

# Common man's guide



As it's  
Valentine  
Day,  
**ROBERT  
O'SHEA**

gives his tips on  
finding love for all  
you single men...

**T**HE good, the bad and the ugly. That's how I rate women these days. That's probably not an ideal way to begin your first contribution to an article on finding love, but before anybody gets it into their mind to write angry letters to the misogynist git in the *Echo*, please let me qualify it. Any man who pushes open the doors of a saloon in the city these days, is met by a bracing sight: Hundreds and hundreds of women wearing ponchos.

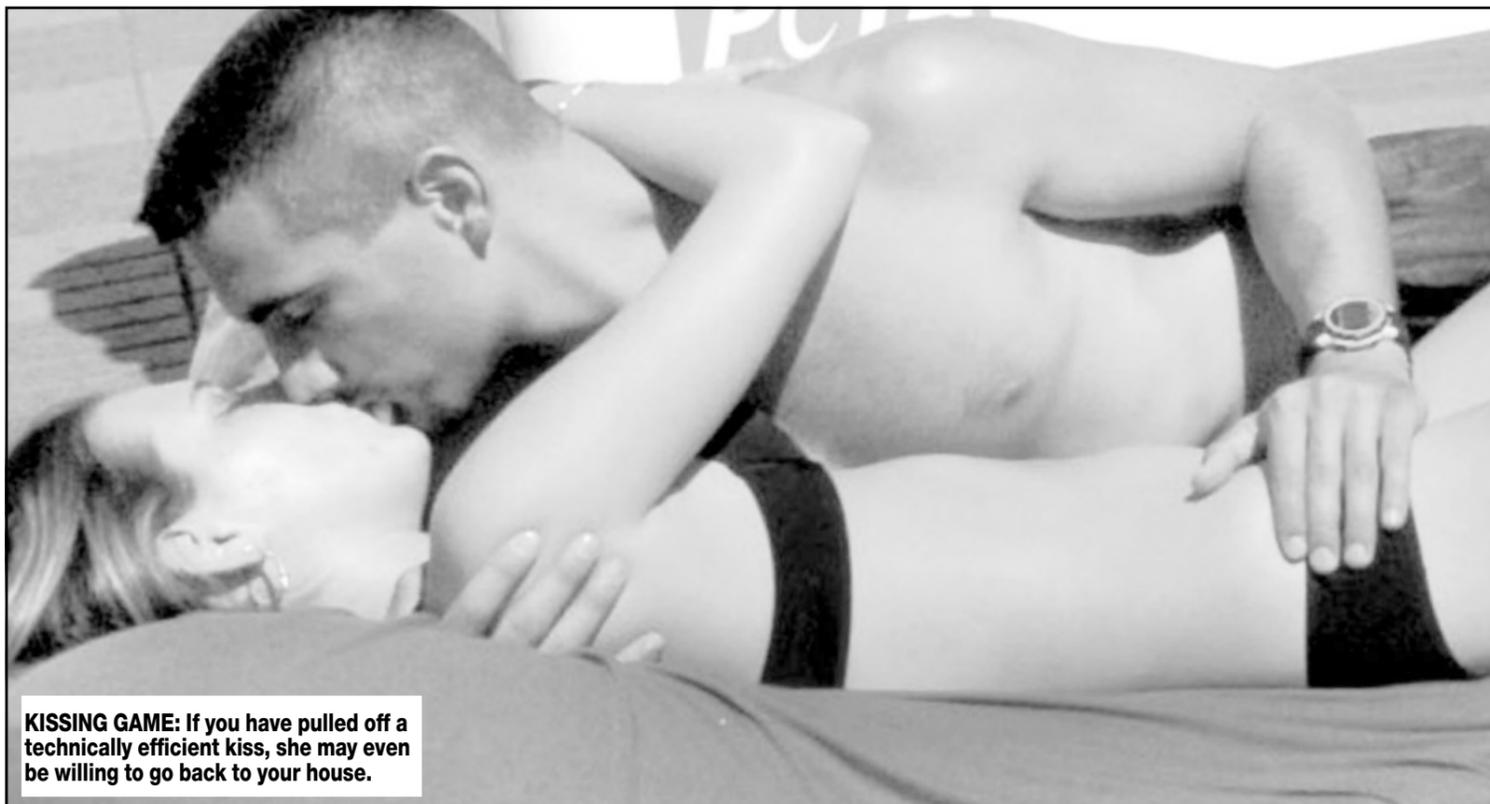
Courting has become impossible. Approach one of these women and try to chat them up and all you get are monosyllabic answers and stares that could kill at ten paces.

They don't even have the courtesy to tell you their name.

We have come to a turning point in the history of human relations which is nothing less than the Clint Eastwoodisation of modern Irish woman.

Women still claim that they dress for men, but I think if the poncho fiasco proves anything it is what one of the Marx brothers (it was Groucho, Chico or Karl) pointed out: "If women dressed for men, the clothes stores wouldn't sell much — just the occasional sun visor."

When a boy approaches a girl in a pub, many vetting questions will go through her head in a split second that will lead her to ignore him or allow him to try to convince her that he is worthy of her attention: "Will I



**KISSING GAME:** If you have pulled off a technically efficient kiss, she may even be willing to go back to your house.

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like him? Does he look like a suitable partner? Would he treat me right? What is he saying? Is he really that drunk? Is someone going to help him off the floor?"

The reason for the latter is because we men usually have to drink enough to get the courage to walk (or stagger) up to people we don't know and try to convince them to have sex with us.

The only other, and most successful way to get women interested in you

is to meet them when you are sober and have conversations about shared interests.

But most men find this really boring, so we take the former option, because, well, we were going to get drunk anyway.

Many men think that the best place in a nightclub to pick up a woman is on the dancefloor.

I used to be one of these people who, though not believing that I was a good dancer, thought that everybody

else was just as bad. This is mainly true, but some people have a better sense of rhythm, i.e. women. Men should only dance when they are asked to by women.

If you stand near some of them looking glum and they are drunk enough, they will usually ask you, because they want to cheer you up.

Don't ask me why women think dancing to cheesy pop songs will cheer you up. Just watch them though, they hear the first bars of *Dancing Queen* and before you know it, they are dragging you by the hand onto the dancefloor before you even have time to put down your pint.

I refuse to even do this because my dancing differs in no way from jogging on the spot.

Two people's body language is supposed to be a great sign of sexual chemistry. But its importance can be exaggerated. In a crowded room, pointing your foot at someone is supposed to be a sign that you are interested in them. Sometimes this can look stupid, like when I was in a nightclub in London and I fancied a girl on the balcony above me.

As is the case with dancing, only women are good at body language and the subtleties of its communication.

When a woman runs her hand through her hair, depending on the differing inclination of the angles of the arms and the facial expression in the sweeping movement, she will have revealed who, in the vicinity, she is attracted to.

When a man runs his hand through his hair he is hoping to build up some static electricity to help him keep a better hold of his pint glass.

When a man and a woman who are attracted, talk, they sometimes subconsciously copy each other's actions, so don't get paranoid.

Some dating gurus encourage you to touch the person's arm to indicate that you like them.

All my life I have tried to build up the courage to be able to do this.

I have tried to steer conversations into various different strands of lightness that would allow me to casually reach over and squeeze the upper forearm. I have seen opportunities — as we laugh at some stupid joke — but no, the fear was always there that she would stop laughing at the moment of contact and ask, "What are you doing with my arm?"

When it comes to courting, for the best way to use body language to express your desire, I have two words for you: Gyrate hips.

You might get lucky and the woman may allow you to touch her mouth with your lips.

If you have pulled off a technically efficient kiss, she may even be willing to go back to your house for sex. Obviously, she only wants coffee, but is too embarrassed to ask.

Making your bed before you go out is optimistic, so don't bother. Try to leave it in a mess; leave *Playboy* open on the floor next to a few empty cans of beer. You have a much better chance of bringing a woman back to your bedroom if it is in such an embarrassing mess than if you have an unopened bottle of wine and the collected works of Sylvia Plath.

I don't know if anybody has learnt anything from this little article today, and to tell you the truth I don't know much about women at all.

One thing I do know, though, is that you can't live with them and you can't watch them undressing in their bedrooms through binoculars or you'll probably get arrested.

● Read Robert O'Shea's column every Monday on page 11 of the *Evening Echo*.



**MAKING YOUR MOVE:** Many men think that the best place to pick up a woman is on the dancefloor.

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