

# COUNTER-ADVICE FROM THE THIRD SEX

To explain the title: I consider straight males to be the third sex now, a kind of “and other”. The first sex is of course **WOMAN**. All caps and in giant font, to indicate her incredible importance in all fields, known and unknown. The second sex is now gays, trannies, questioning, etc., who are monumentally fascinating at all times to all people, no matter what they may be doing. And in a distant third is the straight man, who has had his time and is now superfluous in every way. The only way for him to become relevant is to join the second sex. Or become a banker. Short of that, his words are only leaves in the westwind, blowing coldly along the ground.

But to get to it. As expected, my claim in my last paper to never having been seduced has caused a reaction from some of my female readers. So I am here to clarify that for the history books.

Many can't believe it, but I stand by it. I don't feel like I am required to tell stories here (though I am about to), since in context the claim was meant as a generalization. I used it as support for my thesis-in-passing that what we see on TV and film and what we experience in real life is utterly at odds in regards to the aggressiveness and initiative of women in the romantic arena. On the big and little screens, we see *extremely* attractive women flirting with men and seducing them. If we were to believe Hollywood, we would think 50% of the time or more, women were taking the initiative. In my experience, that number should be about 1% or less. With women as attractive as Hollywood stars, the number would be even smaller, approaching zero.

Again, that is just my experience. It holds for the people I hung out with and the places I went. I am not claiming it holds across the board, since I have no data across the board. I only have my experience. You know what I have looked like through the years if you have seen my personal photo page. I am white and middle-class. I did not hang out in trashy dives or in posh exclusive clubs, so I don't know what goes on there. I went to popular bars and restaurants in Austin, for the most part. I also spent several years single in Amherst and Bruges. I have been single in Taos for several years. I have been of dating age for about 38 years, although I was married for almost six of those years. However, while I was married someone could have still tried to seduce me. They didn't. Yes, one woman was interested in me in those years that I knew of, but she didn't seduce me. Another one or two asked about me, and I heard about it through the grapevine, but those weren't seductions either.

Before we go any further, let me say that I am using the word “seduction” as it was used in the Byron quote in the previous paper. There, Don Juan was allegedly *seduced* by women he had just met. In that sense, a seduction is an enticing of someone to do something they hadn't already planned to do. It is a convincing of someone by sexual means. If all you mean by seduction is taking the lead in sex games, then of course I have been seduced. My wife or girlfriends have often done “seductive” things to me, in a very loose sense, but seeing that we were already lovers and already doing the things being done, no real convincing was involved. When I think of a seduction—as when *I* was the seducer—I think of a fair amount of work and time and charm involved, convincing a woman to do what she may have not planned to do, may have not done before, or may have just said she had some fear of doing. It may have involved a complete change of mind or a complete overcoming of inhibitions.

I will be told that by that definition, it would be impossible to seduce a guy, since he is already hoping to do anything that can be done. What guy needs convincing of anything? And although there may be some truth to that, if I were to admit I had been seduced, I would want the woman to have done some real amount of work, or to have done something clever, or at least something charming. Although a wink or a smile may be seductive, they do not by themselves make a seduction. Neither does someone giving me her phone number. Seduction implies some skill, some effort, and some ingenuity. Guys have to exhibit these skills to claim a seduction, and so should women. I have witnessed these things in novels and in movies, but never in real life. I have never had a strange woman come up to me and charm me into her bed. Not once, not even close. Not even the poor attempt at such.

You will say that by those high standards, I cannot claim a seduction myself. There you would be wrong. I won't say I ever had to hypnotize the unwilling, but I did do a mountain of convincing.

But let's go back to the beginning. My first major relationship was about as close as I came to getting seduced. I was 17 and got invited to a graduation party by a girl in my English class. She didn't seduce me during the party or even pay much attention to me, but the invitation gave me the courage to ask her out later. So it is sort of a toss-up who made that happen. However, she did crawl into my lap on the second date, so we have to give her full credit there. But that was the first and last time a girl was more aggressive than me, and she later became a lesbian. Make of it what you will.

I have a good memory, and I am trying to remember all the times when girls or women flirted. It isn't hard to remember most of them, because it was so rare. It sticks in one's mind. A pretty German girl winked at me when I was 19 and riding my bike through Europe. She was about 16. But when I went over to her and asked her to do something, she begged off. So it was just a game.

A couple of years later, a girl in one of my classes asked me to go get coffee. I had just broken up with one of her friends. I think I made the first moves sexually, but she did make it happen.

I remember two incidents at the same bar in Austin. It was where I went to play trivia. They had those electronic boxes where you played nationally. The scores are posted as you play, and I was working on a perfect score when a beautiful blonde sat down in my lap. I had to finish the game reaching around her. When I finished, she said "Wow, you're for real, aren't you?" But she was just toying with me, because she then went and sat back down with her boyfriend—some frat-looking guy who was scowling at us. Another time a guy came up to me and said his sister wanted to meet me. I looked over and she smiled at me, but I don't really consider that a seduction. She had to get her brother to make the hit. I wasn't interested so nobody got seduced.

We then have to move ahead many years, past thousands of nights without a seduction (on the part of any woman) or even the slightest hint of flirting. I had a photo posted at an online dating site, and a woman responded. She took the initiative and drove down to meet me, so she gets full credit for that. She made it happen. However, she did not seduce me. Once she got to my house, I seduced her. I made all the moves, as I think she would admit.

A couple of years later, a woman at a private party in Austin took an interest in me and tried to invite herself to Taos. Although I wouldn't call that a seduction, I would say she took the initiative. She was late 40ish, divorced, with children, so it was time to be bold, I guess. I don't hold it against her. In fact, I hold it *for* her. Although I wasn't interested, I think she did the right thing.

There may be a couple of other minor flirts I can't remember, but that is about it. That is 38 years

worth of female initiative. In the same time period, I probably flirted with, hit on, or seduced 500 women or more. If we include wistful stares, unreturned, I could easily take that number above 1000. I am not claiming to have slept with 500 women, take note. Of those three categories, the last is the smallest. I hit on far more women than I seduced, and I admit it. For the most part, the sort of woman I was most interested in was also the most difficult to seduce. And of all the women I hit on, most annoyed me so thoroughly in the first hour, I wouldn't have seduced them for a bag of money.

In my opinion, it has been way too damn difficult, and the problem in the past 30 years hasn't been caused by men. Until recently at least, men were still out there giving it the old college try. I say "until recently" because I do see some signs of men giving up at last. In the past decade I have seen men of all ages saying it is just too much of a nightmare, and throwing in the towel. But up until about 2005, we were still all-in. And most men are still out there giving it a go, for all the good it does them.

But let's go back to, say, 1997, when I was going out almost every night, expending huge amounts of energy on the chase. I was in Austin, supposedly one of the best places in the country for singles. So why was it so difficult? Well, I admit, if I had just been trying to score, I could have done quite well. I knew guys who "did quite well", but I wasn't interested in that. I wasn't just looking to get laid, I was looking for a girlfriend—someone I really liked. So the women I was eyeballing weren't the easy ones. I wasn't taking whatever was available. I was staring wistfully at the prettiest, brainiest looking ones, and—let me tell you—they were in a deep funk in that decade. They still are.

I haven't figured it all out to this day, obviously, but it seems to me that their idea of "looking for a guy" consisted solely in getting dressed up and going out. The "seduction" began and ended with just sitting there looking good. If you can call that a seduction, then they seduced the hell out of me. Because they did look good. Oh my god, did they look good. Problem is, they never looked up. They avoided eye contact with any and all males, as if we were all lepers or hunchbacks. These women have an uncanny knack for making you feel like you don't exist at all. You begin patting yourself down to be sure you haven't disappeared into a parallel dimension.

But I got to the point where I just ignored that. I realized that was just how they were. It was a girl thing. Most of the day they have to exist with all blocks up, to keep guys off, and when they go out at night they have trouble dropping those blocks. They can't switch gears, much less flirt. So if I thought they were my type, I hit on them anyway. But that didn't work, either. Usually, they treat you as if you are trying to sell them insurance or something. They look at you like every word from your mouth is a scam. They immediately dig a deep hole and lower you into it, then look down to see if you can crawl your way out of it.

I have to admit I always took that poorly. I wasn't doing that to them, so I didn't understand why they were doing it to me. Why not just assume I was a beautiful person, until I showed I wasn't? That is how I treated them. You will say it was because they had had some bad experiences. But so had I. I could have made the same excuse for assuming they were messed up beyond repair, but I didn't. Even when there was early evidence of that, I ignored it, because I didn't want it to be true. I wanted it to work, and tried to make it work.

To give you an example, more than one woman I had a relationship with told me outright in the early stages that there was something wrong with her. She couldn't vocalize what that was, and I didn't see absolute proof of it, so I focused on her good qualities—which she did have. I just figured she had low self-esteem due to a pushy father or mother or something, or that her last boyfriend had told her she was bad. But each woman ended up convincing me there *was* something wrong with her. In one case

it took several years and some very strange stuff, but eventually I saw things her way.

The point of that story is that I needed a lot of convincing she wasn't a beautiful person. While the women I tended to meet needed a lot of convincing from the first moment that I was not a creep. Although I gave them no indication I was a creep, they assumed it as matter of politics.

The women who “had something wrong with them” never could believe I was really a good guy. I never gave them any reason to believe I was bad, and lots of reasons to believe I was good, but they never could go with the idea. Maybe they wanted me to be bad, so we could be messed up together?

Anyway, the point of this is that women give themselves way too much credit in this arena. While Hollywood would have you think that women are out there making it happen, the only thing they are making happen is a trainwreck. If that isn't happening in your circle, count yourself lucky, but it is happening in mine. In my sphere there has been a total meltdown, one that gets worse every year. And, as I have said in my papers, it doesn't look like any accident to me. Every day for at least 40 years we have seen evidence that the media and government aren't trying to ameliorate this problem, but to accelerate it. The battle of the sexes has been pushed furiously at least since the time of Billie Jean King, and brainy women have been the primary targets of this push. They are the ones that have taken it most seriously. This is why I say it has affected my sphere more than others. I can't tell you how many times my date has started a fight with me for no apparent reason, other than the thrill of the argument. However, the argument never turned out to be as thrilling as she thought it would be, since the thrill was to be in the winning. She had been led to believe that any male was an easy score, and when she had failed to pin me, she had cried foul. No male could win an argument except by fouling, right?

I know what you will say, if you are a certain sort of woman. You will say I am a tyrant. With no evidence to support you, you will assume I am a bear to live with. You will say I probably attack my lovers like I attack my enemies in art or science in these papers. But the fact is, I don't. Day to day, I *am* a bear: a teddybear. I have enough of fighting in my papers, and I have no desire to fight with my lover. In my house, I try to create a lovely existence, and I do. My cats do nothing but purr all day long, as they feed off the vibe I have created; and my lover would do the same, if I could find one that didn't “have something wrong with her”.

Here in Taos, I have had absolutely no luck doing that. It is so bleak here, it beggars description. I would move, but that I know it is just as bad everywhere else. It was just as bad in Bruges and in Amherst. No doubt there is more going on in Austin or Denver, but that just means the nightmares are bigger and longer there. I have been there and done that.

So, when I read that Don Juan was not a seducer of women but one easily seduced by women, I know better. My first lover predicted I would someday *be* a Don Juan or a Casanova, and some—looking at my paintings—may assume I was. Having been in the thick of things, I know that to have become a Don Juan, I would not have been able to sit back and wait to be seduced. Instead, I should have lowered my standards a couple of notches, taken what was available, and been happy with the quick conquest. Maybe in another time and place, I could have been a Don Juan, but not here and now. If I were ever going to seduce a series of women, they would all have to be well-bred and sophisticated (or at least gorgeous and very quiet). I have had a hard enough time meeting just one who fits that description, much less a series. I am no longer sure such people ever existed, male or female. We are assured they once did, but we have been assured of a lot of things that were never true. You will say I just ran in the wrong crowds. If I had been to the manor born, I would have met well-bred ladies all

over the place. Maybe, but I seriously doubt it. I have seen these people in Hollywood and in the magazines, and they don't appear well-bred to me. Some of them are handsome enough, but as we saw with Helena Bonham Carter in my last paper, they are just as trashy as anyone else. Gwyneth Paltrow looked great in *Emma*, but that isn't her. In real life she is more like her character in *The Royal Tennenbaums*. A smoking, gum-smacking bitch-on-wheels. Maybe in the time of Jane Austen, well-bred women existed, but again, I seriously doubt it. Men and women back then were likely just as fake and shallow as they are now.

But all that is almost beside the point. I don't have a Don Juan personality, frankly. I am much more interested in quality than quantity. I can go to the same restaurant every night and order the same thing and never get tired of it—as long as it is a very good restaurant. I would rather watch the same old movies and TV shows over and over than watch new ones that stink. I am one of those people that can watch an old movie 20 times and still enjoy it. But I can't sit through five minutes of a new Hollywood movie. I would have made some woman a good husband.

Anyway, I can tell you that the current Don Juans out there aren't getting seduced, you can be sure. Any guy waiting for the girl to make the first move is going home alone most nights. In a big city, he may score five times a year. Here, he would score maybe twice a year, if he were extremely attractive. Those aren't Don Juan numbers. Don Juan numbers are something on the order of 100 times a year, and those guys are making it happen. They aren't waiting for a flirt, they are moving forward always, taking the low-hanging fruit. Normally, they aren't making it happen with their looks, and never with their brains. Most often these days they are making it happen with money or drugs, and by being *aggressive*. A passive Don Juan is simply a contradiction in terms.

So, what is the cure? Lord if I know. I can't heal everyone with my touch or word, as I'm sure you are aware. Oh, that I could just lay hands on the head of the world and say, "Demons Begone!" It isn't that easy. But I do have a couple of suggestions. I have said before that the battle of the sexes has to end, and that women have to quit being cued by the media—which is causing these problems on purpose. They want you miserable, because you spend more money when you are miserable. But let me be a bit more specific. I mentioned the blocks women have, to keep most men away. I understand why those are there, and they can't just be dropped. However, they could be less compartmentalized. What I mean is, most women have the blocks on as a default, dropping them only if they are single when they go out at night. Which means that, even if they are single, the blocks are on when they go shopping, or run errands, etc. In practice, this means that women allow nothing to happen except *when they are ready for it*. But life doesn't work like that. Opportunity comes when it wants to come, not when you are ready for it. If your blocks are up, you miss it. In my experience, women miss a lot of stuff, and this is one reason why. They actively block huge amounts of experience, and then don't understand why nothing ever happens to them.

Women will say that the same things happens to guys, but it doesn't. Yes, guys have their problems, but in general this isn't one of them. I don't have a default block like that, because girls aren't hitting on me all day. I don't need it. If a girl hits on me that I am not interested in—which happens maybe once a month—I can raise a block then. Since I don't have permanent walls built around me as protection, I don't have to try to look over or around those walls as I move through the world. But an attractive woman is trapped behind her own blocks. That is why women often seem to men to be oblivious to the world around them. Those blocks act as wall, and the woman really can't see well beyond that wall. The block works both ways, you see.

We all live in little cocoons of our own making, but women usually live in a more obvious one. In

many situations, you can almost see it, coiled up around her, blocking her vision. When I go out, I see everything. I look at whatever I want to look at, which I suppose some find disconcerting. I am like a little boy who doesn't know any better; except that I do know better, I just don't care. I happen to think it is my right as an artist and as a human being to pass through the world with my eyes open. If I see something beautiful, I drink it in. I am not a scary person, and don't look like one, so if me looking at you scares you, I feel like that is your problem. You are probably the scary person. You probably can't even abide children looking at you, or dogs, or goldfish.

Most guys look, although most guys are very good at *pretending* they aren't looking. So they just grab surreptitious peeks. I catch them at it all the time, but girls usually don't catch them at it—because the girls are blinded by their own blocks. I think surreptitious peeks are actually worse than direct looks. I don't do anything surreptitiously, because I don't like hiding or pretending.

I try to catch girls looking (not at me, but at anything), but most of them don't. They really don't look. They seem to have very little curiosity about the world. I have noticed this most markedly at the beach. If you study guys and girls at the beach, you see a completely different world. A woman at the beach can sit on her blanket for hours, hardly moving. Maybe reading a book. I couldn't read a book at the beach for ten seconds. I can't stay on my blanket for more than a minute. And other guys are the same. We have to be up and moving. We need to see what can be seen. Women don't. An entire battle could be unfolding on the next dune, with vast armies skirmishing, and most women wouldn't even know or care. A UFO could rise out of the ocean with lights flashing, kidnap half the beach, and fly away over the horizon, and most women on their beach blankets wouldn't even look up. I know this is true because of course I watch those girls. I find the hottest one and wait for her to get up, so I can see her walk in her bikini. That is what guys do at the beach, among other things. But girls refuse to get up and walk around for your benefit. They sit on those damn blankets for hours. It's maddening, I tell you.

The same sort of thing happens at the market, though to a lesser degree. At the market, women have just enough awareness to see people they know, but everything else is blocked. I test this when a very handsome guy walks by. I look to see which women notice him. Most of the time he is invisible. Not only do no women follow him around, no women seem to be aware he exists. Even though I am not gay, I seem to have far more interest in looking at him than they do. He is a thing of beauty in a world of little beauty, so my artist eye goes there until it can find a woman to look at. If I am with a woman, sometimes I ask her, to test this theory. Most often she has not even seen him.

Women will not find this astonishing, I know, but I do. It is a sign of the times, and is a reason things aren't working. I think women used to notice handsome men, and they should. If they can't see them at the market, they won't be able to see them when they go out at night, and won't be able to see them in bed next to them.

Young girls still have their eyes open, which is why I think it is the natural way. They haven't yet been taught to be blind. About the only girls who have flirted with me in Taos have been pretty high school girls. That is flattering, but it isn't going to do me any good, of course. I remember the same thing back in Austin, when the little girls would follow me around in the market. One time, two teens ran up to me giggling, and one of them asked, “Who *are* you?” I guess they mistook me for some actor, or something. That's silly, but it is actually far more human than walking through life blind. Surely those girls get hit on at school but find some way to deal with it without exploding. I would say older women should learn something from them.

I will be told those girls are protected by laws, so they don't need blocks. But you are protected by similar laws. Men can't prey on teens, and they can't prey on you, either. If you tell them to go away, they have to go away. The levels of fear are manufactured, and aren't necessary. I have shown you that the serial killers and mass murderers are faked. Not one exists. And although there are bad men, there are far fewer than you think. I would guess they are quite easy to avoid. It doesn't require that you block everyone in order to avoid them. Do you really think sexual predators are trolling the aisles at Whole Foods? Get real. I study the guys, too, and I see very few scary guys. Losers, dweebs, and uggos, yes. Scary people, no. If you see a truly scary guy, block *him*. But don't block everyone.

There are way too many rules now, and the rules don't make any sense. Men and women aren't supposed to look at one another or admire one another. Women sometimes catch me looking, and they seem to be angry about it. Do you think I was angry when the little girls followed me around in the market? No. I didn't turn on them and scream, "Stop looking at me!" Why not? Because I am not a crazy person. I smiled at them and told them I was nobody famous, just Miles. They smiled back and wandered off to find someone who really was a movie star, so he could buy them drugs. Just kidding. I guess.

But let's study another situation. The most common ploy of women when they go out seems to be this: they make camp somewhere in a group and then begin gabbing. Men then come up to the table or bar and hit on them. A very attractive woman may get hit on five or ten times in a night. She appears to think she is very powerful and in control of her destiny, because she gets to choose which guys she likes, if any of them. But this is no way to do it. Those ten guys may be the ten biggest losers in the room, and they probably are. They are definitely the ten most aggressive guys, by definition. You may be interested in dating aggressive guys, or not. I would guess not.

If I were a woman and didn't wish to actually make the first approach—which is admittedly daunting—here is what I would do. I would scan the room to see which guys really turned my legs to jelly, then I would invent little ploys to run into them, or at least to put myself in their line of sight. If they were playing pool, I would go play pool, or at least watch. This does happen. Some women are onto this trick, and good for them. It is not rocket science. But I have found that the percentage of women who do this is actually astonishingly low. On any given night, it rarely happens, and when it does happen it is not the attractive or smart women doing it. They find it beneath them, I guess. It is something they think only the dumpy and desperate do, and I thought that even while I was writing it. I could see the attractive women reading this and thinking, "I can't do that! It is too pathetic. I have to sit at my table with my girlfriends, ignore everyone in the room as if they aren't there, and act totally superior. If a guy comes up, I have to look put out, as if it never occurred to me a man might be interested in me in such a situation. I then have to treat him like a pathetic worm, to see if he can take it. Even though I am available, I have to pretend I'm not, just to keep my self-respect." And so on.

You may be shaking your head, saying it isn't like that, but you know it is. Women act like that on purpose, and they are even instructed to act like that in books and advice columns. I know, because I have read them. And not just in *Cosmo*. I have read that advice from Maureen Dowd at the *New York Times*. You are taught that men like this game. *Men like to have hurdles to jump. Don't make it easy. Wrong.* Men hate this game. It is true that men don't like women who are *too easy*. They have no respect for sluts. But they also don't like women who play these games. There is a medium ground, you know, and almost no one is inhabiting it. That medium ground is simply being nice to a guy. Meeting him halfway in the ritual.

But I have almost never encountered that. As you saw above, I have encountered it maybe a dozen

times over the years. That isn't a good statistic, ladies. Rather than flirting or seductions, I have most often encountered anti-seductions, even from women I later found out were interested in me. To say it even more directly, I have found illogical and annoying blocks placed in my way for no good reason, and these blocks were often pathological. They were part of some sickness, some dark seed planted in the heads of these women by governors who purposely wanted to mess them up. Why? I told you above: money. As a glorious mess, you are a much better consumer. If you were at home happy in bed with a lover or husband, you wouldn't be spending all your disposable income on makeup, clothes, hair color, surgery, tattoos, therapy, gym memberships, anti-depressants, sleeping pills, alcohol, and self-help manuals.

I could say a lot more, but I think I will stop. I will be told that I am not well-bred either: no well-bred person would talk about his sex-life in public. That may be true. However, I have told no secrets above, named no names. I have just stated a few facts. That said, I think my experience may be useful to some people, which is why I have taken the time to relate it. As compiled here, it may turn a light on in one or two heads, which is the best any writer can hope for. Besides, as usual, I didn't necessarily write it for you. I wrote it for me and for a few people I know are out there. You are just reading over our shoulders. If you are certain straight men no longer have anything useful to add to any conversation, you are welcome to ignore it and go read over someone else's shoulder.

I had intended to stop there, but I realized I have something else for you. Let's go back to the opening above in order to bookend this. You may think they are promoting women now just to be nice. After centuries of pushing women down, they are now pushing them up. Sorry to disappoint you, but that isn't what is happening. Feminism may have been started by real women, but it was very quickly co-opted by Intel for its trillionaire masters. In the context of this paper, the reason they are promoting women now in such strange and fantastic ways has nothing to do with helping them and everything to do with controlling them. If you take a person and promote them way above their abilities, have you helped them? No. Women are now taught that they are limitless, infinite goddesses, capable of all things. They aren't. Men are men and women are women, and neither one are gods or goddesses. Yes, they may have capabilities beyond what they have exhibited in the past, and may have great potential, but that potential is finite, limited by the fact they are human. Human beings are actually very limited creatures, like any other animals. They are capable of some things and incapable of the rest. If you tell them they are capable of *anything*, they are sure to fail very quickly, blaming themselves. They will then go into some sort of funk or neurosis, one that requires doctors, therapy, drugs, and spending lots of money on useless things that won't help. *This is just what the trillionaires want.* They have created your misery on purpose, and—ironically, perhaps—one of the primary causes of that misery is the fantastic promotion of you in the media.

The governors are applying the same project to children now, but women have been the main target in the past century. Another effect of this project is to make those under its sway intolerable. When you tell normal people they are great, they start to believe it. They then assume that this greatness has its privileges, and they expect to be treated like goddesses. They don't have to *act* like goddesses, because they remember achieving godhood without any effort at all: it was just thrust upon them at birth, with their female genitals. So they demand the privileges without doing anything to earn or deserve them. In short, they become intolerable. If they were children, we would call them spoiled brats. Everyone in America is now a spoiled brat, but because women benefit from the most promotion in the media, they are the worst.

That is just a generalization, of course. Some women are still sweethearts, and so are some children and men. But, by and large, modern Americans are the probably the most spoiled-rotten people in the

history of the world. They were spoiled rotten on purpose, because if men and women are intolerable to one another, they will spend exponentially more money to compensate. This is marketing psychology 101, and it goes back at least to Bernays, in the 1920s.

Another point of this long promotion has been the demotion of men. You will say rich guys still run things, and that is true. But I'm not talking about them. I am talking about the 99.99% of guys, who *aren't* from billionaires families. They have to be kept down. Men have most of the testosterone in the world, so any revolution is going to come from us. Therefore, the promotion of women also acts as the demotion of men. It is a zero-sum game, since to have winners you always have to have losers. If you give more and more attention to women in the classroom, media, and everywhere else, you give less to men.

You will say that this should just piss men off, and they will revolt. Yes, so this demotion has to be backed up by various other projects. While men were being demoted, they were also being surreptitiously drugged in a variety of ways. Fluoride has been aimed mainly at men, as have all the hormone disruptors in the food supply. You don't think it is just an accident of nature that testosterone levels and sperm levels have plummeted, and that many men now have breasts, do you? No, that was done on purpose. They are turning women into men and men into women. Why? Because men that have been turned into women do not revolt. Their testosterone levels are too low. And women that have been turned into men can't revolt, either, for the same reason. Even women that take hormone supplements never reach the levels of an old-style natural man. You can destroy a man with drugs, but you can't really create one.

What female readers should take from this is that, again, you have to stop believing the propaganda aimed at you. It was not created to benefit you or your daughters; it was created to make you miserable. Yes, you deserve equal rights with men and equal pay for equal work and so on, but you are not infinite, you are not a goddess, and you were not born deserving any special treatment. You were mainly put here to care for men and children, and men were put here to care for you and children. Women have a special ability to heal men, and men have a special ability to heal women. That is just the way it is. But since that ability is innate and therefore free, the drug companies and medical corporations have to destroy that link in order to prosper. In order to sell things, they first have to short-circuit everything that is free and natural in this world.

As a tack-on, I will quickly address the Pizzagate scandal. I am getting a lot of emails on it, but I have no wish to write a long paper on it. Why? Because it is faked. It is like the Flat Earth project: it was created to divert attention away from the real problems, and also to blackwash real researchers. First of all, it came out of the Wikileaks papers, which are controlled leaks. Assange and Snowden and all the rest are agents, and they are running controlled opposition. They leak small stuff to keep you off the big stuff. More specifically, the Pizzagate scandal is the attempt to keep your eyes on Congressmen and other politicians, and off the trillionaires. That's why they still have a Congress and a President and political candidates: as puppets to draw your attention. It is a constant "look over here!" But *all* those politicians, including Trump, the Clintons, Biden, Podesta, and the rest are just actors, paid to keep your eyes off the prize. You should know that by now, but if you didn't the form of the Pizzagate scandal should have clued you in. It is ridiculous, and has signs of being manufactured all over it. It shouldn't fool anyone. Plus, please notice that it is being pushed in the mainstream, by places like the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*. You will say the mainstream is trying to debunk it, but ask yourself why they would give it legs at all? The media covers up all real news, so why would these places be publicizing Pizzagate at all? Because they want you wasting your time studying it.

Just so you understand, I am not claiming pedophilia by politicians is “small stuff” while pedophilia by trillionaires would be “big stuff”. That isn't my point at all. My point is that this is completely faked from the ground up. The stories are planted. It is all a tempest in a teapot. It is like the serial killer stories, which I have completely pulled apart in many papers. It simply did not happen, in any way or any form. It was either staged or only happened on paper. Manson, Dahmer, Bundy, and all the rest were just actors. They were never in jail and are still alive. Just as Sandy Hook never happened, the Boston Marathon deaths never happened, the O. J. Simpson murders never happened, and Pizzagate never happened.

The project also has the potential to blackwash me, since if I debunk it, other truthers can say I have joined the mainstream, which is also debunking it. Notice I am not even taking the time to debunk it. It isn't even worth a debunking, except to the extent I show it was manufactured *by the mainstream* as a false target. The mainstream isn't telling you that, are they? My analysis isn't like the mainstream analysis, because I am telling you the mainstream has created this project itself. In short, Intel manufactured the story, and Intel is behind both the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* (and all other media sources). They set it up just so they could knock it down, and so you could waste your time watching.

The timing is also no accident. It is no coincidence that so much seems to be happening right now. They have to keep my papers from going viral, and the way they do it is with a mountain of diversion. They have to keep my potential readers off chasing ghosts. If I am telling you something that is amazing and true, they have to come up with something even more amazing and false. And to a certain extent it is working. A small portion of my readers *are* being drawn off by Flat Earth or Pizzagate. I think they will be back, once they see sense again, but until then I have to deal with some crazy emails.

You see, that is another goal of the project: draw off *my* attention. They are hoping not just to snare my readers, but me. Any time I spend working on this is time I don't spend on real events. Which is why I am going to stop writing.