

SEX- PLOYTATION



HOW WOMEN USE THEIR BODIES
TO EXTORT MONEY
FROM MEN

Matthew Fitzgerald

SEX-
PLOYTATION

Matthew Fitzgerald



SEX- PLOYTATION

What Male Readers have to say about Sex-Ploytation:

"This book is the Bible for men. It uncovers the truth about women and shows what they really are. Buy ten copies and give them to all of your friends. In fact, you should give a copy to every woman you know."

"At last, someone has had the courage to expose the female scam of using sex to get their hands on men's wallets."

"The central thesis of this book—that women are nothing but prostitutes preying on the hard work and sexual vulnerability of men—has hit the target dead on. It's all true, every guy knows it—but you're not supposed to say this stuff!"

"If you've ever dated, ever been engaged, or even thought about getting married, read this book! It's like dropping a hand grenade onto society."

What Female Readers have to say about Sex-Ploytation:

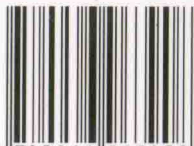
"As much as I hate to admit it, I'm guilty of everything Matthew Fitzgerald writes about. I've gotten free drinks, meals, and even cars for doing nothing more than having sex with men."

"This book should be banned. It's going to ruin my social life."

"When I read Sex-Ploytation the first time, I thought here was just another bitter guy, angry at women. But when I read through it again, I realized that everything he said was right."

"I hate this book! But it's all true."

ISBN 0-9669639-0-3



9 780966 963908

50995

Sex-Ploytation

How Women Use Their Bodies to Extort Money from Men

Matthew Fitzgerald

Copyright 1999 Matthew Fitzgerald
April House Publishing 7223 South
Route 83, Suite 210 Willowbrook,
Illinois 60521-7561

www.sexploy.com

This book represents the observations, opinions, and conclusions of its author, and is in no way intended to proffer legal, medical, or ethical advice of any description. The author and April House Publishing accept no responsibility whatsoever for any liabilities incurred from the reading of this work.

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including information storage and retrieval systems, without permission in writing from the publisher, except by a reviewer, who may quote brief passages in review.

Requests for permission to make copies of any part of the work should be mailed to: Permissions, April House Publishing, 7223 South Route 83, Suite 210, Willowbrook, Illinois 60521-7561.

First Edition

ISBN 0-9669639-0-3

Library of Congress Catalog Card Number 98-94955

"We are never so defenseless against suffering as when we are in love."-Sigmund Freud

"When my girlfriends and I go out at night we never take any money with us. All we have to do is smile at some geek and he'll buy us drinks and dinner."-Overheard conversation

"Half the job is in the discovery; the other half is having the courage to present the findings."-Galileo

"A woman's body is her fate."-Old Adage

To
Esther Vilar, who first saw the light
And To
The Women of America,
who have been trying ever since to snuff it out.

Contents

Introduction vii

1. Manipulating Woman, Manipulated Man
2. Man on the Street 19
3. Isn't It Romantic 31
4. Man on the Street 47
5. I Am Woman, Hear Me Whore (The Failure of Feminism) 57
6. Man on the Street 83
7. Whore-Ror Stories 91
8. What Women Can Do 99
9. What Men Can Do 107
10. A Few Words 113

A Lexicon, 115

Bibliography 119

Introduction

Twenty-five years ago, a remarkable book was published entitled *The Manipulated Man*. Its author was Esther Vilar, an Argentinian-born physician and psychologist, who had emigrated from her native Buenos Aires to West Germany. From the vantage point of such rich cultural experience, Vilar was in a unique position to cast a critical eye on the social milieu of the 1960's and 70's; and because she had managed to disencumber herself from the hypocrisy so natural to her gender, she was free to unleash her intelligence as a ruthlessly honest critic of male/female relationships.

Although it was only a slim volume, *The Manipulated Man* nevertheless packed the wallop of a hand grenade. Vilar's crucial thesis was that women, by manipulating men with sex, have conditioned them to respond like Pavlov's dogs, to be shackled into a lifetime of subservience and slavery for the fulfillment of female desires. It was a cold-blooded manipulation, indeed. To Vilar, the typical American housewife was nothing more than a parasitic prostitute living off the bounty of her husband's hard labor, mercilessly goading him to make more money so that she could enjoy the finer things in life without any expenditure of effort on her part. In her words: "Women live an animal existence. They like eating, drinking, sleeping-even sex, providing there is nothing to do and no real effort is required of them."

Extreme though her conclusions appeared to be, nevertheless Vilar had hit her target dead center. Predictably enough, the book touched off a furor of controversy and female rage (it was vilified as a textbook of misogyny). Women's age-old scam of trading sex for food and shelter, so long whitewashed by tacit societal approval, had been suddenly spotlighted under the stark glare of public scrutiny. Women protested; Vilar was condemned as a traitor to her gender; copies of the book were confiscated and burned by threatened wives and girlfriends. The female con game had been at last exposed, and the truth burned like the slash of a knife.

The late 60's and early 70's was an era of abrupt and tumultuous cultural change, and Vilar might have thought she had touched a nerve in younger readers. Giddily empowered by a reckless interpretation of the new fad of feminism, women began to burn their bras and to clamor for better jobs and pay equal to their male counterparts. The invention of the birth control pill freed them to experiment with sex, to enjoy its pleasures without fear of pregnancy. The sort of women Vilar had been castigating-housewives idling away their afternoons lunching with girlfriends and withholding sex until their husbands bought them a bigger diamond ring or a fur coat-suddenly seemed hopelessly passé. An unstoppable tide of liberation seemed to have turned. Yesterday's whores would hand down their burnt-out torches of greed to an enlightened generation of women who treasured men as partners in life, not meal tickets. Sex had become a celebration, no longer a tool to extort money from men. A new age had begun.

But such optimistic hopes were short-lived. This "new age" died a quick and pitiless death, a squirming victim sacrificed on the altar of female greed. As business boomed and diversified in the late 70's and early 80's, and baby-boomer men prospered, the fires of avarice began once again to blaze up fiercely in female hearts. The mercenary opportunities of their gender nagged insistently at these young revolutionaries, and their mothers' words haunted them with timeworn advice: why should men buy the cow if they can have the milk for free? Ironically the equal rights movement, with its emphasis on individual freedom and gender parity, had somehow spawned an evil twin sister. Fueled by an all encompassing anger and avarice, a renegade self-serving feminism had spun off the old one, a greed-ridden parody of a noble ideal. It sanctioned women to become even more selfish and demanding of men than their mothers had been. Now they wanted their cake and eat it, too: while they marched for equal rights and equal pay, they still expected men to take care of their needs, and they still offered the bait of their bodies to plunder male wallets. Feminism didn't free the ordinary woman; it simply gave blunt franchise to her greed.

But the future promised an even blacker forecast. By the mid 80's, female arrogance had spread like a virulent cancer, and women had begun to assess men not as equals, but as inferiors. A woman's version of equal rights had turned into "pay for me-and pay a lot-without question". I am woman, you owe me. The cute conniving of their mothers had had its day; coldly trading the use of her body for big money had become a woman's business. Instead of "if it feels good, do it", now it was "if it feels good, sell it". Make cash, not love. Whoredom was back, and this time with a vengeance.

In comparison to this unbounded greed, Vilar's women seemed like schoolgirls making cow-eyes at Daddy to con him out of extra allowance. At least her housewives were more honest prostitutes, selling themselves within the context of the social norm, more or less under the aegis of societal blessing. But these new whores had emerged as the most flagrant of hypocrites, parading themselves as emancipated, yet still insisting on cash for sex, then refusing to admit the reality of their prostitution.

This is an incendiary book. It takes up where Esther Vilar left off twenty-five years ago. The primary targets of its criticisms are single and divorced women, since they are the most egregious offenders in regarding mate selection and dating as a whore-john relationship. In these times of rampant inflation and rising housing costs, economic realities force many married women to go to work-kicking and screaming against their will, of course-in order to help support a family. Still, quite a few women live off the hard work of their husbands, contributing nothing to the marriage but high bills and an occasional lay. At these prostitutes this book is aimed as well.

Male readers will applaud the conclusions of Sex-Ploytation, and will cheer that at long last someone has found the courage to rip the mask off female duplicity to ransom men, emancipating them from their chains of frustration and sexual slavery. Female readers will doubtless be outraged. Some will predictably rant and rave that the book is "anti-woman"; others, threatened by the exposure of their manipulations, will bury their heads in the sands of disbelief and denial. But truth is truth; it exists independent of wishful thinking. All of us are guilty of egoistic provincialism; all of us rigorously defend the battlements of our illusions. Women are especially skilled in such fantasies, preferring magical thinking over naked reality. They are herd creatures, naively following whatever direction society leads them. Seemingly incapable of independent thought, they troop

along the path of least resistance, entranced by a kind of hypnosis which allows them to disavow any responsibility for their actions. It takes far less effort to warm the bed of a millionaire than to earn a million dollars yourself. It is much less expensive to pretend to be a tragic victim of a "male-dominated" society than to pay for your own dinner. Even though, like *The Manipulated Man*, this book is sure to be denounced as misogynist literature, it has no interest in hating women or in female-bashing. It is not motivated by anger or bitterness, or even cynicism. To come to such a conclusion is, as above, to follow a path of least resistance. It is, rather, a book of uncensored observations of human behavior, and so is not an agenda-ridden manifesto, as is so typical of anti-male literature. The conclusions written here may be inflammatory, perhaps even menacing, but they are culled from real life and real experience, and therefore cannot be denied nor disproved. The true purpose of this book is not to despise women, but to shine a harsh light on their mercenary behavior, and to expose this behavior to uncompromising scrutiny. With any luck, this book will inspire social change; at worst it will push a little farther along the trail blazed by Esther Vilar two-and-a-half decades ago.

CHAPTER ONE

Manipulating Woman, Manipulated Man

The average American woman is a whore. Her vagina is a business, and this business is extortion. Her most cherished goal is to live at a man's expense, to luxuriate in a life without work or responsibility. To this end, she deliberately seeks out men with large incomes or with resources adequate enough to warrant exploitation; all other males are rejected as "losers" or "friends". Very early on, she learns to control her emotions and especially her sexual appetites, innately understanding that desire suppressed today can fetch an inflated price tag tomorrow. She learns to package herself as sexual bait with provocative clothing, perfume, lipstick, and make-up. By exerting her sexual power over men, she commands their psychological control, and so she can easily manipulate them into giving her what she wants most: *money*. The more physically attractive she is (or thinks she is), the more she is able to choose a lover with substantial enough resources to satisfy her whims. She sells herself to the highest bidder she can attract. As Vilar so truthfully observes: "By the age of 12 at the latest, most women have decided to become prostitutes. Or, to put it another way, they have planned a future for themselves which consists of choosing a man and letting him do all the work. In return for his support, they are prepared to let him make use of their vaginas at certain given moments. (At that point) any real possibility of communication between the sexes ceases. Their paths are divided forever."

Unlike her more ethical sisters, the street prostitutes, who deal in honest transactions, the average woman trades sex (or more often the promise of sex) for gifts and entertainment and a lifestyle. Her body is simply a tool to get what she wants from men, an impersonal device designed to extract maximum profit. She makes sure that men are trained to respond properly when she wields the power of this tool: that they enslave themselves to her and pamper her like a princess just for the possibility of sexual fulfillment. Again, she wants to achieve her goals with as little effort as possible. This is the arrogance of woman. It is pathetic to note that in today's society, when a woman marries a doctor or a lawyer or a corporation executive, she automatically procures the same status and income which took her husband years of hard work to attain. No exertion is needed on her part, outside of buying the right clothes and applying cosmetics-in other words, slipping on the right mask. So a brainless bimbo who drapes herself on the arm of a movie star is accorded greater respect than a female librarian or scientist.

Long-gone is the warm-hearted "girl-next-door", pining for romance; her type seems as quaint as ice cream socials and hoop skirts. Vanished also are the concepts of partnership and true love. Emotions have no place in a woman's pursuit for "love", because such feelings could cause her to make the error of falling for a poor man. She

makes sure, however, that she takes full advantage of her partner's emotions, because she knows that it is men who genuinely fall in love, never women. Just as women can fake orgasms, they can falsify their feelings, and always for profit.

Still, with her infinite capacity for self-deceit, she whines wistfully that "all the good ones are taken"-if only she could meet a wonderful guy who would treat her with consideration and love her for herself. But when a genuinely nice guy does approach her, her first action is to ascertain the size of his bank account, and if it isn't bulging, she will callously reject him. If his assets do satisfy her needs, she will demand full access to this capital for doing nothing more than spreading her legs.

Throughout the history of humankind, women have always been prostitutes. In primitive hunter-gatherer populations, it might have been necessary for females to offer their sexuality in return for food, shelter, and protection for themselves and their children. But modern humans don't live in caves or mud huts anymore, and wild beasts aren't circling our campfires at night. Our escalating technology has developed security systems, birth control, and automatic weapons. Even though men are still conditioned (by women) to act out the role of protector-"gentlemen" are expected to open doors for their dates, help with their coats, act as chauffeurs, walk on the traffic side of the street, and pay, pay, pay today's women are working and many earn large salaries, more than most men. In 1990, it was estimated that a woman earned 72 cents for a man's dollar, but this figure took into account part-time workers. A more recent report revealed that 50% of women earn the same salaries as men and 25% earn more. Moreover, it is women who control 80% of the nation's wealth. So modern females certainly don't need a "good provider" to take care of them.

Then why do they continue to act like prostitutes? Why do they still only desire men with money, when they could be partnering with a loving man with undistinguished earning power? Is whoredom a predisposition wired into the feminine psyche?

Perhaps. Women are physically much weaker than men, their brains demonstrably smaller and not constructed for problem-solving, so dependency could have distinct evolutionary advantages. But the real answer has to be discovered in the turbulent world of cellular chemistry, in the hormones which race so headily through a man's bloodstream.

Women are whores because men live at the mercy of their sex drives, and so are easily manipulated. Women extort money from men because they can, and who better to fleece than a rich man?

Never before have females been so brazenly mercenary as today's "liberated" woman. Feminism, which masquerades as a philosophy which would celebrate character over materialism, has become nothing more than a license to exploit men. So-called "liberated women", haughtily waving the banner of "equality", sneer at men with average earning power, and scorn them as "losers", because these men have nothing to offer them. If a woman were truly egalitarian, wouldn't she want to select a mate based on who he is, not what he has? But this is not the case. Today's feminist wants to earn her money, and keep it, letting her partner pay all expenses. For these women, "equal rights" means rationalized greed.

Since women are relentlessly shallow, and care only about what is of immediate benefit to them, the acquisition of money is the absolute bottom line in all their choices about the male population. But this is a certainty which a woman will never

admit, even to herself. Instead, she will take a fierce stance denying her whoredom-after all, self-deception and hypocrisy are vital to the maintenance of the Pollyanna illusion of her life. As Mom always reminded her, "Nice girls don't"-that is, unless they're paid enough. She can cite stories about the girl in school whom all the guys "used", and who was so scorned and disrespected (not by the guys, of course). Yet she faithfully ogles her soap operas and devours magazine articles about women sailing the Greek Islands or hob-nobbing at elegant parties for the mere price of rolling over on their backs. The lusty girl from school was "cheap" because she wasn't getting paid for it.

It is always necessary to judge a woman by her actions, never by her words. All women lie, especially to themselves. She will swear she has no interest in money, yet she callously rejects anyone with an unimpressive salary (unless she thinks she can goad him into a more lucrative career), while offering herself without compromise or conscience to a big spender with a platinum card, even if she is not physically attracted to him. In our era of explosive technology and entrepreneurial freedom, many "nerds" are capable of generating fortunes, and where there is easy prey, there are cunning predators. Dating and marriage, once voyages of discovery and partnership, have become nothing more than sexual blackmail. Few women want to put forth the hard work and sacrifice it requires to earn significant amounts of capital; instead they demand a large payoff just because they are biologically female.

It is one thing to live off a man, but quite another to deny it. The intricacy of a woman's self-deceit is astounding and complex, and while she may secretly be aware of her calculating motivations, she will rigorously defend herself against any invasion of the truth. She believes in her personal innocence and virtue, camouflaging her prostitution with such euphemisms as "I'm looking for a professional man" or "I don't care how much money a man makes, but he has to have a status job" or "I don't need a man's money-I have my own money" (while she's toiling away at an unskilled job, lives in a dilapidated apartment, and is insanely jealous of any woman she knows who's married to a doctor or a lawyer). The articles and advertisements in the magazines she reads offer her no instruction about how to be successful at work with business skills (this is the province of men's publications); instead, they teach her how to more profitably merchandise herself with cosmetics, clothing, and locating herself where the rich men are. She lies to herself whenever she rejects a man without a "good" job, because if she didn't, she would have to admit that his income is all she really cares about. She would be forced to admit to herself that she's a whore.

So if a man were to offer her a hundred dollars to go to bed with him, she would be outraged and morally offended. But if he were to spend the same amount at an upscale restaurant, she might-if he slavishly succumbed to her hypocritical game-allow him to have sex with her. In either case, the deal is the same-her body for cash-but by accepting a meal instead of dollars, she can sugarcoat the transaction with "romance", thus enabling her to perpetuate her "I'm a nice girl" fantasy. A man will not get laid until a woman has convinced herself that she is not a whore-that is, until she has forced him to pretend that he has no sexual interest in her, while simultaneously paying an exorbitant price for her company.

But what if her date took her out for a fast-food hamburger, or worse yet, logically used a coupon? Supposedly, in her mind, since she believes she's not trading sex for

money, it shouldn't make any difference. The point would be to simply enjoy the company of her escort. But woe to him, even if he's the nicest guy on the planet. She would instantaneously brand him as "cheap" and "having no class" and never see him again, all the while continuing to persuade herself that a man's personality is far more important than the thickness of his wallet. And sex would not even have crossed her mind. Her date would have committed the blackest of sins-by taking her to an inexpensive restaurant, he has implied that her body isn't worth very much. A man will always have to pay and pay dearly-to be allowed to enter her bed.

A WOMAN'S SCAM

The average woman has the mind-set of a parasite. Her age-old scam is to live off a man's hard work, to con him into spending his assets to finance her lifestyle. The more resources he controls, and the more willing he is to part with his cash (her conscience-balming euphemism for this is "being generous"), the more attractive he becomes in her eyes. Good-looking young women do not marry fat, balding men twice their age because they're hopelessly in love, despite all their innocent protestations to the contrary. A woman is for sale and her body is her commodity. She packages it with make-up, perfume, and wire-girded bras and offers it to the highest bidder. A woman's entire concept of self-worth is determined by the price she can command for the use of her vagina. Possessing an almost infinite capacity for self-adoration, she is obsessed with her appearance because she knows that this is what she is marketing to men. She measures her self-worth and status as a human being not by intelligence or significant accomplishments, but by how rich a man her looks can command. The more attractive she is, the more she is going to cost her partner. If a man doesn't have enough money to make him worth the time investment for exploitation, she will either dismiss him as a non-entity, or assign him to "friend" status (of course, he'll still be required to pay for her, but without any possibility of a sexual return on his investment).

But if a woman scents cash, her predatory instincts hum into action. She will dangle her sexuality as bait, drawing her prey close with seductive eye contact, a glimpse of bare flesh, the smell of her body, and "accidental" touches of breast or thigh. He will be the most important person in her life, and as quickly as she can divine what matters to him, she will tell him exactly what he wants to hear. She is a master saleswoman. She will make him "feel like a man" every time he shells out dollars for her enjoyment. She'll coo and ooze and keep him so distracted with her body that the poor fool won't realize he's being bled white until it's far too late. To him, it's an exciting romance; to her, it's business as usual.

Because she is so skilled at manipulating men, a woman is a world-class con artist. In her mind, her body is simply a useful tool to extort money from the opposite sex, and so she cannot comprehend that a man can desire sex for pure pleasure, or even for the celebration of existence. These concepts are as foreign to her as facial hair. But she fully understands the tyranny of male biological drives, and she will capitalize on a man's passions without conscience or mercy. She knows very well that the promise of sex is an irresistible lure for men, that with a touch of her hand she can arouse a man to a frenzy of desire. This is true power, and she knows it, and she wields it coldly. The average man is a pawn to her sexual domination and abuse. He will buy her drinks, take her to dinner, pay for her vacations, and all she has to do is hint at the possibility of sex, even when she

has no intention of going through with it. When she does decide to take her partner to bed-and the decision is always hers, and always after he's spent an appropriate amount of money so that she can assure herself that her vagina doesn't come cheap-it will be strictly on her terms. What he wants, what his needs are, is unimportant. He must play the game by her rules, if there is going to be a game at all.

Even though in some long-ago shuttered recess of her soul she might realize that she's prostituting herself, she will never admit this, and so she feels absolutely no obligation to fulfill her side of the implied sexual bargain. She believes that a man should pay for her just because she was born female, and should ask for nothing in return. When she scams drinks and meals from men, she calls it dating; if she did the same to a stranger, she'd be arrested for fraud. In a woman's mind, a man is merely a walking wallet, ripe for the picking. He should work hard for her benefit, so that she can enjoy a way of life she would never be able to afford herself. To this end, she will grant sex, or withhold it, only to suit her purposes, and always for her gain. And even though prostitution presupposes a completed bargain, she will take money from men even when sex is the furthest thing from her mind.

Thus, the average woman may be a whore, but she's a dishonest whore.

DISHONEST WHORES

The dishonesty of female prostitution is the central theme of this book. Few men object to paying for sex-in fact, society has trained them to accept this contract as a basic tenet of life-as long as this is an honest and equal transaction. In primitive cultures, where making love is considered as natural as eating or sleeping, a man often brings a present of beads to his partner before entering her bed. But sex is always guaranteed, never just implied. This is a simple and aboveboard business arrangement, with both parties in agreement.

So if a man spends his money on a woman, he wants sex in return, as naturally he should. But the woman, as we've seen, often fails to comprehend the logic of this scenario. She feels that no bargain has been broken when she allows a man to take her out, and then refuses to sleep with him, even though she has used her body and her femininity to lure him into wanting to spend time with her in the first place. She suffers no guilt or remorse or sense of debt when she flirts with men to buy her drinks or gifts. Such behavior is a flagrant abuse of sexual power, and women are such masters of duplicity that they have even manipulated men into feeling guilty for demanding a proper sexual payment. Dating and courtship have become nothing more than a con game sanctioned by society, a society controlled, of course, by women.

SEXUAL POWER

The average woman is a spoiled child, a selfish and arrogant bundle of desires, raised to be a rapacious taker from men. By the age of 5 or 6 a little girl has learned to scramble up onto Daddy's lap and to manipulate him with flowing tears or a sly look or a down turned face. He responds by taking care of her every need. Daddy is only nobly trying to insulate his little girl from what he knows to be a hard world, but unfortunately he's green-lighting her future as an abuser of men. She has already begun to grasp the raw power of her femininity-by acting "female" she can get anything she wants from a man.

For some reason these tactics don't seem to work very well on Mommy, so she understands that her power draws its energy from the opposite gender. By the time her breasts begin to swell and her figure rounds into soft curves, she's discovered exactly how this power works. She is well aware of the effect she has on the boys around her, how much they seem to lust after her ripening body. The more they want her, the more she realizes the value of her commodity. She exults in her newfound strength, sensing its awesome potential, and even chuckles haughtily to herself at the boys who ogle her when she wiggles by. She understands that she is in control-this is something she can use to her advantage. It is the birth of an attitude which will ruin normal relationships with men for the rest of her life.

Meanwhile, Mom and Church, witnessing the verge of her womanhood, begin to instruct her to withhold sex, sermonizing that her body is a "gift" which she must save to give to "someone special". But it's too late. She's already learned that it's not a gift, but stock in trade-boys are waiting in line to bring her presents and compete for her attention. She really doesn't understand what all the fuss is about, why they are so intent on "getting into her pants". She has already assimilated the knowledge that her body is a tool, to be used for gain, not pleasure. Her mother continually warns her that "nice girls don't", and the more she holds out, the bigger the pile of presents grows. She doesn't realize that "nice girls don't" is just a euphemism for dishonest prostitution; that as she flirts and sticks out her breasts and wears sexually provocative clothing she is exchanging the promise of sex for gifts (money). And Mom is frantic to make sure that she remains a "good girl" (dishonest whore), so she teaches her that if a boy really likes you, he'll: take you out (spend money on you); date you exclusively (he's willing to let you train him, and he won't be wasting the resources he could be giving to you on other girls); and not demand sex in return (play the game by your rules, so that you can extort as much money as possible from him without obligation before surrendering your "gift", if you do at all). Mom is teaching her that for women, love is power; for men, it is enslavement. The greater a man's sexual needs, the more obedient he will be forced to become. If she manages her "gift" astutely, the payoff will be a lifetime of ease without her ever having to lift a finger.

TRUELOVE

Withholding sex is a lesson which encourages a young girl to overrate the value of her body. By the time she's in her twenties and searching for "Mr. Right" (Mr. Cash), she innately believes that her vagina is worth an expensive car, a huge house, and a lavish lifestyle, no matter what she looks like. After all, Mom, trained by her mother to be a prostitute as well, has always been fond of telling her, "It's just as easy to marry a rich man as a poor one". She believes that a man should provide her with everything she wants without expecting any sort of reciprocal payment. When she dates, she will passively wait to be asked out, thinking that only a "desperate woman" or a "slut" chases men; she will not pick up a check, or even make the offer. If for some reason she should feel pressure to make such a gesture, it will only be perfunctory-if her date takes her up on the suggestion, she will never see him again. As before, he has tacitly implied that her body isn't worth paying for. She will judge all prospective lovers explicitly by how much they are willing to spend on her.

Still, she fancies herself a feminist. At work, she bitches about how unfair it is that men are earning more than she is, even though she hasn't bothered to train herself adequately for a better position. She hates her job, and resents having to work at all, since she actually has to perform labor and doesn't have enough time to flirt with the unmarried up-and-coming executives, which is why she chose to work for this company in the first place. She explains to her friends that she doesn't care how much money a man makes, because "money isn't important", yet she won't even acknowledge the delivery man or the technician who try to catch her eye. At night, she leafs through her women's magazines, poring over articles about where to find rich men, while she fills out relationship surveys with responses that she wants a guy with a sense of humor who will be considerate of her feelings. She has become an expert at lying to herself; she has learned to internalize her hypocrisy.

MARRIAGE

If she's good-looking enough, and displays her body to tantalize the male eye, she will position herself to seduce a man with a large income. She will fall in "love". Such heartfelt emotion, however, has nothing to do with it-for her, marriage is a business arrangement, an impersonal profit center. Emotion she saves for kitty cats and babies, who have no money she can exploit. Still, she'll act out her female masquerade, convincing herself that her feelings are genuine, and her eyes will sparkle with excitement as she shows off her huge diamond to her envious girlfriends, and whiles away the hours (she's already quit her job) flipping through brides' magazines and furniture catalogues. If only her husband-to be could just for a moment glimpse the cold, hard thoughts running through her head!

But her marriage is not grounded in true love, trust, or friendship, and so it is doomed. Since sex has always been a bargaining chip to get what she wants from a man, she will cut it off almost immediately after the wedding. She has achieved her goals and no longer needs to lure the fish-she has hooked him and now it's time for dinner. Still, despite her coldness, she will continue to exact monetary tribute from her husband.

Eventually he will tire of her frigidity and her consumption of his money and he will seek the company of other women who are still plying the tools of their trade. With his large income he will encounter no problems with attracting lovers-they've been practically hurling themselves at him all along, heedless of his marital vows. On her part, she can't comprehend the reason she's lost her attractiveness to her husband. Isn't she still the same sweet girl he married? Her outrage begins to flame-she calls him a "jerk" and a "bastard". She is furious because her gold-plated vagina seems to have lost its controlling power. It doesn't occur to her that she has used her sexuality to attract a rich man, and that he rightfully expects to get what he paid for. She has acted like a whore-albeit a dishonest one-and now is shocked when she's treated like one.

Even if her looks are a bit more ordinary, nevertheless she still believes that her body is worth a high price, and she will hold out for a surgeon or a stockbroker for as long as her biological clock permits, having failed to notice that the men with the level of salary she desires will pass her by in favor of a woman with superb looks or youth. But she is encouraged by an orgy of romance novels and movies-of-the-week in which the heroine discovers that the rich, handsome bastard is in reality a nice guy after all, only tragically

misunderstood by women not as worthy of him as she is; and even though she might not be as glamorous as the rest of his paramours, he's been tortured by a secret crush on her, but has been afraid to proclaim his love because all along he's been intimidated by her intelligence. She truly believes that such fairy tales come true in the real world; in her heart of hearts she imagines herself a latter-day Cinderella, patiently waiting for Prince Charming to come riding up on his white steed to sweep her off her feet in a gush of romantic ecstasy. So she passively marks time, spending her weekends alone, or going out to dinner with her girlfriends, convinced that her true love will find her without any effort at all on her part.

Unfortunately, because of the depression she's been suffering over the string of "losers" who have been asking her for dates, she's been stuffing herself on an eating binge, and the only man who comes knocking on her door is delivering a pizza, and he certainly couldn't earn enough money to qualify him as a suitor. Yet she, too, will profess to her friends that what's important is to find a man who will love her for herself.

But when too many birthdays fly by and her magical thinking begins to grow stale, and her delusions fail to materialize, she will finally "settle" for an average guy with a decent job and a not-too-shabby roof over his head. But inside, she's seething with jealousy. One of her girlfriends married a dentist, and another just got engaged to a man from a rich family. Why is she cursed with such bad luck with men? For what possible reason should she have to miss out on the good things in life? It would take far too much effort on her part to go back to school or train herself for a more lucrative career. Money is to be taken, not earned.

So she has plans for her poor husband. Soon after their marriage, she begins to wield her sexual tool like a club, hounding the bewildered sucker into greater earning power. She doesn't pout, like Lucy Ricardo, brattily crying and stamping her foot when Ricky says he can't afford to buy her a fur coat; and withholding sex is too benign a weapon. Instead, she attacks his male ego, shaming him, belittling him, flogging him remorselessly to find a higher-paying job. jabbing an accusatory talon at him, she snivels that he's not a "real man" unless he finds the means to support her in style. He is a "loser". He has "ruined her life". Going home for him has become a living, sexless hell. What happened to the "nice girl" he married, who swore that all she ever wanted from a man was respect? Love, which had never really been an issue in the first place, has fled in disgust.

And when he straggles home after his new 60- or 70-hour work week, does she offer sympathy, or do they talk about their plans for a lifetime of shared happiness? No. She complains that he's working too much, not paying enough attention to her. And he's still not making enough money. She's tired of working and wants to quit her job so that she can go shopping in the afternoons with her girlfriends who married successful men. She lives in a world of invisible self preoccupation. To her a man is a workhorse, a slave worthy only of exploitation.

In her dreams, she's still having visions of the rich handsome prince who will carry her off to his enchanted castle. After all, it's only what she deserves-it's the price tag on her vagina. And if by some remarkable chance such a man did happen to ride along, she would divorce her poor serf husband in the time it took her to climb up into the saddle.

MATING BEHAVIOR

Studies of animal populations point out that females prefer to mate with high-status, dominant males-that is, the males who are the biggest, strongest, or most aggressive. Women interpret such data as justification to seek out wealthy men. But human beings are not herd animals driven by instinct alone. Nor in the western world are men permitted to keep great harems of females. Physical strength and aggressiveness at defending territory are no longer necessary to protect a mate or discourage rival suitors-any nerd can pick up a gun and aim it. Yet women still force men to "defend" them by requiring a display of earning power before they will consent to sex. They equate the control of resources with high status; this is why they are attracted to men with power-not for protection against enemies, but because money and power go hand-in-hand.

A man doesn't have to be intelligent to be rich, nor does he have to be sensitive or considerate or attentive or faithful. In fact, these latter sensibilities are usually notably absent in most men striving for money, power, and influence. Women, however, claim that these more "spiritual" qualities are what they are seeking in a mate. But if this were true, they would be dating poets, not entrepreneurs. Women are liars and hypocrites. One university study showed a group of women photographs of men dressed in fast-food uniforms, and asked whether they would consider dating or having sexual relations with these men. The response was a universal negative. Then the researchers presented the same men to the panel, but in this test, the subjects were attired in more upscale uniforms (white shirts and ties). All the women were willing to consider these men as sexual possibilities.

Love, trust, partnership-virtues which men value highly in a relationship-are at best secondary in the female hierarchy of desires. These attributes only become important after the initial question of wealth has been answered.

Because women want men to take care of them without any obligation or reciprocation, they always search out high-income males who are willing to spend money freely. This is what a woman means when she says that she is looking for an "eligible" man or when she complains that "all the good ones are taken". The world teems with kind, considerate, "average" men, but such candidates are passed over with contempt. In the sexual arena, not only do nice guys finish last, they fail to even qualify for the race.

SEXUAL SLAVERY

It is a cruel trick of nature that the very testosterone which imparts virility to men-the wide shoulders, deep voices, and physical strength which act as stimulants to female sexuality also degrades them into pawns in the clutches of manipulating women.

Testosterone is a powerful sex hormone, and it surges through a man's bloodstream like liquid fire, consuming him with lust. Its effect is truly seismic-he lives at the mercy of an inexorable craving to touch and caress and penetrate women's bodies. Unfortunately, the flip side of these desires is frustration, because a societal contract dictates that males fetter their natural impulses in favor of collective harmony. Thus men are allowed to look, but not touch, because women orchestrate the rules of sexuality. It is a sad perversion that women also abuse these cultural directives by deliberately taunting the male eye with displays of cleavage and form-fitting clothing. This is the essence of dishonest prostitution. It is not easy to be a man when a beautiful woman walks by: men should be

praised for their admirable restraint, not vilified for their natural interest in the opposite sex.

The average woman, emotion-driven though she is, cannot even begin to comprehend the frenzy of a man's sexual desire. The ability to become aroused-and urgently ready for sex by a glimpse of bare skin or the lilt of a feminine voice makes no sense to her at all. She just sneers that men "think with their dicks". Abysmally ignorant of the male biological imperative, her response is to haughtily condemn it. Yet she still cries "equality" and is only happy to proclaim that women share the same sexual appetites as men. This is preposterous. Both men and women produce testosterone, but the male body seethes with 20 times the amount manufactured by females, which means that the male sex drive is 20 times that of a female. The fuel which runs her behavior is estrogen, and estrogen makes her a rank amateur at horniness. If she were injected with testosterone, she'd be spending her free time ripping off her clothes instead of going shopping for them.

A woman may not be able to share male lust, but she knows very well how to use it to her best advantage. A man's inborn craving for sex dooms him to a lifetime of servitude and obedience to women, conferring on the female race an awesome power. Put simply, if a man isn't willing to play the game of "love" by a woman's rules, he does not get laid. This is "Pussy Power", a vile, unwritten contract between the genders. It is sexual blackmail, and it is the true sexual harassment. So the modern male is bludgeoned into an unwholesome subservience, forced to participate in his partner's version of "romance" (treating her like a princess), then waiting in frustration until she is in the mood for sex. He is obliged to tolerate women in the business world, where they are often incompetent, indecisive, and lazy. She commands him to be "politically correct" (pussy-whipped), to cater to her exalted vision of herself and to stroke her ego while she "empowers" herself and blithely steals his money. He is required to endure her cyclical moods and bitchiness, and her residual anger at men who have "screwed her over" (got tired of paying for her for nothing). And all without complaint, or he is a "sexist pig" who "hates women". He is chastised for not putting the toilet seat back down, because, so thoroughly absorbed in her selfishness and arrogance, it would never even enter her mind to consider putting it back up for him.

A woman's vagina holds the whip hand, and a man has no choice but to bow his head in submission if he wants to enjoy even a minimal sex life.

MAN ON THE STREET

"A man breaks his back to support his wife, who stays at home yakking on the phone all day or watching Oprah, or maybe she has a part-time job-and all the time she's in a bitchy mood because he's `neglecting' her. So the fool goes out and buys roses or something to placate her, like the world revolves around her personal happiness. It should be the other way around-she should be on her knees every night, waiting for him to come home, with her mouth open and ready, so she can thank him for the easy ride he's giving her. Women have it made and all they do is bitch about it."

"When was the last time a woman bought me a gift? All I get is a bill."

"If you talk to women about how they use men for money, they all say, 'Oh I know women like that, but that's not me. I'm not like that'. Then just watch them throw themselves at a guy who pulls up in a Porsche!"

"I hate the way women act, the way they use people, but I have to admit, if I were a woman, I'd probably do the same thing. It's one hell of a beautiful scam! All you have to do is be a woman and you don't have to pay for anything. It's arrogant as hell, and it should be illegal, but they get away with it. It's amazing what suckers men are."

"If a woman expresses her natural sex drive, other women are really intimidated. My God, she's giving it away for free she'll ruin everything! So they have to hate her and they call her a slut. I say, at last, a normal woman!"

"There's a difference between the sex you pay for and the sex you get for free. The sex you get for free usually costs more."

"I hear married women complaining that their husbands come home dog tired and don't have the energy to do anything. Well, somebody's gotta pay the mortgage . . ."

"It's amazing what a broad will do for a buck."

"Women are always bitching about how shallow men are you know, looking at tits and ass. Hey, I've got news for you, babes. Nature put those things there so you would look at them. That's what keeps the ball game going. Women are hypocrites. I see them looking at guy's butts all the time (that's because they're too fucked up about sex to stare at crotches). You don't hear men getting bent out of shape about that, do you? That's because men think sex is normal, and women don't. Also, women are doubly shallow. They want looks and a fat wallet."

"Women are so fucked up. If you don't do what they want, you're a jerk. If you roll over and do what they want, you're a wimp. You can't win."

"Once in a while you run into a naturally sexual woman who has her head on straight. You know, she wants to screw, not go to dinner. If all women were like that, we wouldn't have half the problems in this world."

"Women are so fucked up about sex-if she sleeps with you on the first date, she has to make all kinds of excuses. 'I usually don't do this', or 'I was drunk'. Why can't they just have fun?"

"Women want a guy who looks like Tom Cruise, acts like James Bond, who just won the Lotto and reads poetry. Women are stupid."

"When a man says compromise, he means I'll meet you in the middle. When a woman says compromise, she means do it my way and like it, or no more sex."

"All women think their pussies are worth a million dollars. They aren't."

"God, women are stupid! When it comes to men, they're their own worst enemies. Always count on a woman to act directly opposite her own best interests."

"What really aggravates me about women is that they can have sex anytime they want to. They can just walk up to some guy they think is attractive and say, 'Let's do it'. What's the guy going to say? No? Men aren't game-players like women. But, if a man wants to get laid, he has to jump through hoops, and then maybe she'll sleep with him. And after you've spent all that time and money and mental bullshit just to get her into bed, she wants to cuddle. How much of this can we take?"

"Women are so attractive. Why do they have to be so fucked up?"

"I've heard women say that if a guy looks at their bodies he's a jerk. What kind of fucked-up thinking is that? Breasts are there to be looked at. They're sex organs, gender markers so men will be attracted. Women want you to like them for 'themselves', whatever the hell that means, as if somehow their bodies aren't part of who they are. This is just more female bullshit which we're expected to swallow. If you see a woman across a crowded room who you think is attractive, it's pretty hard to tell what her personality is like. What's wrong with physical attraction? Any woman who thinks a guy is a jerk for looking at her body needs some heavy-duty therapy. As if she never looks at good-looking men."

"Love is a five-letter word. M - O - N - E - Y"

"Women are always moaning that they can't meet any men. What they mean is, a guy who looks like Tom Selleck and has plenty of cash. There are men everywhere, always looking to meet women. But if a woman isn't asked out by Mr. GQ with a BMW, she'll stay home by herself on Saturday night and fantasize."

"Women want money now-they don't care about a guy's potential. They're walking cash registers. The only possible exception is if you're in some training program for a high-paying career, like medical school. Then they'll work to put you through school because they're dreaming of the big house you're going to build for them. It's like making an investment in a growth stock. It's funny-once in a while you hear a story about a woman who helps put her boyfriend through school, and then he dumps her after he graduates. My God, you'd think the world had ended! This babe is on the Oprah show whining and moaning about what 'pigs' men are. But think about it, turnabout is fair play. Women have been doing this to men for centuries. They can dish it out but they can't take it."

"Women are incredibly threatened by other women younger than themselves, especially the ones with great bodies, because they know that their looks are what they're selling to men. That's when the older broads come out with, 'Oh she's just a bimbo'. Just jealous!"

"Women are the ultimate narcissists. They obsess over their personal appearance. They even pay people to fawn all over them in beauty salons."

"A woman's cunt is between her ears. Attitude. The one between her legs is sewed up tight unless you've got a lot of cash."

"Women are as shallow as a mud puddle, but they'll never admit it. What they say and what they do are miles apart."

"I've always been the classic nice guy that women say they want. I bring flowers, send cards, remember birthdays. It's just the way I am-if I like a woman, why shouldn't I be nice to her? It seems logical to me. But I get nowhere. Usually I get treated like a friend and they dump me for some asshole with an expensive car. And later these women come crying to me about what jerks men are, because the asshole just got her into bed and took off. But I'm thinking, hey, wait a minute-you picked him. You've got nobody to blame but yourself. I was nice to you and you treated me like your brother. What the hell do you want, anyway?"

"You've seen these strippers who can squat down and pick up a dollar bill with their pussies? Well, that's putting the whole thing in a nutshell."

"This woman told me, 'I won't date any man unless he makes at least 75,000 a year.' And she was a dog! Where do they get this attitude?"

"Of course women are whores. Everybody knows that. But you're supposed to pretend it's not true, the way women do. It's all a big game-I didn't make the rules, they did. I just have to play along. If you don't spend money, you don't get laid. Period."

"It's funny to watch women turn 35 or 40. They panic because they know they're losing their visual appeal to men. If a guy has money, why would he want to buy a jaded, wrinkled old mummy when he can get a fresh 25 year-old with a happy disposition?"

"Let's be honest. Women accept you or reject you as a lover based solely on the level of your income. They say they don't, but they do. You can be short, bald, fat, and ugly, but if you've got a million dollars, you'll get a woman. But turn the equation around-what if a guy said to a woman, 'I'd like to go out with you, but your tits are too small'. She'd be calling him every name in the book. Yet she feels it's O.K. to reject men without big bucks. Pretty sad."

"Women think that men want to have sex 24 hours a day. Sure we would, if you look like something out of Playboy."

"All the men I know are romantics-they're looking for a great relationship with a great woman. Holding hands, enjoying spending time together-all that stuff. And sex, too. Men think sex is normal. But when it comes to love, all the women I know are cold-blooded accountants."

"Don't be misled that just because a woman is emotional she is capable of emotion. It just means she has different hormones. When it comes to a man's cash, she's as emotionless as you can get."

"They say a boat is a hole in the water you pour your money into. A vagina is the same thing-it's a hole in a woman's body you pay for dearly. At least with a boat you can sell it and maybe get some of your money back."

"Women are whores? How can you say that? You know-you never see a fat old guy with a young babe on his arm. Must be his daughter."

"Men don't think there's anything immoral about prostitution because they're used to it from dating and marriage."

"If you're an asshole around women, you might not attract them. But if you're an asshole with money, all of a sudden you're a 'challenge'."

"The female scam is to think that since men make more money than they do-and I know plenty of women who make more than me-the man should buy dinner. But when two women go to a restaurant, does the one who earns more pay?"

"A woman said to me, 'I have what you want and you're going to have to pay for it!'"

"The definition of a woman: gimme, gimme, gimme."

"Show me a guy who uses and abuses women, and I'll show you a guy who's been dating a while. He's been taught well."

"Women expect me to work 9 to 5, come home at night and hold their hand, and make 200 grand a year. Even Ward Cleaver couldn't pull that one off."

"I have ultimate respect for any woman who is honest about her sexuality, the ones who just love sex. I have zero respect for women with their knees sewn together, who are out there hooking for as much as they can get. And that's 99% of them."

"All women think they're Cinderella. They wait for things to happen to them."

"Once in a while I'll hear a guy say, 'I've never paid for sex'. It makes me laugh. You always pay for it."

"I've heard it said that a pretty face doesn't make a pretty heart. It's true. It makes an ugly, greedy heart."

"Pussy power. They've got it and they know it and they use it against us."

"Women say they want a sensitive guy, then go for a bastard with cash. Put your love where your mouth is."

"I know a woman in her fifties, gray hair, out of shape, built like a box, bad attitude. On a scale of 1 to 10, she's at best a 5. But she tells me that she's only going to date men 20 years younger with a lot of cash. And she's serious! What does she possibly have to offer? I just can't believe how arrogant women are. They all think, I've got a pussy and every guy wants it. Sure, every guy wants it when you're a young babe, but not when you're an old prune. These women are dreaming."

"I was at a restaurant and I happened to strike up a conversation with a couple of women at the next table. We talked for a while, and then one of them said to me 'Why don't you buy us dinner?'. Just like that, like it was the most natural thing in the world. just because I was talking to them I was supposed to pay for their time. What arrogance! So I said to her, 'Sure, if you give me a blow job in the parking lot'. Of course they got all pissed off and huffed out of there. That's when I realized, women are just takers."

"I waited for all my friends to get married so I could see what happened. All these guys are paying through the nose, and their hair's turned gray from stress. First the blow jobs disappeared, then sex altogether. And all their wives do is complain-I want a bigger house, a nicer car. These guys are miserable. All I hear from them is, you're lucky you're single."

"I was having a drink with a couple of my friends and we were having a good time and this girl comes over and says hi. I figured she wanted to join in the fun. She looked at me and said, 'Want to buy me a drink?' I said sure and bought her one, and she took it and started to walk away! So I called after her and said, 'Hey, aren't you going to stay and talk?' She said no and kept on walking. From that day on, I've never bought a woman a drink again. I hate drink whores!"

"When they're on their backs, the meter is running."

"I went out with this chick and she was really flirting-you know what I mean. Touching, the looks, rubbing her leg against mine, all that stuff. So of course I was turned on, and when you get excited, you get loose with the cash, because you're thinking, if I don't spend money, this is going to stop. So I'm wining and dining her, and she invites me back to her place, and I try to kiss her and she's shocked. 'I thought we were just friends,' she tells me. Well, then why did you take my money, you bitch? Can you believe that? She knew exactly what she was doing. She had a good time on my money, getting me all turned on so I'd do it. And she had no intention of following through with sex. Don't these women have a conscience? This should be against the law."

CHAPTER TWO

Isn't It Romantic

In the spring, when new life begins to stir and the female comes into season, the males of her species throng around her, fiercely competing for attention with a frenzy of attraction displays. Fish dance, frogs croak, birds ruffle their feathers, snakes entwine, bucks lock antlers, all striving to give visible witness to their genetic superiority. Ignoring them all, the female appears to have no interest in mating, an attitude which incites even more prominent displays among the males. Still seemingly indifferent, she finally allows one of the aspirants to approach her, usually the biggest or the most colorful. He has passed her entrance tests; she will now mate with him and produce offspring.

It is very tempting to draw a comparison between these behaviors and a human female waiting passively while a male tries to catch her eye, casually flashing his gold Rolex in her direction. But here questions arise which run deeper than blood and bone, because human beings are not just bundles of fur and instinct. They are capable of self-awareness and imagination-in other words, consciousness.

The higher an animal has evolved up the evolutionary scale, the more its consciousness is revealed. A dog, for example, can fool its owner into thinking it's a "real person"; a guppy cannot. The obvious factors are brain size and complexity of the nervous system. But closer investigation uncovers a far more interesting datum: the more advanced a creature is, the more likely it is to engage in sex for its own sake-that is, for pleasure-even if the female is not in estrus (heat). So chimpanzees (our closest relatives among the great apes) fornicate indiscriminately throughout their waking hours, and dolphins have been filmed writhing around in undersea orgies irrespective of procreation. Like our simian relatives, human females do not have to be in estrus to participate in intercourse-they are potentially available at all times of the year. In African rain forests, pygmy chimps copulate year round and often several times a day. Female chimps will "pull a train", mating with as many as 20 males at a session. And the females, which have huge, protuberant clitorises, often engage in "lesbianism"-they grapple each other face-to-face and rub genitals. This is clearly sex for sex's sake, performed obviously just because it feels good. So the notion that higher-order females are genetically programmed to select a mate only for the purpose of providing support and protection simply does not hold up at the primate (and thus human) level. Female chimpanzees have sex with any male who happens to come along.

The human brain is larger and more intricate than a chimp's; it is the difference between an abacus and a computer. Women are not born as genetic robots, biologically doomed to screen out all but the most powerful males. They are quite free to select for such noble traits as kindness or compassion or sense of humor. But clearly they do not. In a society which permits women to pursue careers and to be paid according to their hard work and ambition, why do they still desire rich and powerful men? Why can't they support a poor

man just as they force men with money to pay their bills? Why can a slob splashing in the shallow end of the gene pool win the lottery and attract a bevy of desirable females, but a myopic graduate student preparing for his Ph.D. in particle physics most probably will not? Why do women insist on "romance" (withholding sex for money) before they'll let a man into their beds, instead of enjoying sex just because it feels good? Like the chimps, why don't women just want to fuck all day long?

PARADISE LOST

Among the !Kung tribe of the Kalahari Desert and the Mehinaku of Amazonia, they do. The same is true of young girls in the Trobriand Islands, in Samoa, and on the island of Mangaia in the South Seas. In fact, if a !Kung girl doesn't grow up relishing sex, she is considered mentally ill. Sexual activity is taken for granted as a vigorous and essential joy of existence. Like food, it enriches and sustains life. These are almost totally egalitarian societies, where premarital love is accepted and encouraged; both men and women have multiple partners, and sexual pleasure is considered a divine gift. Sex is not sold, but celebrated; and since there is no coyness or even foreplay, the concept of "romance" is unnecessary.

When Captain James Cook made landfall on the island of Tahiti in 1769, he discovered a delightful, ingenuous people blissfully uninhibited about their sensuality. Life and love were glorious. As a proper European, Cook was a bit shocked to see children romping in sex games and teenagers fondling one another out in the open. And Tahitian women giggled with surprise when the British sailors insisted on dragging them into the privacy of bushes to make love under cover. Why cloak such a natural act with subterfuge? Not long after the island was discovered, missionaries and other foreigners arrived, shouldering their oppressive burden of Western guilt and "morality". They denuded sex of its ecstasy and replaced it with sin. The Tahitians had no defense against such an ethological holocaust; they lost their will to live. Within half a century of Cook's discovery, almost three quarters of the island's population had died out, not from disease, but from the decimation of their natural way of life.

ROMANCE DEFINED

This chapter began with the basic question: why don't women want to have sex for pleasure? Why do they insist that men pay for it, and why do they clamor for "romance"? "Romance", as conceived and practiced by contemporary women, is a sham, a plague which poisons the souls of men. It is a woman's viperous view of "morality", and has shackled the male vitality in heavy chains. Hardly monogamous by nature, a man is nevertheless constrained to dam up his biological birthright of sexual freedom. He is forced to pay for what should be offered and shared openly. His own passions enslave him; as we have seen, a woman's strategy is to use his lust against him, because then he will channel all his resources to her disposal, which is the sole focus of her life. Women are assassins of the male spirit.

Dating is a sick charade of natural mating behavior, a twisted travesty of the laws of nature. It is a plot hatched by unprincipled women to curl their manicured talons around male credit cards, a female con game sanctioned by society. A date is (as usual) an affair entirely controlled by the female, even though she will work very hard to convince men

that just the opposite is true. For a social engagement to take place, a man and woman first have to meet, or to be introduced. If she is physically attracted to this man-or even if she's not, if she smells cash-she will almost immediately institute "The Probe". The Probe consists of an innocuous-sounding list of questions, sometimes put bluntly, but more often insinuated into the flow of conversation, which is designed to calculate a man's earning power, the way a salesman qualifies a prospect. Taken at face value, these questions appear quite ordinary, the sort of polite queries one might ask when talking with a stranger. But in the hands of a woman sizing up a man, they take on a sinister significance. "What do you do?", "Where do you live?", "What kind of car do you drive?" all may seem innocent enough inquiries, but a woman interested in a man will work them into the first few minutes of a conversation so that she can determine whether he is worth an investment of her time. These questions all translate into, "How much money do you have?", while the little calculator inside her brain goes clicking away. One wrong answer and she will immediately excuse herself. Variations of The Probe can be subtle: "Where did you go on your last vacation?" would be an example. Concomitant with The Probe is the "tell-him what-he-wants-to-hear" con. Thus if a woman ascertains that her prey is wary of gold diggers, she will say, "I've never cared about money; I don't understand how women can act like that", and the like.

If a man can survive the gauntlet of The Probe, his labors are just beginning. Our culture prescribes that men be the pursuers, which puts them in a weakened position from the start. When a man asks a woman for a date, he is risking soul withering rejection (most women, flushed with sexual power, feel no remorse at shredding the male ego); he must plan the location and activities of the evening or she will brand him as weak or wishy-washy; he is expected to bring offerings as if she were a member of royalty; she waits for him to pick her up like a chauffeur; and there is unspoken pressure that he take her to a "nice" (expensive) place or he will be labeled "cheap" and thus emasculated. While on the date, he is supposed to pander to her every whim and help her on with her coat and hold doors open for her, like a servant. And then he is rewarded with the exquisite pleasure of having to pay for all of this. She, of course, goes out of her way to keep her escort deeply hypnotized, deadening his senses to her treacherous agenda, for it wouldn't serve her purposes at all if he suddenly realized what a sucker she's been making of him. Sexual initiative certainly is humiliating for men, but it is a system designed to serve a woman's best interests. A single, dating woman is the queen of dishonest prostitutes. What arouses her is not an aching hunger for the pleasures of intercourse, but an unquenchable materialistic lust. Sex is not about sensuality, but power. A woman has frightening sexual leverage over a man: he might as well just hand her a club so that she can beat him into the ground. In this unhealthy game of smoke and mirrors, women dictate all the rules. Thus she restricts access to her body until he has made a significant investment in her-the more he spends, the less likely he'll be to walk away. Eternally buttressing her illusions, she will feign disinterest in sex and slap his wrist or invoke "date rape" when he makes a pass at her. She will pretend to flee when he comes on too strong. Dripping with sugary charms, she commands him to dress up the date with flowers and candlelight to mask the dispassionate business deal at its core. This masquerade allows her to envision her sexuality as innocent and pure, her vagina as sexless as a plastic doll's. She can dupe herself that lavish meals and a glittering diamond aren't just bald faced surrogates for cold, hard cash. A woman's version of "romance"

does not draw its power from love, but from rape-the violation of a man's bank account. But the soft light of the restaurant helps to mask the truth: "romance" is a woman trying to convince herself that she's not really a whore.

THE PRICE OF LOVE

A woman does not consider a social encounter a date unless the man pays for the evening. She will only offer to pay her fair share if she isn't sexually interested and doesn't want to be "obligated" (proving that she in truth knows that she's trading her body for money). Women justify such robbery by rationalizing that whoever asks for the date should pick up the check, but they conveniently never extend such invitations. This rather self-indulgent logic serves her well: being pandered to is her reason for living. She loves glamour and excitement, but expects someone else to fund her good time when the bill arrives she daintily looks the other way. The world is a magical place; everything is free as long as she keeps sticking out her chest. In her solipsistic universe she may even imagine herself to be a feminist, trying desperately to be independent in a "man's world", but this is a narrow-minded conceit-she has become too accustomed to getting something for nothing. A dating woman lives the unwholesome existence of a parasite, feasting on another's healthy blood.

The more a man pays, the more a woman dreams of "romance"-a pizza and a beer credit up many less romantic points than a weekend in Paris. Love is money. But her avarice blinds her to a more optimistic reality: true romance is an exchange of intimacies between two people passionately in sync with one another. It can occur anywhere, just by having a conversation, with no compensation exchanged. When women deny and withhold their sexuality, they are effectively road blocking the path to true love. Jetting to France is a magic carpet ride, not heartfelt emotion, although the difference doesn't matter to the average woman. The pathetic truth is that such an expensive adventure only serves to underwrite her narcissism, and reassures her that her vagina-the ultimate source of her self-image-can't be bought cheaply.

So long as she's munching pepperoni, she'll still be the ball-buster, forcing her date to jump through her mental hoops; but the instant she boards the jet, she'll start to unbutton her blouse. A high enough price has already been paid-she doesn't have to deceive herself anymore.

THE LOGIC OF LOVE

A man assumes that the money he's spent and which his date has accepted freely seals a contract for sexual services between them. He has no hallucinations about "romance": the clarity of his logic tells him that he has participated in a straightforward business arrangement. But he is treading on treacherously slippery ground. Even though he might not have any illusions about the nature of the transaction, nevertheless women have taught him that he must dissemble. If he wants to get laid-get his money's worth-he must act out a starring role in his partner's drama of lies. He must pamper her like the spoiled child she is, compliment her on her intelligence and independence, tell her what she wants to hear so that she can play out her role of "virtue". He knows the sham is ridiculous: while he's picturing her naked and spread-eagle on the bed, she has climbed up upon her pedestal of illusion, having visions of the two of them strolling hand-in-hand

under the rattling palms on the beach of some exotic resort, where any imagery of sex is symbolized by a cut to the crashing surf. He, however, has both feet in the real world; he understands that someone must pay the price. Her fantasies somehow fail to include scenes of her partner opening the American Express bill a month later.

A TRUE GENTLEMAN

Even though her date has discretely paid for dinner (it is no coincidence that she demands to be taken to an upscale restaurant where prices are not printed on her menu), her pretenses refuse to vanish once the check has been settled. "Romance" dictates that she must make him wait longer for his sexual reimbursement. The proof that he genuinely enjoys her company is that he will "respect" her while she continues to dip her hand deep into his pocket. A "gentleman" is just a sucker who picks up the tab and doesn't make a pass. "Morality" is just a woman's word for holding a man up. Whiplashed as he is by testosterone, a man will grudgingly tolerate female con games and extortion, rationalizing to himself that getting laid is expensive. But he is teetering on a slimy tightrope stretched across a fiery abyss. If he should touch her breast too soon, she will recoil in horror ("men are only after one thing"); but if he "respects" her too long, she'll brand him as gay, or castrate him into a "friend". He is expected to divine her thoughts like a mind-reader while she carps that men just can't communicate.

LIAR, LIAR

"Every man in a bar is a stockbroker or a brain surgeon," women bitch. "Men just lie to you. You can't trust them." It would only be fair to admit that men sometimes sculpture the truth to get women into bed. But then they have to, because they know what women want. Men are conscripted players in a game whose rules have been engineered by the female mind, and the playbook decrees that honesty will guarantee sure rejection. Thus, if a potential lover confesses to the object of his interest that he repairs copiers, instead of generalizing that he works for the Xerox Corporation, she will without hesitation disqualify him as not worthy of consideration. He has learned through bitter experience that he must misrepresent his status if he even wants to begin a conversation. If women weren't so intent on selling their sexuality, men would not be pressured into hyperbolizing the truth. This is a program which females themselves have created and which they continue to promote. Then, with their usual circular thinking, they blame men for their obedience. This is like allowing a cat to roam free, and then hating it when it kills a bird. When women, the master con artists, have been conned, they stamp their feet in rage.

But these are the same women who spackle their wrinkles with make-up, Clairol the gray out of their hair, and shore up their meager bustlines with Wonderbras. Aren't liposuction, eye tucks, and silicone breasts every bit as deceptive as a garbage collector fibbing to a woman that he works for a large trucking company? The hypocrisy is self-evident. As is typical with females, they brutally censure men but disregard the rather large notes in their own eyes. When a woman reinvents her looks, her excuse is, "That's what men want", as if a slathering of cosmetics or a plastic surgeon could really make a silk purse out of a sow's face. She is projecting her own shallowness into the minds of men. Women are invincible narcissists, rabidly obsessed with their personal appearance. It is how they

ultimately define themselves. As exploiters, they have sufficient time and money to buy the products specifically marketed to them to concoct their fraudulent attractiveness. They merchandise themselves. Even a cursory glance inside any department store is alone proof of this assertion: most of the floor space is taken up by cosmetics, jewelry, perfume, and female clothing. Men don't wear makeup or oil their bodies or agonize for hours over what clothes to wear. This is because women have made men the buyers, not the sellers, and they're too busy working to replace the funds lost on the "fairer" sex to worry about whether their pants make their asses look big. They are nowhere near as superficial or self-absorbed as women, who can shop for recreation because they take such delight in focusing on themselves. The psychology of store displays is hardly arbitrary-a business keeps its doors open by providing the goods its customers demand. It has often been observed that women dress for other women (if they dressed for men, they'd be wearing nothing at all, or something slinky and revealing, which their two-faced sisters would disparage as sleazy-too candidly for sale, implying a low-priced vagina). Females are in fierce competition with each other for men (with money), recruits in a vicious intragender war, an intricate battle of one-upmanship. But they are also sadly warring with nature itself. A woman knows that her appearance is her trade-even if she has to stucco herself from head to toe, she does so to impersonate youth and beauty. Love is marketing. A woman is an imposter, like a scratched piece of gold which exhumes the tarnished brass underneath. She is, as in all her affairs, dishonest with herself, dishonest with men, a liar.

If a university offered a course entitled "How To Marry A Rich Man", women would be scratching each other's eyes out to be the first in line to ante up the tuition; but if there were a class aimed at men, called "How To Get Laid For Free", these same coeds would be screaming sexism and marching with protest signs outside the dean's office. For women-even so-called "liberated" women-marriage is a socially convenient means to make a living: they can get their hands on wealth and prestige simply by vowing "I do" and occasionally spreading their legs. Manipulating a man-especially a rich man-to make a commitment is the Holy Grail of a woman's life, the consummation of all her efforts during her sick charade of "romance". The only truly important act in any woman's life is the selection of the right spouse. It rescues her from any personal responsibility for the future. She may work, but it's often a "no-brainer" job while she's marking time waiting for her future provider to happen along. It will be her husband who's saddled with the mortgage payment while she chips in for the cable bill and considers this "equality". Her motto reads, "My money is mine, his money is ours", the philosophy of an overindulged child. No mother ever taught her daughter that she should grow up to support her husband. The greater a man's salary, the more likely a woman is to eschew any sort of labor, and the more likely she is to sit at home and whine about boredom. The more her husband gives her, the lazier and more demanding she becomes. When she isn't manipulating men, she simply has nothing else to do.

A woman uses marriage to gain power, and once she attains it, her husband is fated to a life of abuse. This is very expensive pussy. When a naturally polygamous male commits to his bride-to-be, not only does he forfeit control of his finances, but he is constrained to forsake all opportunities to mate with other females. Of course, this is in her best interest-she calls it "security"-but it is really a blasphemy against nature. As long as she can coerce him into spending more, more, more on her whims, and as long as he realizes that

if he divorces her he will lose half of his assets, she has effectively padlocked him into a chastity belt. No one knows better than she that a woman has no use for an impoverished man. A husband enters into matrimony assuming that the wedding vows have granted his new wife societal approbation to revel in uninhibited sex, but in his naiveté he has not noticed the gleaming pair of castration shears hidden in her bridal bouquet. She has no real interest in him sexually-a workhorse should be out in the fields laboring, not wasting his energies on intercourse. He has dreamed of years of wild passion and pleasurable company; what he gets is a lifetime of mood swings and an infrequent and indifferent lay. A wedding is an orgy of female narcissism. This is her day, her starring role in her personal soap opera, the glorious denouement of all her childhood and cultural fantasies. It is "me" with a capital M. Dating has been a specious and unbridled quest for a man of means and courtship meant keeping her boyfriend hypnotized by the lure of her sexuality, numbing his senses to the trapdoor swinging wide open in front of him. Long before her wedding day she is avidly planning, binging on brides' magazines and being fawned over in dress shops, spending hours picking out the right invitations, wallowing in the presumption that the whole world is focusing on how special she is. She certainly won't forget to arrange for the novel-length lists of gift suggestions at various bridal registries (expensive stores only, of course), and she'll yelp like a pampered child when she rips open presents at her shower. It goes without saying that she is oblivious to the reality that someone must actually pay for her egoism-she is too busy daydreaming about herself, the virtuous, trembling bride, two-stepping down the aisle in a nave like a movie set, all eyes upon her. The wedding guests gasp, awestruck by her beauty and elegance, as if the cold marble of a perfect statue had suddenly come to life.

Her husband-to-be, his mind unclouded by such reveries (there are no grooms' magazines for him), has pacted an uneasy truce with her self-worship. His participation in the nuptial preparations has been to log in more hours at work to pay for the first-class tropical honeymoon she has ordered, which is making him wince even at his salary. It's not for nothing that she forced him down on his knees in front of her to propose. He's not fantasizing about storybook castles or how handsome he'll look in his tuxedo (appropriately enough, a funereal black); instead, he's sweating out the credit-card bill on the two carat diamond' his "Fiancée" has pressured him into buying by skillfully rationing sex. While her mind is awash with abstractions of dizzying "love", he's still cringing from her recent assaults on his manhood-pouting that his house just isn't going to be big enough for her.

A bride doesn't really love her husband-what she is actually in love with is the persona she has created for herself: the blushing newlywed who's fallen head over heels for a good man who will take care of her until death do us part, as if life were really a Doris Day movie. She has succeeded in mythologizing herself. But what she ignores is the reality that she has spurned and demoralized decent suitors who lacked sufficient capital to indulge her tastes; that all along she has used her body as a tool and a weapon; that she is bringing nothing to the marital bargaining table except greed and a vagina; and she has addicted her husband to a sexual fix, so that when she restricts her availability, he will pay any price to get it, thus turning marriage into legalized crime. She is a venal whore and human enough to be at least on some level aware of her inner fraudulence, but the

very act of mythologizing her role in this masquerade will guarantee the perpetuation of her self-delusions. Marriage is a cultural gloss on a lifetime of prostitution.

"The custom of the betrothal ring has an ancient origin. The Roman term for the concept was arrha ("earnest money").

WHY CHICKS DIG JERKS

The human condition promotes learning through trial and error; it is a fatiguing and often frustrating means of education. Women are excellent teachers of the bitter lesson that being a nice guy does not get a man laid. An "average" guy (who is often the one most capable of love and trust) is routinely brushed off as a "loser", and passed over for an abusive jerk who screeches up in a Porsche, scores, and disappears. So in a woman's mind, if a man is nice, he's weak. The nice guy wanders through life in a state of psychic castration, his heart scarred by the talons of female avarice and flawed psychology. He is a poor fool who has listened too literally to the women who lie that what they want from men is adoration and understanding. He has not suffered enough trial and error to lay bare the clandestine agendas of the female gender. So the nice guy has to settle for the vicarious company of flirting with a photo in a magazine delivered in a plain brown wrapper.

But what of the "bad boy" phenomenon? Every man knows, or has seen in action, that the more he abuses women, the more successful he will be in attracting them; and the nicer he is, the more likely he will wind up as a "friend". But most men are socialized to cultivate harmony, not discord, and so they refuse to participate in such pathology. Most men are nice guys, who have no interest in acting like jerks to women. Logic would suggest that a woman would want to avoid being brutalized, so why then does she so lustfully climb up on the back of a Harley, instead of, as usual, wait for a limo to appear? The answer has to be unraveled from the tangled mess of feminine psychology. What a woman really wants is a rich bastard who turns out in the end to be a nice guy-he is the storybook hero of her novels and soap operas. But she will settle-for the short term, at least-for a poor thug who can offer her excitement. In her muddled vision of the world, she equates abusive behavior with earning power, because she assumes that television and the movies actually mirror reality, so that successful men are always conniving, ruthless, and underhanded. Bad boys are untamed and reckless and charged with sexuality. They are a "challenge" (meaning that they don't instantly fall prey to her Pussy Power). Flexing their Neanderthal biceps they are apt to drag her off to the nearest cave, and she can feel-for once-powerless in their grip, a rape fantasy come to life. A woman's hormone-driven "logic" will equate excitement with money, at least until she tires of eating at taco joints. She glories in the sensation of raw adventure-it is the same thrill which ripples through her when a rich boyfriend pampers her and indulges her every whim. For as long as she dallies with the bad boy-and it will be brief because his budget is in his pants-she can afford to let herself be wild, to experience unfettered humanity, to freely express her sexuality as nature intended. For a few racing heartbeats she will cease to be a whore and become a human being.

And when the fling is over, her "morality" has not been compromised in any way-she can reconstruct her delusional self-image by accusing the bad boy of abusing her.

MAN ON THE STREET

"All I want is to meet a nice girl who doesn't act like a cunt."

"Women aren't whores? Just try asking one to split the cost of dating! She'll dump you in a New York second. Let's call a spade a spade-all they care about is how much money you spend on them."

"When a woman says that all the good ones are taken, she means the guys with the right job, the right car, the right haircut, the right clothes. But have these babes ever wondered why they're alone? The guys with the right stuff aren't picking them."

"There's nothing more ugly than a greedy woman."

"When it comes to romance, a nice guy will finish dead last. That's why I see some guys who are really good people, who start treating women like shit because they're tired of getting turned down. The second they're abusive to women, these girls are all over them. Women are sick."

"Dating is about fucking. It's mating . Women have to dress it up with champagne and flowers, but hat's what it is. It's fucking."

"A man's dating prospects directly parallel his ability to earn money."

"Women don't care about romance. They don't care about love. What they care about is cash and they want it now. They don't care if you have potential, they don't care if you're the nicest guy in the world. When my parents got married, they didn't have a dime. Not any more. Women are pathetic."

"Run a test sometime. Ask a woman out to dinner and when the check comes, tell her you're a believer in equal rights, so she should pay her half of the bill. Believe me, you'll never see her again. And I guarantee, if you had asked her during the meal what she found attractive in a man, she'd say, 'I've never cared about money, I look for personality'. But if you don't pay for her, you're not worth spending time with, because you're setting the rules up that you won't be buying her anything. A woman can't stand it if she can't use men.

If you're rolling in dough, and she knows it, she might put up with you because your cash is just too attractive to let you slide by. She wants to get her hands on it. Otherwise, you're history."

"Women are spoiled brats."

"Here's the way it's set up. Women are in control of relationships because they have sexual power-the power to say yes or no. They know that men want sex above all else, so they know that they're in control-unless he rapes her, a guy has to go along with what she says. So women make us pander to them. We have to be romantic, kiss their asses, cuddle

guys don't want to put up with all this bullshit, it's female stuff. Guys just want to fuck. But women make them do all this so they won't feel `used' sexually, when in reality it's the woman who's the real user-she forces the guy to play her head games so she can feel okay about having sex. Like if he cuddles her, then she's not really selling her body to him, which she always is, every time he gets stuck picking up the check. It's all crap."

"Dating is whitewashed prostitution."

"If women don't get what they want, which is usually `take me here, take me there, buy me this', they'll stop giving you sex until you give in."

"If you don't do exactly what they want to do, go exactly where they want to go-and pay for it on top of it-they pout and cut off the sex."

"I lost all respect for women after I had worked really hard to buy a new car, and I was feeling really proud of it, and I went to pick up this girl for a first date and she said, `This is your car?', like it was some kind of rusted-out junker or something. It was a new car! It was a nice car. And she had a 5 year-old Civic sitting in the driveway."

"I was at a nightclub and I was listening to the conversation three women were having., They were drooling over the bartender-he was a young stud. Then one of them said, `But he's just a bartender'. In other words, not enough money to be worth their time.

Now I happen to know this bartender, and he comes from a very wealthy family, and his father owns the nightclub. This guy is going to be worth millions. It just shows you how venal and short-sighted women are. They didn't want to know anything about him as a person-they were physically attracted to him, which is natural, but as soon as they thought he was poor, they lost interest. Women are stupid." want to make a commitment. I don't want to stick my head in a noose, either."

"A friend of mine was out on a second date with a woman. He was down because he'd just lost his job that day, and they were having a good time, so he was feeling pretty cheered up and optimistic. Then he told her that he'd lost his job and she excused herself and went to the bathroom. She never came back."

"Sex should be like the salad bar at a restaurant. You pay once and come back as many times as you want."

"What happened to love and laughter and fun and romance? Unless you pull up in BMW, you'll be stuck at home strangling the python."

"Romance is dead. Women stabbed it in the heart."

"A real woman is one who is genuinely nice, who likes the company of men, who enjoys sex for its own sake, and who pays her own way. I'd do anything for a woman like that."

"A woman's entire goal is to lure a man in and control him with sex. It's a carrot on a stick to get what she wants."

"I'll tell you how bad it is out there. Every time I meet a woman, within five minutes she's dragging out a questionnaire, like I'm applying for a job just talking to her. Do you own a house, what kind of car do you have, things like that. All it is is, they're trying to find out how much money you have. So finally I got fed up with it and I said to one of them, 'Let me see those tits of yours to see if they're big enough for me'. She was shocked-she didn't get it. It's unbelievable. They're so used to hooking, and to thinking only of their own welfare, that they don't even realize how mercenary they are."

"I ran into a friend from college I hadn't seen in years. He was a stud back then, and it looked like he still had it. He told me he'd never gotten married, and I asked him why. He said he was looking for a really nice, cute, girl-next-door who wasn't looking for a guy as a meal ticket. I said, 'Oh. That explains it. You'll be single forever.'"

"Women bitch about men, blame all their problems on men, steal men's money-and then they wonder why men don't want to make a commitment. I don't want to stick my head in a noose, either."

"Any woman who says let's be friends first (before sex) has deep psychological problems with men. Run. Fast."

"People kind of snicker when they see a much older guy out with a woman young enough to be his daughter. Like he bought her. But this is the way all women are-the ones with the age difference are just more obvious."

"When I was younger (and more foolish) I used to believe in 'Some Enchanted Evening'. Then I got a little experience under my belt and woke up to the real world. The truth is, some enchanted evening you'll see a stranger across a crowded room and she'll come over and start quizzing you about how much money you make."

"Women-if you don't want to feel you owe a man sex after he buys you dinner, then split the cost. You can't have it both ways."

"Women are forever bitching about how men don't communicate. But dealing with them is a constant guessing game. They never say anything directly and they expect you to read their minds. This is communication? Then they blame men for not being able to open up. It's pretty hard to get a dialogue going when you ask, 'What's wrong?', and the answer is, 'Nothing'. And then she gets mad when you can't figure it out by ESP. If you have something to say, say it. Don't blame your failure to communicate on me."

"Here's the female mentality: they want what they can't have, and as soon as they get it, they don't want it anymore. Then they blame men for the whole situation."

"Wake up guys! We have to stop pandering to these broads!"

"A female friend of mine was telling me that men and women shouldn't have sex before marriage. This is absurd, of course, and ignorant. But then women use sex to trap men, so if they hold out, they force men to marry them. So we're supposed to shell out hundreds and hundreds of dollars to take a woman out and not even get laid? What a scam!"

"Once in a while I browse through the personal ads in the paper. They're a riot, because it's pure female greed. 'Looking for a successful man who knows how to treat me like a lady'-translation: a guy with bucks who will spend it on me. There was one I saw that was just unbelievably rude. She wanted the "three M's": marriage, mansion, and a maid. What are these women thinking? How could they possibly get so arrogant?"

"I know a woman who continually uses men. She dangles her sexuality (sticks her tits out) so that she can get free meals. She has absolutely no conscience. And what she usually does is have them take her to nice restaurants, and she orders three or four big items from the menu. Then she says she's not hungry, and takes the food home in a doggie bag. That's her dinner for the week. Then as soon as the men start making sexual moves, she dumps them."

"All women should be required to watch porno films before they start dating. For technique and proper attitude toward sex. They should learn how to please men. If we're going to pay for it, the least they can do is be good at it."

"Women are incredible abusers of men."

"I know these two women, both married, who answer personal ads and let the suckers take them out to expensive restaurants. Then they say thanks but it just didn't work out and they're on to the next victim. They brag about it. They should be in jail." meet the right guy, fireworks will go off, or an angel will ring bells-the sort of crap you see on stupid sitcoms."

"I see these ads for diamonds-you know, tell her you'd marry her all over again. It's like maintenance fees on a condo."

"What women really want is to find a guy with cash and steer him like a car."

"As soon as you say, 'I do', they say 'I don't'."

"The problem is, there are too many men out there who are either brainwashed by women, or just willing to go along with the program. Sort of 'Well, what can you do, that's the way it is'. As long as men pay for pussy, women will keep using and abusing us."

"No matter what they say, all women have a hidden agenda. You can be just friends with a girl and split the bill, but the minute that friendship were to cross the line over into sex, she'll start demanding payment and you alone will be expected to pick up the check. Women always require money for sex."

"Women treat you like shit. They just aren't decent people anymore. All they care about is themselves. They couldn't care less about you or your feelings."

"Women use movies and TV to gauge their relationships. They have incredibly unrealistic expectations. Like, when I meet the right guy, fireworks will go off, or an angel will ring bells-the sort of crap you see on stupid sitcoms."

CHAPTER THREE

I Am Woman, Hear Me Whore (The Failure of Feminism)

By the unscrupulous exploitation of the male sexual urge, women have controlled the world since recorded time: the history of the human race has been written in menstrual blood. By convincing men that they are weak and needy of protection, women ship men off to squander their lives on foreign battlefields while they stay safe--from harm and luxuriate in the homes their partners have paid for. By conditioning men to be dependent on a sexual reward, women manipulate them to endure soul-destroying toil to "bring home the bacon". Men are psychologically poisoned to feel guilty and sinful about their natural lust, and brainwashed to rejoice like heroes when they pay for their mates. Women dominate the male gender. A man can spend years striving to build a lucrative career, but it takes a woman only half an hour to perfume herself and slink into a curve-hugging dress and she can gain access to all his earnings. Men spend long hours in universities to prepare themselves for success; women spend the afternoon in the gym and at the make-up counter. All women--from the purring sex kitten to the most remorseless power bitch--want to be taken care of by a man. Women live in a fantasy world of magical thinking. "If it's meant to be, it's meant to be" is their pastel philosophy. This is the passive reality of a taker. As we have seen, women are whores, albeit dishonest whores, deliberately leeching off men and then denying their prostitution. It is in this climate of personal deception that the feminist movement has gained an uneasy momentum in the latter half of the twentieth century, masquerading as an ideology whose goal is to promote equality between the sexes. But this, as with all female affairs, is a lie. just as women are dishonest prostitutes, so they are equally dishonest feminists. Women may campaign for gender equity, but they don't want to pay the price which such an equality demands. In fact, it doesn't even occur to them. They still cling to their age-old scam of being bought and pampered like courtesans, while at the same time clamoring for the very jobs which men need in order to be able to pay for their bodies. They want their cake and eat it, too. They want equal rights until the check comes.

Feminism is a failed social movement because at its root is not a genuine desire for social change, but an insatiable and grasping avarice. Its legacy is a generation of lonely women out of sync with their inborn natures. The honest, natural woman (if she ever existed in our unhealthy society) has become a casualty of the sexual revolution. Feminism is a philosophy eroded by greed and homogenized by self-deceit; a credo of glaring inconsistencies and wanton hypocrisy. Women want to eat their cake-and gluttonously at that-but they insist on someone else baking it for them and giving it to them without charge.

SEXIST SOCIETY

Ours is an overtly sexist society, biased toward women. The evidence is obvious and overwhelming-you don't have to look any farther than common sense. In times of war, men are the cannon fodder conscripted to die in battle, while women are offered the choice of military service; it is men who are forced to initiate courtship and finance sex; men must shoulder the primary responsibilities of mortgages and college tuitions and weddings (not to mention diamond rings). The justice system is disgracefully female-friendly: judges regularly give the nod to women predators who practice divorce as a business; custody of children is routinely awarded to the wife, even if she is a known abuser (fathers win custody of children in less than 2% of divorce cases, and usually only when the mother is deceased or otherwise incapacitated); and when men and women commit the same crime, men are many times more likely to be sentenced to prison. Women have hoodwinked male society; the slave mistresses have conned their drones into thanking them for a beating. They bully men with their vaginas. But by positioning themselves as innocent, sexually pure "victims" of male "domination", women have manipulated men into granting them tacit sanction of their whoredom. It is women who are the true oppressors, not the oppressed: the logo of the feminist movement should be not a female gender symbol, but a leather-clad dominatrix raising a bloody whip. But even though they can gain easy access to male-incomes, still, like spoiled children, they want more. They lust after men's jobs as well, manifestly in a spirit of personal validation. With one hand dipping into masculine pockets, they brag of their equality to men. But the ethics of "liberation" must have made their prostitution self-evident, even to them-a situation absolutely intolerable for such practiced self-deceivers and their response was to campaign harder to insinuate themselves into the workplace, to try to legitimize their gender with titles and offices.

In the business world men are natural egalitarians-proof enough is a recent Gallup poll which recorded that 99% of men approved of equal pay for equal work. The emphasis here is on the word "equal". Men don't care who does the job, as long as the job gets done and done well. Accomplishment generally presupposes hard work, but a new generation of "feminists", trained from childhood to be takers, and so accustomed to manipulating men into giving them what they want, marched into office buildings expecting a sinecure and found labor instead. They assumed that men would hand them equal jobs and equal pay just because they were biologically female, and were shocked to learn that their superiors weren't writing out fat paychecks for flirting and baring cleavage. Instead of working harder, women began to use their energies to bitch about how unfair the "man's world" is. It would never dawn on them that they are the sole authors of all their problems.

For centuries, business has evolved as a male domain because men, conditioned by women to have to purchase female attention, have been constrained into performing as workhorses. Women have forced men to create such a unique environment, yet they are dismayed to discover that their idle and alien presence is not particularly welcome here, unless they are willing to toil as hard as men. What works well in the bedroom fails miserably in the boardroom. Business depends on effort-that is to say, giving, not taking. With few exceptions, the higher the salary, the greater the requirement of time and labor,

and women, spoon-fed a diet of female pornography (women's books, magazines and television shows), have discovered that the true-life business world isn't elegant lunches and deal-making on the slopes of Aspen, but stress and deadlines and traffic jams. So accustomed to getting something for nothing, they have to come face to face with the awful realization that profit exacts a price: the road to commercial success imposes an expensive toll.

RADICAL, MAN

Since the mind-bending days of the late 60's, the equal rights movement has struggled to come of age. But it has been a journey beset with complications. Since wom"logic" is mercurial at best, it was hardly unexpected when the original coalition of like-minded thinkers splintered off into rival factions, each devoted to their own polemical agendas. One such sisterhood is the radical feminists, a peculiar and vicious cult of man-haters who prey on lesbians, the psychologically crippled, and unsuspecting college co-eds as recruits for their fanatical crusade. In archetypically cultish fashion they insist on a polarized philosophy: if you're not for us, you're against us. This is the worst kind of intellectual cowardice.

A truly paranoid cabal, they are alienated from any appeal to reason, convinced that some ill-defined "patriarchy" is conspiring to oppress the female gender, and is solely responsible for all the horrors ever conceived by the human race, from rape to war to having sex with men. They have tried and convicted male society in the kangaroo court of their sadly freakish dogma and have pronounced the entire gender to be scum: in fact, a man's only hope for salvation is to have his testicles shrivel up into ovaries. "Male", it seems, is a particularly nasty four-letter word.

Radical feminists indulge themselves in half-truths, skewed statistics, and outright lies. Hopelessly chauvinistic, they refuse to tolerate any criticism or intellectual scrutiny of their claims. As with all women, they have quarantined themselves against reality with seasoned self-deceit. A typically egregious example of their data manipulation is an oft-cited "fact" in feminist literature which mourns that each year at least 150 thousand women die from symptoms related to anorexia and bulimia (since, wouldn't you know it, it is men who pressure these poor victims to be thin). The actual number, according to government statistics, is about 100 (not thousand-just 100). But such alarmist teachings will be a booby-trap for uncritical minds. The radical feminists are far too narrow-minded to get it through their heads that women contract neurotic disease because they are uninhibitedly obsessed with themselves and their appearance; because they are trying to mimic the willowy models glamorized in check-out counter magazines (published by and intended for females); and because they are aspiring to such an unrealistic ideal because they have been brainwashed (by women) that such an appearance is beautiful, and will therefore attract a wealthy man.

The radical feminists are militant bigots; they are bitter and mean-spirited hate-mongers. They divide the world into black and white, them and us. Their doctrine sanctifies the female as the moralizing and ennobling force of the universe, angelic victims of male treachery and perversion. In contrast, all men are potential abusers, killers, child molesters, and rapists, a hand's reach from the violation of their precious female bodies (someone might want to inform them that men don't have sexual thoughts about women

with butch haircuts and figures like packing crates). Men are despots who plot to control women's bodies by denying them birth control and rights to abortion; they are domineering opportunists lusting to procure women as sexual playtoys. Marriage is another trap of the "patriarchy", enslaving women to drudge as housewives "for free" (they conveniently ignore the actuality that if a housewife were to be paid a fair wage for labor, out of which was deducted her share of the mortgage, utilities, various insurances, repairs, car payments, food, clothing, and entertainment, she would have to get a second job just to pay her husband what she owed). Make-up, presumably another male fiat, degrades and victimizes women; and men invented high heels to hobble women from fleeing from sexual advances.

It should be obvious to any rational thinker that such hysterical nonsense is the fruit of a very perverse solipsism, the equivalent of a lunatic ranting at his own reflection in a mirror. But it's pernicious nonsense all the same. Like all women, the radical feminists are masters of self-delusion, and so they have hyperbolized a world of sweeping generalizations unencumbered by facts. To pronounce that all men are potential rapists is like saying that all boys can grow up to be President-the possibility may exist, but the odds are exceptionally low, and depend on many specific sets of circumstances. But by depersonalizing men into rapists and the "oppressive patriarchy", the feminist bigots can assuage any sense of guilt when they despise the masculine gender. These women desperately want to ennoble themselves as martyred revolutionaries, but the truth is that they are nothing but angry and bitter broads who can't get a date.

If men are "pigs", then these deluded evangelists are sexist sows. If one of them were suddenly transfigured into a beauty queen, she'd be thrusting her cleavage at men instead of screaming at them from behind a protest sign. They are too self-indulgent to be proper whores-it's far less trouble to scorn men than to go on a diet.

Radical feminists are responsible for the majority of negative aspects of the equal rights movement, including "sexual harassment" and "date rape", which open a Pandora's box for false charges and flagrant abuse of men's rights. They warp logic by trying to deny that hormones define and control female behavior, that emotionalism is biologically determined. They insist that human beings are born sexually neutral, clean slates on which society etches prescriptions of gender-specific behavior patterns. Unfortunately for their unstable theories, science has proven beyond doubt that the male and female brain differ not only in size (the male brain is bigger), but in functional activity. In many respects, behavior is hard-wired into the neural structure. What's more, these women argue for test-tube conception, so that marriage and mating would become redundant. They promote androgyny in the schools and workplace and attack traditional sex roles. Their notion of "equality" is really sexist fascism: women should have absolutely no contact with men. And they are oddly obsessed with feminizing the vocabulary (women instead of women, ovular instead of seminar), as if a new language can somehow validate their credo or invent novel ideas. These are women with immense chips on their shoulders, raging because their bodies are too unattractive to be able to control men.

Radical feminism is a failure because it is a segregationist movement, interested only in promoting its own poisonous agenda, not in assisting beneficial cultural change. Like a billboard with meaningless jumbles scrawled across it, the radical feminist message may evoke curious attention, but in the end signifies nothing.

HISTORY LESSON

While the radical feminists are a small and rabid cult, the majority of modern equal right advocates, the true heiresses of the cultural revolution of the 60's and 70's, never really lost sight of their commercial goals. These "liberated" women couldn't afford to hate men (at least not openly)-it would be like biting the hand which was writing out the check that fed them.

In 1963, when Betty Friedan (who, twenty years later would champion Dustin Hoffman's "Tootsie" as the masculine ideal) published her seminal book *The Feminine Mystique*, she lit the fuse on a time bomb of social controversy. Friedan moaned that women had been "forced" into "dreary" lives as wives and mothers (Gloria Steinem termed the home, unbelievably enough, a "pink-collar ghetto"), wasting their brains and talents by being excluded from the business world. She was hardly an inspired emancipator, however-liberation of all sorts was already stirring in the underground, like new shoots pushing up in the spring. In the south, blacks were campaigning for civil rights, and hippies had begun to challenge the Leave-It-To Beaver mythology of suburban comfort and security. Notwithstanding, *The Female Mystique* touched a raw female nerve; for women, it was as if someone had suddenly turned on all the lights in a huge, abandoned mansion. Friedan told them that they could have their cake and eat it, too: while their husbands labored to pay the mortgage, housewives could go back to school or take a glamour job or work for a charity to convince themselves of their productivity and worth.

And this was the problem in a nutshell. Entranced by her own militancy, Friedan had neglected to factor feminine delusional systems into her equation: it's easy to be liberated when someone else is paying your bills. All at once women wanted to crusade for equality, but not at the expense of their comfortable lifestyles. Whether Friedan realized it or not, *The Feminine Mystique* was pointing a very indirect finger at dishonest whoredom, and sowing the seeds of the most brazen hypocrisy which was to come.

The 60's housewives had amused themselves with setting up the props and the scenery, but it fell to their idealistic daughters to act out the proper roles in the play. These young women were open-hearted revolutionaries, who shook off inherited "truths" and seized the new zeitgeist by the throat. By the early 70's women were stampeding into universities. Bras came off, drugs were mind-expanding, and the commercialization of the birth control pill banished any fears of pregnancy. Freed from the puritanical restraints of their mothers' "morality", for the first time women allowed themselves to be uninhibited and unmercenary about their sex drives suddenly they were demanding orgasms instead of cash. A true New Age of female honesty seemed to have begun: they had ripped the mask off their self-deception and exposed the fraudulence of their whoredom. It was an era of unransomed freedom and hot-blooded exploration. It was the foundry of true feminism (which doesn't hate or use men), untainted by greed, a philosophy which furloughed women to educate themselves and pursue careers, while at the same time pleasuring their bodies without selling them. Waving their banners of peace and love and unqualified sexuality, the young women of this generation had stumbled across the great secret of successful relationships: partnership instead of cash. But as glorious as it should have been, this "New Age" was doomed, almost a stillborn child. Its tragic mistake lay in overlooking women's venal history, believing, in a Camelot like moment, that the female soul could exist unsullied by greed, and that

women were capable of being tutored by the natural rhythms of the human heart. By the mid-70's the buoyant idealism of youth had been rubbed a bit raw: thousands of new graduates were having their eyes opened to the reality that college life was a false image of the real world-it had granted them freedom without the chains of responsibility. Young men and women were matriculating into the marketplace, and were surprised to learn that they could no longer get away with partying all week, then cramming at the last minute to fulfill their sales calls. Men, indoctrinated by their mothers to be workhorses to support women, reverted to this lethal brainwashing; and as soon as they saw the college partyers earning money, women scurried to swap their baggy sweatshirts for plunging necklines. When nobody had any money, it was fine to give sex away, but now the old adage rang clear and cold in their minds: why should a man buy the cow when he can get the milk for free? Prostitution was back, and free love, the sexual revolution, had all wisped away to a fading memory, like the remnants of an hallucinogenic dream. These young liberationists, rebellious though they were, had internalized their mothers' messages too well. No longer were they burning their bras-now they were stuffing them. No man was going to sneak a peek without first paying the admission fee.

Cultural change does not proceed in quantum jumps, but evolves at a much more erratic pace, often encompassing times of transition. The Disco era was one of these transitional stages, arising from the social disintegration and scattering of forces which was the wake of the 1970's. Directionless young people were searching for a hook upon which to hang their lives; they stood poised between the dying vestiges of innocence and a surging new riptide of materialism. The riptide swelled, and Disco emerged, pointing like a flashing neon arrow at the brutal avarice which belonged to the future. Like the hippies, Discoers wore costumes to assure themselves of their identities: they traded in love beads for gold chains and tie-dye for polyester dripping with dancing sweat. But whereas the hippies had celebrated lovemaking as a wholesome and natural act, now the campfires of the communes were electrified into the dazzling lights of the city, and a new sensuality was throbbing through the urban nightclubs. The beat of Disco music was deliberately syncopated to the pulse of the human heart; women's dresses were slashed to display thigh and breast; and men's pants looked shrink-wrapped to their crotches. When they danced, partners interlaced fingers and caressed bodies, just as their parents had, 20 years ago. But the cult of materialism put a price tag on such contact. Women were once again baiting men with their sexuality and selling it to the highest bidder. The sexual revolution had emancipated females to express their sensuality, but love was no longer free-Disco had snapped its fingers and awakened a hypnotized greed.

In a perverse way, the radical feminists were more committed and loyal to their doctrine because, even though their innate bigotry presumed more sexism than the claims imagined for their "oppressors", at least these women were flying the flag of solidarity and not relying on men to support them. Their hate was virulent enough to strangle down normal female avarice. But with the dawning of the 80's-the Yuppie era-a new brand of feminism had emerged: the pseudo feminist. In a milieu of designer labels, power lunches, corporate raiders, and soulless consumerism, these women forged their ideology with a viperous will. They dissected the feminist manifesto with their manicured talons and culled whatever suited their best interests. Their amended version of equal rights was gimme, gimme, gimme. Men were making money-lots of money-and women wanted it, and the message they had harvested from the hard-core feminists was an excuse to

plunder male bank accounts. "Empowerment" was translated into a license to steal. Their mothers might have been bothered by a suspicion of inner deception, or perhaps even wrestled with their consciences because they were living off the fat of the land while their husbands sweated over deadlines and cursed their lost dreams; but these newly-created hypocrites were tossing out even these proprieties-they expected to be handed everything free of charge. At least their mothers would have rolled over on their backs once in a while, but these women weren't even bothering to lure men with the promise of sex-they just wanted and took and held their hands out for more. The only bulge in a man's pants they were interested in was the bulge of his wallet.

Drunk with power, calculating and self-centered, the false feminists trampled men into peonage, and sexually famished males doled out anything these harpies grasped for. Women had become true oppressors, and they were scavenging male flesh with red tooth and claw. But in order for a tyrant to most ruthlessly exploit her victims, she must first depersonalize them into "things", so what little conscience she has will never bother her. Thus the pseudo feminists borrowed the hate and blame cards from the radicals' nasty deck. With shrill, venom-laced voices they began to vilify men as "pigs" and "liars", to label them as sex-crazed seducers worthy only of scorn. Such depraved creatures could hardly be thought of as sex objects; instead women degraded them into "money objects". And when these women weren't handed a job or a promotion, they put the blame on men-never on their own incompetence or inexperience. If no one asked them for a date, it was because men were "intimidated" by their intelligence or position, not because their arrogance and bad attitudes betrayed them as unpleasant companions. And if they weren't married, the reason was that men "can't make a commitment", not because no man would relish a lifetime of living with a cold-hearted bitch.

The Yuppie empire was built on the shifting sands of an artificial economy, and when its infrastructure began to crumble, social theorists happily predicted a New age for the 90's, which was supposed to be an era of diminished materialism and enhanced intergender relationships. Shirley MacLaine had already tried to blaze a trail with her silly pastiche of 19th century spiritualism and modern pseudoscience: crystals, pyramids, and channeling touched off a worldwide fad for the supernatural because these sophistries provided an antidote for the yawning emptiness of the "greed is good" 80's. MacLaine preached anti-materialism (although she made a fortune from seminars and book sales) and "going within". Sheep-like women followed her in herds. They may have taken a journey inside themselves, but apparently there wasn't much to be found, because when they came back out again, their mercenary attitudes had not been channeled away. Somebody-men-had to be paying the rent while these women were off seeking harmonic convergence or running with the wolves. Shirley MacLaine's "New Age" was more of a whim than a renewal-it takes more than mumbling a few chants over a shard of rock to make a woman relinquish her whoredom.

The 90's were supposed to be the "we" decade. But such idealism does not take into account the voraciousness of female avarice. Like sharks sensing blood in the sea, women had been gorging themselves in a feeding frenzy of lust for masculine earning power, a hunger which, once awakened, would prove impossible to slake. It is crucial to understand that nowhere in the separatist gospel of the radical feminists, or in the mercenary gluttony of the pseudo feminists is there any conviction of a true desire for social equity. The hard-core feminists despise the male gender so much that they

believe that a man's only possible redemption would be to become a woman; and the false feminists, besotted with their self-serving doctrine of predation, seek only societal permission to take men for everything they have. But attacking or objectifying men are just childish shortcuts; this is not aiming at a solution, but focusing full attention on me, me, me, and consigning blame to everyone but yourself. These women want to alienate themselves from men, and use them, but they are working at cross purposes. What they don't realize is that their third-rate philosophies are ultimately dependent upon men, not only to define themselves, but also to subsidize their duplicity.

A true feminist-and there are very, very few of these likes men. She revels in their company, just as men revel in the company of an honest woman, not for monetary gain, but simply for the excitement and mystery which glamorizes the opposite sex. She lives with the profound belief that men and women can exist in a spirit of harmony and partnership. This, of course, is the point which the dishonest feminists shut their eyes and ears to (and couldn't care less about): that men and women are fundamentally different, both physiologically and intellectually, and that nature has designed them this way so that they will complement and reinforce each other, so that each gender will contribute its own remarkable strength to a successful relationship.

But the pathetic reality is that the false feminists care only about themselves. They are their own worst enemies. Without even a glimmer of insight or understanding, they are diligently erecting the gallows which will hang them all.

STATISTICS DO LIE

The feminist movement, like all female behavior, is decayed with hypocrisy-Gloria Steinem and Jane Fonda have not chosen to marry sensitive dishwashers. As we have seen, the central thesis of feminist ideology is that a male "patriarchy" enslaves women and robs them of personal power and choice. But does this accusation have any basis in fact? It has already been pointed out that we live in a sexist country, entirely biased toward women, and this anti-male prejudice expresses itself in cultural consents. An illustration might be that if a young woman marries a wealthy man three times her age, society just nudges and winks-no one brands her as the prostitute she really is. But it is an altogether different story for her husband. He is generally degraded as a "dirty old man" or a "cradle-robber". If a young man dates an older woman, he has to be a gigolo with his eyes on her estate; but if a woman lusts after a man twenty years her junior, its "you go, girl". And if a man has an affair, he is a "typical jerk"; but if a woman cheats on her husband, she is striking a blow for sexual freedom. There is never any acknowledgment of such flagrant double standards. When a woman doesn't marry, she is "empowered" or a "career woman"; but if a man chooses to stay single, he is either maligned as a philanderer or considered gay. On television, and in the theaters, men are regularly portrayed as serial killers, abusers, and rapists (not to mention brainless), while women are depicted as innocent victims. This hardly seems an environment conducive to the wielding of "male power". In fact, it's just the opposite.

A feminist slogan reads, "Anatomy is not destiny". But in many respects it is, and for men, their anatomy hands them a burden of health disadvantages which women don't have to share. Male infants suffer a higher death rate and more birth defects than females; emotionally disturbed boys outnumber girls 4:1; and boys are twice as likely as girls to be victims of physical abuse and twice as many die from these injuries. A man's life

expectancy is shorter than a woman's (72 years for males as opposed to 79 for females). The mortality rate for heart attacks is 80% higher for men than for women, and men suffer an increased death rate for major diseases such as cancer and AIDS. Men die more frequently from prostate cancer than women do of breast disease (prostate cancer research is awarded one-sixth the funding of the breast cancer research). Moreover, a far greater number of men lose their lives to murder, accident (males account for over 90% of work-related deaths), and suicide. Again, the power is in the hands of women. Women are the true rulers of society, although they work very hard to suppress this eternal truth. Like the Wizard of Oz, they hide their manipulations behind a curtain of deceptiveness and presumed virtue, so that no one can expose them for the charlatans they really are. Women can secure high-paying positions through affirmative action policies, simply because of their gender, not their qualifications. They can curry favor and rise in rank by exerting their sexual tools in the office and then screaming "sexual harassment" when the time has come to pay the piper. Female sportscasters have lobbied to be allowed to conduct interviews in male locker rooms (but never the reverse-another double standard); and women have been granted the privilege of membership in mens' clubs (although women want to join these institutions not for the cause of equality, but to exploit the "old boy network" for business deals). Girls are winning lawsuits to enter male-only schools (only to drop out when they aren't accorded privileged status and find out they actually have to work hard to be accorded equality); but if a boy were to want to enroll at a girls' school, the case would never even get to court. In divorce proceedings, women regularly steal half a man's assets even if they themselves are the agents of separation, through boredom, an affair, or pure greed.

Yet feminists continue to harp about an all-powerful masculine conspiracy which frustrates their potential and keeps them "sexually enslaved". In psychological language, this is projection, because just the opposite is the truth. But to maintain such an intentionally one-sided view of the world, feminists require "proof" of their assertions, and they find corroboration in statistics largely of their own manufacture. Radical feminists insist that rape is a crime of violence and power, but the majority of rape victims are young and attractive, which argues forcibly that this assault is a crime of frustration. Interestingly enough, a recent survey of high school students found that over 50% of females and 75% of males believed that forced sex was permissible in some circumstances; and among 11-14 year-olds, about half of both genders assumed that forced sex was acceptable if the boy spent a lot of money on the girl.

Men are condemned as batterers and killers, inherently violent, but a quick scan of a history text will outline: the blood-soaked reigns of Mary Tudor and Elizabeth I; the diabolical Countess Bathory, who shackled peasant girls into iron cages before slaughtering them and drinking their blood; a host of female mass murderers; not to mention women who hire professional killers to get rid of their husbands. The feminists don't acknowledge the fact that the majority of child abusers are *women*, and a number of nationwide sociological studies have proven that well over 50% of battered spouses are *husbands*, and that an equal number of battered women admit that they initiated the violence, usually with a weapon. They certainly turn a blind eye to the world-wide practice of infanticide (carried out by women) and abortion, both in ancient times and still today. It has been estimated that during the Paleolithic period as many as 50% of newborns were killed. In 18th century England thousands of mothers regularly tossed their babies into the Thames, wrapped them in clothing infected with smallpox, or

dumped them in rubbish heaps. In our own day, infanticide is still widely practiced in undeveloped countries as a way of stabilizing population growth, especially when food resources are scarce. And practically every day there is a newspaper report of a baby thrown in a dumpster (by the mother) and left to die of the elements.

Likewise abortion was (and is) a commonplace means of birth control. Primitive women drank concoctions poisonous to the fetus or a friend of the pregnant woman would jump on the mother's abdomen until blood spurted out of her vagina. In Europe and America, women would "accidentally" roll over in bed on top of an unwanted infant to smother it. In the 19th century, one out of every six babies was aborted. So the notion of the instinctively pure, passive, nurturing female is pure mythology. If women are allowed power and freedom of violence, they are vicious.

Equal rights advocates refer to the "feminization of poverty", even though society permits women to grow fat off the resources of men. In fact, more women than men have a net worth of more than half a million dollars, due to "marrying well" and outliving their husbands. They have leveraged sex into a fortune. Feminists grumble that women don't earn the same salaries as their male counterparts, but men are pressured (by women) to shoulder the financial responsibilities of dating and marriage. Therefore, a man is forced to be more ambitious, to work longer hours, and to accept more undesirable or dangerous positions. Women work at lower-income jobs because they are easy, safe, and require less rigorous training-they are really just marking time until they can snag a man with cash. Society grants women the choice to raise a family at home or to pursue a career, but men enjoy no such option. In the military, women demand-and get-double standards. They are regularly granted passing scores for partial completion of obstacle courses, endurance runs, and forced marches (this is euphemized as "gender normalizing"); and unfit and unqualified women are allowed to pilot aircraft to pander to a feminist agenda, sometimes with tragic results. If a male officer visually appreciates a female form, or passes a woman over for promotion, he can be accused of "sexual harassment", leading to the ruination of his career, even if the charge is whispered anonymously.² As for the "glass ceiling", the mythical barrier which blackballs females from rising to top corporate positions (the only real barrier is hard work), no feminist ever refers to the "glass basement", whose surface is caked with dirt and smeared with the sweat of janitors, busboys, and laborers; or the darkest ceiling of them all, the fact that men die far earlier than women (because females live off their stress and toil). Women want to start out by owning the restaurant, not clearing tables in it, and they want it handed to them on a silver platter. When women do work hard and achieve financial success, they certainly don't spend their money on men-instead they buy shoes.

² For a fuller discussion of this topic, see *Women In The Military: Flirting With Disaster*, by Brian Mitchell.

All of this underscores the powerlessness of men, not their dominance. If men are so powerful, then why do they spend their lives slaving at jobs they hate, just to satisfy a woman's mercenary demands? Why are they pressured to submit to sexual blackmail, to become cringing supplicants before a woman's sexual tyranny? Men endure a secondhand existence, degrading themselves as failures when they can't live up to women's

impossible standards. They live the shadow lives of servants, obliged to pander and cater to the female gender.

X-RATED

On a damp night in London in 1848, the art critic John Ruskin saw his new bride naked for the first time. He was horrified. For years he had studied classical statues of the female figure in the British Museum, but these had been chiseled out of bald marble, and represented a censored depiction of reality. The sight of his wife's vagina pelted with pubic hair disgusted him. He did not consummate the marriage that night, but instead became an obsessive masturbator for the rest of his life.

Ruskin personified the Victorian Age, a cultural straightjacket which suffocated natural desire and drove it deep underground. The Victorians considered sex to be indecent, sinful, bestial, not to be mentioned or even alluded to in polite society. But this forbiddance of the libido only titillated the imagination, and the Victorians saw evidence of sex everywhere: "naked" table legs were clothed in fabric and the glimpse of a woman's ankle could arouse a man to a frenzy of lust and shame. Encased in floor-length gowns, women were idealized as asexual goddesses (like Ruskin's statues), and if a young girl showed overt interest in sexual pleasure, she could easily suffer a clitoridectomy or undergo shock treatments in a mental institution.

But the sexual urge is too ancient and too inexorable an imperative to be strangled down by human convention. When any urgent emotion is bottled up, it will always find a way to seep out through the cracks in the psyche. So the Victorians invented a society with a bicameral moral code. A husband slept with his sanitized wife only for the purpose of procreation; for pleasure, he visited a prostitute. But "pleasure" is a subjective term, because the 19th century brothels were peculiar torture chambers which symbolized the subterranean conflict between natural impulse and culturally enforced guilt. Many men came to these places not for intercourse, but to be whipped with birch rods, punished like wicked boys with dirty thoughts. When sex is forbidden, the result is perversion; and when sex is withheld, the result is pornography and rape.

The legacy of this forbiddance reverberates through contemporary society-in fact, it is the key to the understanding of modern sexuality and to why women are able to prostitute themselves. The apotheosis of women into idealized goddesses was not a 19th century inspiration, but is deeply rooted in the culture of the Western world. During the Middle Ages, it was fashionable for knights to worship the objects of their desire from afar, without any hope of consummation. Men even cloistered themselves in monasteries rather than surrender to "impure" lust. The Church exerted a profound influence over common thought during these dark ages. Almost pathologically misogynistic-after all, Eve the Temptress had been a woman-it had condemned sex (outside of procreation) as sinful. Such a mandate obviously segregates the genders. The secular world exalted women, absolving them of any corrupt sensuality; the religious world vilified them. When the Renaissance blew a cleansing wind through medieval Europe, human beings suddenly felt their pulses pounding again, as if they had just awakened from a coma. Artists began to glorify the naked female body in floor-to-ceiling canvases vibrant with lush skin tones. Only a few years before, the world had been flat and two-dimensional;

now perspective had been discovered, and it was like blasting a tunnel through the human psyche.

But women were still elevated on pedestals, lavishly painted though they were. Eve the Temptress had been canonized into Eve the Goddess. Women were abruptly glorified into the lusty Venuses of Correggio, Titian, and Tintoretto. They began to assert their rights to educate themselves. But the specter of the Inquisition haunted the Renaissance, and so this was an age every bit as dichotomized as the Victorian or our era. The stink of sinful sex still tainted the rarified air. A woman may be considered the objectification of beauty and chastity, but she still could be a sorceress who had to be burned at the stake. Art celebrated the female body; the Church tortured it.

This duality of submerged drives pitted against cultural restraints has plagued humanity since the dawn of civilization. It is the difference between instinct and culture. Again, the key is forbiddance, and it is the epicenter of problems between contemporary men and women. Nature has programmed males to find the female body erotically stimulating³, and society-up to a point-allows them to express these natural urges honestly. Women, on the other hand, are taught to muzzle their sexuality, to package it and sell it. Men are allying themselves with nature; women are warring against it. In a repressed-and hypocritical-culture like our own, such an arrangement is pernicious because when women taunt men with their sexuality, and then withhold it for sale, sex itself becomes forbidden, and forbiddance is the essence of perversion.

³ Studies prove that the size of the female breast has nothing whatever to do with the amount of milk production. Therefore it must be assumed that the breast's primary function is a sexual attractant.

And perversion needs only to lean an inch or two in the wrong direction and the result is sex crime. Individual sex crime (for example, urban rape as we know it) was virtually unknown until the 19th century, when the clamps were screwed down on sexuality and women began to overtly practice dishonest prostitution. This was partly due to the stranglehold the Church had locked on people's imagination (if you sinned, you would go directly to hell), and partly because prostitution or lust in general was culturally endorsed. But the Victorians made the mistake of pushing it too far: it is one thing to preach that sex is sinful, but quite another to dam it up as if it doesn't exist at all. The result was the bursting of the dam. In 1892, the psychologist Richard von Krafft-Ebing published his *Psychopathia Sexualis*, a weighty volume which detailed some of the weirdest aberrations ever conceived by the human mind. Two centuries before, languishing in the Bastille where he would spend a good part of his adult life, the Marquis de Sade indulged in fantasies about torturing women. But his writings were like the tantrums of a wicked little boy who delighted in shocking the proper people around him-that is to say, his crimes were of the imagination. But Victorian London spawned the monster Jack the Ripper. De Sade might have daydreamed about flogging prostitutes; Jack the Ripper disemboweled them.

Our contemporary culture is sanctimonious, simultaneously prudishly repressed and openly licentious. A good example of this phenomenon can be seen in the entertainment industry. Mainstream movies regularly display naked bodies and peep in on sex acts, but on television nudity and overt intercourse are an eternal taboo. The message is clear: sex must be paid for-you have to shell out the price of a ticket if you want to see breasts or butts. Society still idealizes women as goddesses with a sanitized sexuality-or no sexuality at all while men are seen as vile deviants, consumed by "dirty" thoughts. When a man makes a pass at a woman, he's a lecher "with only one thing on his mind", but

when a woman ogles a man's behind, everybody thinks it's cute and chic. If a woman subscribes to Cosmopolitan or Playgirl, she's hip and liberated; but if a man even casually flips through a Penthouse, he's a "pig". When a woman goes topless or wriggles into a thong bikini, only dowdy old ladies complain; but if a man exposes himself, he is hauled off to jail. Men who want to volunteer as scout troop leaders or to teach grade school classes are looked on with suspicion of being child molesters, but women perform these roles with impunity. The clear implication is that men are sexual, women are not; women are pure, men are dirty beasts.

The modern incarnation of forbiddance is withheld sex, the sex of dishonest prostitution. It is a scourge which lacerates male society; it is the root cause of the escalation of sex crime. Rape is not an act of domination and violence, but a criminal short-cut out of frustration. Women rightly condemn rape, and, as always, blame men for its occurrence, but the truth is that every time a woman withholds sex, or tantalizes men with her body to get what she wants, or offers herself only to men with money, she is deliberately creating the conditions for her abuse. Rape is entirely a woman's fault. If a man can't afford to buy a woman-that is, date or get married what is he to do? If he is a criminal, he rapes; if he is an average guy, he rents an adult movie.

As it was in Victorian Europe, the modern pornography business is booming. A variety of magazines, sex phone lines, and especially home videos are abounding. Internet entrepreneurs are making a fortune with sex-oriented web sites. Obviously a need for such eroticism exists, and such a need does not occur in a vacuum. Pornography exists because women are withholding sex and selling their bodies to the highest bidder, and most men can't afford them. A generation of foolish women, cocooned in their "romantic" fantasies and in denial of their venality, desperately listening to the tick of their biological clocks until "Mr. Right" magically rings the doorbell, would rather stay home alone on Saturday night than "waste time" on a date with a man who earns an average income. They cling and wait while their flesh sags and wrinkles crackle their faces, still kidding themselves that their mummifying vaginas are still worth paying for. These aging whores fail to realize (or admit to themselves) that the men they desire know that they are quite able to buy women, and the women of their dreams are young and firm-fleshed and bursting with life.

When the "average" man is sneered at, and denied an outlet for his sexuality, the result is painful frustration. To men, sex is one of the great joys of being alive. But testosterone makes this a commandment rather than a choice. Pornography helps displace some of this inner tension-it bleeds off frustration. Adult movies portray women being sexual because they like it, because it feels good, not because a man has bought them dinner. No time is wasted in "romantic" head games. A man without adequate means cannot hope to court and win a woman, but for a rental fee he can interact, for an hour or two at least, with women normal and unrestrained about their sexuality. The sex may be two-dimensional, but it's honest, and the price is right.

Feminists rant that pornography objectifies and degrades women, but nothing could be further from the truth. Such an unenlightened interpretation only underscores their hysterical

agenda. Men's magazines and X-rated films glorify the female body. They celebrate women, not as abstract ideals, but as real people enjoying their sensuality. And this is precisely what the feminists can't stand, and why they have to screech so loudly against

pornography. When sex is forbidden, prostitution thrives-it is a gold mine for females. Natural lust and honest sexuality are virulent threats to the average woman, the dishonest whore. Feminists condemn pornography not because it dishonors women, but because, like rape, it is sex without charge.

"F" IS FOR FAILURE

Feminism is a failed social movement because it perverts nature. It fails to understand that men and women are intrinsically different, both physically and mentally. Warped by hate and greed, women are the sorriest kind of short-term thinkers. Like a spider spinning a web in a sealed tomb, they are oblivious to any reality wider than the scope of their self-focused egos and glandular "logic". Like spoiled brats, women demand privileges which, once granted, they come to expect as rights and always cry for more. The feminist movement is more characterized by overindulgent self-pity than heroics.

Feminism is a blueprint for deceit and despair, for a beleaguered present and a barren future. It rankles women to confront the truth about gender equity face to face: that equality means equality, and nothing less. You cannot have your cake and eat it, too. True equality means being slaughtered on the front lines; it means paying a fair share in dating and marriage; it means back-breaking hours at the office to earn a "man's salary". To compete for an equal paycheck a woman must have intelligence, drive, and ambition, not just a pair of breasts; to earn 20% more she must work 20% harder, as men have to do. All of this quarrels with the ease of traditional female whoredom. And so women blame men because now they are paying the price of the male worker: 60 or 70 soul-killing hours a week at a job which smothers them; interminable rush-hour commutes; jaw-clenching stress; ulcers and heart disease and early death; non-involvement in family life; divorce; and no time for "communicating". Suddenly women are opening their eyes and realizing that Lucy Ricardo and June Cleaver and Laura Petrie had the world literally by the balls-a little housekeeping and occasional sex for a life of comfort in the suburbs, spinning away the afternoons playing bridge or gossiping with the neighbors, while their husbands slaved at the office and worried about the bills.

But women were determined to make it in a "man's world". The feminists had brainwashed them and sold them a bill of goods. Their journey has led them on a circular path, like a dog chasing its own tail, from awareness to protest to victory to unvarnished reality. The fist clenched in righteous indignation of the early struggle has transformed itself into an accusatory finger shaking with rage. Women have found out-the hard way-that the "man's world" is hard work, and they don't like it a bit. "Liberation" has come to mean slogging home alone from a power-bitch job and falling asleep in front of the television set, just like their fathers did. Only now there's no one there to scream at them for more money or more attention. The jailers have become the jailed.

Slowly women are beginning to brush away the wool the feminists have pulled over their eyes. What women are looking for now is a way out of the prison their greed and self-indulgence has built for them. What they want is the cozy life their mothers led. They are tired of working and want to be taken care of again. You've come a long way, baby, only to arrive back at the starting point, but it's too late. By usurping men's jobs, by blatantly stealing men's money, by arrogantly abusing their sexual power, women have killed the goose that lays the golden eggs. Disgusted by female behavior, men are finally wising up.

A backlash is coming which will shake society to its foundations. The winners will be men, who will finally be free of the shackles of female domination. Women will be the losers, casualties in a senseless war they waged against nature itself.

MAN ON THE STREET

"A woman I was dating told me that women earn only 80% of what a man makes. So I told her fine, you can pay 80% of your half of the bills. She dumped me. I guess feminism is okay when the money's coming in, but not when it's going out."

"Women seem to think that men are intimidated by intelligent women. For what possible reason? Intelligence is what I'm always looking for in women. It makes for interesting conversations. But most of them want to go shopping instead of to the library."

"I saw this book, 10 Stupid Things Women Do To Mess Up Their Lives. That's a little short, isn't it? It should be an encyclopedia."

"We used to call it petting. Now they call it date rape. Women expect you to spend money on them, but no sex in return. If you touch them, they yell rape and sue you, and get even more money."

"Women have it so easy in this country. They can do anything they want and get away with it. Look at Tammy Faye Bakker. Wasn't she just as guilty as her husband? He goes to jail while she skates and has a great time. Or how about Loreena Bobbitt? She cuts her husband's dick off, and her only punishment is "psychological observation". If John Bobbitt had cut one of Loreena's breasts off, he'd be rotting in jail right now."

"I've gone out with several women who make more money than I do, and who are always going on and on about how they're getting screwed by men, and they jump on you if you call them a 'girl' instead of a 'woman', and all this feminist bullshit. But I'm always expected to pick up the check. If they're such great feminists, why don't they put their money where their mouth is?"

"The same broads who scream at men for reading Penthouse and watching X-rated movies will go to one of those male strip clubs and stuff dollar bills in some guy's jockstrap. How can they go through life being so hypocritical?"

"These feminists are a joke. They're just as greedy as the rest of them, but they don't have the looks to get a man."

"When a woman turns off sex and her boyfriend has an affair, she blames him. When she doesn't have the brains or the guts to make it in the business world, she says it's because men oppress her. When she stuffs her face with chocolate and junk food and gets fat and men don't want her anymore, it's because men are shallow. Nothing is ever her fault. Men are always to blame."

"No matter how liberated a woman is, if a man doesn't pay for a date, she'll dump him. But if she's so liberated, why shouldn't she expect to pay her half?"

"Let's hope we never have a woman president. She'd start a war with another country just because they have better clothes."

"When a man starts to make money, the first thing his wife does is quit her job. But when women get bucks, do you see men staying home?"

"Just tell me how women are oppressed. They can get anything they want from men. They rule the fucking planet!"

"Explain this to me. If a woman wears men's clothes, she's sexy. But if a man wears women's clothes, he's a pervert."

"Feminists say that God is a woman. I suppose this could explain why nature is so cruel. But you never hear them say that the devil is a woman. Well, I've got news for you. She is."

"I love women, but I resent most of their behavior."

"If women make only 70% or 80% of a man's salary, why don't companies just hire women? They'd be saving themselves a lot of money. Maybe because women are 20% or 30% less efficient?"

"Now all these bimbos are screaming sexual harassment, which really means that they're looking for money from a lawsuit. I think it's sexual harassment when they tease you and give you blue balls. Do you think I could sue for that? Good luck!"

"If you work 60 or 80 hours a week and pay the mortgage and keep food on the table, and you don't have a lot of time to spend with the kids, you're a terrible father. If you get divorced and your ex is bopping some new guy and won't let you come around to see your kids and so you don't want to just hand her a check, you're a deadbeat dad. If you start going to PTA meetings, or try to involve yourself in your children's activities, the women look at you like you're some kind of pervert. My ex refuses to honor my visitation rights with my kids, but she sure doesn't turn down my child support check. On top of that, I can't deduct the child support from my taxes, but she isn't taxed on it at all!"

"Women want it both ways, and at the same time they don't know what they want."

"Women blame men for being violent. But check out the stats. Most child abusers are women. The number of women who batter their husbands is also very high. And mental abuse God! But nobody talks about this. All you hear about are these poor, defenseless women being knocked around by asshole men. Poor and defenseless-what a joke!"

"Most women want to sit on their asses and do nothing all day, and get paid a lot of money. It's why they want to marry rich men."

"I hate working with women. They're indirect about everything, they can't make a decision, and they think with their emotions. There was a woman at our office who didn't know how to run a computer program, and instead of asking for help, she cried at her desk for two hours. Then she quit."

"Men and women belong together. Why don't they stop the bullshit and start acting like decent human beings!"

"Women don't want equality. They want dominance and control."

"Ever hear of a men's shelter? Women just want to be coddled."

"If you make a decision without consulting her, you're a sexist pig. But if she makes a decision without consulting you, she's a liberated woman."

"The problem with women is, they don't think for themselves. Some dyke feminist wacko goes on Oprah and tells them that men are bad, so men are bad."

"Women aren't victims. They're victimizers."

"Women think with their hormones, not with their brains. If you ask a man what time it is, he'll look at a clock and tell you. If you ask a woman, she'll start telling you about the pretty watch she saw in a store window."

"They're all saying now, 'I don't need a man. I earn my own money'. But do you see them reaching for the check? Do you see them stepping into the line of fire when there's danger? No, they just stand there and wait for a man to solve their problems. And then if you don't, they sneer, 'What ever happened to chivalry?'"

"I'll hold open a door for a woman and she'll scowl at me. I'll smile at a woman as I pass her on the street and she'll have this look on her face like I'm trying to rape her. This is just common courtesy. The feminists have got women's minds so fucked up that they can't even be pleasant people anymore. Next time I'll let the door slam in the broad's face-see if she likes that better."

"I wish women would treat me as a sex object."

"I heard a feminist slogan that says, 'What part of 'no' don't you understand?' That's easy-the part that means 'yes'."

"Women scorn men as violent, as hunters. But you don't see them turning down the meat."

"Women's biggest problem is growing up reading Cosmopolitan and all the other crap you see in the check-out line. Sometimes I'll read the covers of these things. It's, 'How To Find A Rich Man Who Isn't A Jerk' and 'How To Tell If Your Boyfriend Is Cheating On You'. Just unbelievable. No wonder they're so screwed up!"

"Women should be walking around with an IV alcohol drip all day. It might make them sane."

"If a woman lives off a man, she's a homemaker. If a man lives off a woman, he's a bum. Very sexist."

"If a man gets a promotion ahead of a woman, it's favoritism. But if she gets ahead of a man, it's equal opportunity."

"Have you seen these soft drink ads where the women cluster around a window to see the hunk take his shirt off? Turn that around. What if it were men staring at a woman? It would be like World War III with these feminists. But don't they realize that the women's ad is incredibly sexist?"

"What all women need is a good fucking."

CHAPTER FOUR

Whore-Ror Stories

When all of us were hanging out together at this nightclub, there was this squirrely little guy who used to come around. He was a really nice guy, so everybody liked him, but he was a total nerd. Dave was his name. He used to wear out of-date clothes, and his hair was always messed up, and he was so shy he could barely even say hi to a girl. Once in a while we'd try to get a girl to dance with him, but they'd always just laugh. Actually, they were pretty mean. They'd tease him, rub their tits against him, stuff like that. As I said, Dave was a nice guy, and I think he used to get very lonely and frustrated.

Then, out of the blue, he inherited over half a million dollars, and I swear, within a week, this guy had every beautiful woman in the place drooling over him, asking him to dance, giving him their phone numbers. They were just whores there's no other word for it. And poor Dave, he didn't get it. He didn't realize that all they cared about was getting their hands on his cash. He was like a wounded fish in a sea full of sharks. About six months later, he married one of these bimbos. We tried to warn him, but it was the first time in his life any woman had really paid any attention to him, so he bit.

She made him buy a Mercedes, and build her a house, and as soon as it was finished, she divorced him and cleaned him out. It's sad what women can get away with in this society, they should all be arrested for theft.

I was at a party and I noticed a woman across the room trying to catch my eye, so I smiled at her and she came over. We were talking for a little while, really hitting it off, so much so that I was feeling one of those weird connections that you so rarely get when you're in sync with somebody, like all of a sudden there's no one else in the room. And I could see that she was feeling it, too. She asked me what I did, and I told her, and then she asked me where I lived. I told her I was living in a really nice apartment complex about a mile away. She looked at me with this expression of total disgust and said, "You rent?". Then she turned her back on me and walked away.

This friend of mine was having no luck meeting women. He's a nice-looking guy, but as soon as they found out he wasn't rolling in cash, they'd be gone. So he decided to try the personal ads. He wanted to be very honest and exact about his requirements-for example, he's not overly hung up on looks, but he's extremely athletic, so he was looking for a woman who really enjoys working out. The responses came-I'm beautiful, I'm in great

shape, etc. But when he met them, not only were they physically unappealing, but 30 or 40 pounds overweight, and what qualified them as "being athletic" was that they walked two blocks to work every day. He got so frustrated and so discouraged, he finally asked one of them, "Why did you say you were beautiful and in shape?" And she told him, "Oh, because that's what men want to hear."

My friend Steve is pretty well loaded, so when he decided it was time to get married, he was already tired of all the gold diggers and users, and he was looking for a girl-next-door type who wanted to have a family. So he found Jenny, who was a librarian, and they'd have long, interesting talks together, and he found himself really liking her, so after a while, he popped the question.

So they got married, and the sex got real indifferent real fast. Jenny decided she was tired of the library, so she quit, and made Steve join a country club, so she would have something to do during the day. Then she wanted some plastic surgery done on her mouth. Then she told him that she wanted a bigger house, so they bought a lot and arranged to have one built. So he's running his own company and still trying to oversee the construction, and all of a sudden she's complaining that he's neglecting her because he's working too much.

Finally, they moved into the new house, decorated it with expensive furniture and a few months later Steve came home to find the BMW gone, the furniture gone, and several bank accounts cleaned out. Later, he got a phone call from Oregon. It was Jenny telling him that she was tired of him and she'd gone west to "find herself."

So much for the girl-next-door. So much for true love.

I was at a party and I started talking to a woman, and every other word out of her mouth was money, money, money. I like nice cars, I like to travel to nice places. Yawn. Another money bitch. So when she asked what I did, I told her I was unemployed. You should have seen the look on her face-it looked like I said I just raped your grandmother. Within a minute she was "going to the bathroom". Now, I am not unemployed. I'm vice president of a big computer company and do pretty well. About half an hour later, this woman is back, all coy and smiles. "You lied to me," she said. "I know who you work for." And then she asked me out. I told her, "Sorry, I don't date whores." And I got the look again. She didn't get it! What a bitch! I wasn't good enough to talk to when I didn't have a job, but as soon as she finds out I'm doing well, she wants to go out with me. Fuck her!

I know a woman who has absolutely nothing going for her. She's dumb, average-looking, doesn't keep herself in shape, can't hold down a five-dollar-an-hour job, and she's not even a nice person-she's basically a greedy bitch. And yet she is actively looking for a rich man to take care of her. She will not even talk to a man who has a blue-collar job, and she rates men by their clothes and by what kind of car they drive. What can she possibly be thinking? Why would any man with the brains or the talent to make the kind of money she wants even want to know her? She has nothing to offer.

Of course these men shun her like the plague. So whenever she gets desperate for male company or a free meal, she sticks out her tits and snares some sap who will be her "friend", which means that she will use him to drive her places and buy her food while she's waiting for a doctor to discover her.

What arrogance! Don't these people even have a conscience? They all think that men are there just to pay for them.

I started talking to a woman and within about five minutes she asked me what I did for a living. I told her I was a waiter, and she said, "Oh, forget it," and walked away.

We used to go this bar, and one of the guys in our group was Nick. Nick was a real party boy, but stupid-he'd spy a pretty girl and send a drink over to her, and of course she wouldn't even thank him. He had a good consulting job, but he would throw money around to attract women, and he got laid a lot, but pretty soon he was in the hole pretty deeply. So he borrowed some money and got out of that, and then he met this real knockout. They started going out and Nick, knowing that he had no choice but to buy her, started spending and spending, buying her jewelry and taking her on trips.

Then they got engaged. She wanted a new car, so he gave her money to help her with that, but it was just too much of a drain. They'd been living together and one night he confessed to her that he was over his head financially and they were going to have to cut back. He had made the fatal mistake of thinking that she was in love with him, instead of with his money. The next morning she was gone-car, diamond ring, everything she could take.

The next time I saw him, he looked crushed, like somebody had hit him over the head with a club. But part of it was his fault. He understood that you have to buy love, but he didn't realize that love only stays as long as the money holds out.

This guy I went to college with married the popular cheerleader-type girl, and he became pretty successful pretty quickly, and they had a couple of kids, and a house in the suburbs, the whole shot. Then he got hit by a car, and got banged up really badly. So badly that he had to quit work and recuperate for a long time. His wife divorced him immediately, wouldn't let the kids see him, and cleaned him out financially. When she heard about the accident, her first comment was, "Oh great. Now I'll never be able to get into the golf club."

Dave is probably the nicest guy I've ever met. He really wanted to get married, so he was looking around, and finally he got set up on a blind date with Anne. They hit it off and pretty soon they're talking about marriage. And she was just a sexual animal, anything he wanted, and she's telling him that a man and wife should pool their money and save for the future-all the things a guy wants to hear.

So finally they get married and take off for the honeymoon. But she won't have sex with him on the wedding night. He asks her what's going on and she tells him that she hates sex and she only did it with him before so he'd marry her. And for the rest of the trip, it's buy me this and buy me that. They move into an apartment, and every day she's screaming at him to make more money because she wants a house, and he works out a plan to put their paychecks together and start saving. Sorry, she says, you're the man, you're supposed to provide for everything. So he's paying his bills and her bills, and she's spending her money on clothes and gourmet food and going on ski trips with her girlfriends. And all the time she's ragging at him to get a better job.

So finally, he's so stressed out that he's having heart palpitations and the doctor gives him a prescription for medication, but he's so broke that he can't afford it. So he asks Anne for money for the medicine, and she says, "Sorry. That's your problem".

Women lie. Women use sex to get money from men. Women are spoiled brats. Women care only about themselves.

I know this guy who was killing himself on the job so his wife wouldn't have to work, and at the same time he was building a big addition on his house and putting in a pool-all by himself. She never lifted a finger. One day she told him that she was divorcing him because she was bored. She wound up getting the house and most of his cash, and he had to move in with his parents.

I had just started a small business, so money was tight. It was hell trying to get a date, because the first words out of every woman's mouth was, "Do you have a house?", or "What kind of car do you drive?". Potential to them was meaningless-all they cared about was what I was wearing on my back. That's when I learned that without cash, you do not get women. As soon as they found out I wasn't rolling in it, they were gone. Finally, I ran into a woman who seemed very nice and down-to-earth. I told her that I was just starting a business and she said, "Oh, I don't care about money-I've got my own money". Well, pretty soon I found out that she thought I was playing things down-that I had more money than I was letting on. She was even quizzing my friends about my finances! But I was telling her the truth. All of a sudden she stopped returning my phone calls, and later I found out that she had actually checked my credit report.

CHAPTER FIVE

What Women Can Do

An old fairy tale tells the story of a hapless woman who lived in misery and squalor in a wretched hovel. One day a wizard happened to be traveling past, and hearing the woman's moans of despair, took pity on her. With a wave of his magic wand, he transformed the hut into a pleasant cottage. The woman was overjoyed.

A few weeks went by and the wizard was once again passing along, and he decided to stop to see how the woman was faring. He found her complaining bitterly-the cottage was too small; it was drafty when the wind blew; and mice had gotten in. So the wizard waved his wand again and instantly changed the cottage into a house with a fireplace for warmth and a cat to chase away the rodents. Once again, the woman was delighted.

Some time went by and the wizard returned, only to find the woman grumbling and cursing. The house wasn't pretty enough; the fireplace was too hot; the cat demanded too much of her attention. So the wizard remodeled the house into a mansion, and again came back for a visit. The woman was still complaining-the place was too big, too hard to keep clean, and the servants were lazy.

So the wizard changed the mansion back into a hovel. The story is a metaphor for female behavior. Women always want what they don't have (or what some other woman has), and soon as they get it, they don't want it anymore. They want something better. And they expect a man to make it magically appear through no effort of their own. A hundred years ago, before the so-called "equal rights" movement, before women began to demand men's jobs, society was able to permit such a juvenile, self-serving philosophy. Men went off to work to put food on the table; women stayed home. But the world has changed. As this book has so clearly demonstrated, contemporary women want it both ways: they want to fulfill their potential, to make it in a "man's world", to have interesting careers and earn nice salaries, yet they still expect men to pay for them and take care of all their needs. But it just won't work that way anymore, girls. You think you still have it made, flirting with men to con free drinks, luring men with the promise of sex to take you to expensive restaurants, arrogantly counting on the power of your vaginas to secure a lifestyle you couldn't possibly afford yourself. You want to spend your money on clothes and pampering yourself at trendy salons, not on theater or plane tickets. Those you can fuck

for, and then pretend you haven't. Your natural female hubris blinds you into assuming that you will always be able to control men with your bodies.

But the tide is quickly-and inexorably-turning. As women demand more equality, male eyes are being opened. Men are beginning to ask for freedom from oppression as well, freedom from the tyranny of Pussy Power. Men are waking up and clearly seeing the dishonest sexual marketplace which women have created, and they aren't willing to put up with it anymore. So they are asking women where their money is, and they aren't backing down when women try to belittle them as "cheap". They are insisting on sharing dating expenses, even if sex is assumed, because lovemaking should be a shared pleasure, and courtship should not be a whore john relationship. If a woman insists that a man pay for her, then he expects her to fulfill her side of the contract.

Men and women are fundamentally different, and it is to their best advantage to meet each other somewhere in the middle. But it would not be too far-fetched to observe that women seem to view the gap between the genders as an unbridgeable chasm, carved out by a river of testosterone. So males will always be "pigs" and "jerks" and "dirty old men". If only they could become "sensitive" and metamorphize into women with penises! But this attitude is kept alive because women see sex as a tool, not as a natural act. Even though men are frustrated by women's hormonal thinking and parasitic ways, not one of them would ever dream of wanting a female to change her gender or to be anything less than a woman. Men view the gap between the sexes as akin to the invisible line which separates two countries-the language and customs may seem odd, but the inhabitants are still human beings sharing the same common desires and disappointments, hopes and fears. This point of view defines what men really want from women: that they be honest-about themselves, about their sexuality, about their relations with the opposite gender. This is what a man means when he says, "All I want is a nice girl who doesn't act like a cunt". What he really wants, in the end, is a woman who will be a friend as well as a lover, a woman in whom he can discover partnership and trust; not a self-centered bitch who cares only about how much money he has to spend on her.

This is why, when it comes to romance, women are slitting their own throats, because whoring is the greatest obstacle to true love. This is why the divorce rate is soaring in this country, and why men are traveling to Russia and the Philippines to look for brides, because they hope to find genuinely nice women there, not power cunts. This is why men and women have had such difficulties in relating to one another.

Male-female problems have spawned an entirely new industry of self-help and advice books, from the incurably inane "women who love too much" themes of the 1980's, to Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Venus, to The Rules (which is nothing but a primer on dishonest prostitution)⁴. Such efforts would be unnecessary if women would simply start acting like human beings. Women, if you are attracting abusive or uncaring men, this is entirely your fault. You are choosing these lovers, more than likely for monetary gain. If you want a fun, positive, healthy relationship, start looking for character, not cash. If you want money, earn your own.

It has been said that money doesn't change people, it reveals them, and when women depersonalize men into success objects, when they rate men (and accept or reject them as mates) according to their earning power, not only do they reveal their own pathetic shallowness, but they set themselves up to be objectified as well. If a woman judges a man by the thickness of his wallet, then she shouldn't be surprised if he rates her by the

size of her breasts. And if she acts like a whore, how can she be shocked when she's treated like one?

THE FEMALE TO DO LIST

Stop denying that you are whores.

Quit thinking with your vaginas. Learn that the world does not revolve around the crack between your legs. Refuse to rely on Pussy Power to scam drinks, meals, gifts, and vacations from men. Unless your intention is to honestly trade sex for money, when you go out on a date, bring your own funds and pay your own way.

⁴The existing titles are remarkably anti-male, underscoring the abuse men have to suffer at the hands of women: Men Who Can't Love, Female Sexual Slavery, 101 Lies Men Tell To Women, How To Meet Men As Smart As You, Coping With The Male Ego In The Workplace, and the like.

Begin to regard sex as the natural, pleasurable act that it is supposed to be. Quit using it as a bargaining chip in your devious game of male abuse.

Refuse to judge men only by the level of their income. There are plenty of nice, "average" men out there who will be able to adore you for the person you really are, if you can rid yourself of your mask of deceit.

Be honest with yourself. If you are going to sell your body, then do so with integrity.

There is nothing wrong with a good-looking woman prostituting herself to a wealthy man, as long as she doesn't deceive either herself or her partner-that is, as long as she realizes it's a business deal and she intends to keep her side of the bargain.

Stop blaming men for your problems and your failures. Learn to depend on yourself, not men.

Learn that men are not your enemies, but your allies, as long as you treat them fairly and with respect. Men naturally love women.

Realize that men are not mind readers. If you want communication, then communicate-don't cry or pout or scream and expect your partner to divine your thoughts telepathically (and brand him as insensitive when he can't). If you have a problem, discuss it.

Stop mentally abusing men. Don't willingly crush their egos and don't flaunt your bodies, then kick the poor suckers in the balls when they come too close. If you don't want the bull to charge, don't wave the red flag.

Learn to be givers, not takers. Stop acting like arrogant, selfish babies.

A cultural backlash is coming, gathering strength, like the suboceanic current which surges up into a tidal wave. A new "masculinism" is emerging, expressing itself in such groups as the Promise Keepers, the National Coalition of Free Men, the Men's Media Network, the Men's Defense Organization, and Internet Sites (Menweb, Backlash.Com), all evidence of the burgeoning frustration among American men, who are sick and tired of feminism's broad brush which condemns them all as sex fiends, "deadbeat dads", and insensitive morons. Fed up with the typical dishonest whore's gimmee-gimmee attitude, some men are staging wallet burnings to protest the female abuse of their roles as "success objects". Men are fed up with female greed, with dishonest prostitution. They are at the breaking point because women simply don't know when to stop. The feminist manifesto has pushed too far: "political correctness" wears mightily thin when little boys are nailed to pink crosses for innocently kissing female classmates; "first wives", bitter

because their sexual commodity is old and worn out, take revenge on their ex-husbands (whose wealth they seduced when they were young and pretty) because they have been dumped for younger whores; a female judge instructs a young woman (who was appearing in court for "misusing" a credit card) to sit provocatively at a bus stop in a short skirt, because "men are easy" and will give her money (and if that fails she should position herself at a medical school to pick up a young doctor). And the media keep churning out books and articles and movies-of-the-week which portray women as angelic victims and men as depraved scum.

So-called "feminists" thrive on stories of the "tragic" women who have slaved to put their boyfriends or husbands through medical or law school, only to be dumped once the education is complete. What cruel, heartless, callous bastards men are! But such scenarios conveniently ignore the history of the female gender, which has been living off male industry for centuries. These hypocritical "equal righters" don't blink an eye when a man finances a woman's education. No allusion is made to the sole selection of men who are pursuing fast-track careers, and so by abetting their husbands' eventual success, these women are making a predatory investment in their personal futures. The "first wives" are too rapacious and self-absorbed to understand that if only they had acted as nice people, perhaps their husbands would have had no reason to get rid of them in the first place. They would have actually enjoyed their company.

Women will always want more and more and more, but now men are no longer willing to give it to them for doing nothing. In relationships, men are now demanding equal pay, and are wising up that they shouldn't have to shell out hard-earned dollars for female company.

Women, because of your greed, the wizard is coming back for the last time, and he's not just going to change your mansion back into a hovel, he's going to raze it to its foundations.

CHAPTER SIX

What Men Can Do

Someone once compared the male brain to a series of interlocking rooms, whose doors open easily and link one interior to the next; while the mind of a woman is like an enormous cavern, where thoughts and feelings flit around and carom off one another in a chaos of haphazard patterns. This is the difference between logic and emotion. Male logic builds cities and dreams up inventions-it gets things done. But a man's intellect is always a slave to his sex drive. A surge of testosterone can leave even a genius an emotional cripple. This is the tragic flaw which has ruined lives and emptied bank accounts, because men always live at the mercy of female sexual power.

It is absolutely vital that men learn to triumph over the domination of their natural urges. As hard as this may be and it will be the most difficult test ever put to any man-it is the only way to break the back of female sexual tyranny. Women innately understand how to use men, how to bully them into becoming crawling pawns who will do anything, pay anything for the chance to touch their bodies. A woman's sole reason for existence, and the source of her power and self-esteem, is between her legs.

Men, the only way to reclaim your manhood and to vanquish female oppression forever is to stop paying for pussy. Now. You don't need to go to Mars or Venus or look for wives overseas; you don't need to learn to "communicate"; you don't need to run naked through the woods banging on a drum. All of this is just pandering to women, and granting them more power over your thinking, because you are still playing the game by their rules. If you truly want women to act like normal human beings, if you want to participate in decent, honest relationships, or if you want to once again enjoy being in the company of females, just stop groveling before them. Your obedience is their power base, and once the power base is destroyed, so will their arrogance and greed.

THE MALE TO DO LIST

Immediately stop buying women drinks and picking up the check. "Drink whores" abound everywhere. Not only does such behavior set the stage for a dishonest whore john relationship, but it also patronizes the imperious attitudes of women. Men, you have to truly understand how cold and calculating women are, how they count on you to be chumps, and how expert they are at manipulating you. If only you could see the gluttoned

smile of triumph each time they know they've gotten away with it once again! Never forget, a woman always appraises dating and marriage as business deals, and such an attitude does not deserve encouragement or support.

When you go on a date, insist that your partner pay her fair share, even if sex is assured. This is true equal rights. You are taking the time and effort to make love to her, so why shouldn't she pay for it, just like you have to? Even though a woman will use every trick she knows to force you to back down-she will call you "cheap", or tell you that you have no class, or try to belittle you by implying that you don't make enough money, or simply pout like a child and not talk to you-it is imperative that you stand your ground. You should feel no hesitation or remorse at taking this vital step toward personal male freedom. After all, you have been conned into funding women's good time ever since you started dating; you've been taught that fulfilling their needs over yours is what a "gentleman" does. You have been brainwashed well by women, whose interests you serve. Isn't it time you started getting paid back?

Yes, you will be denied sex-there's no getting around this. The very second you expose a woman's con or refuse to bow down to her Pussy Power, she will fly into a rage. The absolute worst thing that can happen to a woman is the loss of her ability to control a man's pocketbook. So when you stop dancing to her tune, you will be cut off. But don't worry, this can only last for the short term, because when women are forced to act like normal human beings, they will realize that they need men as much as men need them, and that is the road to relationships based on friendship and trust.

Don't fall victim to female "romance" games. There is nothing wrong with real romance at the proper place and time, but in the initial stages of courtship, a woman uses "romance" to control you and to convince herself that she's not a whore.

Stand up and be a man. Put your foot down. It's time to start playing hardball, if you ever want to enjoy a positive relationship. Refuse to be "politically correct". Stop cowering at trumped-up charges of "sexual harassment". Fight back. Don't allow yourself to be emasculated by the abuse of Pussy Power, which is true sexual harassment. The flip side of tyranny is servitude, and no real man kneels down like a cringing serf, catering to female whims. A real man serves nothing but independence, dignity, and pride; he does not flinch like a beaten dog when he sniffs the scent of a woman's vagina.

Take no bullshit from women. Moodiness, bitchiness, brattiness, and harping criticism are not to be tolerated. When she has PMS or a headache or a bad day, you are supposed to bend over backwards to cater to every nuance of her behavior as if the fate of the world depends upon it; but when you're sick or in a lousy mood, you're a "baby" or "unable to communicate". Many times women will nag and demand, testing you to see "what kind of man you are", and if you give in to them, you will be judged a weakling. This is pathological behavior. If a woman treats you like this, tell her to clean up her act or get some professional help. If she doesn't return a phone call, or breaks a date, she is again playing sick games (assuming she's interested in you), and the same reasoning applies.

Start thinking of yourself for a change, instead of organizing your life around the support or maintenance of a woman. When you underwrite a woman's life, you free her to pursue self-fulfilling interests (even if they are shallow). Shouldn't you give yourself the same

chance? What sort of career path would you follow if you could escape the yoke of female greed, if you weren't forced to slave at a job you hate in order to earn enough to afford women?

Make it a priority not to buy any product advertised with an anti-male bias. These commercials are appearing with a greater frequency, as corporations pander to the female dollar. They are unmitigatingly sexist. Examples would include women drooling over shirtless hunks, small penis compensation references, ladies' nights at bars and sporting events (there are no compensating men's nights), and insinuations of male "stupidity" and "inability to make a commitment". Write or call these companies and explain to them that you won't buy any of their products until they stop the offending advertising.

Beware of the psychologically damaged-those who have let themselves be so hurt by men that they will never allow anyone to get close to their emotions again. The truth is, they have made bad choices (usually for money), and blame all men for their own culpability. Any woman who wants to be "friends first" or who is a professional virgin is psychologically crippled and in dire need of therapy. These women have profound problems with their relationships with men and are expert manipulators and ballbusters. Stay far away from them.

Constantly monitor your thinking. Women are an incredibly powerful lure, and it's very easy to slip into the mindset of "Well, that's just the way things have always been" when a pretty girl walks by. Hold your ground. Don't be a volunteer victim.

Support and encourage true feminism, which promotes personal growth and positive communication between the sexes. True feminists are open-minded women, more interested in egalitarian discussion than in shouting at you and pointing out your supposed faults.

Never let women intimidate or demean you for appreciating the female body. Lust is a very normal and healthy biological function. Nature has designed protruberant breasts and soft curves so that you will notice them. It is in a woman's best interests to teach you to think that sex is dirty or sinful, or that pornography is degrading to women (it most certainly is not).

Participate fully in the coming backlash. The founders of our nation championed the slogan "no taxation without representation", and you cannot any longer pay tribute those who abuse and take advantage of you. By continuing to manipulate men while still reaping the rewards of equal rights, women have abrogated their rights to easy privilege. Misandry is rampant and insidious in the American culture.

Women hold the whip hand, and a bloody whip it is. Even though men are living in a world which women have created, they don't have to end up as obedient martyrs of female abuse. The backlash-more like a revolution-is coming, and it's coming fast. The time for liberation is here, and the time has come for all men to fight back, to reclaim their humanity, to assert their well-earned right to equality. For women, the price of this

parity will be having to pay for their own dinners, and having to offer sex gladly without compensation, but for both genders, the aftermath will be genuine intimacy and the possibility for true love. It will not be the case of the mouse lying down with the cat with one eye open, but the birth of an entirely new attitude, and the ushering in of a new age of harmony and respect.

CHAPTER SEVEN

A Few Words

Esther Vilar concluded *The Manipulated Man* with this observation: "Only woman can break the vicious cycle of (her) manipulation and exploitation (of man)-but she will not do it. There is absolutely no compelling reason why she should. It is useless to appeal to her feelings, for she is callous and knows no pity. And so the world will go on, sinking deeper and deeper into this morass of ... inanity called femininity. And man, the wonderful dreamer, will never waken from his dream".

On this point Vilar was wrong, because no one is able to see into the future. She could not have predicted that a smarter, more independent generation of men would be born, who would grow disgusted with the mercenary hypocrisy of the female way of life; that these men would begin to inquire about a woman's financial worth before agreeing to date her; that they would refuse to be held up for sex; that they would cast aside their illusions and never marry without a signed pre-nuptial contract; that, indeed, they are "wakening from their dream".

She could easily have foreseen, however, that women have been sticking to their fraudulent and venal dogmas like flies on flypaper, still clinging to their greed and duplicity, still too self-absorbed to notice that anything is wrong.

Women are takers, not givers. It cannot fall to such treacherous beings to break the vicious circle of manipulation and exploitation, but to men, the natural leaders and ground

breakers. Only their strength and intelligence and sense of fair play can offer any hope of salvation to the dishonest whoredom of the female gender.

A Lexicon

What She Says

What She Really Means

I want a man who's a good provider.

I want to be spared from the necessity of having to work for a living and to have a lifestyle I can't afford on my own.

I really like sex.

Until he slips the ring on my finger.

I really like giving blowjobs. Ditto

I like older men.

They have more money, are less sexually demanding, and if I marry one, he could kick off soon enough for me to have fun with his cash.

I want to be able to stay at home and take care of the children.

Talking on the phone with my girlfriends while I keep an eye on the kids sounds a hell of a lot easier than slaving 8 hours a day at an office. Pretty soon I'll be able to pressure my husband into paying for a nanny and a maid, and I'll never have to lift a finger again.

I like you as a friend. dating you.

Your income isn't large enough for me to waste my time

I never sleep with a man on the first date.

Ditto

I always pay my own way.

Ditto

You're a jerk!

My Pussy Power isn't working on you.

Politically Correct

Pussy Whipped

You're a gentleman.

He's a truly brainwashed sucker who will pay for everything and won't ask for sex.

I love you. You're sexually harassing . me	You're an excellent workhorse I want to be able to freely use my sexuality to get ahead in life, but I don't want to be accountable for my actions.
I'm being discriminated against	I don't have talent, skills, or training to get a better position, but I want to be promoted anyway, and be paid "as much as a man".
Men are "pigs".	I have learned to lie to myself about my sexual desires, and prostitute them, and scorn men because they don't.
Men think with their dicks.	Ditto
I want a man with "class", who will treat me "like a lady".	He will spend money without reservation or hesitation for my pleasure, and will demand nothing in return
Men can't communicate. on me, me, me.	They aren't able to read my mind, and they aren't focusing
Dating.	Legalised prostitution.
Marriage.	Ditto.
I believe in equal rights.	As long as standards are lowered; as long as I can still use my sexuality to get ahead; as long as I can earn an equal salary but still expect a man to pay for me; as long as I can attend male-only schools and join male-only clubs, but still subscribe to institutions which discriminate against men; and as long as I am not susceptible to draft or combat.

Newspapers from around the country.

Sommers, Christina Hoff. *Who Stole Feminism?*. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1994.

Selected Bibliography

Ackerman, Diane. *A Natural History of Love*. New York: Random House, 1994.

Buss, David M. *The Evolution of Desire*. New York: Basic Books, 1994.

Close, Ellis. *A Man's World*. New York: Harper Collins, 1998.

Farrell, Wayne. *The Myth of Male Power*. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1993.

Friedan, Betty. *The Feminine Mystique*. New York: W W. Norton, 1997.

Gurian, Michael. *The Wonder of Boys*. New York: Putnam, 1996.

Harris, Marvin. *Cannibals and Kings*. New York: Vintage Books, 1977.

Cows, Pigs, Wars and Witches. New York: Vintage Books, 1975.

Our Kind. New York: Harper and Row, 1989.

Kimmel, Michael. *Manhood in America*. New York: The Free Press, 1996.

Kipnis, Aaron, Herron, Elizabeth. *What Women and Men Really Want*. Novato, CA: Nataras Publishing, 1995.

Newspapers from around the country.

Sommers, Christina Hoff. *Who Stole Feminism?*. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1994.