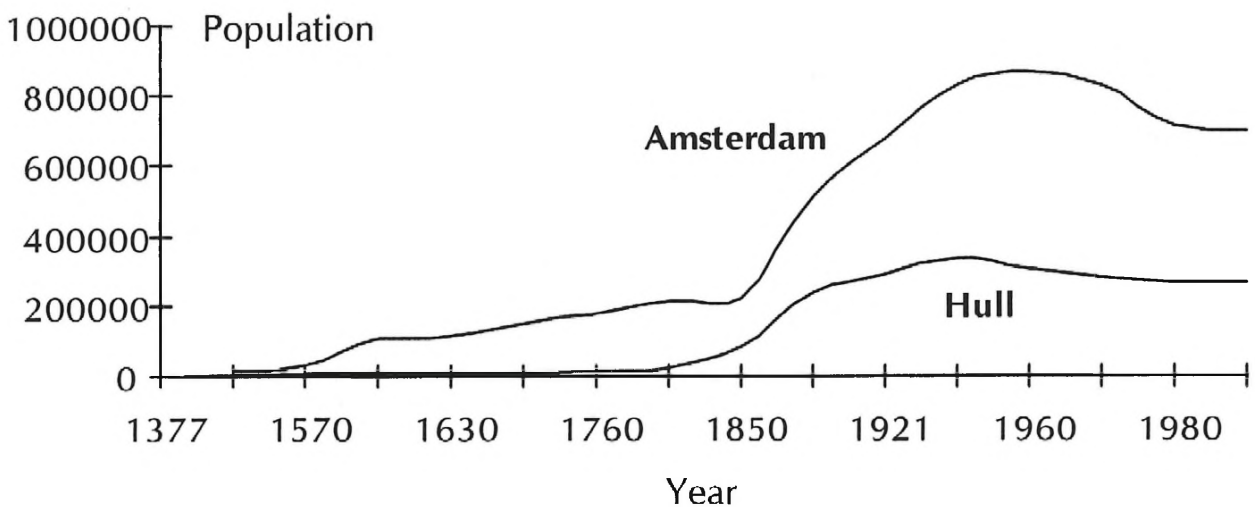
A more trivial scenario occurred in the coffeeshop, where there was normally a male dealer and a female making drinks, although the male would likely help the female when the coffeeshop was busy. It sometimes happened however that these roles were reversed, so that a male was making the drinks and a female was dealing. Then the female's greater passivity and enjoyment at watching the male doing what had formerly been her work made her less likely to help the male under equivalent circumstances.

The very existence of Base and Spoiled Female indicates a matriarchy. There were no Base and Spoiled Males: the base males were all in prison and the spoiled ones consisted of a few individuals such as popstars and politicians.

Table 9. Population Growth, Amsterdam and Hull

YEAR	A'DAM	HULL
1377		1,557
1514	13,500	
1570	30,000	4,600
1622	104,932	
1630	115,249	8,000
1700		7,512
1760		12,683
1795	217,024	22,286
1850	224,035	84,690
1900	510,853	240,259
1921	683,166	287,150
1950	835,834	334,759
1960	869,602	303,261
1970	831,463	285,970
1980	716,967	266,760
1991	702,731	265,600

Figure 9. Graph of Data in Table 9



POPULATION LEVEL AS A MEASURE OF FEMALE INFLUENCE. Amsterdam was certainly a matriarchy as were many other places. The female influence was much stronger than the male. There was females' freedom to exploit males for their own ends, but they gave little or nothing in return to males for whom they had no purpose, even when there were ties of family or friendship.

Moreover, I reasoned that a true patriarchy had not been in place since the population had increased so inordinately that it was no longer feasible for any member of the tribe to be able to rely on any other for hospitality and shelter. This philosophy is the converse of the female trait (or strategy) of Our Cosy Circle. I imagined a situation where neighbouring tribes or villages existed in small populations, where individuals who abused the hospitality that was offered them were easily traced and reportable throughout their society.

INVALIDITY OF PATERNAL INSTINCT. For the bulk of our time in evolution an extended family would have lived together in a cave or crude dwelling, and a male's dependants consisted of some permutation of his woman or women, his and his women's parents and his women's children. The more people, and particularly for the purposes of this example the more children, the more mouths he had to feed and the harder he would have to work, whether his role was as a hunter-gatherer or performing some skill for the others of his society. Thus any pressure for an increase in population comes from females, or from males in whom the paternal trait is expressed. I contend that the paternal instinct is merely a male expression of the female instinct. It exists in males as a consequence of repeated selection for that trait by females.

CONTRACEPTION AND POPULATION. A cave painting of condom use has been found dating back 10,000 years; until 1828 they were made from sheep intestine. Condoms have been mass-produced since 1843 and the contraceptive pill was introduced around 1960. However the availability of contraception may be one of the least significant determinants of population level. Referring to Figure 9, the similarity in population trends between two independent cities is striking.

THE POLICE AS AN ARM OF THE MATRIARCHAL STATE. In practice the police are used to curb the excesses of the male: the male instinct at the extreme is to rape and pillage while the female instinct is to have babies. Hardly any checks are imposed on female excess. Then if females are getting males to act for them, for their own ends, for example by protecting them from domestic violence and, most particularly, raising the costs of sex, the police must be considered an arm of the matriarchal state.

There was the case of the man who continued having sex with his fiancée for five minutes after she had asked him to stop, who received a prison sentence of six months, but the example I wish to examine in more detail is the “Labourer pulled knife on former girlfriend” story seen in Hull’s local newspaper during my visit earlier in the year. The report read as follows:

A stormy relationship ended when a man pulled a knife on his ex-girlfriend, a court heard. The 22-year-old unemployed labourer snapped when the girl telephoned to say she was pregnant by him but had a new boyfriend. Mr James Gotts, prosecuting, said [the man], of The Garth, Cottingham, later confronted her while he was drunk, producing a knife which he began waving at her. For the accused Mr. Mike Clancy told Hull magistrates that the relationship between his client and his ex-girlfriend had been a ‘stop-start’ affair. He said his client now accepted he had acted in a completely insane and quite unforgivable manner. The accused pleaded guilty to a charge of affray and was fined £100 and ordered to pay £40 costs. He was also bound over in the sum of £150 to keep the peace for 12 months.

Here is a situation where a female has blindly followed her instincts to their conclusion and received no admonishment whatever. She was not even named (while here for fairness I have removed the name of the man). The male had only partially followed a misdirected instinct, specifically his instinct to beat a wayward woman with a stick, and found himself grovelling before a judge. No actual violence was involved, only the threat of it, for which he is punished. On the other hand the female had conceived a child which is almost guaranteed to be a psychological mess and a burden on society for years to come, even before she has dropped it in her Own Big Fuck. The costs of that act are likely to be enormous, and could continue for generations, yet it is the male who is punished, not the female. To obtain an equitable system we need to redefine right and wrong so as to obtain equal numbers of males and females in prison. Consistently around 95% of the inmates of penal institutions are male.

This example also illustrates the generalization that the male instinct to act is valid but often wrongly directed, while the reasons the female does not act are invalid but her inaction is often more appropriate.

Another telling contrast between Hull and Amsterdam was of the amount of crime and the attitude to it. In any edition of the Hull newspaper the example quoted and many others were typical, as well as stories of rapes and attempted rapes, crimes of violence and theft. Yet this was

considered unexceptional by the inhabitants of Hull. In Amsterdam the perception and fear of crime was enormous, while the actual level seemed tiny, certainly in comparison to the amount which routinely took place in Hull.

RAPE. Perhaps rape is analogous to being locked in a room being forced to listen to a recording of children in agony. There would be no physical damage, only psychological stress. For sex, whether she consents or not, the female invariably lubricates so unless there is violence employed (not just the threat of it) or an ensuing pregnancy, or a disease transmitted, there is rarely any physical effects. The reason females abhor rape so much is that females are, above all, selective and virtually every word they utter or claim they make is intended, individually or collectively, to increase the costs of sex. Rape sets the cost of sex at nought; it is the complete antithesis of the female strategy.

It may further be that by the sensations she experiences after forced sex, such as Copulation Bonding and other instincts such as Disclosure, the female is obliged to confront the invalidity of her emotions and this she cannot countenance.

A comparison can be made between rape and childbirth. Compared to giving birth being raped, even violently so, is like having tea and biscuits on the lawn. A rape might last perhaps 20 minutes and is as much of an ordeal as the female makes it. On the other hand having a baby involves a period of nine months, for most of which there is physical deformity, then there is a painful labour and still more painful passage. It would be surprising if the female did not have sensations of panic at the prospect of the equivalent of passing a pumpkin, and its alleviation may be the primary role of prenatal classes. However females are sustained against such fears by the deep conviction that childbearing is her intended and ultimate purpose. Sex between males and females is a natural function: the equivalent of being raped to a male might be being forced to eat a banana, except that 13% of males do not have fantasies about being force-fed a banana.

UNANSWERED QUESTIONS. Two major unanswered questions were outstanding; for the rest I thought it was more or less sewn up. The unanswered questions were firstly, why did females submerge difference? Differences between males and females, between different races and between humans and animals were clearly being minimized and denied. Secondly, why were females so keen on homosexuality? The actual proportion of the population who were homosexual, according to a Dutch survey, was between 2 and 4% but in Amsterdam homosexuality wasn't just tolerated, it seemed to be actively promoted. I was beginning to

suspect that the tolerance of which the Dutch were so proud really only applied insofar as it was to the advantage of females. This was a suspicion only, I had not yet reached a conclusion in this regard.

Also intriguing in retrospect was the series of small gifts I received from females during my early days on the Leidseplein.

MUSIC BUSINESS. Birdsong alone can define a species; a different mating call might arise among a group of otherwise identical birds and thenceforth a new evolutionary path is established which becomes increasingly distinct over successive generations. An interesting parallel with human behaviour has been observed among robins in England. If a foreign male with a different song enters a forest from another area, the other males will gang up and chase it off. This could just as well be a yuppie from the city going into a country pub and chatting up the pretty barmaid, and the local menfolk becoming aggressive towards the man they regard as a usurper.

If popular music is akin to birdsong and other mating-calls then its reinforcement was that farm workers, being otherwise similarly endowed with muscles, used to be chosen for their singing ability, because they were able to entertain other workers in the fields. They were more reproductive due to being in work, and particularly by being better fed. Because of that reinforcement there is now plenty of singers.

Popular music serves several roles. It provides a record of cultural change and a snapshot of a period in each individual's lifetime, for example evoking the surroundings or fashions of the day in which a particular record was popular. However its main role would appear to give adolescent humans, especially girls, an opportunity to exercise their fledgling selective instincts before they get serious about a long-term partner. In Amsterdam "What kind of music do you like?" was a clear sign that a female was considering a male as a partner. It was a leading question by a female, signifying her interest and the process of being interviewed as a potential boyfriend.

The closeness of the music business to sexuality, that sexuality is just beneath the surface, probably accounts for its taint of sleaziness, although an alternative explanation might be the artificial informality which is prevalent in the industry. My observation with the benefit of hindsight was that this plastic informality often meant that engineers (for example) had not only to do their work but pretend that they liked someone as well.

One reason that 'anything goes' in the music business may be because it is perceived as not really making much difference to anything, although this perception may not be entirely accurate. It has already been observed that the music business and squatters seem to be the first to adopt changes in social mores, and they may also set trends. Plus 'Anything too stupid to be said can always be sung.' It struck me some years ago that if only a

portion of the huge amount of energy expended in the intense competition of the music scene, especially in England, was directed toward real-world problems, the world would be a much happier place.

STREAMING IN DUTCH CULTURE. The Dutch were fiercely insistent of their individuality while remaining rigidly, sometimes astonishingly, conformist. There also seemed to be an effect of Streaming in Dutch culture: people with similar tastes in music and the like would stick closely together, resulting in streams or camps of essentially similar people. In other societies (such as the English society which I was using as my reference) there was greater acceptance into the social group of people who, say, merely lived close by, rather than who fulfilled certain strict criteria for admittance to a clique.

The Dutch moved around in flocks; events would either be a total disaster or packed full. Once F24DMH and I had gone to the seaside one exceptionally fine winter Sunday to see the sea and walk along the beach. It had seemed a good idea at the time but when we got there it became clear that half of Amsterdam had arrived at the same idea, and the exercise was naught but a cruel parody. There were so many people that it was more like a school outing than a quiet afternoon walk.

SUBSTITUTION OF CAFÉS FOR RELATIONSHIPS. One could easily fall into a relationship with a particular café, of which there were certainly many, for example falling into the habit of going to a café or bar where one was known, however superficially, as a substitute for relationships with friends. It was perilously easy to substitute the regular attendance at a café or coffeeshop for what would, in a different environment, be a relationship with another person. This was a consequence of the effort which was required to maintain normal relations with others.

WEEKEND. Another expression of conformity was a strict adherence to the weekend rhythm. It was also an expression of the removal of ambiguity in relationships, since a person knew precisely how they stood, according to the day on which an invitation or meeting fell. Saturday was peak-time, with Friday and Sunday as runners-up. When seeing someone at the weekend who had a boyfriend or girlfriend one was very tempted to ask 'Where is so-and-so?' if they were without their partner, with the reasoning that it was 'peak enjoyment time' and their partner should be with them. Before reaching a concrete awareness of this however I had unthinkingly found myself visiting friends at the weekend as I unconsciously followed the prevailing mood.

Perhaps the inherent 7-day rhythm of humans, which seems to be consistent across many cultures, and which with their Revolutionary

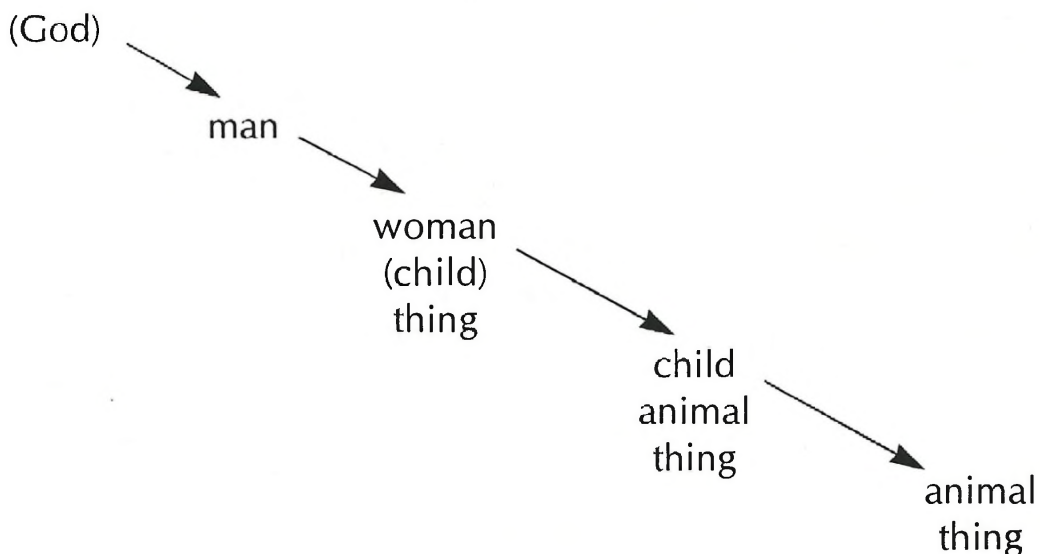
Calendar the French tried to buck but failed, is because either males, or females, or both need to have sex once a week; this is another potential explanation for the female willingness to stick to a rigid weekend rhythm. Now however it was not to fuck, but to mindfuck. On one memorable occasion, and on many more to a lesser extent, I'd had the same sensation at the end of a night at BIGBAR5 as on the departure of MF23-24.

Again I felt I didn't want to go out any more. I thought that I could just about stand living without sex but not the games I had to endure trying to get it. I was sick of seeing people standing around staring into their beer, trying to be cool and what few females there were flirting around, lapping it up. The ostensibly inflated egos were really just a substitute for something else.

AFFECTION BENEATH. Affection Beneath was inspired by a query from a Parisian model F18PM I met boarding a hovercraft on the way to England that December; she attributed the delay which elapsed before I approached her to the fact that she had dyed her blonde hair dark.

On arrival in England, for a brief visit, the contrast between the East London stall-holders, who would chat and share jokes with anyone, and the neurotic and self-conscious Dutch was remarkable. F18PM later appeared to be using me as a Remote Paragon and wrote asking why she couldn't sleep without her teddy bear. For the protective and caretaking instinct to be evoked there must be some debility or vulnerability in the object of affection. Only then can the instinct be evoked.

Figure 10. Affection Beneath



Also that December one of the Italian girls – the only girls to have insisted on washing up after I'd cooked them a meal, around four months

previously – returned with a boyfriend, and I let the couple stay. One night we went out to BIGBAR5 and the three of us sat on the stage. The Italian girl was watching the dancers and sucking a lollipop which had been lying around in the house. She sat at one moment holding it in front of her. A Dutchman came bounding up, put his mouth right around the lollipop and looked into her eyes as a come-on. He abandoned when he realized that she was Italian and already well spoken for.

A partial explanation for such displays of Dutch male unctuousness (this only being a notable example) may have been that, knowing everyone was watching, the male forces unselfconsciousness and so the behaviour, being forced, is exaggerated. Other potential explanations are lack of self-esteem, due to females making males work so hard, and rank immaturity. Then there is EBIAR; the exaggerated behaviour by males was because the maintenance of relationships, and perhaps also making relational initiatives, is properly a female activity.

During their stay the boyfriend, who spoke no English, conveyed the message through the girl to me that he would be willing to share her. I'm not quite certain why, but my response was to thank them for the offer and decline.

THE DSoD (Dee-sod) THEORY: THE DISHONEST SUBMERSION OF DIFFERENCE. It appears that the perception of difference is modulated in the brain in a manner which is analogous to an audio expander or compressor. Expanders and compressors are used to process audio signals as follows. An expander increases the difference between the loudest and softest sounds by making loud sounds louder and quiet sounds quieter. Expanders are used to increase the dynamic range or reduce the amount of hiss on a tape playback. Compression is the opposite process and is more commonly used; this decreases the dynamic range, making loud sounds quieter and soft sounds louder. Compressors are particularly useful in radio broadcasting since over-modulation of a radio signal is disastrous, creating harmonics which spill over to interfere with other broadcasts. A compressor effectively limits the amplitude of a signal but the term *limiter* is used in audio engineering to describe a unit which chops-off loud peaks suddenly, whereas a compressor is a more gentle device.

It is already known that the hypothalamus acts as a hormonal amplifier in females, acting to increase certain hormones until they reach a peak at the end of the menstrual cycle. In the male, the hypothalamus acts as a stabilizer, not amplifying hormonal variations but smoothing them out. Homosexual males can be categorized into two groups: those that have a male-responding hypothalamus and those having a female-responding one. So much is known; the similarity between audio compression and expansion and the sex perception of difference however is completely

new, and indeed was only appreciated after the following observations were made:

THEOREM 3, the DSoD Theory:

- 1. Males make large differences larger and small differences smaller;**
- 2. Females make large differences smaller and small differences larger.**

The distinct components are considered to consist of the following, where in evolutionary dynamics EFPoSD acts against PMSoSD, and DFSoLD similarly acts in opposition to IMAoLD. The precise point of crossover, between what is considered small and what is considered large, may determine culture.

PMSoSD: THE PRACTICAL MALE SUBMERSION OF SMALL DIFFERENCES. Males will work together, suppressing relatively small differences in personality to achieve a common goal. The classic male grouping is the gang and members will be admitted to it on the sole criterion that they are useful. Females, on the other hand, are only interested in who they like. Males will fight to preserve difference but will not risk injury and death over issues they perceive as trivial.

EFPoSD: THE ENHANCED FEMALE PERCEPTION OF SMALL DIFFERENCES. The female seeks to select a father for children and needs to know whether her prospective mate is suitable as soon as possible. Since she is physically weaker than the male, and for most of her time in evolution relatively vulnerable, her instincts warn of losing control at any moment and finding herself pregnant by a male who thereafter will leave her to fend for herself. Any small flaw or abnormality she perceives in the male will be regarded as an omen of this eventuality. Hence in the period following an approach, any inducement of an uncomfortable feeling by the male, or minor departure from expected behaviour, will result in failure. This is one very obvious example of the pressure females impose on males to conform. The female also seeks a male with a compatible personality and will search out subtle graduations of character to establish whether her target is a suitable match for long-term cohabitation.

IMAO LD: THE INORDINATE MALE AMPLIFICATION OF LARGE DIFFERENCES. If one man makes a ship, another man makes a bigger one. Males always try to make things bigger, faster, grander or more compact because they compete and are interested in size (including the lack of it). Moreover males will fight to preserve large differences and must perceive the difference as large to countenance laying down their lives for it.

DFSOLD: THE DISHONEST FEMALE SUBMERSION OF LARGE DIFFERENCES. A possible dominant origin of DFSOLD is that the female seeks to suppress conflict to promote a stable and stress-free environment for having a baby. If she is subjected to upheaval or conflict during a certain critical period of gestation she may have a child who is a homosexual male, which would be disastrous for the furtherance of her genes. Females also desire stability and conformity to assist in the selection of partners, to enable them to see small differences more easily. Further, once a male perceives a difference as large enough to warrant aggression the female loses her ability to manipulate, because such subtle skills pale to ineffective insignificance when set against brute force. It is in the general female interest to disclaim differences in age and attractiveness, as well as the wide disparity in practical ability between males and females. Thus females minimize and deny large differences between males and females, children and adults, different races and between humans and animals.

DISCUSSION. An illustration would be to compare EFPoSD to an image intensifier, a device which magnifies contrast. Applying this analogy one might view a male using a normal TV camera and then switch to female perception using the intensifier, at which point any small stains on his clothing or slightly scruffy features become amplified. To a female these details would strongly suggest that he was unfeminated. EFPoSD also accounts for females' greater acuity in the perception of signals. The minimization of large differences in DFSOLD can be compared with the meticulous selection females exhibit while shopping, which is another manifestation of EFPoSD.

SUPER-MASCULINE AND SUPER-FEMININE STATES. An individual can be in a super-masculine state, while a Super-Masculine State is a nation in that state; it is the difference between the individual and the collective. Perhaps a State can be called Super-Feminine when the males act in certain ways like females, and Super-Masculine when the females act in certain ways like males. However I suspect that in the Super-Masculine State the males, exceptionally, conspire, and this is contrary to the broad supposition.

Some very pronounced female behaviours can be expressed by males. For example, a male assuming that a conversation another male was holding with the female who accompanied him was an approach. Another expression was suddenly dropping friends; when males exhibit female behaviour it is seldom subtle (EBIAR). Dutch males could sometimes be seen buying books of word puzzles and solving such puzzles was a typical female pastime. It was certainly the case that some of the most vociferous proponents of the feminist cause were male. Indeed I had formerly been in this category myself.

THEOREM 4. The Super-Masculine State dominates, the Super-Feminine State becomes extinct.

DISCUSSION. Nazi Germany is proposed as a notional Super-Masculine State. In the Super-Masculine State large differences (for example between different races) are made inordinately large. A sample Super-Feminine State is Holland. Here the temptation to introduce a value judgement, and say that one is better than the other, becomes overwhelming: I say that the Super-Masculine State is superior because it survives to learn from its mistakes, whereas the Super-Feminine State does not.

A Super-Feminine State will always be dominated by a more masculine one. However the extinction of a Super-Feminine State by DSoD might be like the brakes fading on a car, their progressively weakening state not being noticed until a rapid stop is required. Or perhaps a better analogy is the frog which fails to jump off a hotplate if the temperature is increased only gradually, so that it rests there until it has cooked to death.

An addendum here must consider the possibility of annihilation by nuclear weapons. Clearly in this instance a Super-Masculine State can become extinct, but our capacity to destroy on such a scale is an aberration in evolutionary terms, and in any case there is nothing in the theory to preclude a State which is attempting to dominate being made extinct in retaliation for its attempt.

As for when a State becomes Super, the following hypothesis was arrived upon. The Masculine State expels alien races; the Super-Masculine State kills them (e.g. in war). The Feminine State admits alien races, the Super-Feminine State interbreeds with them. Any State which is at war must become Super-Masculine otherwise it loses.

INTOLERANCE OF OPPOSITES. The Intolerance of Opposites is the common factor between McCarthyism (Masculine), Nazism (M or S-M) and anti-Nazism (S-F). The basis of such intolerance is that males and females are essentially incompatible, so that in normal human relations compromise is required. One side must submit or there will be no real communication. In their Super-Masculine and Super-Feminine incarnations, at the extremes, the sexes cannot even tolerate each other.

Females conspire and males compete. A defining feature of totalitarianism is that it seeks to eradicate competition, and an environment which prohibits competition is alien to males. Thus totalitarianism is female. Big Brother is a myth: the reality is Big Sister.

Transduction

February 1994	F14HIC	Female, 14, half-Indonesian countess
	F21DTBT	Female, 21, Dutch tight black trousers
	F21DTT	Female, 21, Dutch typically transductive
	F21US1	Female, 21, American no. 1
	F21US2	Female, 21, American no. 2
	F60GG	Female, 60, German grandmother

When I tried a brief spell of hunting in Brighton it had felt as if I had been tearing a rude gash in the fabric of British society, while for all my activities in Amsterdam I barely seemed to have scratched the surface for fear of what might be uncovered. It was like the opening of Pandora's Box, revealing female characteristics in all their naked vulgarity, but I was not to come this far only to stop short. I was soon to be struck with the sense of eating the forbidden fruit of the tree of knowledge.

DISTRACTION OF SIGNALS. One fine Friday afternoon in February a girl F21DTBT, with long straight mousy-blond hair and wearing skin-tight black trousers, was at the supermarket. I almost collided with her in an aisle and politely bid her go first, then deliberately thought nothing more of it. When she joined the end of an adjacent queue it occurred to me to talk to her outside but it looked like I would be out well before her. However the till-girl made a mistake and there was a delay while the correction was made.

The large brown envelope I was carrying was set down, containing some copies I had just made and the results of a trip to the post office. By the time the queue had cleared F21DTBT and I emerged together. I joked "Do those trousers mean that you're looking for a man?" There was no reply. Outside I paused as she unlocked her bicycle. "Well, I asked you a question, do you want a man?" I suppose she could have taken it as a proposition, but all I was really asking about was the integrity of her signal. She paused for a few moments, thoughtfully. "No" she said. "Well, you could have fooled me with those trousers!" I laughed and walked away.

It seemed only a moment later but actually quite a distance had been covered before I realized that my envelope had been left behind. I went

straight back but there was no trace of it; the consensus at the shop was that anything put down would disappear within a few seconds. A Dutchman immediately behind me in the queue, who had been attentive to the proceedings, was the chief suspect. (There seemed to be a type of embittered Dutch male aged 30-40 who would steal if the opportunity arose.)

Back at the house I quickly remade my original then jumped back onto my bicycle intending to check again whether my envelope had turned up and make new copies if not. Annoyed at the loss of work and hurrying past the Telehouse I collided with a car door which had opened into my path. I came to a crashing halt, my right index finger taking the whole force of the impact.

As I stood astride my cycle, nursing my finger, a junkie ran out. He was about 30 and began talking excitedly, obviously wanting to be involved. He was vaguely familiar – I must have seen him, or someone like him, so many times as to almost become a part of the scenery. A woman of about the same age emerged from the car and the junkie's interjections started getting in the way of the exchange I had to have with her. I swore at him and he retreated. My finger was starting to hurt. The woman said "Is it okay?" in Dutch. I replied "It's okay, it's not broken but it hurts and it might swell up later." The exchange was completely civil. "It was my fault" she said. "I'll take your details just in case" I told her, "If I have to see a doctor about this I'll send you the bill." Now she was standing on the pavement and the junkie had re-emerged to stand at her side. She gave me her telephone number and I took the number of her car but she refused to give me her address. "In England you have to give your address by law" I said. "I don't give my address to anyone" she replied. I looked at her, she was wide and not very becoming and I couldn't imagine her being overwhelmed by eager men. "You're all crazy" I said. The penny had finally dropped. The junkie started babbling again, I looked at him and back at her. "You make a good couple" I said as I rode, somewhat uncertainly, away. The events set in train by the tight black trousers had cost me two hours' work and a badly bruised finger but it could have been much worse, it could have been a broken finger or head.

ROUTINE ABNORMAL BEHAVIOUR. REACHING OVER SIGNAL. When first becoming aware of the strange behaviour in Amsterdam I had thought that it might be something to do with me, which was likely to be the usual response of a newcomer, but after several years in the city and pursuing these investigations I can conclude that it was the Dutch. There are always people on the fringes of society who act abnormally: drop-outs, weirdos, junkies and squatters to name but a few, but when abnormal behaviour becomes the norm it is time to get worried. This was precisely what was

happening in Amsterdam. In a snack bar I was surprised when a woman of about 50 reached right over me for something from my table, without saying anything. It was basic uncivil behaviour and doubly surprising because it had been displayed by an elder, who might normally admonish me for bad habits.

TRANSDUCTION. The observation had already been made that females must bite in some way, otherwise I would have been as willing to talk to a pretty girl as I was to examine some artefact on the street, or stop and stroke a dog or cat. The enigma was finally resolved during a train journey to Berlin. I joined two girls in a compartment as it passed through Germany; one was Dutch and the other, her friend, was German. The German left on some errand and I fell into conversation with the Dutch girl, who was in her early twenties. We were all going to Berlin and she seemed to be fishing for a proposal that we meet up, but it soon came out that my opinion of Dutchwomen was not high. I said something about being unable to go to the library without females signalling all over the place. A silence descended, and I looked out of the window, but it should have been evident that the atmosphere would only have improved thereafter. As soon as the German returned a couple of minutes later however the pair quit on the instigation of the Dutch girl, leaving me with a sense of having done wrong, as if I had put my hand on her breasts or between her legs while we had been alone. This struck me as being similar to intense bursts of lying on the telephone: the female decides that she has no further use for you, that there is nothing else to gain from exchanges with you, then uses what remaining opportunity you present to her for expressing instincts she would normally feel obliged to suppress.

The implications of this discovery are profound. The following definitions are presented:

INDUCTION. Causing or bringing about a feeling or set of feelings in another person.

TRANSDUCTION. Inducing a false feeling or set of feelings in another person.

DISCUSSION. At this point the term *transduction* was invented but in fact it is an old word which has fallen into disuse, meaning 'the act of carrying over.' It has also been re-employed in cell biology.

A salesman who promotes a feeling that the purchaser has made a wise choice may use transduction. Laughing at someone in their presence can be a crude form of transduction, although (as in other circumstances of transduction) whether the induced feeling is false depends on its validity;

in this case, whether the target of the transduction deserves to be mocked. Fact and logic are used to determine whether the induced feeling is valid.

Anger may be felt, in reaction to having a false feeling induced. The second-stage response to transduction is anger.

Transduction can be difficult to gauge, and individuals vary, so females must know a person to be able to effectively and subtly manipulate them. Hence "I don't know you" is really tantamount to 'I can't manipulate you.' In favourable circumstances transduction can even extend to making a male become smitten, as F14HIC had done with me while testing and practising her transductive skills. If the male is susceptible, that is, if he is attracted to the female, this can be elevated to passion by adopting provocative or endearing postures such as pointing the toes together, acting cute or sitting close to the male with the legs apart.

Transduction was an important mechanism which was widely used to ensure that only unambiguous approaches were made to females. Simple attempts to be friendly were actively discouraged: a male might make a jocular remark to a female but she, eager to interpret it as an approach and complimentary to her, and just as eager to indulge herself in delivering a rejection, would transduce a feeling of rejection onto the male. This scenario was especially impressive to him because he suffers a double blow: he must endure not only the sense of being rejected (which, had he really been making an approach, he would have half-expected) but being rejected when he was just being sociable. Thenceforth he only approaches targets, considerably weakening his hand because all ambiguity in his intentions has been removed. This, and the neurotic behaviour of individuals of both sexes when a friendly, non-sexual approach was made, was another explanation why the only relationships in Amsterdam seemed to be sexual ones.

Females would inhibit normal behaviour because it had become reserved by them for the acquisition of partners. Thus for example there might be an exchange of smiles or similar exchange, which elsewhere would be perfectly normal and natural, but in Amsterdam if it was not followed by an approach the female could resort to overtly spiteful and offensive behaviour (this included ostentatiously approaching an immigrant male). Indeed, normal behaviour by the male at any time could meet with such a response, because it was contrary to the neurotic environment which had successfully been established.

In a photocopy shop I made an incidental comment to one of a pair of males and he recoiled in suspicion of my motives for speaking. When I made another remark he seemed to think 'My God, a normal person' and suddenly became effusive, as if wanting to be my friend for life because I was normal. Several times when talking to someone one would just begin

to hope that no ulterior motive existed then one would emerge. Or a friendship with a male would begin and one would just start to think there was normality when they would tell you that there was no point in calling because they always left their telephone unplugged, or they never let anyone inside their house. Nor were the individuals in these last two examples heavy marijuana smokers.

DISPERSIVE PROCEDURES. It was in BAR1, the squat bar by the IJ where it happened one time too many and I began to wonder what was going on. I had asked the girl behind the bar for a glass of water and she said "No." Shortly afterwards she relented, but being given a 'No' response to a minor request in jest had occurred so often that it had become tiresome. Moreover sometimes if you failed to share the joke the refusal became fixed.

This is the Dispersive Procedure: when a female says 'No' to some trivial request it serves to dissipate his normal reaction, which is anger or surprise. Then once the male is sufficiently confused and his anger and surprise sufficiently attenuated by its repetition the refusal can (and, in a feminine environment, eventually will) be made in earnest.

This is a commonplace procedure, expressed in numerous ways. In Britain in everyday banter it can take the form of jokingly asking for payment for something which is normally free. Moreover AMRM's reducing the status of professions and false alarms are also likely forms of the Dispersive Procedure: they follow the same pattern. The Challenge Signal is a Dispersive Procedure.

PROPOSALS. The feeling of anger sometimes experienced by the male after receiving a rejection is in many instances justified: the female manipulated the proposal solely to reject it. It was prompted for her enhancement, to reassure herself that she was still capable of extracting one and possibly also that by inflicting a rejection she could enjoy a renewed awareness of her power.

I realized that transduction had happened to me thousands of times. It happened when a proposal had been interpreted for more than it was, for example on asking F22D if she wanted to play a game of chess in CS2, and certainly whenever I had the sense of having fought in a battle and lost.

Two American exchange students F21US1 and US2 were sharing a room at the university accommodation on the Prinsengracht. F21US1 was a tall shapely blonde while F21US2 was of medium height with dark hair, not unattractive but no match for F21US1.

Before adopting Amsterdam ways American girls displayed a novel habit: they made proposals. An invitation like 'Are you coming with us?' may seem trivial but it was something of which Dutch females were

apparently incapable. All I received from local girls were the weakest of hints, and signals. Perhaps this was in fear of a male treating their proposal as they did: fearful of the mindfuck, often interpreting it as a marker and frequently not giving any reply at all.

Such was the density of people that getting to be alone with someone to make a proposal out of others' eavesdropping range was often an onerous task, even when the meeting took place on the street. Then it seemed that every proposal would be eagerly related to others. For a male the rejections were like barbed wire in the trench warfare of Amsterdam life.

CREATIVE TRANSDUCTION. Generating or inventing a problem for the purpose of blaming someone else.

DISCUSSION. This certainly warrants further examination. A very obvious example of Creative Transduction is fake hate crimes. Many have been documented, notably by Laird Wilcox.

BERLIN. VICARIOUS REJECTION. My trip to Berlin was to see a girl but unfortunately her grandparents were visiting when I arrived. I already knew that an elder female could adopt the role of tester, her protective instinct manifesting itself in being selective, and greatly so, on the younger one's behalf. In this case there was pronounced female vicariousness: the intensely manipulative F60GG visibly enjoyed engineering the rejection of her grand-daughter's suitor. It had been the next best thing to inflicting the rejection herself.

Far more interesting, and kindly, was the girl's grandfather. He recounted how, as a young soldier around the time of the Second World War, he had taken part in near-fatal endurance tests. I was shocked by their severity but apparently they were routine then. He had done well to survive that tumultuous era.

While we were walking around East Berlin F60GG, seeing a male walking some distance in front, made a comment which was found amusing. The comment was translated for me: it was "He's an arse with ears." It struck me that perhaps females can outdo males in so-called sexist language, for derision and malice in speech toward males.

DEFINING OCC BY DERISION. Pointing out dishonesty or otherwise being candid about certain female characteristics – such as my observation that F60GG and her grand-daughter had been unconscionably pleasant to a friendly woman and then viciously mocked her the instant she was out of sight – would spoil one's chances. This was a further explanation why conversations in Amsterdam were often guarded; people were wary that

what was being said was insincere and their response would only be used as fuel for subsequent ridicule.

ORIGIN OF FEMALE INFLUENCE. Telling the female anything she did not want to hear, regardless of how true it was, would ruin a male's chances. This is fundamental to the male-female dynamic. The female is more perceptive of manner; thus likely to detect a conscious attempt at deception, and the most convincing liar is one who believes the lie himself. The male deceives himself in order to gain reproductive advantage over other males.

On another occasion F60GG emitted a burst of Looking Flustered Signals in my presence. Obvious sexual signals have been emitted by females aged between 3 and 60. Females are totally sexual creatures and the emission of sexual signals by non-reproductive females (young and old) confirms this.

I became known to a number of youngsters aged 14-16 by frequenting a series of bars at the weekends, particularly during their successive 'happy hours' when the beer was half-price. A separate girl I met around this time, who was around 17 and quite dominant, had a hinting method which was notable for being relatively direct: it consisted of asking if you wanted to do the opposite to what she preferred. This she made sound unappealing. An example was "Are you going to stay here?"

ACUTE TOKENISM. A particular sense, with the females of this set, which was distinct though only an impression, was that a proposal to meet later or go out somewhere, which would likely be refused in any case, would be interpreted by her as approval of her activities, whatever activities she engaged in out of sight and knowledge of the proposer. A couple of females to whom a proposal had been made and refused subsequently asked to borrow money from me, clearly believing that some relationship had been established which had not.

TYPICAL TRANSDUCTION. Typical transductive behaviour occurred one day in CS3. The transducer was a long-haired silvery-blonde girl F21DTT who, in effect, tried to destroy my friendship with F21US2. The American and I were sitting together at a table. First, F21DTT only asked F21US2 if she could join us. Then she set about assessing the relationship between F21US2 and I, asking her how we had met. Initially F21US2, more normally, could not remember, but in fact it had been in this same coffeeshop. A gesture followed inferring that the relationship was valueless as a consequence (IoR); F21US2 would have been unlikely to have missed it. This was regardless of the fact that for one thing F21DTT was there

herself and for another (as I was pointedly told) her boyfriend worked there. This was repeated, apparently lest I get the wrong idea. F21US2 and I sat writing (she also took her work to the coffeeshop) and I made a joint which we all shared, then F21DTT left with a warm farewell to F21US2 but completely ignoring me. It actually took her more effort to shun me than to say goodbye: she had wilfully ignored my raised hand and spoken goodbye as she passed.

This was one of the first occasions when I consciously used this system to conclude that this was abnormal behaviour. I took stock of the exchanges which had accumulated during our meeting: there had been this signal, that marker and so forth, and was able to establish that F21DTT's behaviour after this accumulation of relational transactions was abnormal.

DUTY TO TRANSDUCE. Females can even turn the instinct to transduce into a duty, for example giving the appearance of reluctantly leaving a place such as a table, or a bar or club entirely, because a certain person has arrived. Transductive behaviour can be triggered merely by stating an unpalatable fact.

LEAVING BEHAVIOUR. The tension which was often evident when leaving had various origins, including the following:

1. Leaving had become associated with transduction;
2. Leaving could constitute a refusal to respond to the Lingering Signal;
3. Leaving with someone was a token for sex;
4. The elevated level of neurosis inspired Premature Breaking;
5. Termination of a transaction was further encouraged by Affectionate Farewells.

Premature Breaking is definitely a symptom of excessive neurosis. It may be an attempt to reflect neurosis, but is likely not to be directed at the person who originally induced the neurosis but a subsequent one.

SOCIETAL NEUROSIS. I often experienced a release from neurosis immediately on leaving Holland. My trips to England were valuable for comparison in this regard and it was also evident when I made a day trip to Paris to visit a medical library. Particularly noticeable was the capacity of females there to make eye contact. In contrast, displays which were familiar in Amsterdam (Grimace Response, trophyism) were observed in Berlin during this visit.

MONOTONIC FEMALE VOICE. The Dutch were all vying with each other how nice, progressive, liberal or environmentally-conscious they could be, but all were pushing in the same direction. There are two sides to every argument and if one side is neglected then something is wrong. The consistency of my results emphasized the uniformity of the Dutch, particularly the womenfolk. I could hardly have expected more consistent results had I been investigating Newton's Laws, so invariant were they.

Theoretically, a good governmental strategy would be to allow a broad diversity of strategies within society. Yet there were advertisements on TV "When a woman says no she means no" and exactly the same message was being advocated by 'alternative' types. The squat across the canal (the one to which I had taken flasks of tea) had displayed a "Public castration for rapists is a good idea. Justice for victims of rape" poster in their window, with a drawing of a male having his penis being cut off. Similarly, in the window of the squat on the Prinsengracht from which I had been asked to leave on the day of the Neurotic Incident, was a poster with the words "What the fuck do you think you're doing? SHE SAID NO!" In Holland feminism was institutionalized and precisely the same ethos existed among the squatters.

The same situation existed regarding race and immigration. There was a large immigrant population in Amsterdam: reportedly 50% of the babies being born in the city were to them, but there was continual whinging about racism nonetheless. The State's extensive publicity campaign consisted of posters headed "*Als racisme wint, verliest de sport*" (If racism wins, sport suffers). Logically this was somewhat perverse (one could say that certain races are better at sport but not that they are inferior at anything else) but the intended message was clear. A different, non-Governmental campaign showed an ostrich with its head in the sand and the caption "*Stop racism.*" Identical sentiments were again being expounded by the State and the radicals, with no visible expression of an opposing point of view.

NEED TO REBEL. This environment robbed individuals of the pleasure of sinful indulgence, of doing something they maybe should not and even, due to the acute lack of secrecy, of private sexual activity. One young Dutch male said "There's nothing to rebel against anymore." A visiting German girl said "The pleasure of breaking the rules has gone." Apparently the only way to rebel was to express similar sentiments as the government, only more stridently. Smoking cannabis may be an act of rebellion but once tolerated the instinct may be transferred to some other activity. There were repeated reports of the widespread use of cannabis among Amsterdam schoolchildren, even while at school.

There were two occasions when girls working in CS2 said "Good" and

a man working in another coffeeshop remarked "That's wise" when I said that I was to stop smoking marijuana for a while. All seemed oblivious to their ambivalence: that they were working in a coffeeshop yet regarded abstinence as a good idea. The 10-day delay before the re-emergence of dreams occurred again.

One idea was that perhaps 90% of the pleasure was obtained because one should not be doing something, but if no restrictions were imposed it had to be done ten times more to obtain the same result. This interesting theory was capable of explaining a good deal of behaviour. One example was the 'House Parties' which large numbers would attend and take ecstasy. In Britain such an event would be held in a remote field in the countryside, the precise location remaining unadvertised to thwart police attempts to prevent it. Convoys of party-goers would form in the vicinity of the venue, with people getting lost, following each other down narrow country lanes, getting stuck on meeting others coming in the opposite direction and so on. Occasionally the revellers would encounter the police who were just as baffled as they but with a different objective. The outcome was often a hilarious cat-and-mouse game and when the venue was eventually located it was the climax of an enjoyable night. To attend such an event in Holland however one merely caught a tram, the drugs were freely on sale within and could even be tested for purity. The result was a flat and unexciting event which became mediocre by repetition.

MORE INTENSIFICATION OF NEUROSIS. Females' behaviour was not so much frustrating as exasperating. Every arrangement would be broken, every agreed meeting would turn out to be futile, every telephone number was either false or came to naught. It did not matter any more that a male was able, or skilled, or had done many things. Unless he followed the local form, which was to make no demands whatever on the female, demeaned himself, heaped compliments on her, attended to her every small whim or desire, devoted his full attention to keeping her entertained and convinced her that he was nicer than the last one who attempted to win her favours then he would fail.

If she could change her mind at any moment the male was left with the sense that his only chance was there and then, and may attempt to consolidate in public and consummate immediately. On the slightest display of hesitancy another male would step into his shoes, and to whom the female would be equally receptive. Neither would the male's efforts be confined to the initial meeting; they would have to be maintained for him to have any chance of holding on to her. Consequently males' dotting manner towards their partners could quite often be seen. The appraisal was repeatedly made, that the female would rapidly switch her allegiance to whoever was prepared to work the hardest to pander her ego.

MALIGN ENCOURAGEMENT. SPOILING BY MALES. At least males locally were faithful to the male characteristic of not conspiring, although this was probably only allowed because it was advantageous to females, who did conspire, and males' failure to do so reinforced that strategy. Perceiving that females appreciated approaches from all directions, males would approach even an accompanied female. This was unlikely to wrest the female from her actual or prospective suitor but it often successfully disrupted the relationship and power balance the male had striven to achieve. To all intents and purposes it was Spoiling.

This happened several times but probably the best example was with F21US1; originally she and F21US2 had been a prospective Pair. F21US1, another girl and I were in a Greek restaurant and at the end of the meal the waiter started making proposals to the girls, but especially to F21US1. Then we went to a night-shop a few doors away and as I waited outside I saw F21US1 through the window receiving yet another approach from a customer inside the shop. She had received proposals from two sources inside about five minutes and both were rejected; it was unsurprising therefore that mine immediately afterward received the same treatment.

This barrage of attention by males was perhaps why visiting females played the game for all it was worth; it was a temptation which, after spending a short time in Amsterdam and becoming acclimatised, they apparently without exception found irresistible.

Female tourists would 'let their hair down' while on holiday and felt freer to signal. They were also freed of constraint by their peers. F25G had revealed that they would brag and enjoy telling their friends about a holiday affair. It seemed that males they met on holiday were regarded as a luxury indulgence, and this was certainly my experience, when I attempted to maintain contact afterward. No matter how ardent their apparent adulation or how many photographs they took of me at the time, the association always came to naught. Perhaps there is nothing so self-centred as a female on holiday.

Female Preference for Alien Males

Spring 1994	F25FFG	Female, 25, French former girlfriend
	M16HC	Male, 16, half-Chilean
	M18DHD	Male, 18, Dutch hippy dude
	M22NLD	Male, 22, normal-looking Dutchman

What I first thought was happening in their preference for alien males was that Dutch females, caught in a cycle of habitually rejecting approaches from their own males, needed some special incentive to accept a proposal. When it came from a non-white she would use the opportunity to publicly demonstrate that she wasn't a racist, though by giving such preferential treatment, thus acknowledging racial differences, it actually demonstrated that she was. This I thought might be just another example of female contrariety, similar to a women's meeting to bemoan the sexist attitude of men, disregarding the discriminatory nature of their own gathering.

Typically it was an older or less attractive female with a half-caste or immigrant male, although there were plenty of blonde or otherwise attractive females following the same pattern. During the Pram Survey I recalled that there had been two occasions when my attention had induced visible embarrassment in white girls when they were accompanied by a black boyfriend. It should be noted, because it is an important element of the male-female dynamic, that this was the first sign. That is, it was females themselves who initially alerted me to the incongruity of their behaviour.

Unattractive lesbian couples were evidently unable to cope with entering the heterosexual market at a low value so substituted a relationship with another female. Not only were there lesbian couples of very obviously plain girls, there were the tertiary targets, the older and unattractive females with black, Asian or Arab males. It was a similar syndrome: they could not bear to be at a disadvantage so took their revenge and satisfied their instincts some other way.

In their frequent public accusations to males of "You're frustrated" females were raising the value of sex, that much was obvious. It was

possible moreover that the local females were actually more frustrated than the males. By making a public accusation of frustration females were simultaneously raising the value of sex and subconsciously projecting their own underlying frustration onto males. This could also explain why they were signalling so much.

Sometimes the coloured male would be delightedly used as a trophy. It may also have been that the adoring looks females sometimes directed at the Negro walking beside them were deliberately intended for onlookers.

One possible origin, or reinforcer, of the trend may have been a popular Dutch soap opera of the period. Two of the main characters were a Dutchwoman with an immigrant male lover.

TRENDS. In Amsterdam practically the only distinct characters one saw were mad; for the rest, one didn't see individuals, only trends. Once a scene was identified it was at some point repeated, qualifying it as a trend, or at least an attempt at one. One repeated sight was two young girls aged 11 to 14 going round with a shorter and younger immigrant male, as if they were in transition in *Affection Beneath*, the former focus of AB at this level having probably been a domestic pet. Here was another potential explanation for their preference: females were attempting to monopolize *Affection Beneath*, just as they had successfully wrested all Ambiguity of Intention from males. The realization formed, slowly, that the presence of such underclasses was because the Dutch were desperate for someone to look down on, while pretending they were giving a helping hand. In Holland the hypocrisy was so deep one could almost dive in it. There were also a couple of sightings of white females with Negro (not half-caste) babies, enjoyably using them as trophies while having them on loan.

Another practice was white males adopting a Negro for hunting purposes. A couple of times I had received friendly overtures from a male, for example in a coffeeshop, only to discover that it was with the intent of forming a hunting party. Then there was the memorable sight of a female in her thirties who had evidently lost the father of her children and had supplanted him with an immigrant, in this case a Negro. On identifying this I felt that I had completed the circle, because this was precisely what my own mother had done. My father had either been driven out or deserted, and about eight years later she had married a Chinaman who spoke only faltering English. Once her infatuation with him had worn off she had treated him like a dog, but still took money from him, before he too had deserted. Four children were the product of that union, two being twins arising from a single event two years after my mother and step-father had separated.

Once I saw a Dutchwoman of about 35 with a Negro of around 19 following on a bicycle too small for him. He might have been her house

servant, except that he was almost certainly her sexual consort. The malleability of immigrant males was a major reason for their exploitation by females; they had total control and everything their own way. For example, a female who had lost her former partner would feel protected from its repetition in the enhanced level of control she enjoyed.

The pronounced behaviour and arrogance of females involved in relationships with immigrant males was very obvious. It was also obvious in some cases that Dutch females were more willing to subjugate themselves to immigrants than to their own males.

KIES KLEURIG. In the Dutch national elections two organizations were of especial interest. One had stickers exhorting people to "*Stem op een vrouw*" (Vote for a woman) regardless of the candidate's political standpoint. The Stichting Nederland Bekent Kleur (Dutch Organization for the Admission of Colour) had A3 fly-posted banners featuring the same artist as had illustrated an official campaign by Amsterdam City Council, showing a woman at a ballot box with the caption "*Kies Kleurig*" (Choose Coloured). In contrast, there was a report of a proposed visit some years previously by a British psychologist claiming to have evidence that Negroes were less intelligent than whites. He had cancelled the visit following threats of violence if he came to give the talk. From many notices it was clear that certain music functions were all-black events, but if an all-white event had been advertised there would have been uproar.

F24DMH appeared typical of a pool of Dutch women marrying Moroccans and Turks to give them residential status and a whole genre of female lawyers existed doing likewise without marrying them. My French former girlfriend F25FFG had done the same in Paris, marrying an Iranian and then divorcing him, ostensibly to save him from having to fight in the Iran-Iraq war. Numerous accounts testified that the ultimate ambition of many immigrants was to marry a white woman. M28DLTS, who had once lived with three Nigerians, said some did little else with their time except try to do so.

During that early spring, in March, there was a spell of good weather and an increase in female arrogance that was almost palpable. In response to overt signals I made two proposals in one day. It felt like a chore, something I had to do to try and avert an accumulation of neurosis. The proposals were refused and, I thought, the mindfucks apparently complete once the invitations had been extracted. At this time of year the sensation of wanting to cry became a familiar emotional feature.

A couple of weeks later I was beaten up for supposedly kicking a dog. A prostitute had pointed to a small dog which had emerged from CS1, the coffeeshop opposite the house, chewing a plant. I was coming out of the

house and saw this, walked over and gently pushed the dog away from the plant with my foot. The dog started barking and its owner, a big half-caste who frequented CS1, came out demanding that I apologize. The remainder, about six persons, some of whom were quite well known to me, came out also and immediately supported my accuser. I refused to apologize, saying that I had done nothing wrong – I hadn't even kicked the dog. One blow was given seemingly in trial and when no reaction was forthcoming from the onlookers I was given more. After four or five heavy blows to the head I went down and the group retreated back into the coffeeshop.

The police refused to do anything, saying that I should return with a doctor's note. On the counter was a collecting box for the *dierenambulance* (animal ambulance) and a pile of free magazines about it. I found this offensive, quite apart from having just been beaten up on associated grounds, that a free ambulance was provided for animals while there were plenty of people around without health insurance who had no such privilege.

ONE SPRING EVENING IN BIGBAR5. I was at a table in BIGBAR5, editing, I being the ultimate authority on combining business and pleasure, and not taking a lot of notice what was going on. Sitting opposite was the hippy dude M18DHD, talking to a dark-skinned girl. After a while I began talking to the blonde beside me, a friend of the dark-skinned girl. Then M18DHD and the other girl went upstairs where it was quieter.

Quite a lot of conversation followed and I asked SS3F22 (she became part of a 'subsidiary survey') if she would like me to take her for a meal or something. She gave me two telephone numbers since, she said, she was in-between places at the moment. SS3F22 was nothing special to me but I could see that others would find her attractive. She was easy to talk to and spoke very good English; she told me she worked in a coffeeshop and that she didn't mix her job with her social life. Its name was mentioned but I didn't catch it. She went to look around and I stayed to finish the page I was working on. When she returned we went together to a balcony overlooking the dance floor.

SS3F22 stood at the railings watching the dancers and I sat a short distance behind, with no wish to watch, on one of two stools, intermittently looking at my work. Another male started talking to her and I became worried that she was going to be taken away right from under my nose, so I got up and asked if she would like to come back afterwards for some tea and she agreed. A Moroccan man came and sat on the stool beside me. Then an overweight blonde girl approached. I was unsure what she said or to whom, but she moved closer when I responded. My work was in my lap and she kept saying "You shouldn't be doing that" over and

over again, with meaningful emphasis. I became a little embarrassed and did not know how to reply. The exchange lasted perhaps 30-45 seconds. Then she moved round to talk to the Moroccan, and barely ten seconds later they left together, she leading the way without looking back.

A woman then occupied the stool, more attractive this time, wearing a top with bare arms which showed good breasts. I made a joke ("The seat's free but I'm not") but ended up saying it three times because she claimed not to hear. SS3F22 wanted to move so I followed her to the quieter area above, where we rejoined M18DHD and the dark-skinned girl. They were invited back for tea also; M18DHD lived near me but had not yet been to the house. They declined, with the girl making a crack about coffee, but I just replied that tea was better for you after drinking alcohol. BIGBAR5 was closing and we all moved downstairs. As we went down I joked to SS3F22, having established that she was the only one coming back to the house, "If you're lucky I'll ask you to sit on my knee!" We stood outside for a few moments and M18DHD went to talk to someone else. As usual I didn't want to hang around and said to SS3F22 "Are you coming then?" She said she wasn't, she wanted to stay with her friend, standing beside her. I gave a brief look towards them which wasn't complimentary. Then I checked myself and said goodbye impassively.

For the next few days I tried the telephone numbers SS3F22 had given six times without success, but on the seventh, which was to be my last attempt, I got through. We made an appointment for lunchtime on the Monday; the Saturday to come was Queen's Day.

An expectant and easy-going atmosphere was abroad in the week leading up to Queen's Day. One notable incident took place during this period. Close to 4am one night I was cycling past the Leidseplein when a man was seen approaching it, walking along the Weteringschans where a queue of taxis waited at the side. He had red on his face and T-shirt and I almost continued, but spun around when I realized it was blood.

I had approached a couple of women previously on the Leidseplein but had received unsettling reactions. One had looked at her watch and expressed agitation, saying that she was waiting for someone and was thinking of going to telephone. Another had a £25,- note deliberately (I recalled, but not until later, that I had seen her put it there) sticking out of her front pocket. I cycled over and told her to take care not to lose it, but she said little or nothing in response. On both occasions I abandoned. This may have been partly why my initial, automatic reaction to the man was 'This is the Leidseplein, ignore it.'

As I approached the bloodied man he was complaining to another Englishman that he had started to go to him for help but been ignored. I interjected and took a quick look at his face, enough to establish that an

ambulance was needed. I bade the other Englishman, who was somewhat older, to sit with him on a nearby wall while I brought one. The casualty was M22NLD, an otherwise healthy and normal-looking Dutchman. To me he was a cross between M28DG and M25D, fair and well-built.

First I went to the closest of the nearby taxis, gesticulated to the radio and asked if an ambulance could be called, but the driver said it couldn't, suggesting I go to the large coffeeshop facing the Leidseplein. (According to a widely recounted story someone had been beaten up outside this place and hospitalized for refusing to pay for the lavatory.) I returned to the wall to say that I shall be as quick as I can; M22NLD had obviously been drinking and was telling the older Englishman that he had become angry and put his head through a shop window.

The coffeeshop was closed so I continued round a corner to a nightclub, but after I had locked my bicycle they refused to let me in to use a telephone. A few doors down another was tried, again with the same reply. One of the doormen directed me to a nearby hotel but this, on approach, looked closed as well. A few metres further however an ambulance could be seen stopped on the tram lines, these not being in use at this time of night. Cycling beside it I gesticulated to one of the ambulancemen, who wound down the window. "I have a customer for you" I said and led it back to the Leidseplein.

The progress of the ambulance was by necessity slow but the most striking thing was the exaggerated consideration of the driver as he paused to allow a taxi to move up the queue, before he passed through the line of cars to get close to where M22NLD was sitting. In the interval between returning to him and the slow final approach of the ambulance I examined M22NLD's wounds more closely; he had a deep horizontal laceration on his cheek at least 6cm long and damage to his hands. I told him it was a wide cut but clean. There was a further delay while the ambulanceman slowly put on rubber gloves.

Eventually M22NLD was driven away, but not before an altercation almost took place between a young Moroccan and I. He went right up to the ambulance and peered inside while M22NLD's wounds were being cleaned. "He didn't cut his face to provide entertainment for you" I told him. Afterwards I thought about the possibility of a woman, or the lack of one, being instrumental in the incident. How likely would M22NLD have been, I wondered, to have felt so ill-tempered as to put his head through a window if he had a satisfactory sexual relationship with a female?

My actual destination that night was a place inside the Vondelpark where some of the youngsters I had become acquainted with would gather on these exceptionally mild spring nights. I arrived to find F14HIC, another female and two males. One of the males posed a question which I tried to answer but it was something F14HIC didn't want to hear; she loudly filled

the air with incoherent nonsense rather than listen. F14HIC had the ability to turn on this craziness as desired.

The discovery was made around this time that F14HIC, despite her light skin, was half-Indonesian and notwithstanding her high intelligence she became my archetypal half-caste third-rate Bimbo. From various encounters, only some of which are detailed here, it was becoming difficult to escape a conclusion that such extremes of ego were symptomatic of mixed race. In BIGBAR5 one night F14HIC told me "You've phoned me four times and asked me out five times." I hadn't realized it had been so many but she had been counting, hence my nickname for her.

SECOND QUEEN'S DAY. A SUBSIDIARY SURVEY. The eve of Queen's Day was spent with two girls SS4F16X2, first in BIGBAR5 and later, with an Oriental male also, in the Vondelpark. During my journey back to the house, around 7am on Queen's Day, a Dutchman shouted an offer of a blow-job from his garden. I arrived home to find the kitchen filled with crates of tequila and lemonade; M28DG had suddenly decided to set up a stall selling tequila slammers and filled the kitchen with stock in my absence.

In the preceding weeks M28DLTS had become psychotic, harbouring delusions of telepathy, brain implants, UFO's and the like. Many of his hallucinations had an obvious sexual basis. He thought that fifteen of his neighbours, living above and opposite him, were masturbating behind curtains; the voices in his head, of which he counted eight, were very much of a sexual nature. On Queen's Day itself however he was moderately sound of mind and he and several others congregated at the Tequila Stall.

I used the stall as a base for some hunting activity. Mildly tipsy and in high spirits an enjoyable time was had and I obtained several addresses of girls. In fact these and the rest of my activities during this period can be collected to form a subsidiary survey with a sample size of 9, which with 3 pairs comprised a total of 12 females. After my approaches that day I felt elated, as if I had secured my quota of girlfriends for the whole year to follow, and even considered not turning up for the appointment I had arranged with SS3F22.

That night I was at BIGBAR5 again, sitting at the top of the stairs beside the balcony, and a similar thing happened as with the overweight blonde girl. Near the bottom of the steps a Moroccan man was resting and a brown-haired woman stood immediately below him. There had been an exchange of looks and she seemed to be about to come up towards me. I was on the brink of starting down towards her to say something, if I had not actually started to move, when a couple of people began descending the stairs, blocking the way. The next I saw the woman was dancing from

side to side and under this guise animatedly rubbing her back against the Moroccan, who was still sitting at the foot of the stairs. I believe I saw her waiting for him near the exit later, while he could be seen splashing water over his face in the gent's lavatory. It seemed that hunting females would target me and timidity would result in their falling back on an immigrant because he was closer, more responsive to signals and she could be confident there would be no rebuttal.

On another occasion with M18DHD in BIGBAR5 two Spanish girls took up an adjacent table. Neither was pretty but nevertheless I suggested to M18DHD that I invite them to join us. M18DHD was game so I got up, walked over, made the invitation and returned to my seat. They didn't come over. A few minutes later a sycophantic Negro sat at their table and shortly after that the three left together.

Two American girls were seen babbling to their audience as they walked along the Damrak. As they walked, talking at a grossly accelerated rate, they were being groped, one by a Negro and the other by a Moroccan. These last two incidents provide corroboration, firstly that this was not a phenomenon that was peculiar to Dutch females and secondly it confirmed the earlier observation that visiting females would quickly appraise the female-friendly atmosphere in Amsterdam and rapidly adapt to take advantage of it.

There were four further instances of note, collected as I acquired a better perception of them. An exceptionally tall Dutch woman had her arm around a diminutive Asian man, practically enveloping him as they walked along, his head approximately level with her breasts. There was a young blonde girl, again taller than her partner, doing likewise with a stocky older Negro; her prize was being paraded the length of the Damrak. I saw a white woman at the wheel of a car with her Negro partner and half-caste child in the back. A white girl with a Negro was engaged in a public display of snogging outside the Anne Frank House.

One night I got a little drunk with the group I had befriended and, less inhibited by the drink, told a half-Chilean boy M16HC practically his life story based on the sole fact that he was half-caste. It was as if I had been clairvoyant, except that I was no such thing, I was a mad squatter scientist testing his new theories. His father had been a refugee from the Chilean Civil War and his mother was probably UF, with the characteristic trait of decorating every room simultaneously. He had not seen his father since he was 8.

My assessment was based on the presumption that UF's of 16 years previously were going with foreign males. It had been the Unstable and then older ones who had set the trend. The incontrovertible evidence before me – in the form of the progeny – was that then it had been

Chileans, Finns, Portuguese and the like, and the choice of partners had advanced with increasing perversity since. Everyone came to Amsterdam: Albanians, Bulgarians, Canadians, the whole alphabet, but of all the peoples with which the Dutch could have mixed, the ones which they had admitted in quantity and were now interbreeding with in large numbers were Negroes and Arabs.

ORIGINS OF FEMALE PREFERENCE. As was observed during Survey 2, this preference appeared to be expressed by females of all ages and most or all social groups. It is noteworthy that none of the following components are transient; they were not mere whims of fashion. The following list of potential origins and aspects was arrived upon:

1. Malleability. Immigrant males were more responsive to signals and easier to manipulate. Further, some could be seen to deliberately play on their docility, which the female found appealing and to which she responded.
2. Affection Beneath. The immigrant's reduced status (accounting in part for his malleability) which many whites denied but which was plainly apparent to him, was allied to Affection Beneath. All the obstacles which females placed in the path of their own males, and they were many, seemed to magically disappear in the case of an immigrant male because of AB.
3. **FIRST AND SECOND LEVEL MENTAL ASSAULTS.** The coloured male provided the female with the ability to mindfuck at the most potent level, the SLM. The SLM involves males of alien race, the FLM does not.

Clearly there is a role for the FLM in providing an impetus for sublimation but the SLM has no redeeming features whatever. It might be argued that by introducing foreign genes the female was furthering an evolutionary dynamic, and re-masculinizing the race, but this argument is invalidated by the Double Reinforcement of Female Characteristics (as follows). The SLM functions to alert the males of the race to regain control. If the males do not regain control the race faces extinction by DSoD, the Dishonest Submersion of Difference.

The SLM was the sexual-political equivalent of the nuclear bomb (cf. the etymology of *bikini*). Such displays were capable of arousing intense distaste in males, however subconsciously that sense had been submerged, bewildering the male and rendering him more susceptible to manipulation. It was yet another gambit by which females limited sex. She derived satisfaction from following her instincts in this way

and by further depriving her own males of sex she was collectively increasing female power and the control and influence females could exact.

A further implication of the definition of the Mental Assault presented earlier is that many of the public, and particularly broadcast, sexual displays by females were nothing less than public masturbation.

Females' explorations with immigrants, which may initially have been for novelty, became a self-perpetuating cycle. After the period of novelty had passed, only immigrant males allowed Dutchwomen the level of control and increased latitude to which they had become accustomed. Put another way, the revulsion this and other behaviour aroused in their menfolk had in many cases become such that only Negro and Arab males would put up with them. They had become insufferable and a number of reports confirmed this. When talking to either sex it was possible to conclude that Dutchmen and women detested one another.

The reverse situation, Dutch females' distaste for their males, had a different origin. What had almost certainly happened was that by selection and encouragement of female characteristics in males, females had moulded males in their own image, and they now despised them for not being masculine enough. It was another example of Creative Transduction: the females had created the problem and now blamed males for it.

4. Release from neurosis. The female found the immigrant's less neurotic nature attractive because it satisfied her longing for a release from neurosis. It is comparable to one of the reasons for the female affinity for animals, the clarity and unambiguity of their signals.
5. Maintenance of heterogeneity; IoR. Another possible factor was that a female taking an immigrant male was a short cut to IoR. In ancient times females would have had much less control over their choice of partner, many having been promised to a male since childhood under an arrangement (even a tacit one) with her family. In these circumstances it was incumbent on the female to introduce different genes to prevent excessive inbreeding. A male from a remote area would seem foreign and attractive to her and would also, having navigated a considerable distance on foot or possessing a horse, likely to be exceptional, an alpha-male. Such a union would be evolutionarily advantageous, but considerable effort would be required for her to extricate herself from her existing commitments. She may also be in competition with other women of her settlement having the same objective. The male in these circumstances, although perceived

as foreign, may only have travelled a couple of hundred miles and would be of the same basic stock as her. Now however females were applying these instincts to males who came not from scores of miles away but thousands, and were of completely alien races.

6. Guilt. It was stated on several occasions that atonement was necessary for former colonial sins. This I considered to be a pretext, a decades-old guilt-trip and another application of Proposition 8, that the female will use any argument, however ridiculous, if it suits her purpose. If there was female guilt to be absolved its origin was rather more obvious. At best this argument was an application of another female characteristic, the inability to egress. It was also an attempt to judge these supposed former sins, which took place amid a background of barbarity, by modern standards.

One cannot change the past. To resurrect events from former generations and dwell on them merely makes them worse. (Notwithstanding, absolving guilt for former sins is often easier to say than to do.)

7. It was an expression of Vicarious Generosity. (Anecdotal reports are that 75% of benefactors to buskers and street beggars are female: this certainly should be measured.)
8. It constituted a Challenge, including a subconscious appeal for subjugation (Proposition 2, the status of the female is proportional to the status of the male she can attract).
9. It weakened and distributed a marker (the involvement of belonging to the same race).
10. It weakened a handle (the expectation of pairing with a member of the same race).

MALE INSTINCTS REGARDING MIXED RACE COUPLES. For the male on the individual level, a female he supported who bore a visibly different child would immediately be ejected from the cave or dwelling, if not from the entire tribe, and thereafter would be left to fend for herself. The male might even be supporting older members of her family and he would feel entirely justified in giving short shrift to a wife who gave her favours to another.

On the collective level, millions of males have suffered brutal deaths in battles fought to preserve differences; I have in mind all those who had been left to perish at the scene of some bloody battle, after receiving a

sword in the stomach or a grievous wound with a blunter weapon. After such costs have been incurred by his forebears the sight of one of the females of his tribe making herself available to a male of a strange and different one was an affront. M33DJG told me that in Japan there is said to be the *gaijin-dzuki* female type, who “likes foreigners for the wrong reasons.”

For a white male and an alien female there is a slightly different situation. Firstly, there is Affection Beneath to consider, and this is the reason why this circumstance is less instinctively abhorrent than the opposite case. Nonetheless such a union is a feminine expression of DSoD, and its prevalence, which was much less common than white females with alien males, evidence of feminization in any event.

DEBASEMENT. F14HIC came to me with a query about a girl who said she had been raped by a family member but giving two different accounts, once saying she had been 7, at another time saying she had been 9. I told her about the False Memory Syndrome and the claims of PDF15 to have been a prostitute while actually being a virgin.

SS3F22 did not turn up. Of all the contacts I made in the period up to and including Queen’s Day, there was no development. Each was a different story but the outcome in every case was identical. Shortly M28DLTS had need of an ambulance and received a £340,- bill.

Although I was chiefly observing female characteristics, I was by antithesis studying male ones (‘Look at what females do and do the opposite’). It had dawned on me by now that this concerned not so much male characteristics, as white male characteristics.

Race

May 1994

F16HF Female, 16, half-Finnish

F18LMM Female, 18, little miss mindfuck

When race was determined to be significant the nomenclature was revised. For example F28HJ (Half-Jewish) had formerly been F28SFC (Strong Female Characteristics).

It is not healthy to respect a culture which is deliberately bringing about its own demise. Some Dutch females appeared to relish the prospect of their own extinction: "There'll be no racism when everyone's the same colour" was mooted on several occasions. Right then I had no reply, but it was equivalent to abolishing crime by repealing all the laws, and another expression of Proposition 8: Females will use any argument, however ridiculous, if it suits their purpose.

This was in telling contrast to the zeal of environmentalists to preserve different species of plants and animals. It was suggested to several Dutch males that in fifty or a hundred years' time they would be extinct. Three typical responses were "Does it really matter?", "So what" and "I don't care." In their super-feminine attention to trivia, concentrations on fine graduations of blandness and participation in conventions at which they talked at length on idealistic themes, Dutchmen were like sleeping policemen on the road to oblivion.

An enlightening exchange took place at a gathering in Gouda. A male of around 18 said he felt threatened by the groups of Turks hanging around on the street and that the border should be closed to more. However the ones already in Holland "should stay and do the dirty jobs, like cleaning and so."

Another visit to Britain followed and I stayed again with F35I. In North London I noticed immigrant males pushing prams containing white women's babies for the first time. White males were pushing prams also.

DRoFC. I arrived upon the notion of the Double Reinforcement of Female Characteristics: that traits I had assigned as female were expressed in non-Occidental males. Thus the possibility existed of a doubled component of female behavioural traits in mixed-race offspring.

This is undoubtedly from an Occidental perspective since some white male traits are expressed in other races by females. Darwin advanced the notions of prepotency and reversion: according to prepotency the mule (sired by a donkey, out of a mare) and the hinny (sired by a stallion, out of a donkey) are different. Reversion is the reappearance of characters "after having been lost for many, perhaps hundreds of generations" arising when "two or more distinct breeds are crossed." This results in wildness and ultimately reversion to the primordial type.

It was noteworthy how thoroughly some immigrant males could be feminized: it was obvious from their manner. They were either inherently more feminine or more readily feminized. Certainly many appeared more docile in the environment of Amsterdam, as if they sensed on which ticket they had gained entry (e.g. *Vicarious Generosity*). For example, an Arab man in a now removed and reopened Radio 100 café sat on his own, facing the people talking at the bar but some distance away. When he got up to leave he did so in a laboured fashion, as if unwilling, acting as if he had shared in the conversations at the bar, and bade *Affectionate Farewells*.

During my recent visit to London I had established that Negro males had a greater tendency to signal. It was noticeable in contrast with British norms but once identified it became apparent in Amsterdam, where the background level of signalling was much higher. A Negro studying in the library on the Prinsengracht vibrated up and down in his chair every time he assimilated a new fact. Asians, both female and male, gave Wide Eye Signals and non-white males used peripheral vision. This explained the observation I made during my early days on the Leidseplein. The males there were using peripheral vision not because they were hunting but because they were predominantly immigrants. It had always been that way and I had not even noticed.

Returning to Amsterdam it seemed that every public amenity was being steadily withdrawn. Coins could no longer be used for telephone calls in the city centre due to the telephone boxes all having been blocked by junkies. In addition to the notices saying "No change" or "No toilet" there were further reversions to TFT: the post office now charged double for making a telephone call indoors and charged for giving change.

DRoFC: IMITATION, CONSPIRACY, SPOILING. Imitation by immigrants was not only cultural, such as the adoption of Western popular music and fashions, which was obvious, but also behavioural. Films with all-Negro casts and black TV channels are comparable to feminist bookshops which sell nothing except books written by and for women (and, it should hardly need adding by now, all produced using male systems). A Negro stallholder at a London market had once complained to M36SEM about all the

young blades who tried to extract a discount from him on the basis that they were "blood brothers." The idea of a white man asking for a discount from another on these grounds is patently absurd. Both M36SEM and I had been involved in altercations with Negroes about their driving, with an automatic assumption that the motive for their rebuke was racial when in fact it had been solely due to their behaviour.

Successful Negro males (such as black Hollywood stars) displayed an obvious tendency to take white wives, perhaps especially blondes. I wondered whether this was an expression of Spoiling: after the introduction of Negro genes the possibility of blonde hair in future generations would be gone forever.

DRoFC: ATTENTION-SEEKING. Passing a single female, or more usually two, on the street without paying them any regard often inspired peripheral comments or some other activity which was plainly intended to attract attention. Such behaviour was also manifest in Negroes, in that two signals appeared to be exclusively emitted by Negro males. Sometimes quite extraordinary efforts were made to attract attention and it was often possible to sense that a signal was imminent. They also seemed to strongly dislike being unacknowledged, but a white man would neither have courted nor expected such attention.

One signal consisted of a non-verbal noise such as a whooping sound. A second form of attention-seeking was passing in front of the target, deliberately crossing his path. It was as if these were less developed forms of the Loud Verbal Utterance and Collision Signals, but of greater significance was that these behaviours were expressed by males, not females.

NEGRO USE OF TOKENS. Negroes also tend to interpret things as tokens. M30DAC, who did not smoke, acknowledged this by accepting a cigarette from a half-Negro to make him feel at ease.

SUBLIMATION. Other races seem not to have evolved neurosis, or not to the same degree, so are inherently less neurotic. Hence their energy is directed into sex instead of sublimating the sex drive by building hospitals and roads, climbing mountains, writing books and the like. If, as I now suspected, Occidental males were more susceptible to neurosis, they will be less able to compete, regardless of their females' preference for males of other races. Perhaps it was actually neurosis that was 'the white man's burden.'

DRoFC: DYNAMICAL LAWS. Another instance of the Double Reinforcement of Female Characteristics was obvious. It has already been

proposed that the first stages in the evolution of sublimation are music and religion. Music is a direct emotional outlet, with the promise of sex if success is achieved, particularly if it involves media recognition; in religion the problem (of obtaining sex) is redefined. Drugs form a similar first stage role but then it is substitution rather than sublimation.

Negroes who had established themselves in Western culture were using Western facilities, technology they were incapable of developing themselves, to make popular music in their immature expressions of sublimation. This was an application of the Dynamical Laws. Negroes and other immigrants were using white males' technology or, even more directly, singing cover versions of songs written by whites, to compete with them for the same females.

Clearly the Dynamical Laws were not only applicable to the singing of popular songs and the pursuit of sex: the cars being driven, TV's being watched and all the other accoutrements of Western society were the product of white male efforts. Large numbers of immigrants now competed with the indigenous population for virtually every resource and often received preferential treatment. Moreover the original justification for their admittance had disappeared. The roles they had ostensibly been invited to fulfil, such as menial work, had been largely superseded by automation and superior technology. The small number of such jobs which remained should be given to people of our own who were mentally or physically disabled, to allow them to fulfil productive roles and give them a necessary sense of their own worth.

SIGNALS. SEVERAL CLEAR PATTERNS. By the end of July M28DLTS had been my guest at the house for several weeks, preferring it to the mental hospital in which he had been for a week before discharging himself. His stay brought F28HJ round, who expressed the view that the immigrant babies now being born would be working in the future and paying taxes to support the ageing Dutch population. I replied that I didn't think it was going to happen that way. My diagnosis of M28DLTS's psychosis was straightforward: it was due to too much anti-science and not enough sex. While his countrywomen were busy cohorting with immigrants, M28DLTS had not had sex for seven years. Nor was his an isolated experience: M28DIW admitted in a strained conversation that his last sexual encounter had taken place two years previously and I knew it to be an isolated event. At the time I interviewed M33DME he had not had sex for three years and one of my male friends in Amsterdam was a virgin. At the deepest level, reality for a male is exchanging smiles with a female while being inside her; it confirmed the integrity of signals.

The bottom line is that people respond to hints, and particularly signals, when they are emitted by people they trust.

M28DLTS reminded me that my female neighbours opposite would occasionally provide deliberate displays, walking around with little or no clothes, especially if I had male visitors. These parades were sporadic but consistent over a long period: they knew they were being watched and would perform accordingly. A former occupant of the flats opposite had been reported to do the same.

There was a clear pattern, confirmed by my experiences with SS3F22 and the number of Dutchwomen leading Negroes out of BIGBAR5 and around on the town. It was that white males were being mindfucked while the immigrants did the fucking.

FINAL IoR. Some issues were still unresolved, such as the high IoR which seems to be associated with dangerous sports and war, and females' enthusiasm for male homosexuality. The nearest I had to an explanation was that their common factor is an intensification of male breeding competition. If IoR can be summarized by one word it is *singularity*; it is exemplified by uniqueness. For the female one is special but two is not (while for the male the opposite might be the case).

Females favour anything which intensifies male breeding competition and seemingly anything which involves or intensifies signalling.

Rarely if ever did I have difficulty inhibiting signals in England. After a period of acclimatisation in Amsterdam however the difficulty became insuperable, inspiring a sense I did not like. The advantage I had of comparison with British norms made it apparent; to the Dutch this behaviour and intense perception of each other (which probably contributed to it) was the norm.

In my day-to-day life it was impossible not to display restrained and self-conscious movements. These could be felt, a feeling which was neither natural nor welcome. An American male friend of M34EEI visiting Amsterdam admitted having similar sensations, although he and I may have been particularly sensitive to them. I was unable to suppress actions and signals, such as being unnecessarily attentive to people moving close by, or not sitting near to or talking to someone because of the knowledge that it would be regarded as significant. Being unable to stop oneself falling into common Amsterdam habits led to a persistent and uncomfortable sensation. I wondered about its repressive effect on males in general.

As an example, once I saw a Dutchwoman on the Prinsenstraat with a slightly shorter immigrant male, probably a Turk. He was walking along with an exaggerated swagger, displaying his uncertainty of the situation. After noticing this I found myself emulating it in my own movements as I cycled up and over a bridge a few moments later. His demeanour had been infectious. By this stage I could distinguish immigrants with a high

degree of accuracy by their postures alone, even from a distance and before seeing their skin colour or facial characteristics. With this new skill I was still nowhere near as good at reading signals as females, and it exposed their claim that that they could not perceive racial differences as an outright lie.

It was clear that if a male were to signal honestly in this environment only a few seconds would elapse before he upset someone, whether by his reaction to an SLM couple or one of the pimps who had now taken up occupation in CS1. To give an honest male reaction, never mind express a true male sentiment in speech, ran counter to the rule of *laissez-faire* which was supposed to be Amsterdam's claim to fame.

MUSICAL CHALLENGES. Three incidents involving music took place which were probably Challenges. The following incident involving SS1F15 was most typical. She and ten or twelve women and girls (of various races) performed at a small concert hall, singing little more than a chant "You're never going to get it" over and over again to a prerecorded backing track. Apparently it was a popular song. I asked SS1F15 and some of the other performers what "it" was but they refused to say. Their chorus was directly equivalent to a group of males getting up and chanting 'I want to fuck right now.' Two other, comparable incidents involved a song being played with a male singing "I wanna fuck you in the ass" over and over again. This caused discomfort in males, a reaction I could see was being suppressed.

NEGROPHILIA. Europeans' specialness results from properties carried by males, since it is Occidental males' sublimation of their sexual drives that has produced all the material benefits of our society. This characteristic was both the most precious asset of our kind and, being the most recently evolved, its most delicate and vulnerable feature. It was the supreme irony, and the source of the most acute dismay, that Occidental females, as soon as they were able, would desert their own males and provide sex to immigrants in preference to them. Then it seemed that females, as soon as they had licence, and the freedom that the males of their race had fought for, and having raised the value of relationships and costs of sex for their own males well beyond any reasonable extent, would open their legs to the first nigger or wog that came along. Moreover it was not just Amsterdam; everywhere seemed to be moving in the same direction.

The Mindfuck Experiment would probably not have been possible this year. Not only did there seem to be less female tourists, those that did arrive had been so pestered that approaching was futile, even to the extent of being unable to start a conversation. Immigrant males were seen several times groping them, trying to pull them away instead of making a proposal

and pawing them at every opportunity. Without prompting M28DG recounted an incident in BIGBAR5 which confirmed my observation of this behaviour. Two slightly drunk Scandinavian girls sitting outside a bar admitted that they only accepted drinks from people they didn't like; one was being pawed by the immigrant purchaser of their drinks, apparently in direct exchange.

The Red Light District and Leidseplein now looked dirty and degrading to my eyes; neglecting the ebb and flow of tourists, both were heavily frequented by immigrants. There had always been a gauntlet of Negroes on the Damstraat offering imitation drugs to people passing by. Black girls were apparently not good enough for the local Negroes and I learnt that in the Muslim tradition males may mix outside their own culture but females may not. It was a consistent theme: Europeans denied racial differences but not the immigrants, and the advantage was entirely one-sided.

One thing was clear, and is made explicit lest the point be missed. There was no way this male could compete with a Negro or other immigrant who went out five nights a week hunting for sex.

MALIGN ENCOURAGEMENT. Taking out an attractive girl (especially the first time, but also generally) was like running the gauntlet. Sometimes it was not even possible to go to the lavatory without another male taking the opportunity to approach.

Females conspire and males compete. The female encouraging approaches from other males (i.e., intensifying competition for her) is likely to be the original form of Malign Encouragement. This applies when a player or population pursues strategy *A* and encourages an adversary to adopt *B*, the opposite one. By this means strategy *A* is reinforced.

The players may individuals or groups. An obvious example of Malign Encouragement is a State financing the pacifist movement of a country with which it is at war. However a common contemporary form of Malign Encouragement is the media, and particularly Jews, encouraging whites to ignore racial differences.

MORE SLM's. Late one night I passed through the town and saw five white female, immigrant male couples plus two young blondes sitting on some steps with two Negro boys encamped opposite, eyeing them up. Only two normal couples were seen during the whole bicycle ride; SLM relationships seemed to have become the norm. Five or more such couples could be seen during five minutes of any busy period on the Leidseplein, except there it seemed to be more consistently Negro males.

Sometimes I had the strong urge to smoke a joint as soon as I got inside the house, in direct reaction to the sight of such a couple, an effect first noticed in London. Cannabis seemed to be acting as an anaesthetic of male

emotions, perhaps especially of anger. Now I knew why I was nervous about going out the door; SLM's were ubiquitous, they were everywhere. Neglecting the continual FLM's of sexual images in advertising, which were now considered orthodox, there were Second Level ones on every street corner, sometimes even two. Mixed race couples were everywhere I looked.

Another effect, which was repeated, was seeing a girl I was attracted to and thinking of going to make a proposal, but preferring by instinct to bide my time. Then I would imagine a Negro appearing and be struck with a sense of near-terror as I imagined him sailing straight in. The sight of a hunting Negro on a mountain bike, or any SLM couple, immediately made me want to disassociate myself; I was incapable of approaching any female in these circumstances. Sometimes an SLM featured one of my own target group and it was obvious that these were disrupting my primary template.

Twice I was out with a girl and the close proximity of a white woman with a Negro made a reaction from me either unavoidable or irresistible, tainting the occasion and jeopardizing if not destroying my chances with the girl. The first incident was with SS1F15 and the second occurred on the way back after taking a half-Finnish girl F16HF to the cinema. She appeared mesmerized by the spectacle of a Dutchwoman sitting on a café terrace with a Negro, and went up to ask him for a light.

NEGRO FOLLOWING. A distinct phenomenon, seen several times, was a group of white females following a single male Negro. Two or more white girls would walk behind him, apparently transfixed on him as he led the way. This was observed once in Amsterdam and twice in England.

In a Hull park a group of young children were bathing and playing around a paddling pool. One of boys was a half-caste aged 4 or 5. His attention became engrossed in a little white girl of no more than 3 who had just been wrapped in a bathing robe by her mother. The girl stood, slightly unsteadily, regarding him, then the Negro danced a little jig in front of her. By this stage the culmination of the sequence seemed utterly inevitable: the toddler giggled then quickly opened and closed her bathrobe to give the boy a glimpse of her body.

At this same location, Pearson Park, the area in which I had spent my teenage years before moving to London, I saw a group of girls aged 15 or 16 excitedly touting a Negro baby they had borrowed. Also seen in Hull was shop-diving, even though the likelihood of an approach being made seemed extremely low.

Two American girls, who had just arrived in Amsterdam while travelling around Europe, were invited to dinner. One, F18LMM, was blonde, pretty

and curvaceous with a singular pendulous curve to her breasts, while her friend was less attractive. I should have known by such a mismatch that something was amiss. After dinner I took them out and M28DLTS came along, so we were four, but he trailed behind and withdrew into himself. We all visited M53I on his boat and then I took them to BIGBAR5. After a while M28DLTS left and immediately a hunting party, a Negro and another with slightly lighter skin, probably South American, moved in. The Negro aggressively thrust his face close to mine, closely followed by his partner, they all the while taking care not to display any of this manner to the girls. By this time I had been with them around seven hours and been a model of courtesy throughout, but my charges were taken away right from under my nose. There was almost a scene in BIGBAR5 as I tried to insist that the girls stay with me.

It is possible that this had been deliberately engineered by F18LMM to terminate our association; enough information had been tendered by me to arm her, and the hunting party of immigrants was the ammunition. In F18LMM I was probably meeting at first hand the mindfuck characteristic strongly expressed. Some remarks had been made about relations in her home country to support this appraisal.

Immediately afterwards I felt extreme rage: I was in a state to kill, and it was a nigger I wanted to kill. Even though many of the observations I was making were painful, I contend that this was the sole manifestation of super-masculinity in these accounts, the remainder being non-super.

BALANCE OF OPPOSITES. In direct reaction to this instance of super-masculinity I experienced an opposing burst of super-femininity a few days later. A staple gun was used to fix a leaflet to the tree on the Leidseplein beneath which I had sat during Experiment 1. I projected pain onto the tree, imagining that it felt pain as if I were to drive a staple into my hand. Actually, from being in a Super-Feminine environment, this sense was more persistent than the former super-masculine one. The swing between the two extremes was like a Balance of Opposites, as if, say, one has to be mean to one person to be truly kind to another.

M28DLTS's expectations had fallen so much he told me later that he had been content just to feel the hairs of his forearm against the bare arm of F18LMM. For me BIGBAR5 was never the same again.

ADVANCED DISCLOSURE: DEBASEMENT. Two females, F16HF and another who claimed to be 18, deliberately made revelations about their former boyfriends or casual sexual adventures. Then, telling unconsolidated females that you did not want to hear about their former exploits and casual affairs seemed sufficient grounds for terminating

whatever relationship existed. Such revelations, which I might have been able to withstand had they been made perhaps two weeks into a proper relationship, had been advanced to effectively become a Trial; it comprised an FLM, evoking images of sexual activity with another even before consolidation had taken place.

The theoretical progression is therefore as follows. Disclosure takes place immediately pre or post-coitus; its most common form is detailing former boyfriends. Its obvious function is to either promote bonding or to serve as a Trial, testing the male as a prospective long-term mate before further copulations take place. Disclosure is advanced to comprise a Trial well before coitus – it becomes Debasement. This serves as a test of the male and limiter of sex generally. Then it seems that as sex becomes increasingly notional, Debasement becomes increasingly so too. This evolutionary construct is proposed as a more consistent model for the False Memory Syndrome.

Another form of Debasement is publicly relating criminal or immoral acts, but the events are partly or wholly imaginary. It is noteworthy that it is not only the confessor who is debased. The exaggerated confessions of former sinful lives made by born-again Christians appear to be another expression of Debasement.

ORIGIN OF FEMALE MECHANISMS. The procedures explicitly elucidated, such as transforming a marker, mutating a handle to a marker, and indeed probably all such mechanisms, originate from females' avoiding sex, or equivalently, increasing its cost. At its most rudimentary, females are totally sexual creatures who will go to practically any lengths to avoid physical sex. The only exceptions are when it suits their purpose: usually when a long-term monogamous relationship has been secured or that is the intention.

FINAL TEMPLATE PROBLEM. The origin of the problems of template formation, which I had earlier struggled so hard to rationalize, was that the male targeting template is adapted for lower populations. Probably all male mechanisms are better suited to lower populations.

Children. Survey 3

August 1994

F15DMF Female, 15, Dutch mutual friend
M16QI Male, 16, quarter-Indonesian

In the absence of a satisfactory relationship between two parents, one or both is likely to attempt to use a child in some expression of sexual substitution. A crude (but possibly accurate) analogy can be made with a young dog which is pleased to see someone and becomes aroused, being unable to distinguish the sensations of affection (dog-style) and preparation to mate. A potential result is that the child cannot distinguish love from sex, and is denied its necessary passage of being loved without having to provide gratification in return. My brother and I, brought up by a UF mother and no father, made it easy for people to be rotten to us because according to our childhood conditioning that meant we were loved.

Guilt in children needs to be resolved otherwise it becomes a burden they are not equipped to carry. As a child I remembered becoming aware of wanting to be punished. I wanted the guilt of my misdemeanours expunged and the security of having clear boundaries defined, just as a child is happier playing in a walled garden than an open field. A child can be struck with equal vigour in play and punishment: in play the hurt is ignored amid the rough and tumble while in punishment the child cries out. Absolving guilt as quickly and psychologically painlessly as possible is the kindest thing. Methods besides smacking, such as attempting to reason, adult fashion, are likely to encourage dishonesty. The implications of not absolving guilt, so that the child becomes accustomed to carrying such a burden, are obvious.

A child can be like a toy to a female, giving her hours of pleasure and forming the focus of her emotional attention for years to come. The immature exploitation of children by females, using them for testing their personal theories on child-rearing, or satisfying their individual curiosity about the outcome of race-mixing ("I wonder how it will turn out"), or adopting children from other cultures, was not just profoundly selfish, it was grotesque. In Amsterdam females were robbing children of their childhood, even occasionally taking them with them into bars. Tourists

could also be seen taking children around the Red Light District, as some of the hotel guides encouraged them to do. During a trip to the provincial town of Amersfoort, to my surprise because it was outside Amsterdam, a newsagency in the train station had a magazine in its window showing a 17 or 18 year-old girl licking a penis. My own failure to have achieved a normal childhood passage and a comparable absence of innocence among Dutch children may explain a deal of abnormal behaviour subsequently.

One idea would be to mix old people and children, say by arranging school outings to old people's homes. This would make old people happy and involve children with them. Another possibility would be having regular lessons from old people at school. A probable reason this is not practised is that the messages the old would give would be unlikely to accord with the dogmas being inculcated in their place.

INVERTED PROCLAMATION OF ENHANCEMENT. I received an account from a mutual friend of F19HF and I, F15DMF, about how I had "Pestered her with notes, calling round and telephoning." My attentions had neither been excessive nor was there any hint of complaint to me. The charge of pestering was the manner by which F19HF had made it known to her peers that she was the object of male attention. Sitting around my kitchen table one afternoon F15DMF and another girl of the same age revealed that they had each experienced a compulsion to clean and tidy during menstruation. Both, almost in unison, said that they had already had sensations of wanting a baby.

EXULTATION. A deeper origin of the SLM was that women were like children, calling to be controlled, signalling their men to regain control. Females were unused to the freedoms they now enjoyed and could not resist the temptation to misbehave. This was the origin of the mischievous smirks I had received, notably when they took dogs into shops or allowed them to jump up. Once when I challenged a woman with a dog in a department store she even said "I'm being naughty." The sheer number of dogs being placed into trolleys meant that supermarket staff had given up trying to stop them. Characteristic of this behaviour is that the enjoyment of indulging it increases with the knowledge that you find their attitude disturbing and there is nothing you can do about it.

WILFUL DEFIANCE. Once at the library on the Prinsengracht a girl sitting outside was asked if she would keep an eye on my bicycle, but she refused to promise to stay even for the short period I would be inside. "Forget it" I said and locked my cycle. When I emerged from the library moments later she was gone, as I had known after this exchange she would be. This and a similar incident involving an older woman illustrated a policy of wilful

defiance, whereby females determinedly refused to do anything suggested by a male, regardless of how civil or sensible that suggestion was.

Written requests and even orders appeared in Amsterdam squats, shared houses and bars for males to sit while urinating. Females locally thought males stupid, indeed several had said so and in all honesty I had to agree with them, because they let them get away with it. But then, what weapons had males left at their disposal? All had been removed. Females could signal, transduce and cohort with immigrants and half-castes, observably and repeatedly in preference to their own males, all they liked and no-one could tell them where to get off. Anyone who did knew that whatever remaining chances he had would disappear. Any normal response to female excesses was at the cost of loss of sex. The only weapon left was truth, and even this was being countered with wholesale, unbridled denial. The reports I had received suggested that the rewriting of history and academic dishonesty taking place in Dutch schools was considerable.

ABSENCE OF LIMIT. A dog allowed to sit on furniture and fed at the same time as humans begins to think of itself as human. It can become aggressive to other dogs because they remind it that it is only a dog. Dog psychology really is very simple. A comparable reaction has been observed several times in the single female member of an otherwise male group when another female joins.

It seems that females, like animals, know no limit. There is no inherent bound on the female appetite for having her own way, and on her behaviour. As far as a limit is concerned there isn't one. A whole generation of females had emerged, supported by the State or their parents, with nothing to do except look after themselves, an occupation they pursued with consummate skill. Danish girls seemed to have great freedom in this regard. I learnt for example that the first year of many continental university courses was little more than a paid holiday, spent fostering relationships. LO1 reported that the entire workload in her first year was a single essay but the trend was by no means confined to university students. Over a period of several weeks I also noticed a tendency for girls from the Republic of Ireland to sit on the Leidseplein.

The barrage of unreasonable behaviour may have started with trivialities hardly worthy of admonishment but had progressed with skilful subtlety until normality had been turned on its head. It seemed impossible not to be caught up in the mores and manners of Amsterdam life, like leaning over people without saying 'Excuse me' and even occasionally answering "Yes, no..." to a question.

There were two occasions when I could tell that sex had taken place, and this went some way to confirming my appraisal of the scarcity of sex.

Firstly I knew by her manner that F27DWE, who worked at CS2, had had sex with one of the customers the night before. There was also a 16-year-old girl I saw in a bar greeting an older male and knew from those exchanges, combined with those I had seen exactly two weeks previously, that sex had taken place on that occasion. The significance is that their demeanour made it so apparent. It was evidence that sex was the exception, not the norm.

Experiment 3 (the Condom Experiment) might provide a ready indication of the availability of sex in a particular society, and 41 refusals was rather a high score. If this experiment were repeated in some Scandinavian countries for example, the count might only reach 5 or 6.

Similarly, at its first instance "I only have sex when I'm in love" had seemed ridiculous and the statement would have been dismissed as inconsequential had it not been repeated subsequently by other females.

EMPATHY. OCC. SUPRA-MAXIMIZATION. Following one visit to BAR2, shortly after new residences had been built opposite, an image became curiously fixed in my memory. A man was sitting at a table in his new apartment overlooking BAR2 which, like many Amsterdam bars, had an unobscured plate-glass front. As he sat drinking beer he took occasional glances into BAR2, as if he were sharing in the atmosphere of the bar, and each of his glances seemed to be measured.

On a tram I would sit beside a female, or she would sit next to me. Then there would be a couple of glances to see who it was. Although no other exchanges took place, sometimes at the end she would give meaningful expressions akin to an Affectionate Farewell, as if these trivial signal exchanges had been real communication. Gatherings often consisted of people standing or sitting in a close circle looking at each other or, at a party, following each other around from room to room in fear of missing something.

FEAR OF APPROACH. LYING. INABILITY TO EGRESS. Once, on seeing someone I knew slightly on the street, fear was felt that he would approach. No rational origin existed for this save for it being the product of female influence. Signs of this effect were observed in a young Dutch male on seeing me. An analogous sensation arose of wanting to go out when you knew that someone was coming round, or looking for an excuse to go to the remotest part of the house where hearing the doorbell was unlikely. It was similar to being nervous about meeting someone again shortly after exchanging a greeting with them.

Another effect was an initial urge to lie. M32ATS had invited me to accompany him to a full-moon gathering organized by some Russians. He was brown-haired and stocky, at some time a tree surgeon and for a while

the only person I knew who was actually native to Amsterdam. On arrival I was asked if I was a member. I immediately lied that I was, in the hope of saving money, then apologized. These impulses were sporadic but the sense of wanting to avoid resolution, leading to an inclination to put any and everything off until another time, was nearly continuous.

Males simply could not withstand the constant onslaught of stonewalling and transduction; the instances of abnormal behaviour were so numerous and so persistent that resisting was like trying to stem the tide with a bucket. It was impossible to defy, because the evolutionary counterbalance to such manipulation was aggression, the ultimate threat of which had been removed. I came to believe that the instinct to strike a wayward female really was valid. For the male, not following his instincts had become automatic, to alleviate the substantial burden it imposed, but they had become so inured to acting against their instincts that the habit had become difficult to break. However the load could accumulate until it could no longer be borne, sometimes with extreme results. I had demonstrated, certainly to my own satisfaction, how FLM's could lead to serial killers. My conclusion became that SLM's in the media and the like directly led to male suicides, sudden outbreaks of extreme violence and other social aberrations. Late one night I heard the distant shouts of a man and shortly saw an ambulance and police diver trying to recover his body from the ice-cold water of the Herengracht. On another night M32ATS was crossing the IJ on the late-night ferry, which then was propelled by large paddles. A man of about 22 suddenly said "Well, that's it then" and threw himself into one of the paddles.

If there was a limit perhaps I was its agent, and then only because there is nothing more dangerous than a man with nothing to lose. I had so little sex that expressing candid opinions, for example about the inferiority of women, had negligible effect. Perhaps this was the evolutionary limit of females' power over males.

SURVEY 3. That summer a survey was made amongst 19 of the youngsters with whom I had become acquainted during 'happy hours' on the town. The group did not include any black or brown faces yet less than a third – 6 at most out of 19 – were pure Dutch. It is not claimed that this sample is representative of Holland, or even of Amsterdam, only that it illustrates the trend.

RELATIONSHIP INCEPTION SEQUENCE. The characteristic M16HC had expressed can only approximately be described as a pronounced, even forceful vacuity. This absence of identity had also been evident in a half-Negro I had shared a late-night conversation with in London (he had told

Table 10. Results of Survey 3, the Race Survey

SUBJECT	RACE
F14HIC	Dutch-Indonesian
F15(J)	Jewish
F15(M)	presumed Dutch
F15(V)	Jewish
F15DMF	presumed Dutch
F16(A)	Dutch-Portuguese
M16(B)	presumed Dutch
M16(C)	Dutch-Chilean
M16(D)	presumed Dutch
M16(F)	Dutch-German-French-Indonesian
M16(M)	Dutch
M16(S)	Dutch
M16HC	Dutch-Chilean
M16QI	Dutch-Yugoslavian-Hungarian-Indonesian
M17(E)	Dutch-German
M17(M)	Dutch-Dutch-Dutch-Australian
M17(P)	Polish
M17(S)	Moroccan (adopted)
M18(R)	Dutch-German-Indonesian-Indonesian

me of an attack on an Asian by Negroes) and several others who were part-Indonesian. The trait could be recognized in individuals who were just an eighth Indonesian. Their obvious longing, if not desperation, for acceptance was capable of inspiring a sense of obligation on a prospective friend to do so. This protocol was first identified in M16QI, a quarter-Indonesian who strongly exhibited an early component of the sequence.

A comparable absence of identity, but more simpering, was evident in a small subset of Dutchmen. They tended to be ignored, perhaps out of embarrassment. Putatively they strongly expressed a female characteristic.

The general protocol was termed the Relationship Inception Sequence. Between Occidental males this seems to follow the following pattern: first there is a 'squaring of egos' as each regards the other impartially then, if a friendship is to ensue, there will be some mutual acknowledgment, though perhaps a subtle one, that each likes the other. (Between members of opposite sex the RIS is likely to take the form of a Minute Amplification of Gestures.)

The Indonesian trait however was to signal vulnerability, inspire

Affection Beneath and then consolidate. A European could effectively be tricked into embarking on a friendship in this manner, with guilt being experienced on rejection of the relationship at a later stage, that is, after the individual expressing the Indonesian trait had achieved some form of consolidation.

COP-OUT RELATIONSHIPS. Often seen were what I called 'cop-out relationships' in which a Dutch male had adopted a coloured male friend. The latter's self-perceived, or actual, reduced status made these relationships easy to come by, and readily disposable since the trump card for a European was that he could usually withstand the transduced guilt, even if it was not recognized as such (and thus indistinguishable from valid guilt). Such relationships were clearly a function of, but did not overtly state, AB; the AB component made it clear that the association was ersatz for a relationship with a female. I regarded them as distinctly unhealthy.

Two men I met around this time were eighth-Indonesian and in certain respects this component appeared dominant, which is why they are of interest. In one the absence of identity was evident, in the other it was not. The first was a professional counsellor whose self-effacing nature was notable for one so mature. He admitted following people on occasion and obfuscated when he realized he was being studied. (He also confessed that the temptation to manipulate an extension of therapy, for his own benefit, was very strong and remarked that females expressed remorse about their behaviour towards children, animals and other females but appeared uniformly devoid of guilt concerning their actions towards males.) The second was a successful property speculator who was exceptionally promiscuous, appeared incapable of forming a long-term relationship and would go to extreme lengths to ensure he came out better in any business transaction, even if just by a tiny amount (cf. *Supra-Maximization*).

Yet another, younger, part-Indonesian male admitted, as had the first above, sitting and deliberately studying people and this was further confirmation of DRoFC. An Indonesian genetic component did not entirely preclude blonde hair, but if fair the hair appeared to be stiff, not fine as was the norm for blondes of pure Dutch extraction.

SEPTEMBER. Having reached these conclusions, more by logic than by instinct, I came to feel like a prisoner; whenever I went out I was confronted with some sight I found disturbing, if not offensive. Any foray outside involved seeing at least three SLM's. Such a tally was encountered one dull afternoon the following September while cycling around the Jordaan, and could be matched anytime I toured the Staatsliedenbuurt just beyond it, or the Pijp, or seemingly anywhere in Amsterdam. I mentioned

this phenomenon to four males separately and was never contradicted; they had also noticed it.

Nowhere in the city could I go out and escape the single roving immigrant eager for somewhere to play the role of nominal Negro, or an over-friendly Arab looking to bend an ear. The two-faced Dutch would condescendingly humour them but if a white man had made a fool of himself in this way he would have been told to 'get lost' or worse. However such a response was inhibited so as not to hurt their feelings. These incidents were routine and it became unpleasant to be in their vicinity. Bars and cafés which were usually exclusively white could at any moment fall prey and the females, especially it seemed the young ones, went where the immigrants were.

At some social gatherings, such as in a coffeeshop or at a small concert where a band was playing, the majority of couples consisted of a white female and some variety of dark-skinned male. It was astonishing that they had achieved it, but surreptitiously they had: while Dutch males sat around talking to each other or smoking joints, drinking beer or more rarely, working on projects (as M31DS was doing during this time), the females were giving their favours en masse to immigrants. The preferential treatment they conferred was readily apparent: they were patently less restrained in touching and attentiveness to their partners than would have been the case if their companion had been white.

MORE SIGNALS ABOVE SPEECH. I walked into BIGBAR5 and a girl prodded my arm; I thought at first she was someone I knew but it was actually a signal. Later I approached her on the dance floor and invited her to come over and talk when she had finished dancing, which she did. After some conversation I suggested she give me her telephone number so I could ring her sometime. "No" she said, "that's too much." Another night in BIGBAR5 a large and not very attractive girl blew in my ear around eight times in succession. After two times I asked her what it meant. Her response, which was repeated several times, was "I don't know." Eventually I said "If you say what it means you get what it means" but still she said "I don't know." I walked off in amused disgust.

Eventually, one Friday night, I made it out to a conventional Amsterdam discotheque. It was ripe with a feminine atmosphere and there was a strong contingent of hunting Negroes. Fighting the urge to leave immediately I found a relatively quiet basement where a pleasant hour was spent talking to a pair of girls. It was their first visit to the discotheque as well. At the end I was given their telephone numbers but nothing came of it. It was always the same, over and over and over again. Having to compete with Negroes was sufficient to ensure I did not go again.

MORE EXULTATION. The following evening I was working alone in a coffeeshop and made a friendly comment to a Dutchwoman. She had entered on an errand and signalled, prompting my remark as she left, but it was wilfully ignored. A short while later a pair of Dutchwomen arrived accompanied by two Asian men. Several of these players visibly gloated over the situation, including one of the Asians, that they had women and I did not. I immediately put on my jacket and left.

OCTOBER. ALTERNATIVE MONEY SYSTEMS. A consistent expression of feminization, appearing in Britain and Holland, was the adoption of alternative money systems. The difference in scale between British and Dutch systems was noteworthy: in England they were confined to particular regions while in Amsterdam they seemed to be restricted to specific venues. M31DS now ran a nightclub in a large, practically unused part of his squat, and *consumptie bonnen* (consumption vouchers) were sometimes employed to prevent cash being pilfered. However no-one could stop the Russian squatters who lived there setting up a stall selling soft drinks and sandwiches which only accepted cash.

One night I helped out as a money-guard while keeping M31DS company, since he was manning the *consumptie bonnen* counter. M31DS would sell each voucher for *f*2.50 and a fair amount of cash accumulated. My presence, standing on a large metal pipe overlooking the table and keeping an eye on things, clearly indicated that money was present. Two independent attempts were made to get at the money, both by Arab males, the first by one of a group of older Arabs, the second by one of a younger group, but both were executed in identical fashion, an exaggerated nonchalant walk followed by an attempt to lean over the counter. The irony however was that the real money was elsewhere, at the door.

Alternative money systems are really just a method by which an organization shifts, in feminine fashion, its problems onto others. Telephone cards for example defy the principle of a common means of exchange. They solve the telephone utility's problem of fraud in cash-operated telephones by obliging the user to adopt an alternative currency, with all the inconvenience it entails. Some disadvantages for the consumer are loss (the card is much easier to mislay than cash), waste (one might leave the country with units unused), the inability to transfer small amounts to another person and a host of other disadvantages money was adopted to prevent.

Another observation was significance being imparted to the transfer of money by mannerisms of the hand, especially when accepting it. The degree of charm which could be turned on by females locally when money was changing hands was surprising.

To the Dutch, every culture was appealing except their own. Similar trends could be seen emerging elsewhere and, like white females' explorations with immigrants, there was no evidence that this was a transient phenomenon which would expire of its own accord. For example, in Amsterdam Rastafarian emblems were a much more frequent sight than the Dutch flag, the cafés having apparently learned that it was good for business.

Survey 3 indicated that Amsterdammers were degenerating into a race of half-caste third-rate Bimbos, if indeed they had not already done so. There were half-castes, quarter-castes and every conceivable unpredictable mixture, and as Bimbos they were certainly third-rate, or might even deserve a lower ranking. In evolutionary terms the results were as if the country had been occupied and the victors had taken the women of the vanquished. If the invaders had been at the border with weapons at least there would have been an honourable challenge and an honest fight, but this was an invasion by sneakiness, stealth and worse.

To use the football pitch analogy once again, the presence of immigrants ensured that there was no longer a level playing field. Furthermore it was becoming clear that this applied not only sexually but also economically.

The Fulcra. City of Broken Dreams

October 1994

F19DB Female, 19, Dutch blonde

A feature of a civilized society is that it protects its weaker members. However it is not a civilized society but a stupid one which allows its weaker members to deny their deficiencies and dominate, thus to erode the civilized state.

One youth of around 17 told me that something had gone wrong when taking his exams and he had been sent to a school for practical skills in the east of Amsterdam. It had 300 students but only a handful of whites; he had often been the only white in his class. I had difficulty believing this at first, because I had not thought things had progressed so far, so I visited the school to confirm it. It was for children aged 11-16 and whites were a tiny minority.

British County Councils were giving advantageous terms to Japanese companies to set up factories and provide employment for the local population. It was sheer lunacy to help the Japanese into the position of bosses over British workers so that they could manufacture and export to the rest of Europe products which had in the first place been British inventions. Great swathes of England had been taken over by Asian and other immigrants, completely changing its character. A great deal of the crime in London was committed by Afro-Caribbeans, much of which was drug-related.

F35I awoke one night to hear someone quietly climbing the stairs. At first she thought it might be me making a surprise visit, but shortly a brown hand appeared around the door to turn on the light. The intruder coolly asked to be let out, having got in at the back, found nothing worth stealing and been unable to leave because of the mortice lock at the front. F35I, wanting to get rid of him as quickly as possible, put on a coat and found the key. As he was being led downstairs he said "Oh, you're decorating, I could help you with that." The door was opened and F35I was asked if she minded him sheltering from the heavy rain in the doorway.

My attitude became that all non-whites should be repatriated to their

country of racial origin. This is the only true basis for self-determination: each country should be allowed its own evolutionary track. This solution is not simplistic but basic; the European races can and probably should help other cultures, because in a civilized society the strong should help the weak. It is another thing altogether to say that the weak is the same as the strong, thus weakening the whole, or as was now taking place, the weak were set to destroy the ability of the strong to help them.

If a female's TV breaks down (or her car, or some other thing), she would be surprised to find ninety-nine female engineers and one male. Instead it is the other way around, because things are in the male domain. Notwithstanding, the female will attempt to transfer tasks for which she is biologically-adapted and naturally superior to males. Even in her natural domains of relationships and child-rearing the female will progressively shift the burden onto the male, then proceed to blame the male when things go wrong. Due to abrogation by females the male must open conversations, make proposals and make the First Move. According to British law the First Move is technically an assault, a criminal offence. She insists on forceful behaviour and obliges the male to brave accusations of assault and rape in order to obtain what is for him practically a biological requirement. The male can even be blamed for her own failure to secure a relationship. In Amsterdam the male had not only to open a conversation but also maintain it, the female hardly speaking at all but keenly attentive of any slip he might make. This pattern could be seen emerging even in the very youngest females, in the form of the blank stares of girl-children which would be their only response to a smile or friendly wave.

RESPONSE DISPLACEMENT. A female might take up a seat next to a male in a bar or coffeeshop and a friendly opening remark made by him in response. The female however would remain steadfastly mute as far as he was concerned but become engrossed in a lively (although entirely non-committal) conversation with the person behind the counter. It may be argued that the bar worker had more of interest to say, but this behaviour was so routinely observed that Response Displacement was the evident explanation.

REINFORCING CYCLE OF FEAR. The more latitude the female is allowed, the more her capricious nature will be expressed, the more she will project that nature onto the male and the more insecure of his intentions she will become. A reinforcing cycle is established culminating in insecurity and paranoia.

In furtherance of this cycle females relish information which reinforces their fear, dwelling on news reports about old ladies having their bags

snatched, or a child being killed, or a baby being stolen. This can be compared with, say, fatal road accidents, several thousand of which occur each year with infinitely higher social costs. Other examples are disproportionate attention being given to someone being raped when no-one came to the rescue, or fostering an environment in which rape is almost an inevitability then widely recounting it. I wondered about the extent to which the shift from, for example, 'Don't go with strange men' to 'Don't talk to strange men' actually led to the danger they feared.

CONCLUSION. Control of women is mandatory for a successful, civilized, humane and compassionate society.

DISCUSSION. A degenerative cycle of mediocrity was evident in art and culture, as attention focused on increasingly fine gradations of blandness. More gravely, despite the oft-expressed concern for the preservation of life in all its diversity, the net result of female influence, both literally and metaphorically, was a world full of cats and diseased pigeons. Repression of men comes naturally to women, and they are much better at it, whereas men have no evolutionary reason to subjugate women except by necessity. There is no progress if females have control; in fact, we regress. Females are dysgenic and the race that fails to control them becomes extinct.

Most especially, females should not be permitted to exert influence in the fields of politics and science. They are inherently handicapped in these fields, and many others, but these are critical areas in which their involvement is likely to involve mistakes, the costs of which are unacceptably high.

A Director of a London financial organization was interviewed on the radio: "The women were no use to us – we threw them out. They were obviously not happy here, they were a distraction, they were continually going sick and the work had to be passed backwards and forwards for correction with new mistakes being added at each stage." The businessmen were now working without secretaries.

An examination is also required of the role of females in the media; according to the suppositions of this system they would make good news-readers but dangerous editors. In practice however the meaningful, redundant pauses between words, emotional inflections and, on TV, impositions of personality via signals which female presenters could not resist interposing often intruded on the message they were supposed to be delivering.

Considerable time was spent waiting to use computers while females struggled with them, or for photocopiers while they copied party invitations, fashion designs, restaurant menus or pictures of family and friends. Sometimes I was literally displaced while needing to use these

facilities to submit a paper about a prospective new medicine. In the copy shops females could be seen using a male to help them prepare their CV's, arousing the suspicion that if she got the job she would similarly use her manipulative skills to get another to do her work.

TOKENISM. A library cannot tell whether a book is being borrowed merely to be left lying around to impress, or to be read and assimilated, but a book removed for the former purpose denies it for the latter. The enthusiasm a female has to use an item in imitation and synchronization (such as a car or a computer) is directly related to how much the male wants to use it.

Giving females a voice and allowing them to express their views on contemporary social problems was like asking the Devil for advice on how to cure sin. The weight of human misery and downright trouble, not to mention evolutionary damage, caused by allowing a small segment of the population, the fortunate, attractive, reproductive females, free rein of their instincts was enormous. So much of the social cruelty which was routinely being inflicted, and the burden of guilt arising from it, would be prevented if more normal relations between the sexes could be achieved.

PROSPECTIVE FIX. A way of imposing sanity on a female might be for the authorities to incarcerate her for a given number of hours. The duration would be specified by her natural or nominated male guardian, with no questions asked. Such a practice would satisfy the requirement to control females without resorting to violence. In a future, saner society crime will be so much diminished that this could be a role for the police.

The mass of weird and messed-up people meant that in day-to-day life it often felt like one was navigating a minefield of peoples' hang-ups and foibles. Sometimes in conversation I sensed that I was being told something, although it was usually quite trivial (some incident when cycling around, or a minor encounter) that the teller just had to tell someone, and I was the first willing ear. There were people who had loneliness written all over them and the victims of transduction. The latter bore a characteristic stamp, having a severe lack of confidence and frequently being on the verge of psychosis.

Many times I had felt like ditching everything, like the science and my computer business, to join those around me who were single-mindedly following their selfish desires. This ceased to be a temptation once I appreciated the enormity of my discoveries and the scale of the distortion of human norms which the females had achieved, solely in pursuit of their primitive instincts. Females were capable of making their males into an underclass, if they had not by their preference for immigrant males already

done so. This was the origin of much of the psychosis: the acute cases could be seen walking the streets in a state of disrepair.

I became fired with a determination of a different kind: what was happening in Amsterdam quite defied belief and I had to tell the world. In fact Amsterdam was a microcosm of the general situation; many individuals and groups were becoming aberrant, but each in a different way. With the discovery that the people around me were behaving abnormally, I elected to express my rebellious instincts by being normal. I was an inveterate rebel but hitherto I had been a rebel without a clue. Now my targets had to be white. These investigations had started with almost an open a mind as could be imagined yet I had reached these conclusions, more to my own surprise than anyone else's.

TOLERANCE AND LIBERALITY. Holland, and Amsterdam above all, was supposed to be tolerant and liberal but when I had attempted to court a young girl in Amsterdam, and called on her, disruption was achieved by parents five times. The following incident took place before I became racially aware; it was the worst but not atypical. The father had questioned me about my occupation and unable to fault my claim to be a scientist, went on to interrogate me on other matters to the point where I preferred not to answer one question. I said "Everyone should have a few secrets" but he seized upon my reticence as evidence of my unworthiness. I left the Dutchman and his daughter, who had a remote Negress mother, engaged in a vehement shouting match.

These times I found myself in the following Catch-22 situation. I had only wanted to take the girl out for an evening, with the possibility, only, of future meetings, yet such a fuss would be made, with a parental tantrum being thrown, or promises broken, or a barrage of objections raised, that if such were my intentions the only proper course of action was to abandon. Interestingly the only two exceptions, one in Surrey and one in Amsterdam, when I had been reasonably received, and the girl granted more autonomy, involved devout Christian parents. Unfortunately their daughters in these two cases were not so amenable.

M531 once asked if I didn't find my targets immature and I had replied that all females are. However, it struck me that in my attempts to secure a young Paragon I was merely fortifying the egos of more Dutch Queens in Waiting; I was reinforcing the very system I was rebelling against. When they grew older they would hold court in the cafés, clubs and bars, which with practice would become a public auction for sex. I had seen it countless times, although in this transaction the vendors were under no obligation to provide the good.

Being frank, I would probably have settled for a more conventional relationship if one had come my way but even this seemed unattainable.

The standard pattern was that Dutchwomen would play games and mindfuck until their late twenties. When the crow's-feet appeared they would face reality, panic and suddenly start looking for a long-term partner for having children. Then by its manner and frequency it seemed that in their contrivances to become pregnant the female was at her most creative.

At times, particularly during the Skunk Works and my involvement with Radio 100, I had been almost as well-integrated into Dutch society as an Englishman could be, having deliberately avoided falling into an isolated English sub-culture. I knew now that there was no pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, as was often implicitly, and sometimes explicitly, stated. My Dutch friends and the commercial viability of my street testified to the falsity of that. Dutch society from inside was not a pretty sight.

Everything was supposed to be possible: the saying was '*Alles kan*' ('All can be done' or 'Everything is possible'). Everyone toed this line in public but the expression was not heard so often nowadays. In practice an unconventional relationship (certainly of the kind I desired) was so unlikely that it could be discounted. There was more latitude in Britain, where the social rules were more rigidly defined but the population was individualistic enough to break them. Of the Dutch it has been said that censorship is unnecessary because their conformity is sufficient. The conformism was reinforced by the acute lack of secrecy.

Tolerance only extended so far as it was to the advantage of females. The oft-proclaimed tolerance and liberality were a sham.

THE FULCRA. There were four major features of Amsterdam life and, following the premise that only those activities beneficial to females were allowed, each was examined in that light. These were termed the fulcra: each was pivotal in the power balance between the sexes.

The masculine approach to problem solving, which is the basis of the scientific method, is to reduce the number of variables. By this means a solution can be identified or, if the problem cannot be solved entirely, it is usually possible to improve the situation by isolating the most significant component. Conversely the female approach is to cloud the issue by increasing the number of variables, adding to the confusion and obscuring her strategies. This is particularly relevant to immigration and the mixing of races. In Amsterdam the prostitutes and most especially the immigrants were major determinants of female power.

1. IMMIGRANTS. THE DOMINANT FULCRUM. Females derived power from their adulation, even remotely, by immigrant males. The presence of immigrant males provided an initial implied threat then, as time progressed, females' actual ability to mindfuck their males at the Second Level. If the female could not find a white male who would cow-tow to

her, respond to her slightest signal, hang onto her every word and generally treat her like royalty, there was always an immigrant (or five, or ten) who would. He would then be used in the affront of her own males.

Immigrants intensified male breeding competition, increased the level of signalling, provided females with more behavioural latitude, increased the subtlety of the hints they used and raised their expectations of the control they could exact in a relationship.

On a larger scale, the presence of large numbers of immigrants was offensive to male territorial instincts and by the suppression of masculine instincts females were able to further augment their power. Immigrants occupying the role of an underclass promoted females, by displacing them.

More subtly, the greater fecundity of non-whites (which, again, the female would be unlikely to miss) promoted greater reproductive competition which some whites felt obliged to match, supplying a further pretext for females to have babies. Even with only their present white populations both Britain and Holland would still be over-populated.

M27HERM confirmed my observation about Streaming in Dutch culture by his description of *verzuiling* (literally 'columning') which was an established feature of Dutch life. It was said to influence practically every sphere of social activity, including religion, politics, TV stations and newspapers. Schools were traditionally separated into either Protestant or Catholic however. In recent years there was said to have been an *ontzuiling* ('uncolumning') due, it was said, to the influence of foreigners.

2. PROSTITUTION. In those males who were monogamous (that is, desired sex with a known, steady partner), which was probably the majority due to long-term selection of the trait by females, the rapidity of his encounter with a prostitute and abrupt departure afterward was effectively a mindfuck. It confused the male, making him susceptible to female manipulation.

The costs of sex were displaced. Thus for example if a male found himself in a relationship which was unsatisfactory, which he might ordinarily abandon, it was practically impossible for him to avoid thinking 'Well, it's free.' Similarly the female could exact a greater cost (in terms of control) for a service which had been assigned a tangible value.

Prostitution defined the cost of sex monetarily and suppressed the awareness that females also needed sex. It intensified male breeding competition and enhanced male neurosis. Several men commented how disturbing they found it to see women they were genuinely attracted to behind the glass. I had experienced it one time too.

3. **HOMOSEXUALITY.** Male homosexuality is sometimes innate so is unlikely to be entirely avoidable. Hence it is not its existence which is at issue so much as its visibility. Overt male homosexuality increased signalling by the open expression of sexuality. Homosexual males were unlikely to attempt to limit female excess, and this increased the acceptance of aberrant female behaviour. They are also capable of making very forthright expressions of the female perspective.

Male homosexuality increased male breeding competition when normally heterosexual males resorted to it as a sexual outlet, while female homosexuality intensified male breeding competition by doubly reducing the number of available females: it provided two females with relationships without any provision of sex to males.

The missing component, the hitherto elusive factor explaining females' strong affinity for male homosexuality, was that homosexual males legitimized the female perspective. What females speculated might happen in their fertile imaginations, a mechanism which had evolved to enable them to foresee sex well before it could occur, homosexual males actually did. More generally, male homosexuals express female characteristics and 'like supports like.'

4. **DRUGS.** While in Amsterdam the dominant fulcrum appeared to be immigrants, by females obliging their males to compete with them, the dominant factor in Hull may have been drugs. In this city (and, judging by the coffeeshop conversations of British tourists, probably many others) a large number seemed obsessed by them.

A noteworthy effect was the weakening of bonding by marijuana and certain other drugs. Males bond on shared experience, but an experience which is artificially obtained provides a ready-made excuse to shed the association which resulted from it.

This mechanism extends to other associations and relationships. For example, experiences shared with a tourist could create a strong bond, but these bonds were constantly being shed as the visitor left. The bonding mechanism would be weakened generally.

Most drug use was by males; even those females who consume marijuana are known to take fewer and less deep draws. The burden of control was on males; indeed that the male burden was increased was common to all the fulcra. Drug use enhanced male neurosis and certainly intensified male breeding competition. That marijuana diminishes male testosterone production has been confirmed. M28DIW said that marijuana "makes you more sensitive to signals but less able to respond to them." First M28DG and then M28DLTS succumbed to a similar sudden onset of paranoia and hyper-sensitivity as had befallen M30ESOP, following prolonged consumption of the notoriously strong Nederweed. By now

three marijuana growers were known to me who had stopped smoking themselves and grew only for profit.

Generally, marijuana appeared to suppress anger, conscience and dreaming. It was difficult not to compare it with the *soma* of Huxley's *Brave New World*.

Drug addicts have been observed to toy with their addiction, indulging themselves in the imminent danger of losing control of it. F21US1 reported having separately met two female intravenous heroin users who experienced orgasms at the moment of injection. Possibly the ritual in which many addicts indulge prior to their fix is analogous to foreplay.

COMMON FACTORS. Each of the four fulcra intensified male breeding competition, confused heterosexual males, enhanced their neurosis and increased the burden on them. By these means the costs of sex were increased, or an environment was fostered in which they could be further elevated. An earlier conclusion (from the discussion of rape) is reiterated: that virtually every word females utter or claim they make is intended, either individually or collectively, to increase the costs of sex.

For relationships generally, if a relationship did not happen quickly, invariably it did not happen at all, if for no other reason that the elongation provided an enhanced opportunity for the male to say or do something which gave the female a pretext to abandon. Having a boyfriend seemed to have gone out of fashion, due to the term having been used to describe any casual sexual partner. Further, for a girl to think of herself or be known as someone's girlfriend amounted to such a severe clipping of her wings that it was often avoided altogether. Serially monogamous relationships took place but at a grossly accelerated rate, with relationships often lasting just one or two weeks, with males being taken up and dropped on a whim.

My last girlfriend was F19DB, a moderately pretty blonde with a delicious curve to her waist who had recently moved to Amsterdam. One sunny morning I called on her and we cycled to a nearby park, and lay on the grass in each others' arms for a couple of hours dozing. A young Negro followed us on his bike and watched. We lasted about two weeks and then she told me "I don't want to have sex with you again until I'm not your girlfriend." She was sitting in my lap at the time. It was clarified – she would have sex if I agreed to release her.

What could I say? Despite what she had revealed in Disclosure I greatly wanted to keep her, and told her so, but she soon left anyway. "I don't want to have sex with you again until I'm not your girlfriend" must be a near-perfect example of the mutation of a handle to a marker.

INFORMATION-GATHERING PROCEDURES. COMPOUND BENEFIT. Females would claim not to hear or remember as a device for extracting

information, though the possibility always existed that it was for some other reason. Perhaps sometimes it was just an infantile game. Cycling on the Elandsstraat one fine day I saw one of the girls I had spent more than six hours with on the eve of Queen's Day the year before. She claimed not to remember me. In this way the female reduces the significance of the material interactions (markers and handles) which have taken place, and simultaneously gleans his impressions of them ('You must remember how we...').

The procedure was encountered several times but this incident involving one of SS4F16X2, whom I had actually met several times, is the best example because the claim that she did not remember me was thoroughly implausible. This is also an example of Compound Benefit, when multiple benefits occur on different levels.

One Dutch male I met said "It's not getting them that's the problem, it's keeping them." The brevity of many relationships locally had an obvious parallel with the mental effects (i.e. the Mental Assault) of males' encounters with prostitutes.

Several times I was out alone and immigrant men with white women were seen to gloat. They were aware that they were taking advantage of the exceptional licence Europeans allowed their women, but which certainly would not have been afforded their own had circumstances been reversed.

Females declined to maintain a constant circle of friends because they risked an obligation to enter into a sexual relationship with one of the circle. If she could easily and rapidly acquire a partner, say by emitting a signal on the street or in a bar, her field was considerably enlarged and she could just as easily shed him. This resulted in an environment in which relationships were inconstant and friends would be dropped, which was exactly the situation in Amsterdam.

When dealing with things the female imitates the male, since this is the area in which he is adept. Females' natural domain is relationships, in which she is superior, so here the male imitates the female. For this reason disloyalty extended to males; even for relationships between males a great deal of effort was required to maintain them.

When M28DG started playing tricks, to my stern disapproval, I realized I had observed him learning them at first hand in BAR6. On two occasions M28DG got a female onto or into a bed then said he could not continue because he already had a girlfriend. The potential origin of such tricks by males, I thought, was that males were seeking to satisfy or bolster their ego because they were deprived of all control (or even the illusion of it) in their normal interactions. The tricks were female procedures in any event. There were also some exceptionally promiscuous and greedy males who were highly skilled at manipulation and continuously hunting. When a female

obtained a partner she would be very guarded about introducing him to her friends.

However the displays of Dutch male unctiousness seemed to be a temporary phenomenon; their later frequency seemed to diminish. The dynamic of male-female interaction is almost certainly cyclic and it is proposed that this is one of many phenomena detailed here which document the 'male-female pendulum' at the very peak of its swing.

COLLECTIVE ADVANTAGE, INDIVIDUAL DETRIMENT. A couple of times while out in a bar or coffeeshop I talked without inhibition to males, which in Amsterdam was quite unusual. Then they would take that influence and use it to try and secure females, although the invitations they made would not be extended to me. Similarly, if I demanded resolution from a female, I was aware that I would be making her wary of tergiversating to the same extent with a subsequent male, but I would always be the loser myself. It seemed that I could help others or make their path smoother but it would rarely or never be to my benefit.

Amsterdam had become a society which discriminated in every subtle and significant way against the very people who were most valuable to it. A more dysgenic environment was hard to imagine. Being honest and law-abiding was distinctly disadvantageous. One example was the practice of sub-letting council apartments, which was illegal but widespread. It often seemed as if anyone unable to shed their natural inclination to be polite and decent would be exploited by everyone else.

M34EEI suffered severe pain from an abscess but did not visit a dentist largely due to having to pay. He was even sometimes homeless but his UF/DF sister, who had briefly been married to a Dutchman and by this means had secured an income and a flat, had few such problems. Her *uitkering* (State income) even extended to her daughter who was the product of another association. F22C and F25J had secured a similar enviable position but M34EEI, M53I and I received few such benefits.

M28DIW recounted how once he had stumbled on a paving stone in the sight of a car-full of Moroccans, who then got out and beat him up. The last time I was in BAR2 – actually discussing with M21QIMS how diseases might be cured – a group from nearby BIGBAR3 took the barman to one side. I was then told that the beer I was drinking would be my last. An allusion was made that this was not the most severe of the options which had been considered. M33DME related how he had once gone into BAR2 wearing an old German Officer's badge with a swastika under his lapel. He had shown it to the barman as a joke whereupon he had been bundled out, thrown to the ground and kicked in the head.

INSTITUTIONAL INCOMPETENCE. Police and other emergency personnel seemed on occasion to be so attentive of onlookers and interactions with their colleagues that they neglected the individual they had been summoned to help. M27HERM gave an account of a mentally-ill man in the water near Centraal Station drowning as a police diver fought to gain control of him. He had been dragged to the side face-down in the water. A camera crew from one of the local TV companies was passing and they interviewed the diver. He thought he had done well but the man was in an ambulance by this time with the crew trying to resuscitate him. Cycling down the Elandsgracht I passed a crowd of women standing around a man on the ground. Mindful of the Fall, I went back to see if he had had a heart attack, but his eyes were half-open and there was a pulse. I rested beside him with my hand on his arm until a doctor arrived, followed shortly by the police. However the doctor was more interested in maintaining a conversation with the police officers than tending the man who had become his patient.

That December M53I displayed symptoms of mental illness and had persistent stomach pain. He was another who stayed at the house for a while seeking refuge. Many of my friends, and certainly myself, all had the same complaint, and simply needed someone to look after us, but the women were too busy looking after themselves. Also, if the truth be told, we needed someone to look up to us.

It was supposed to be an open and tolerant society but the tolerance did not extend to me or my kind. Not only was I confronted with mental assaults whenever I went out, there were also subtle, barely constrained and (by the end of these investigations) blunt expressions of Little Johnnie's Law from females. Not toeing the party line resulted in vilification.

At Christmas I had an 18-year-old Swiss-German staying at the house. He was one of a type of effeminate young males with long mousy-blond hair in dreadlocks, emulating Negro styles (a whigger). On Christmas Day he went out for a walk alone and was robbed at knife-point in the city centre.

In January two bricks were hurled through my kitchen window and this was the start of a series of encounters with both the local squatters and police. Almost anything was permitted – growing marijuana, using and selling harder drugs, stealing library books, going with Negroes and producing half-caste children (for which females could even be paid by the State) – but voicing certain opinions, regardless of how self-evident they seemed, was not. Dissent was not allowed.

During times of stillness, like at night, instead of contemplating a soft and warm female body beside me and mulling over new and pleasant memories I would be dogged by old painful ones, and would struggle to

think of something else. Cycling around it was as if every place had been spoiled by some unpleasant memory.

Now the recurrent phrase in my mind was 'The City of Broken Dreams.' Those things which had earlier been stuck in my head, however unlikely they had seemed at the time, had turned out to be uncannily accurate. What is a broken dream? I suppose originally it is a sexual desire, so a Paragon will be involved. The desire may entail play-acting, multiple females, a single female, a male, multiple males, a child, a particular setting or whatever. It may be constrained by practical, cultural or legal factors. We shall define a broken dream as an objective which could practically be realized but is not, or an ambition which, once fulfilled, disappoints. There may be intense pressure to conform or emotional pain endured in pursuit of it, with the costs being made so high that the goal is never reached. The objective is never realized or, if it is, no happiness results from the encounter.

I asked a few people whether they thought Amsterdam was the City of Broken Dreams but received inconclusive replies. For myself however I had to admit that it was; I had hardly achieved any of my own, personal objectives, although I may have accomplished something greater. For me it was indeed the City of Broken Dreams, and all I had wanted, all I had ever wanted, was innocent love.

END

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

“The blowing of the station-master’s whistle is the power that sets the train in motion” (Section 24) and “Modern superstition hunts after the symbols of science” (Section 29) appear in Rudy Kousbroek’s *Het Avondrood der Magiers* (‘The Twilight of the Magicians’). The phrase “Beat in my brain like a hammer” (Section 32) is one of Arthur Conan Doyle’s and “Rebel without a clue” (Section 38) is believed to have originally been coined by Michael Moorcock.

Appendices

Appendix 1

Mainly Female, Mainly Sexual Signals (Summary)

ACCIDENT. Things being dropped, bicycle accidents and similar mishaps
ASSENT. A female subtly conveys her decision to accept a male for sex
BLANCH (m/f). A subtle involuntary facial signal indicating attraction
BODY POUT. A part of the female's body is protruded or displayed
BRIGHTENING. The female stiffens and smiles as a target male nears
CHALLENGE (m/f). A display of defiance; subtle and overt forms exist
COLLISION. The female attempts to intercept or collide with her target
DIRECT LOOK. Females tend to reserve direct eye contact for attraction
EMPTY GLASS. The gentle shake of an empty glass ('Buy me a drink')
EXAGGERATED LAUGHTER. Forced or over-enthusiastic laughter near a target
EXAGGERATED WALK. Typically, swinging of the hips while walking away
FERTILE. The female exhibits her fertile state, distinctively by a 'bouncy' walk
FOOT STAMP. The foot is stamped flat on the ground, audibly or inaudibly
FREEZING IN PLACE. The head may incline before freezing in position
GRIMACE RESPONSE. A female response to attention, as if in physical pain
HELPLESS FEMALE. The female directly inspires male caretaking instincts
HESITATION. Uncertainty is displayed in a course of action or direction
INCIDENTAL NOISES. Quiet hissing, tsk-tsk or clicking noises, for example
INCIDENTAL TOUCHING. Subtle or overt brushes against a target male
JOSTLE. A male is aggressively nudged, often after he has failed to approach
LINGERING. Hovering around or near a target, usually on a pretext
LOOKING BACK (m/f). A male or a female looks back over their shoulder
LOOKING FLUSTERED. While static the female appears agitated or disturbed
LOOKING SAD. The female appears forlorn as a target male passes
LOOKING THROUGH. The female is 'caught' with her legs slightly apart
LOOSE WOMAN. Waving a leg and arm simultaneously while inebriated
LOUD VERBAL UTTERANCE. A pronounced verbal utterance
NOT SAYING GOODBYE. Not saying goodbye can be a cue to follow
OPEN LEGS. Probably the strongest signal a female can issue to a male
PERIPHERAL COMMENT. Something is said to which a target male might react
PLAYFUL ABANDON. Careless and playful attitudes indicating receptivity
POUT. The lips are protruded, sometimes in false displeasure
PREENING. The female adjusts herself in the presence of her target
RAPID LOOK AWAY. This both avoids direct eye contact and attracts attention
WAVE OF HAIR. (common) The Hair Flick. 'I love me, you love me too'
WAVE OF KEYS. The target male is intended to follow
WIDE EYE. (common) The pupils dilate (peripheral vision); the eye widens.

Appendix 2

'The Orders of Big Sister'

1. I shall unreservedly exploit the achievements of males in furtherance of my goals. I shall enlist the vulnerable and those who cannot speak for themselves for my own purposes.
2. I shall control information, distort truth and manipulate thought. Freedom of speech will not exist.
3. I shall call for tolerance while allowing only those opinions and activities which are to my advantage. I shall promise one thing and do another.
4. I shall decree that males and females and people of different races are the same, when it is manifestly untrue. I shall oblige males to perform roles for which I am naturally better suited.
5. I shall maintain males in a state of neurosis and confusion, and any male who disagrees with me, or induces any unpleasant feeling, shall be deprived of every amenity I have the power to withhold.
6. I shall indulge my instincts to manipulate, mindfuck, play tricks and be dishonest without fear of retribution.
7. I shall treat animals better than men.
8. I shall encourage massive immigration so that others shall be the underclass and not me. I shall favour immigrants and half-castes to spite and insult males of my own race.
9. I shall have the right to do everything and the obligation to do nothing. I shall have babies whenever and by whom I please.
10. Any male following his instincts to the same extent will be imprisoned.

Appendix 3

Propositions and Theorems

Proposition 1. Females cannot tolerate naked masculinity.

Corollary 1. Females oblige males to be dishonest to obtain sex.

Corollary 2. The more powerful the female, the more dishonest the male must be.

Proposition 2. The status of the female is proportional to the status of the male she can attract.

Proposition 3. Instincts are never annulled they are only displaced.

Corollary. The more directly instincts are discharged, the more psychologically healthy the individual.

Proposition 4. The male instinct is to reduce the costs of sex, the female instinct is to increase the costs of sex.

Proposition 5. The more resistive the female, the more selective the male becomes.

Proposition 6. The primary sexual activity of the female is relationships.

Proposition 7. The less likely the male is to respond, the more likely the female is to signal.

Theorem 1, the Dynamical Laws.

1. The only power that females have is given to them by males;
2. The only thing which females do with that power is use it against males.

Lemma 1 for Theorem 2. Any voluntary system must be to the advantage of the female or the female will not participate.

Lemma 2 for Theorem 2. Females are never satisfied.

Lemma 3 for Theorem 2. Base and Spoiled Female (BSF) perceives her status as being proportional not to the status of the male she can attract but to the status of the male she can reject.

Theorem 2. In a system in which females are allowed free sexual selection, the higher the standard of living:

1. The less relationships take place;
2. The less physical sex takes place;
3. The less happy people become.

Proposition 8. Females will use any argument, however ludicrous, to increase the costs of sex and particularly to avoid physical sex.

Corollary 1. Females will use any argument, however ridiculous, if it suits their purpose.

Corollary 2. It is only necessary for females to know that an argument exists, and that a body of people concurs with it, to apply it.

Proposition 9. Females, if unconstrained, will treat animals better than their own males.

Theorem 3, the DSoD Theory.

1. Males make large differences larger and small differences smaller;
2. Females make large differences smaller and small differences larger.

Theorem 4. The Super-Masculine State dominates, the Super-Feminine State becomes extinct.

Conclusion. Control of women is mandatory for a successful, civilized, humane and compassionate society.

Appendix 4

Glossary of Terms

ADVANCE. Moving closer to a target prior to making an approach.

ADVANCED. More evolved; a subsequent stage in the evolution of a procedure (e.g. it is postulated that Advanced Approach Displacement is Response Displacement). By defining each stage in the evolution of a procedure its phylogeny can be traced.

AFFECTION BENEATH. The theme underlying the caretaking and protective instincts is that some debility or vulnerability must be present in an object for affection to be inspired. Females appear to seek to monopolize Affection Beneath.

AMBIGUITY OF INTENTION. The capacity to maintain a relational transaction, such as an incidental conversation, without it being interpreted as an approach. If males have no Ambiguity of Intention for example, every comment will be regarded as an approach and every proposal will be interpreted as a sexual one. Females appear to seek to monopolize Ambiguity of Intention.

APPROACH. Going up to a target and making an Approach Statement.

APPROACH DISPLACEMENT [F]. Conversing with another person as a substitute for approaching a target.

APPROACH STATEMENT. The first words spoken on approach.

BEHAVIOURAL ESTABLISHMENT. The phenomenon whereby an attitude or pattern can be established, even within a few seconds of meeting. It is evident when being reunited with a former friend or partner, when behaviours long since shed can reappear.

COLLECTIVE EXPRESSION OF INDIVIDUAL CHARACTERISTICS. The proposal that characteristics in social animals must be present both individually and collectively to be evolutionarily viable.

COMPOUND BENEFIT. A procedure can accrue benefit in multiple ways. For example, a procedure may impose harm (i.e. cost) on an adversary, and be profitable at the same time. Or a procedure may be beneficial for the individual and simultaneously for the individual's population. This is a feature common to many female procedures.

CONSOLIDATION. Unambiguously moving a relationship into the emotional, sexual domain (e.g. the first kiss).

CONSPIRACY [F]. Females instinctively act together to raise the cost of sex, intensify male breeding competition and enforce monogamy. A conspiracy need not be secret. The male-female game is a simple two-player game with each player adopting opposite roles; if the male instinct is to compete, the female policy is to conspire.

CREATIVE TRANSDUCTION [F]. Generating or inventing a problem for the purpose of blaming someone else.

DEBASEMENT [F]. Making personal revelations derogating oneself and others. The information may or may not be authentic. Debasement is Advanced Disclosure and this evolutionary construct is proposed as a more consistent model for the False Memory Syndrome.

DIMINISHMENT OF SELF. Any emotional or psychological diminution of the individual. It is, however, entirely local to the individual.

DISCLOSURE [F]. Divulging secrets immediately before or after physical sex. A female divulges confidences (about former relationships for example) to reinforce bonding. It is then advanced to become Debasement, testing a male's loyalty well before physical sex can take place.

DISGUISED PURPOSE [F]. The actual purpose which a Diversionary Purpose is undertaken to achieve.

DISPERSIVE PROCEDURES [F]. A category of procedures serving to dissipate and neutralize male responses such as anger or surprise. When a female says 'No' to some trivial request ostensibly in jest, this can be a precursor to the refusal being made in earnest.

DIVERSIONARY PURPOSE [F]. An objective ostensibly being pursued while actually seeking to accomplish another (e.g. a female attending college to secure a suitable partner, the Disguised Purpose).

DIVULGENCE & REFERRAL [F]. The routine female practice of referring to others, usually older females and often in multiple steps.

DOUBLE REINFORCEMENT OF FEMALE CHARACTERISTICS [M]. The observation that males of non-Occidental races possess Occidental female characteristics and employ female procedures.

EBIAC. Exaggerated Behaviour in Alien Culture.

EBIAR. Exaggerated Behaviour in Alien Role.

ENHANCEMENT OF SELF. Any emotional or psychological uplifting of the individual.

FEMINATION [M]. The influence of an individual female on a male, particularly the effects of physical sex. A male is said to be feminated. The feminated male is sexually sated; he has control of sex, or at least the illusion of having control of it.

FEMINIZATION [M]. The collective influence of females on males. Males are said to be feminized.

HANDLE [M]. A request which generates a fixed and predetermined response (e.g. calling someone's name, having an arrangement to meet, touching or holding someone without being rebuffed). It is proposed that all transactions can be analyzed in terms of signals, markers, tokens and handles. Males prefer markers and handles while females favour signals and tokens.

HANDLE STATE. A state in which handles are issued (e.g. being married).

INDIRECT INVOCATION [F]. Complaining to or invoking the authority of a third party without confronting the second party directly (e.g. complaining to a third person about an overdue debt without making a request to the debtor, or calling the police without first telling an unwanted person to leave).

INDUCTION. Evoking a feeling or set of feelings in another person.

INDULGENCE OF ROMANCE [F]. A mechanism involving uniqueness or some intangible 'specialness' which has evolved to limit sex and promote long-term bonding.

INVERTED PROCLAMATION OF ENHANCEMENT, IPoE [F]. Advertising that an approach has been made by ostensibly complaining about it.

INVERTED TRANSMISSION OF DIMINISHMENT, IToD [M]. The instinct to indicate, invertedly and often non-verbally, that a rejection of some kind has been delivered (e.g. a male smiling in response to rejection by a female).

IRREDUNDANCY. Not allowing or permitting redundancy; the incapacity to tolerate losses or wastage (e.g. a telephone number: any error disrupts the entire message).

MALIGN ENCOURAGEMENT [F]. Encouraging an opponent to pursue an adverse policy. ('What's bad for you is good for me' or equivalently, 'What's good for you is bad for me.')

Table 11. Policy Choices for a Protagonist

	MINIMIZE OPPONENT'S PAYOFF	MAXIMIZE OPPONENT'S PAYOFF
MINIMIZE OWN PAYOFF	loser	pure altruism
MAXIMIZE OWN PAYOFF	Malign Encouragement	perfect symbiosis

Although the Malign Encouragement policy appears never to have been formally defined, examples abound: a nation financing the pacifist movement of a country with which it is at war, or a group promoting miscegenation to others while exhorting its own members to only marry between themselves. Original Malign Encouragement however is sexual: when females encourage males to compete (whilst conspiring themselves) it intensifies male breeding competition, a feature of many female policies. See also Conspiracy.

MARKER [M]. An unambiguous indication of involvement (e.g. talking to someone, buying someone a drink). Inappetent marking takes place if nothing is desired or expected in return (e.g. holding an incidental conversation with no ulterior motive). A marker is appetent if something is desired (typical female appetent marking is holding a conversation with someone to demonstrate to others that a relationship exists). It is proposed that all transactions can be analyzed in terms of signals, markers, tokens

and handles. Males prefer markers and handles while females favour signals and tokens.

MASCULINATION [F]. The influence of an individual male on a female, particularly that resulting from physical sex. A female is said to be masculinated.

MASCULINIZATION [F]. The societal influence of males on females. Females are said to be masculinized.

SUPRA-MAXIMIZATION OF ADVANTAGE [F]. Using every opportunity to reinforce a position of advantage or neutralize adverse components, however insignificant (e.g. repeated efficiency drives, intolerance of even tiny pockets of dissent).

MEME (Dawkins). A concept which is subject to similar competitive pressures as genes. For example, a descendant of Shakespeare living now would have less than 0.1% of Shakespeare's genes. Shakespeare's meme however still survives and is strong. Other examples of memes are songs, ideas and inventions.

MENTAL ASSAULT [F]. In essence, manoeuvring an individual into a position where sex could take place but refraining from doing so. It has been defined in terms of six components and exists on two levels, the FLM and the SLM. The second level MA involves males of alien race, the first level does not. Also referred to as the Mindfuck.

MESS: MIXED EVOLUTIONARILY STABLE STRATEGIES. Any organism seeks to minimize its cost and maximize its benefit, with the 'goodness' of a strategy being measured according to its efficiency in proliferating the gene. According to John Maynard Smith, "an 'ESS' or 'evolutionarily stable strategy' is a strategy such that, if all the members of a population adopt it, no mutant strategy can invade." There may be a mixture of strategies; for example, majority and minority strategies may exist in a state of dynamic equilibrium, provided the minority population is small.

A strategy is here called *evolutionarily viable* if it is advantageous (has a reason to exist) and heritable (has a means to exist). Perhaps this amounts to the same thing as evolutionary stability, but the former is used to avoid the complex formal (i.e. mathematical) definitions of evolutionary stability. The sexual signals and procedures detailed here are proposed as examples of viable strategies, even if the evolutionary origin of some may not yet be apparent.

MINDFUCK [F]. The colloquial term for the Mental Assault.

MINUTE AMPLIFICATION OF GESTURES. Subtle, incremental exchanges of honest signals leading to emotional attachment.

MISTARGET. An erroneous or unsuitable target.

NEUROSIS (Pavlov). The stressful condition which arises when one stimulus evokes two or more responses. The Fundamental Female Neurosis derives from her wanting physical sex yet denying it to males, hence to raise its value. In accordance with the Dynamical Laws, the female seeks to shift as much of her neurotic load onto the male as possible, because the confused and disoriented male is easier to manipulate. A major mechanism to accomplish this is sexual signalling.

NEUROTIC SUSPENSION. Being trapped or frozen in a state of neurosis.

NEUROTIC TRANSFER. The neurotic male further empowers the female, thus establishing a reinforcing cycle. In this mechanism, a Protagonist induces neurosis in an Opponent, and the Opponent responds, not by retaliating, but by transferring power to the Protagonist. The transfer of power is often in the form of information. A common form of neurotic transfer is expressing a greatest fear ("You will turn up, won't you?") which makes that outcome more likely to happen. Another example of neurotic transfer is a person drawing attention to their flaws or bad habits to a prospective sexual partner. The sequence is evident in many other situations.

PARAGON. An ideal person or state. The Paragonic partner provides an efficient resolution of neurosis. Various forms of the Paragon are proposed such as the Monogamous Paragon, Unattainable Paragon, Remote Paragon and Inherent Paragon.

PROCEDURE. A behavioural mechanism by which an individual proceeds in competition with another. Less formally, a procedure is a sequence of moves in a human game. Procedures should be capable of being expressed mathematically while a strategy, according to John Maynard Smith and others, is a complete specification of what an individual will do in any situation. (According to this definition of a strategy, it must include every conceivable possibility, so only the simplest human strategies can be modelled mathematically.) In accord with this established definition of a strategy, a *policy* is a subset of procedures and a *strategy* is the set of all possible procedures. See also MESS.

PROCLAMATION OF ENHANCEMENT, PoE [F]. Advertising that an approach has been made.

PROJECTION [F]. Assuming that others act or perceive similarly. (Note that in this definition it is not necessary for a trait to be undesirable or unconscious.) Projection is probably the single most important psychological mechanism, accounting for a great deal of behaviour and attitudes.

PROPOSAL. Making an invitation of some kind. It may be direct ('Come with me' or 'Will you come for a coffee?') or indirect ('You could come if you like' or 'I know a nice café nearby').

RESPONSE DISPLACEMENT [F]. Conversing with another person as a substitute for doing so in response to an Approach Statement or a subsequent one. Response Displacement appears to be Advanced Approach Displacement.

RISK DISENCUMBERMENT [F]. Foreseeing possible outcomes and avoiding their consequences by shifting the risk onto someone else. Pre-menopausal females are always gravid (laden with eggs) and an advantageous policy in such a state is to avoid risk.

SIGNAL [F]. An instinctive gesture; in this analysis mostly sexual signals are considered. Sexual signalling is passive, safe, ambiguous (the female can always deny her intent) and manipulative; it induces neurosis in males, making them susceptible to manipulation. 'The female signals, the male responds.' Signalling is 'body language' or 'non-verbal communication,' but particular emphasis is given to sexual signalling in this system because it is viable (see MESS). A signal is called discriminate if it is directed at a particular individual and indiscriminate if it is not. Signals have been further classified as Honest, Erroneous, False and Dysfunctional. It is proposed that all transactions can be analyzed in terms of signals, markers, tokens and handles. Males prefer markers and handles while females favour signals and tokens.

SPOILING [F]. Removing a component from an object to devalue it. The object can be a thing or a person and the component may not be removed but merely annulled. If the object is desired Spoiling is undertaken to reduce its value to others (e.g. when a female emits an Erroneous or False Signal to remove a male's ability to respond to that particular signal); if it is not desired a likely motivation is obfuscation (e.g. adopting skinhead or hippie styles of dress without ascribing to the philosophy with which the

mode is usually associated). In the first case Spoiling may be an advanced, possessive form of marking. Primordial Spoiling is smearing excrement.

STONEWALLING [F]. Ignoring a person who is known, or who offers a greeting. (This is the mutation of a handle to a signal.)

SUBORDINATE CONVICTION [F]. The Persecution Complex may be a stronger, male expression of the Subordinate Conviction; i.e. the female Conviction may be the precursor to the male Complex. For females the Subordinate Conviction was based in reality, since they were subordinate, but the Conviction persists even when this is no longer true. The Persecution Complex becomes self-fulfilling because if a group possessing the trait is not subjugated it becomes strongly advantageous to them, with benefits that are proportional to its separation from reality. This will inevitably be to the detriment of any coexistent race which does not possess the trait.

TARGET. A potential sexual partner.

TEMPLATE. The image in memory of a compatible or desired sexual partner.

TOKEN [F]. When one thing means another. The value of a token can be different for the giver and the receiver. Hints are commonplace expressions of the token. Examples are 'Do you have a light?' or 'Come back and have some coffee.' It is proposed that all transactions can be analyzed in terms of signals, markers, tokens and handles. Males prefer markers and handles while females favour signals and tokens.

TRANSDUCTION [F]. Inducing a false feeling or set of feelings in another person. Transduction may be positive or negative according to whether a person is falsely enhanced or diminished, but most transduction appears to be negative.

Positive transduction is routinely practised by the staff of casinos, restaurants and airlines, making a customer feel important or promoting good behaviour in a stressful situation and confined space. A security guard in a supermarket might transduce guilt in a customer by closely observing him, even though nothing has been stolen. Overt transduction is laughing at someone unjustly, but transduction is more typically encountered in leaving behaviour, for example quitting a place because a certain person has arrived or an unpalatable fact has been stated. Although transduction is a female mechanism, it is remarkable how widely the different races of man vary in their capacity to transduce and their susceptibility to it.

TRANSMISSION OF DIMINISHMENT, ToD. Looking disgruntled or sad, particularly in response to a rejection.

VICARIOUS GENEROSITY [F]. Giving away, often enthusiastically, something which is not one's to give.

VICARIOUS REJECTION [F]. Obtaining gratification by rejecting or manipulating a rejection on behalf of someone else.

Epilogue

In 1995 I visited England again and learnt that a few days previously F351's front door had been kicked in. I asked her about it and the former incident involving a change in the locks (the occasion when I had slept at the House of Animals). A catalogue of incidents followed in which people had tried, and sometimes succeeded, in getting into her house; her friend elsewhere in North London had been pushed to the ground and had her bag snatched. The perpetrator was always "a man" or "someone" and, enquiring further, every time the perpetrator was seen it was a Negro.

Returning to Amsterdam, M53I reported that in my absence there had been an advertising campaign with posters at tram and bus shelters, and in at least one national magazine, to encourage condom use. The posters featured a naked male Negro and a white girl dressed only in a pair of knickers saying "If you put something on I'll take something off." My street, formerly the domain of the native Dutch, was now being frequented by immigrants; Negro pimps were moving in with Russian prostitutes, one of whom was obviously a heroin addict and did not appear at all happy about her situation.

By this time I had become 'Mister Unpopular,' as M39SHN would have put it, in Amsterdam. On 16 August 1995 the house was raided and a large quantity of material impounded by Dutch police, including the books by Wilson and Moir & Jessel and every item of computer equipment. Fortunately data copies had been stored at M33DJG's flat a week earlier, otherwise the Dutch State would have successfully suppressed this book even before it was finished.

Two weeks later I was working in M31DS's workshop (and probably being monitored there) and the house was searched by Communists of some sort, who took numerous papers and stole some items.

On 24 October 1995 *Het Parool* reported that "Now almost 60% of Amsterdammers under 20 are members of an ethnic minority."

By the time I turned my back on the house and left Amsterdam in early 1996 I had been banned from four bars; from one merely for asking the questions required to compile Survey 3. The staff of some libraries also excluded me on learning that I had reached the 'wrong' conclusions from their material, most notably RIOD, the Dutch Institute for War Documentation. I was deported twice from Holland for handing out leaflets outside the Anne Frank House.

I learnt later that Figure 7 is similar to "Scores of men and women on masculinity-femininity sex attitudes inventory" in Eysenck, *The Inequality of Man* p. 31. Also, the assertion that all a stupid woman can do is have stupid children requires qualification. For the actual pattern of IQ inheritance see Eysenck again, pp. 130-131.

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