

DATE: 2016-04-16 (when last touched)  
ARCHIVED: 2021-10-25 (start of [redacted scrub])  
OLD\_NAME: Dating Advice - Apartment - Trophy (clearly, a mash-up of multiple files)  
NEW\_NAME: bad\_advice (because after looking at my life, one can only assume that is what it is)

{I may be compelled to add words here and there. But fundamentally, the idea is to simply let it all through... except for that which is better scrubbed clean.}

---- = Inline Edit

[Named Redaction]

And that's all the introduction anyone who is familiar with my work should need. As to any others, well, this may not be the best place to start.

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The name of the file is "Bad Advice".  
There is no reason to believe any of it is Good Advice... and plenty of reason to believe that it is, in point of fact, Bad Advice.

Steer Clear  
Posted for The A-AI  
Best Just to Walk Away

Do Not Use  
Do Not Follow  
No Warranted or Recommended for ANY Purpose

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Apartment (the)

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Sake Cups for Hot Chocolate with server

A woman before all other women, a woman to replace all other women, must be a woman who can be, who can pretend, who can dress up and act, as all other women.

She must be an unrepentant slut. She must be a whore... dedicated and true to her current employer, her lover, her man.

There are two questions, always asked:

1) What are you looking for?

2) And, why did your previous relationship(s) fail?

In truth, they are one and the same. The previous relationship(s) failed, because the girl(s) in question were clearly not what one was looking for. And rather than concentrating on the prior relationship's deficiencies, one is better served by expounding upon the graces that will save a girl from a similar fate.

I have found that you can have a way of life or a way of wife.

At 27, who wouldn't jump at the chance?

Is this the person whose hand I wish to hold in Heaven?

When it comes to dating, my policy is strictly Catch & Release.

Into the deserted playa to take pictures in the night.

If your beauty by silhouette cannot blot out the stars, I have no use for you.

And if I, by my presence alone, cannot rise you up to the Heavens themselves, you would be best to have no use for me.

Here's hoping to be the Captain of your Night,  
The Dream Smuggler.

Looking for a new Favorite Somebody

Magical Impossible Love

WHY

- 1) Split Rent (offset expenses)
- 2) Emotional Support
- 3) Bounce Ideas off of (Intelligent Support)
- 4) Social Support (Call it a crutch)
- 5) Sex (sloppy, wet, balls to the walls)

List of Attributes:

- 1) Photo Worthy
- 2) Willing to Play Dress Up... and Down
- 3) The One That Stands Apart
- 4) Body, Mind, Heart, & Soul... not asking for much

Somewhere between 18 & death seeks same...

for invigorating conversation; in time, maybe more.

Dutch treat, coffee shop venue of your choice in the greater -----  
area.

Folie a Deux - A Madness Shared by Two

In your travels, have you come across the philosophy that reality is subjective, that it is whatever you and the group to which you belong both agree? Well, I don't know about all that New Age Happy Crap, but I do know that a relationship is forged by its participants and that it will last longer if it is crafted to meet the hopes, needs, dreams, and desires of those very same participants?

So, what do you say? Care to forge a relationship? From the ground up? Rule by rule? Agreement by Agreement?

I'll start.  
I ask for clearly defined rules and roles.  
In return, I offer unswerving adherence to those very same  
rules and roles, the heart of our agreement.  
What say you?  
Where do we go from there?  
The sky itself shall not limit us.

Old luggage (with angle lock) as cat bed  
Hot Rolled hand towel  
Cold Silver Spoons for Ice Cream  
--- -----

A crown of roses

Afternoon Tea

How to live a fulfilling life?  
Please answer this question in 75 years or less.

Lead an All In Life

Nom de Guerre -- war name

Behind every successful fully-satisfied woman is a not-so-good man, pushing her to the limits. Or if not, there should be.

Everybody's got a Life Story, I want to hear yours.

I'll tell you mine if you tell me yours: life story, that is.

Today My Good Woman, I celebrate not being married to  
you.

I thought I could learn something from her.

I want to be a better person for knowing you.

KISSES: are like potato chips, tasty and highly addictive.

I want to live in a sculptured environment and live a deliberate life.

[The Internet] is killing the fine art of bullshit.

Truth in Advertising, walking the fine line between what one was, is, and someday hopes to be.

### Dating Advice

Women are told to be coy and selective.

Men are told to be gregarious and play the numbers.

Both bits of advice are helpful.

If you make him or her come to you, when they do, you can be sure of their interest (if not their commitment).

While on the other hand, if you do the legwork, you are more apt to meet them in the first place. And let's face it, no one sane person is going to "commit" themselves to you prior to an initial introduction.

Playing hard to get is a stupid plan. Might as well wear a sign that says I'm not interested. Those well-adjusted souls in the dating pool (and we are looking for a well-adjusted soul, aren't we?) will rightly interpret this sort of behavior as a lack of interest.

Better to act with interest (even if you aren't), but proceed with caution. It takes a long time to get to know someone and those who are looking for a quick fling or one night stand simply don't have the time for an extended courtship.

And remember, an extended courtship isn't about making the other jump through hoops, it's about confirming their long term interest and compatibility... which come to think about it, just might mean someone who is willing to jump through hoops (for you if no one else).

There's a difference between smothering and being normal. Just had the best sex of your life? Maybe you should say so, or at least say, "Wow. That was good. Better than expected." Sneaking out to give the other person some "space" is a really bad idea if you ever want to see them again. Sneaking out is what you do if you've just had a one night stand and you consider it a mistake. It's not what you do on the third, sixth, or tenth date, which is pretty much when a normal person has sex with another normal.

If you run after something hard enough, it's possible to catch something that doesn't want to be caught.

This means you can get lucky in the short term if you try hard enough.

This also means you can waste a lot of time getting lucky in the short term when you'd be better off trying a little less and only catching those who want to be caught.

To hook up with someone, all you have to do is be willing to meet them halfway.

If they won't meet you halfway, they aren't worth the trouble... one way or the other.

Be willing to meet someone halfway and only halfway.  
If they won't meet you halfway, they aren't worth the trouble.  
And if you won't meet them halfway, you aren't worth the trouble.

The only real trick is figuring out where halfway is.

###

## The Dating Pool

I like math. It makes sense to me and it helps me make sense of the world. So, let me share an idea with you that I find relevant to dating visa vie the relative scarcity of eligible partners.

Sure there's something like six, seven, or eight billion human beings living on planet Earth. But...

Half those people are the wrong sex. I'm a guy. And quite frankly, I am unwilling to date anyone who at any point in their life was also a guy in any way shape or form. Period. No further discussion needed.

Of the remaining, half are the wrong age. I won't date a six year-old. Sorry, don't care how hot you are. No six year-old is worth going to jail over. Nor will I drop by the old folks home to pick you up for a date. So we're already down to a quarter of that something billion.

Half of those are diseased. The stats say 30% of the population at large has herpes. Yes, that kind of herpes. Another 10% have this. Another 10% have that. Don't really care about the specifics. Don't care how you got it or that the reassuring pamphlet you got from your doctor says the condition is it not overly contagious if treated properly. If you are a carrier of any infectious disease, I will not knowingly date you.

Although I am a republican, I am willing to date a democrat. What I won't date is a militant Wiccan feminist communist. True, half of the eligible women out there aren't militant Wiccan feminist communist's, but that's because they're eligible. The other half, the ineligible ones? They're UFO believing ESP conspiracy theorists with a sympathetic streak for New Age beliefs a mile long. If you're a die-hard Feng Suey(?) enthusiast, I'm probably not the right guy for you. And you are definitely not my dream come true.

Want to narrow it down further?

Smokers, heavy drinkers, or substance abusers need not apply. A girl doesn't have to be a granola cruncher to get with me,

but there is a happy place smack dab in the middle, somewhere between prude and life of the party, and that's the girl I'm looking for.

Speaking of party animals, those who like to fill their abodes with loud music, squeeze the toothpaste from the middle, or sleep till noon on a regular basis do not fit my description of an ideal mate.

And from my journeys to the DMV, I can say that well over half of the females I meet in my travels fall well short of my ideal when it comes to the feminine form.

And even those who look the part, well over half are unable to walk the walk. The incidence of... well, we'll save my perversions for a later chapter. For now, let's just say, I have my fantasies. And if yours do not match up with mine, what's the point?

So, what is that?

1 in 250?

I could throw out a few more random categories if you'd like? TV watching habits? Type of movies enjoyed? Idea of a good time? Preference for children? Whether or not they're already in a relationship? And whether they have absolutely any desire to be in a relationship with the likes of you? And the odds jump to thousand to one.

That's a 1000 to 1 chance that the next person you meet -- the next person you ride with in an elevator, pass while walking down the street, or stand behind in line while getting a double espresso whatchamacallit at will have the slightest chance of being the one and I haven't even touched on socio-economic, cultural, and ethnic differences.

Flat out, the next person you will meet will almost certainly not be the one, the only, the girl (and/or boy) of your dreams.

The odds are overwhelmingly against it.

In fact, the odds are you won't give a flying fuck about them. Once they are gone, out of sight and out of mind forever. You'll never think of them again.



But don't be too dismissive.

You see, those 999 folks that stand between you and your heart's desire. They are the means to your end. They are your practice. They are your "Whatever I do, it doesn't matter". They are your "Why not? I can say, Hello. What can I lose? What can it possibly matter"

And in that utter meaninglessness is their worth. They are your opportunity to prepare for when you finally meet the one.

And then of course, there are those who will say my math is all wrong. Fifty percent of folks aren't ugly. Fifty percent of folks aren't fat, dumb, ignorant, poor, ill-mannered, rude, space taking dolts. It's only like 25% who are diseased, 20% who smoke, 10% who are unemployed and so on. And besides, all I'm really looking for is a pair of legs to spread and a heartbeat.

OK. Fair enough. Their (maybe your) standards are different than mine. And this is an important point to consider, because in the end there are two sorts of dating advice.

The first concentrates on finding, meeting, and impressing that one in a ten, that one in a thousand, that one in a million, billion something girl (or boy, if you're a girl, or just swing that way).

And the other focuses on what I'll call a strategy of product improvement. Sure. You have standards. You're looking for that one in a million. But that doesn't mean that only one in a million shoppers would be happy with you, because then what are the odds that your one in a million dream girl (or boy, you sick weirdo) will be happy with you?

Um, one in million times one in a million, carry the one. Um, wait? Do I carry the one? Oh, I know. I'll use a calculator. And the answer is...

1E12, whatever the fuck that means!

Ah, but I dig math, so I'll tell you what that means.

It's one in a trillion. Unfortunately, there aren't that many people in this (or any other?) world, so that strategy simply isn't going to work.

What we need is a two-pronged... um, plan. I swear to god, I was going to say plan. I have no idea what you were thinking. But the plan, it's a two pronged.

The first prong involves meeting more of those one in a thousand, one in a million girls, boys, or whatever it is that you want, you sick, twisted, two-pronged imagining, whatever.

While the second prong (just as thick, fat, and sticky as the first) involves playing the odds and becoming what is it is that the girls, boys, and/or small dogs of the same or opposite sex want (or at least, what the ones you want want).

Which is to say, buddy boy and/or buddy girl, what you're going to have to do (on the assumption that the only reason you're reading this is because what you have been doing hasn't been working) is change.

Luckily, changing will be easy. Mainly, because you'll have something like 999 chances to practice on people you couldn't care less about before you'll even get the chance to talk to that special someone. You know the one. Probably shares your fascination with two pronged... plans of attack (you sick bastard).

Really. Get your mind out of the gutter.

No one wants to hear about such things. Least of all me.

Thus concludes our first lesson: there are plenty of fish in the ocean; unfortunately, what you probably want isn't a fish, but a mermaid, and those are far and few between.

Stay tuned for our second lesson, just a page away. It's really easy. All you need to do is SMILE.

###

[Low confidence, starting to feel like unguided rambling crap -- a list of words, if you will.]

## Smile, Make Eye Contact, & Talk About the Weather

OK. Don't talk about the weather. Talk about anything else, but don't talk about the weather.

Whatever.

Fine, already. If that's all you can think to talk about, then talk about the weather.

But first smile.

Smile and mean it. Do whatever it takes to mean it. Laugh at yourself. Laugh at her. Laugh at him. Laugh at this crazy world. Laugh at the fact that you're so desperate that you're trying to smile and make small talk with a complete stranger, one that you don't even care about, and if truth be told, if you had the life you dream about, you'd never bother to talk to them in the first place. So, smile.

Me. I tend to laugh at myself. I'm an idiot. The only person more stupider than me is someone who would buy a book I wrote in the hopes of gleaning some wisdom out of it.

Really, I'm such an idiot, I'd put a line like that in a book. So you see, I really am an idiot. Thus, I find it amazing easy to laugh at myself.

That, and I'm easily amused.

So, I walk down the street and I smile and I make eye contact. If it's a couple, I look at the man with a mischievous glint in my eye until he looks away and then I look at his wife, girlfriend, whatever. She usually looks away, too. Sometimes I follow her gaze.

"Hm. JC Penny. Never knew that store was there."

"Look, a crow."

"Is that a penny? I call dibs."

Mostly folks ignore you.

I read this book once. Yes, I can read. Gosh. Anyway, in this book it was advised that a person -- you, me, anybody interested in hooking up -- walk down the street and say hello to fifty or a hundred people every day.

So, I did this.

“Hello.”

“Hi.”

“How’s it going?”

“Howdy.”

And so on.

I said hello to everyone who walked by. Few if any were looking at me. I mean, it’s amazing how interesting everything else in the world must be but me. Planes, the sky, trees, shrubs, pieces of gum, there was no way a girl was going to look at me.

I found it refreshing, liberating.

There was no reason to be embarrassed, no reason to care. No one was even looking at me, much less returning my greeting. OK. Fine. The mall is not the place for idle gossip, but still. No one returned my greeting at all. It got to the point where I was genuinely surprised whenever anyone said ‘Hi’ back. So surprised, I didn’t know what to say.

Elevator

###

Perhaps the single worse bit of dating advice I ever heard was don’t break up with someone unless you had someone waiting in the wings. And the best way to have someone waiting in the wings was to ALWAYS have someone waiting in the wings.

I suppose it matters what someone means by dating. To me dating is not a way of life. It’s a means to an end: a steady monogamous relationship. So, I’m never going to have someone waiting in the wings. And when it’s over, it’s over. I’m not going to wait until I find someone better. For the type of person I want, that’s sort of hard to do with someone else around.

Oh, second worse advice? Lying. About anything.

Until you're man or woman enough to tell the truth, you're going to be stuck dating... well, liars and those who tolerate liars. Neither rank very high on my list of desirable traits.

Texting in public is a great way to NOT meet people.

I consider it rude to talk to someone who is on the phone. And for me, texting is like being on the phone. (Yes, I am of that generation.) So, if you don't want to interact with me, checking your phone for messages is a great way to insure I won't try and start a conversation with you.

[Truly Bad Unconscionable Advice]

If you're single and you want to be a double, do everything for two: buy for two, schedule your day for two, plan for two. Keep an extra pillow on your bed. Keep some space in your closet empty. Keep Friday night free, go out to the movies by yourself if you have to. Create a void for the universe to fill. And even if the universe doesn't (cause I don't believe in that New Age happy crap), someone will come along and see the opportunity that you present, the bargain that you are.

Learn to cook, well.

It's not hard. Start with what you know and trick it out.

Like grilled cheese? Then make it with Gouda, add a few sliced jalapeno peppers, and fry in real butter. Me, I like to dust the resulting creation with salt, but not everyone does.

If your signature dish is spaghetti (like everyone else's), that's fine. Just keep some frozen ravioli on hand and real Parmesan cheese.

Even eggs are fine if you turn them into French toast or an omelet.

Show that you know how to take the ordinary simple ingredients (or a mere human, such as yourself) and turn it into something special.

Know how to put together a picnic.  
If so, then please teach me.  
So maybe this one is an exercise for both me and you.  
You know what a bag lunch is, right? A picnic is a bag lunch  
for two, all tricked out.  
No go to work.

Thank you, say it often; and as you do, explain exactly why  
you are thankful.

“I always like it when someone rides the elevator up with me,  
that much longer before I’m in my apartment alone...”

Know Thy Date  
[Resources Redacted]

[Eh, I'm just going to kill this.]

Tell me what I want to hear.  
But more importantly, believe that it is true.  
Or at least, be willing to act like you do.