

Vile Calumnies

Advice to young gentlemen on coping with young ladies.

1. The Drink (For Her) Tempting though it is to oil the wheels of love with the lubricant of liquor my honest advice would have to be:- Stop it. Stop it right there. Yes, we have all noticed that otherwise quiet, shy girls blossom into shimmering princesses who laugh like a tinkling bell at our clumsy witticisms and thought “if I can just get another pint or so of Red Bull and vodka into her she’ll be right up for it.” This is folly. Most likely she’ll be sick on you, before becoming impossibly maudlin and then keeping you up half the night whilst she blubs about some other fellow, whom she apparently (1) “loves” despite his being (2) “such a bastard”. These themes will form the basis of her entire conversation for the next three hours before she falls asleep. At no time will she pragmatically realise that since he’s not there and you are she might as well make the best of it and show a bit of bloody enthusiasm whilst she’s at it, hubba hubba.
2. The Drink (For You) Women are not impressed by how much booze you can hold. Peculiar; one might almost say deliberately cussed of them; but there it is. You know that it takes stamina, training and an indomitable will to win to get yourself on the outside of six or eight pints and still be able to hold a coherent conversation. They, on the other hand, seem to think that if what you wanted to do was have a conversation with your mates you might have done better to invite them round for tea and cakes. Especially since what has now ensued is a whole bunch of you engaged not so much in vigorous debate as in slurring your opinions, loudly. The more sensitive souls among you may realise, halfway through such a scenario, that your true love is getting a bit tetchy and endeavour to do something to retrieve the situation. Good luck. Here’s a few things that don’t work:-
 - a) Going to the lavatory, having a good think while you’re in there, then returning and restating everything you’ve already said but louder, blissfully unaware that that the discussion has now moved on and everyone’s looking at you in a rather pitying way.
 - b) Going to the lavatory, then returning from it to announce that you have just wee’d the highest up the wall that anyone has ever achieved and inviting all comers to challenge your record. As a way of settling political arguments this is not without its merits, but don’t expect an already disgruntled girlfriend to suddenly come over all grunted just because you reckon you can hit the cistern.
 - c) Feeling that a romantic dinner might pour oil on troubled waters; suggesting you both go for a kebab. After the pub shuts.
3. A Trusty Steed. One thing women will cheerfully tell you is that they are not impressed by a flash motor. Ask as many as you like:- “Would you go out with a man just because he had a Ferrari?” and every girl Jill of them will dismiss the idea with contempt – generally adding some rather personal remarks about the length of the bonnet being an attempt to make up for some inadequacy in other areas. Fair enough, I say, let’s take them at their word. Bother the expense of a Porsche; don’t stand in front of the Mercedes garage wondering how much you could get for a kidney on e-bay. Get yourself kitted out with a 1986 Datsun Cherry and they’ll be in there and on the back seat quicker than you can say “Hello is that the RAC? We’re on the A272 just outside of Haywards Heath. Four hours? I see.” And there you are my friend, four hours in a lay-by with the lady of your dreams, and only the sensual rush of passing juggernauts rocking your little love cradle as their mighty wheels throw up fountains that burst over your windscreen like brown fireworks. What woman with any poetry in her soul would rather be tanking towards her boyfriend’s flat in a BMW 3 Series when you’ve got half a bottle of Lucozade warming in the footwell, some slightly furry Rolos in the glove compartment and BBC Three Counties Radio on one speaker? Give the air freshener a squeeze and prepare yourself for love my handsome caballero, for the night is young, and you will surely remember every minute of it!