

TRYING TO MAKE SENSE OF WOMEN WHO LOVE BAD BOYS

THE NIGHT I GOT OUT OF PRISON, some friends took me to a hipster-thronged Portland bar for dinner. After having spent more than two years alongside violently muscular convicts, the first thing I noticed in this smoky little tavern was how pathetically inadequate all the males looked: slump-shouldered, brown-sweater-wearing, bespectacled alterna-ferrets with tousled hair and not a whisper of Butch about them. It was as if the ladies—all of whom seemed strong and confident by comparison—had siphoned all the testosterone from the boys like sipping banana daiquiris with a straw.

Let's be succinct and say my crime involved a woman who tried to break my spirit but could not. More specifically, my crime may be fairly depicted as particularly hostile to all women, since they all seem to take these sort of things personally: I had hit my girlfriend back. I hit her back hard. My crime had been widely publicized in the area, as well as my unflinching stance that I felt not a speck of remorse. When anyone, male or female, systematically tries to destroy you, I see nothing wrong with punching them in the face—especially when they punched you first.

When I was ejected from the prison gates like an overdue abortion, I wondered whether I'd ever get laid again. What I'm about to tell you will sound like hollow, delusional bravado to the phalanxes of pussy-flogged limp-dicks and eternally PMSing rat-snatches who clog our freeways and supermarkets, but a few wise souls out there will sense I'm speaking the truth: I NEVER GOT SO MUCH PUSSY IN MY LIFE. And every one of the women attached to those pussies was aware of my crime. I was 37 when I went to prison. In the meager six years since being sprung loose, I've had at least FOUR TIMES as many women than I did in my ENTIRE LIFE before incarceration. Removing my first 18 virginal years from the equation, I've been sampling new gash at a rate nearly 13 TIMES the pace I'd set before I was arrested. If, just for fun, you were to include my early life, the rate skyrockets to 2200%. It's as if I'm a member of KISS on tour.

At more than twice the age of what's presumably my sexual peak, I'm more appealing to women than ever. My newfound pheromonal pull was surprising and a bit disturbing: The worse my public image, the more pussy I got.

On the face of it, this makes no sense. I am known, perhaps primarily, as a misogynist. In a sensible world that doesn't spin backwards on an upside-down axis, most women should have fled from me. Quite the contrary, oh, my little sponge cake: The girls, as Flavor Flav once said, were "on my jock like ants on candy." I certainly wasn't young, so I must infer that the reasons for this startling turnabout are psychological. I will speculate about why this is. I may be entirely wrong, but speculate I must. Unlike most women I've met, I'll allow the possibility that I'm wrong.

MORE THAN 20 YEARS AGO as I was earning an ultimately worthless journalism degree, I'd been dating a girl who was a distant cousin of William Shatner's, and, unfortunately, she looked a bit like him. I was a young, dumb, predictably liberal college boy who had tried my best to be a sensitive—dare I say it, *feminist*—male. But despite my attempts to please, appease, wheedle, and cajole this less-than-fair maiden, she grew bitchier with me at every turn.

Upon graduation, we embarked upon what was supposed to be a six-week European vacation, but our ceaseless bickering led to a split-up only three days into the trip. In that bygone era before cell phones and the Internet, she was somehow able to track me down at a youth hostel in Berlin three weeks later. Annoyed to the point where I decided not to be a nice boy anymore, I acted like a dick to her over the first day of our reunion. To my surprise, the meaner I behaved, the nicer she became. The less I acted as if I needed her, the more she seemed to need me. By that point our union had run its course, but as I left alone on a train headed for London, I'll always remember the look of loss and abandonment on her face as she stood on the platform and realized she'd bitched me out of her life.

I kept that lesson in my pocket and have whipped it out when needed—which was often—ever since. It was not a principle I wanted to be true, but it works with almost scientific precision. I wish the world operated along some half-baked principle of fairness—when you're nice to people, they're nice to you. Reciprocity is a wonderful concept, but it's only applicable in a severe minority of cases.

Everyone else is busy playing hunter and hunted. Against my better wishes, I discovered that romantic relationships are like a balloon in that one side swells up when the other gets squeezed. From then on, I decided not to get squeezed.

That is not a popular stance for men these days, although, as noted, it works wonders. These idiot guys who make googly eyes at women and fall all over themselves trying to make them happy are the same ones who will *never* make them happy. On a deep, immutable level, many women realize how nonsensical their gender can be. Women disdain men who worship them because they realize how acutely silly that is. In world history, has a woman ever lubricated after being called a goddess? I doubt it, but I'll bet you a few ladies have lathered after being told to shut the fuck up. Submissiveness is not sexually appealing in anyone regardless of their gender, but I must say it wears better on women.

And yet, desperate for pussy and horrified of being called bad names, most men will eat shit until their guts burst. Throughout

my life, I've observed that female partners in marital or otherwise long-term unions tend to view it as their birthright to degrade, harass, and insult their men in ways which would automatically bring out the Abuse Police if a man were acting similarly.

For all we hear about evil, "controlling" men, my lifelong observation has been that it's the *ladies* who seek to control and dictate their partners' actions, while the guys bumblingly seek to appease them or at least get out of their way.

Around the time of my horrible, horrible divorce, wifey-poo kept mentioning some study that had just been released claiming that the relationships which lasted were those in which the men obeyed the women. But although I've sampled dozens and dozens of vaginas in my life, I never found one which was so enchanting that I desired to act like an obsequious slave-boy around it.

How you guys put up with their endless whining and teardrops and hypocrisy and recriminations is beyond my ability to grasp. Who the fuck wants to hear her cackle and squawk forever? Not I—nay, not I. The joke is sadly true: Men die younger than women because they *want* to.

Granted, there exist rare relationships where both partners seem mutually respectful. But I don't believe these constitute anywhere near a majority. As in most human interactions, it's a power struggle, and the men generally seem to concede power to the women. But riddle me this: How many wives seem genuinely *hot* for their husbands? Not many, right? They insist on taming their partner, but once this is accomplished, they resent them for it. Once the pretty male butterfly is trapped under glass, he loses his beauty.

Women speak with forked tongue about what they want. The hole in their mouth says one thing, while the one between their legs says quite another. They may want a good boy for money and protection, but they want a bad boy to fuck them. I'd never say that women want men to beat or murder them, but many of them seem to find the *potential* highly arousing. They at least want to know

there's a little bit of animal left in you—a lot of animal, even better.

When nature designed genitals, it was clear which gender was supposed to be the active partner and which the passive—which one was supposed to do the fucking and which was supposed to get fucked. It's solid v. liquid. Hard cock/wet pussy. Plug and socket. All the misguided human-sexuality classes in the world won't alter this basic evolutionary fact. When that rare man strolls by in lockstep with nature, the women flock to him.

So although I've adopted a hardass stance for most of my adult life, getting out of prison seemed to be the icing on the cock.

Here, as Travis Bickle said, was a man who would take no more.

And in response, the women took numbers and stood in line.

Poor deluded dolls—they all think they're the ones who will change me. I'm a "challenge" for them. No matter how honest and explicit I am about my intentions, I've never found a woman who doesn't feel she has the Lucky Charms that will make me hers forever. So it's an inherently unstable game I play. Once they realize they may never capture their prey, they get nasty. That's when I leave.

I am lucky to live in a time when vaginas are in ample supply. There is no Vagina Famine. There are more holes out

there to fill than you could possibly conceive. You could start counting right now from the number one and keep counting your entire life, and you'd drop dead before you put a dent in three billion. Genitals are replaceable, but you'll find it's nigh impossible to replace your dignity once you've given it away so cheaply.

I tote around a set of balls that, if swung properly, could demolish buildings. I shave my balls just so you can see how big they are. In the war between the sexes, most men surrender without a fight. But I won't be taken alive. They might kill me, but until that point, they'll never tame me. I'll give them all the inches I have, but otherwise I won't give an inch. I'll stick it to them hard and good and long, but I won't stick *with* them. Their one and only prayer is that someday I'll care, but I won't. And that's why they want me.

