

# BIG MAN



*A Wake-Up Call for Women*



# PILOT BEACON

*Dedicated to you the reader,  
Jonathan, Winifred  
and Mitch.*

## Foreword

Our little blue marble planet has played host to every abomination under its sun. Right throughout recorded history we have seen war after war, the oppression of the weak, the starvation of the poor, the blatant violation of what it is to be human, to have some semblance of a conscience, the gift of free will choice. It appears that we are here to learn something meaningful as a collective. This book is not anti-men, nor is it pro abusive women. I want to be clear with you about this before we start. It is deplorably common for many to counter-act efforts to stop violence against women with "But women do it too. Men get bullied too. It's not right for anyone to hit anyone regardless of their gender." and this retort reminds me of a video of a high profile activist in the United States. She was a member of a discussion panel trying to get to the bottom of a terrorist bombing, and the culprits were Muslim. They were taking questions from the audience when one young woman stood up and took the opportunity to ask what could be done to stop people from assuming that all Muslims are terrorists. She felt the need to remind everyone that there are many peaceful Muslims and didn't feel it fair that a whole religion nor its members should be deemed evil because of the acts of a few. The host responded to her quite simply, and powerfully. She made this young woman aware that they had not come together that day to discuss peaceful Muslims. They had come together to figure out who was behind the attack, and how to stop violent Muslims. She felt it incredibly ignorant that any peaceful Muslim would take such an opportunity to remind the entire room of the obvious, instead of focusing on the issue right in front of them. She also found it odd that anyone could regard 300 million violent Muslims as 'the few'.

So it is for me in the writing of this book and any response that might be received by those who miss the point. If you are not an abusive, violent male, this book is not about you. That I have chosen to focus on the acts of abusive, violent men, is not a bias, nor is it remiss to consider the many peaceful men who care for their partners and children appropriately. This book, which should only take you just over an hour to read, was

inspired by a few things; a swell of news articles on the internet informing us that violence against women has reached dreadful proportions, that 38 women have died this year in my country, in less than 4 months, at the hands of men, my personal experiences with this abusive mentality, and a song I wrote and released on my latest album. I am a recording artist first and foremost, and I never anticipated that I would, or could, write a book in 5 days about domestic violence, in an effort to help women avoid abusive relationships. I have taken my own experiences into account. I have used these experiences to share what I believe to be some insights into the deeper levels of domestic violence that propel a man to commit the act of physical violence. Why should I not put it out there, purely because of the few who might miss the point and label it an 'anti-men' piece of work?

Those of us who have experienced domestic violence are not stupid. We are well aware there are many good men out there being taken advantage of, and demeaned by ungrateful wives, but please do not suggest that most of these men cannot end the argument with a single punch. Whether a man is peaceful or violent, it is often the case that his physical strength dwarfs that of his partner, but this book is not about physical violence either. It is about the purely male mindset that seeks to control and oppress his female spouse, and what women can do to recognise the signs, wake up, get informed and take action, before the situation turns deadly, or their lives are ruined completely purely on the basis of the mental harm done, and believe you me, it can last for decades.

Violence against women has cost more lives and money than war. Maybe take a few moments, close your eyes, or look out the window, and really breathe that last statement in. Let it sink in fully before reading my diatribe. I have no interest in pandering to any preconceived false notions you may have about why this statistic is so shocking. Any tendency you may have to feel compassion for the perpetrators of these acts need be discarded for the time it takes you to read what is contained within these pages. I have not put pen to paper in an effort to help you understand anything except for stark reality, and this reality may be something you reject because it lacks the human touch of tender

marriage counsellors. It is not wrapped in therapy nor any other attempt to baby you in regard to how or why you came to find yourself with a man who abuses you. This overly masculine mindset has not only dominated millions of women, it also dominates almost every arena of global affairs. It is destructive, so I don't feel the need to gently help you wake up. I don't feel the need to place ideas into your mind to rouse you slowly like an infant. This book is a warning to those of you yet to find yourself in partnership with a male spouse, and a wake-up call to women who are currently residing with an abusive spouse, naively believing this abuse to be normal, or that you must help him.

On the contrary, it is time for you to help your self experience the quality of life and treatment you really deserve, not this sad excuse for human interaction that you call a 'relationship' or a 'marriage', so let's get to the bottom of the hard core facts.

# Introduction

The opening paragraph of the Copenhagen Consensus in regard to violence against women reads:

In the 1994 'Declaration on the Elimination of Violence against Women' the United Nations defines violence against women as "any act of gender-based violence that results in, or is likely to result in, physical, sexual or mental harm or suffering to women, including threats of such acts, coercion or arbitrary deprivation of liberty, whether occurring in public or in private life."- page 19.

I recently issued this statement on my personal Facebook account:

"Seeing a lot of posts in my feed about domestic violence - seems to be a very shallow understanding of the subject - tend to think it's about hitting - but that's just the manifestation of a much deeper malaise in the male psyche ..

Domestic Violence & Violence Against Women is:

- the guy who uses you for sex then throws you away
- the guy who gets angry when you reject his advances
- the guy who tells you what to wear, who to talk to, how to think
- the guy who gets obsessively jealous for no reason
- the guy who focuses on your flaws to prevent his from being seen
- the guy who views you as an acquisition, a conquest, a successful invasion
- the guy who believes you owe him sex
- the guy who plays victim to gain sympathy and forgiveness
- the guy who blames everyone else
- the guy who controls you financially
- the guy who uses his children to keep a hold on you
- the guy who says you're asking for it if you show any skin

- the guy who criticises everything you're passionate about
- the guy who promotes his own intellect above yours
- the guy who verbally abuses you in public
- the guy who argues for the sake of it
- the guy who says you have to ask him before you do anything
- the guy who becomes enraged at the first sign of trouble
- the guy who believes he is beyond reproach
- the guy who lays claim to you long after you're through
- the guy who believes his goals in life are more important than yours
- the guy who destroys your self-esteem because he doesn't have any

The list is so much longer than this - but hopefully provides a deeper insight into domestic violence and violence against women as having a groundswell, an ever-present undercurrent long before the physical abuse starts.

I don't write this with any concern for abusive men and whatever solutions might be appropriate for their little problem. God knows it is their job to fix it. Not mine. Not yours, nor any woman's job, should it ever be, to play therapist, or healer of men's souls.

I write this for women who don't see it coming, for whom the warning signs are overlooked in favour of a romantic notion. For women who believe this behaviour is a normal part of a healthy relationship, when they're already half-way dead. For women who may never meet the brunt end of a man's physical fist, but whose lives can be destroyed by the violent mentality of disrespectful, slanderous, controlling, deeply ill men who have managed to wear a mask to hide it all.

More than any of the points listed above, violence against women is the boys club that encourages it, whom pat their mates on the back at the bar for 'showing her', for knowing about it and doing nothing, for condoning it, for laughing about it, for assuming the day would never come when this boys club would have the rug pulled out from underneath it. It is the men who employ abusers with this verbal handshake: 'none of my business mate we're glad to have you for your talents'. These guys are the ones who support the whole

structure." - end quote -

I left an abusive relationship 15 years ago, the likes of which I never want to experience again. There is a selfish sickness being bred among men and I care not from whence it came. Just as we tend to blame poverty for racial tensions, violence against women is also, unfortunately, treated with the same academic and entirely ineffective speculation as to its cause. Enough. There is no point looking for the cause in a modern context when clearly, many men subjected to the same socio-economic factors, never resort to violence against anyone. This same view can be applied to every other so-called 'cause' of violence against women: if it doesn't apply to everyone, it is not the cause. We have to trace the true history of this malaise to its source.

I'd like to quote respected psychologists to explain my view on this, but it might be more than obvious, if history is correct, that men are predisposed to egomania and the violent expression of their frustrations. Some men have evolved beyond this primal trait, while others clearly have not. Confirming this with a tedious list of professional opinions would be an insult to the millions of women worldwide who can already confirm it from personal experience, and the statistics are not only impactful, but incredibly vile.

The Copenhagen Consensus cites violence against women as including: "mental harm or suffering to women, including threats of such acts, coercion or arbitrary deprivation of liberty, whether occurring in public or in private life." This particular excerpt is the focus of this book; mental harm and suffering, threats of such acts and deprivation of liberty. These are human rights abuses, largely overlooked world-wide.

The list of 'guys who' supplied above, which I gave to my followers on Facebook, is based on my personal experience, and I can tell you unequivocally that mental harm is no less an assault than physical harm. The man I left 15 years ago recently threatened to have me committed. Apparently those of us who speak out against the psychopathic abuse and

disregard of the rights of women and children, belong in a mental institution. This is called gas-lighting, a term used in studies of sociopathic behaviour, where the abuser causes the victim to doubt her sanity. I also recently had a 'respected' musician tell me I was deluded when I stood up to his verbal abuse on social media. This psychological illness comes with its own unique form of chest-beating pride and conceited malevolence that has always, and will always, cause harm, and if the Copenhagen Consensus can be relied upon as an official report, which I believe it is, and if the United Nations have deemed mental harm and suffering to be a form of violence against women, and a breach of human rights, it can easily be assumed at this juncture that no man will ever be permitted to inflict such harm on any woman, ever again, without serious consequence.

It is not my aim to use this area of grave concern to vent my personal grievances, on the contrary I feel it necessary to refer to my personal experience in an effort to assist other women, educate other women, and prevent other women from becoming ensnared in the insidious trap of male dominance, and the privileges this dominance affords men over women. Female naivety makes us easy prey, soft targets. Notice how I felt the need to explain my intentions here. This is the result of 20 years of being falsely accused, guilty before proven innocent, slandered, defamed, lied about, threatened and lorded over by a very sick man. Is it right to have one's psyche impacted to the point where a simple honest book need have its intention explained, when that intention should be more than clear to any sane person, given the current revolting climate of violence, perpetuated by men, on this planet, in homes, in the workplace, in public, in 2015? Of course not.

Feminists will tell you 'it's the patriarchy' in full effect, and to some degree, I agree, but knowing this fact does nothing to stop the abuse and putrid domination of spiritually weak men over the generally passive nature of women. Here, some men will read this and assert 'but my ex-wife was abusive all she ever did was yell'. It is true, abuse goes both ways but let me ask you, why was she yelling? Everyone with a semblance of maturity would agree that relationships go through natural ups and downs, for some, yelling is a

normal part of every day life. It is the words used and the intention behind them that cut the difference between a family feud and a direct attempt to maim your partner. Was she fed up with your selfish disregard and general sense of lovelessness toward her? If so, I can empathise. The realm of rational discourse is not an easy realm for women, we are emotional creatures. What if your 'abusive' wife woke up one morning with an entirely rational approach and attempted to discuss her issues with you? Can you hear the silence when I ask this question? The reluctance of most men to want to discuss anything at all that might cause them to correct themselves or admit fault has never been a welcome discussion, generally speaking. So you can see the dilemma.

Hard-core feminists might tell you this rape of justice perpetrated by men against women has gone on long enough, not that it was ever necessary, at least until this moment when men are finally forced to do the real work of becoming real men, no excuses.

# Table of Contents

Chapter 1 - Dismantling Male Pride .....	12
Chapter 2 - Financial Abuse .....	16
Chapter 3 - Deprivation of Liberty .....	18
Chapter 4 - The Boys Club .....	22
Chapter 5 - The Conspiracy to Keep You Poor .....	26
Chapter 6 - Sorry Not Sorry .....	30
Chapter 7 - Head of the Household .....	34
Chapter 8 - Bitch .....	38
Chapter 9 - Big Man .....	42
Chapter 10 - Online Now .....	47
Chapter 11 - Mother Superior .....	52
Chapter 12 - He Doesn't Love You .....	56
About the Author .....	61

## Chapter 1 - Dismantling Male Pride

The reluctance to admit being wrong, behaving badly, the refusal to apologise, to consider for a moment that fault may lie with him and him alone, these few examples of male pride at first seem no different to anything either sex can be guilty of doing, and yet, moreover, women are more predisposed to reflect and correct, than men. Again, we don't need a long list of professional statements to verify this. The evidence is already on the table. Why is it so difficult for men to admit fault? Pride.

I have no interest in how they developed it, or why they deem it such an important social trait, as if being at fault is a weakness, and admitting fault, an even greater weakness. 'What would people think of my manliness if they discovered I am not perfect?' This is really the crux of the issue, when conflict-resolution is up for discussion. He's the guy who refuses to attend marriage counselling, the guy who beats you down relentlessly with a barrage of words designed to place all the blame on you, the coward, the bully; the frightened and confused half-man who opted out of his natural evolutionary-position to a more refined state of being. A humane being. This is all we need to know. It is the only relevant information required to eradicate male pride and its harmful effects from your life.

Dismantling male pride, of itself, is an interesting idea, but it suggests a level of therapy better left to therapists, not partners. In my experience, I found it unfortunately necessary to *destroy* male pride, rather than dismantle it, because I don't regard its harmful presence as being required, at all, let alone gently afforded even the remotest grip on my reality whatsoever, while it lingers about during whatever pseudo-psychological attempt well-meaning persons might employ to 'dismantle' it. Not I. To destroy male pride, one only requires a healthy, rational intellect; a simple logic, a sound understanding of basic psychology, and the vocabulary to execute it. Women, especially girls, have, over the course of modern history, been encouraged to believe that men are the thinkers, and it

certainly does come across this way, because men are more rational than women, generally speaking. Where you become upset, overwhelmed with emotion, he might perceive the issue with a more black-and-white view, and see a simple solution, and if you are finding it difficult to express your feelings, you become increasingly frustrated at your partner's inability to understand you. Your emotions are perceived as an over-reaction, because his tendency to be more objective, allows him to subjectively perceive female emotion as crazy. These emotions aren't simple. They don't make sense to him. Therefore, neither do you, and yet in so many instances, your cause of upset is because your intuition and sensitivity alerts you to something being amiss, but you lacks the vocabulary, intellect, and correct mental-positioning to adequately make your point, without losing your shit.

Several years ago I watched a movie about a woman who was being physically and mentally abused by her partner. As movies tend to go, the script-writers decided the only way she could fight back and escape, was if she became physically strong, beat him up, set him up, and leave. Interestingly, she had to use her head to make the proper plan for exit, but the movie focused on her physical training and subsequent action scenes of returning blow for blow. I saw this movie around the same time I was being bullied, yet again, by my ex partner. Honestly don't remember what the issue was in this instance, but it required that I make it clear to him to never come near me, nor my home, nor my driveway, ever again. There was no way for me to physically stop him. I am not predisposed to violence and being of a slight frame, I know my limitations when it comes to self-defense. I knew I could not physically push him off my property. He'd simply stand there like he owned it, and me, and I'd become frustrated and solve nothing. The bully would win, so I had to try a different method.

I realised, after several years of sharpening my intellect through a re-education process I undertook on the internet, which included reading countless good books, that I now had a much more powerful weapon: my mind. It was the one thing I lacked during our

relationship, and the major weakness that enabled him to dominate me so successfully. For every argument, I had no rational response. I couldn't access it, because my mind, intellect, and communication skills were weak. Not any more, so on this particular day, I wrote him a three-page letter concisely setting out every logical answer for why his threats to take me to court (for the crime of being upset) were nothing more than bullying tactics. I explained to him how happy the magistrate might be to learn of his perpetual abuse and poor treatment of me during our five-year relationship, his obsessive jealousy, his telling me how to dress, his punishing me if another man looked at me, because I must've enjoyed it, and asked for it, therefore I must dress more demurely to accommodate his insecurities. The magistrate would be delighted to know, I was sure, of the night he threw me out of the car because one of his workmates looked at me in a sexual way, and apparently, that was my fault. There were many other things mentioned in this letter but regardless of the boring details, I managed to completely turn the tables with simple eloquent logic. As a result, he 'respected' my requests to stay away from me. His argument was deeply flawed, our argument was over, and much like a good lawyer, I was able to prove it, with nothing more than a pen and three pieces of paper.

Destroying the incredibly inconvenient and unnecessarily harmful assault of male pride is really as simple as that. You don't need physical muscles. A decent amount of mind-strength will do. For some women it might come easily, for others not so much, depending on the level of abuse already experienced and how that may have impacted their self-esteem. Education is also a factor. It can be scary standing up to a monster. What if your logic doesn't work? That is always a possibility, and it most likely won't, unless you lace it with ethics. If he has a reputation among his peers of being somewhat respected and perceived as a 'nice guy' he will know that he can be easily undermined once you become smart enough to expose him in a manner that no one, except for the most serious of cowards, could deny. It is his male pride that becomes his undoing, the pride he takes in being highly thought of by others, when under threat, is enough incentive to have him adhere to your requests, without the need for a restraining order.

My focus here is on enabling you to level up to a man's intellect with an equally powerful rationale, in relationships where mental harm is being perpetuated. Physically abusive relationships are not my area, although my ex partner did use physical force on several occasions, including imprisoning me in a locked bedroom for getting a parking fine and choking me with a broom handle for asking him to open a window, it was never so great a threat to my person as was his mental torture and controlling dominance over my life, career, and individuality as a person. My self-esteem plummeted in his presence, and I am extremely grateful for the day I decided to sharpen my mind, but it didn't end there. He tried financial abuse instead.

Male pride: 'You left me you will pay.' 'It was all your fault not mine' 'You are an unreasonable woman to expect such basic courtesies from me.' 'No I will not go to counselling there is nothing wrong with me it is all you.' I'm not altogether sure why they take such pride in this type of attitude. It's not exactly attractive.

## Chapter 2 - Financial Abuse

Listed by law as a domestic violence crime. It is the guy who earns well above the minimum wage but only pays 5 dollars a week in child support, or, if you are still together, the guy who controls you financially by regulating how much money you have access to, even if you earned it. The former, in my experience, can be a much more oppressive crime by nature of how long it can last. This isn't a government agency slip-up, their requirements are quite clear, and it has little to do with this agency failing to protect the rights of children. It is a very simple sad matter of mentally ill men operating out of spite, yet another childish control mechanism. If they can no longer control you physically, mentally, or emotionally, they opt for the longest and harshest tactic: the subjugation and oppression of your child's lifestyle, opportunities and daily nourishment, by default, because it is really you whom he seeks to deprive.

It is not a popular topic, that of child support, due to the many instances where this system is abused by well-to-do parents who don't require the financial support, often bankrupting the payer in the process, but in the instance where it is known that financial support is required, and by law, demanded by simple ethics, it stands to reason that such support be given voluntarily, not used as a last resort abuse of the basic human right to have adequate shelter, food, and clothing.

Understandably, many put forward the claim, and the speculation, that the guardian is not prevented from earning as much income as they like, so how would the withholding of child support be an issue. And these are the sorts of conjectures thrown up by the unwitting who remain unaware that both parents are financially responsible for their children. It is actually quite remarkable to consider that anyone could miss this simple point, but it remains the most excused point by the simple-minded who adhere to lesser opinions and dramatic overtones regarding what they deem to be right and fair.

It is the guy who refuses to seek adequate employment because it simply does not suit him, the guy who spends the money on himself, the guy who spends his child's inheritance money on himself, the guy who, in front of witnesses, declares quite proudly, when asked why he does not voluntarily pay more - "Because you deserve it." This is the confession of a seriously mentally ill person, a manipulator, an abuser, an arrogant and ignorant half-man taking pride in exercising control over the quality of life of those whom he should provide for. I experienced 15 years of late payments, of phone calls and stress chasing these payments, of budgeting for these payments, only to be vampirised all over again when the money didn't come through, the inconvenience, the deliberate interference with the smooth flow of my life; this is how an abuser gets his kicks, like a buzzing, nagging, mosquito. It is the freedom you no longer have to live your life without simultaneously accommodating the petty bullshit of someone you escaped from over a decade ago purely because he is not man enough to do the right thing, again, that male pride being the main factor, the refusal to take responsibility for his role as a parent, the refusal to make any semblance of an effort to do so, because he has no desire to do so, and to make your life as difficult as possible, his only desire, all he has to do, is hit you in your wallet.

May I note that I home-schooled my son for 5 of these years, which meant I could not work full-time, so you can see the deplorable act committed when financial abuse is inflicted in this situation. You may even see how deplorable an act is committed when he refuses to grant his son permission to travel out of the country, for no other reason than to prevent his full-time mother from having a holiday.

I write this at 5.44am – reeling from the stench of the realisation of how sick one person can be, because the real face of abuse and domestic violence is not the fist, it is the mind of the man behind it. It is every single attempt to exercise control over, and thwart the happy existence of another human being. Sociopaths are experts at it, it is how they thrive and survive, positively glowing with pride, at all their truly remarkable 'achievements'.

## Chapter 3 - Deprivation of Liberty

Liberty: the state of being free within society from oppressive restrictions imposed by authority on one's behaviour (or political views). It starts with an innocent-enough 'Are you sure you want to wear that?' and ends with 'Dress how I tell you. You just want attention from other men' and somewhere in between he manages to convince you that your personal appearance is better expressed as conservatively as possible. Failing to do so means you lack class and grace. To be a woman of maturity you must not only dress in the least expressive way possible but it cannot be your own decision to do so, it must be at his suggestion. Any mature woman reading this has already seen straight through this little ploy for exactly what it is. And yes we are well aware of the broader meaning of liberty in global politics, but the point of this chapter is to show you that liberty is first and foremost a basic human right in the home.

In any instance where your abuser, controller, sociopathic counter-part assigned to you by some bizarre twist of fate to teach you to be wiser before choosing a partner, attempts to exercise control over your basic freedom of expression, it is a human rights violation. Do not dress like that, do not talk like that, do not talk to that person, do not be larger than life, do not have a career or honour your dreams, do not do anything that might make him feel you are an independent individual with rights of your own. You are his possession and you must adhere to his wishes or pay for defying him. He will subject you to a barrage of verbal abuse, false accusations, paranoid claims, demean your character as a woman, strip away your self-esteem and completely subjugate you to his deluded belief that he and he alone is the only person in the room with a correct opinion, and he will do this slowly at first, it will come across to you as him being protective of your person because he 'loves you so much', so you forgive the first few instances of his lunacy probably because you can relate to being slightly jealous and wanting to have someone all to your self. You will not notice that you have never told him what to wear or to whom he can and cannot speak, you have never mentioned anything about whose attention he might want because the

thought has not entered your perfectly sane mind, but that will not matter because you will excuse his insecurities as a sort of twisted affection shown for you in his own unique way. 'That's just him' you will say, and you will say this having absolutely no idea that a much more insidious plot is under way to eventually deprive you fully of any freedom whatsoever, and when it comes, you will call it partnership, co-operation, and love. His illness will become your illness. He will have convinced you that it is perfectly normal and all couples are like this. If they are not, they should be, because he would know, and you, clearly have something to learn.

If you are not enraged reading this it might be the case that you are yet to make the connection between what can often be perceived as normal every day life for millions of women, and a blatant human rights violation. Once you make that connection and understand its severity, the harmful effects on your psyche, self-esteem, individuality, work, social life, and even your role as a parent, you might opt to have potential male partners screened for mental illness before falling for anyone clever enough to con you into believing they are smart, sensitive and kind. The insecure egomaniac manual is unfortunately not handed down to you from on high when you meet him for the first time. The selfish bastard brochure is not slipped to you in between bills in the mail. How could you know that all his whining, complaining, constant negativity, criticisms, abuse and authoritarian approach to every aspect of your life including what music you should and should not listen to, will become part of your every day life and completely drain you of the will to even live? All those sunny days of fun you have in mind? Think again. They will be sabotaged. Those lovely dinners with your friends? He does not like those friends and your dinner will be ruined by a fight afterwards about his opinions of your friends, whom also happen to be doing much better at life than him. That CD you want to listen to in the car because you have not heard it for so long? No you cannot listen to that because he has something better in mind and not only that, your choice in music sucks, apparently. That work associate you speak to for five minutes? No you cannot do that either. He wants your sex and it is your fault. Those happy days of independence and final freedom long after

you have left him? You can almost have that, but not before he has tried everything to prevent you from ever having it. Your naivety will be your weakness, your compassion, forgiveness and patience used against you. There is nothing more he will want from you except your complete obedience. If you come even close to exposing him, he will threaten to have you put away.

We don't need to address the multitude of deprivations of liberties experienced by women all over the world in situations ranging from severe to mild but herein lies an interesting question: what is severe, and what is mild? You may not get locked in a dungeon without food or water for three days, you may not be splashed with acid or stoned for disobeying your husband, but what of your internal stoning? What of the acid in his words every time they scorch your silly soul? What about the prison of fear that surrounds you, like an animal in a cage that your mind has come to accept as normal, a mental prison you are not quite sure that you can leave safely because of all the other things, those unmentionable things, that stirring nausea you experience walking around your own town without a friend in the world because quite frankly, they do not give a rat's arse. You are on your own and the severity of what has happened to you cannot be seen on the outside, but you live with it and it shapes your reality, it affects the way you relate to other men, it prevents you from attracting a good, real man, it makes you unnecessarily guarded, a cold bitch, because you simply do not have the energy to entertain any more childish nonsense from any man in the whole universe ever, so the right man with minor excusable flaws passes you by, and your abuser has won. We don't think of mental and emotional abuse, these deprivations of liberty either, as being anywhere near as severe as the experiences of women in the Middle East, or Africa, and yet they have just as much potential to completely destroy your life, turn you into the activist you never wanted to become, and resign you to the fact that if a man cannot fuck it, dominate it, breed with it, own it, employ it or subjugate it, he probably won't want it, and you will not feel at all bad feeling this way, because every single man you meet from that day forward will prove it to you. Your abuser has successfully rewritten the code in your love-matrix that once read: "Live

the Life of Your Dreams.”

You will not believe in fairy tales any more. You will not enjoy the way the next man places his hand in the small of your back. You will not have the slightest inclination to indulge the sick-minded drivel that so many males seem proud to offer, because you will have finally realised how deeply damaging your abuser's actions really were and you will see them magnified in every man you meet, like huge red neon danger signs. It will hit you with such amazing clarity, you will not know whether to vomit, cry, or sell everything and move to the Bahamas. Your wounds will stay with you until they are healed. So I do not really have the time or the intention to therapise you into understanding what it is that makes men behave this way because none of it deserves an explanation. They know it to be wrong, but they do it anyway; deprive you of liberty, choice, freedom, individuality, love.. wrapped up in “Trust me. It's the best thing for you.” and because you love him (why?) you will go right along with all of it. I do not feel any pressing need to wake these half-men up from their deluded state but I do feel very strongly about waking you up.

## Chapter 4 - The Boys Club

In the introduction I made reference to the boys club that holds the insidious and entirely delusional male superiority complex in place - world wide. It is there in the work place, the bar, the boardroom, the party, the lab, the courtroom and the bedroom. There's no denying a man needs his friends, but when this friendship, this male camaraderie is laced with the insipid strains of neanderthalic thinking, a woman is somewhat surrounded, and not in a way that serves her best interests. She too may have her friends, her employer, even her male friends, but there is nothing quite like the stench of the sweaty bias and encouragement of poor behaviour this boys club in which this boys club primitively delights.

They are the group of guys who abduct your partner and undo all the work you both put in to repairing, building, establishing standards, and trust in your relationship. You can sense the betrayal deep in your bones when you hear them snicker about women in general, when they refer to you as 'the wife' or tell him he is 'whipped', and much to your surprise he laughs along with them. It is a special type of coward that cannot resist the peer pressure applied by his mates or work colleagues. Once you see him fail in this particular area, the very simple area where you would normally think it would not be difficult for him to be honest, or at least alert his friends that disrespecting you will not be tolerated, the door for distrust is flung wide open.

They keep him out longer than usual, they show no regard for his responsibilities to you or your family. It is them versus you, the woman who threatens to invade their territory with the selfless hint of a more elevated way of being, a call for respect they apparently have no interest in showing, worse still, that you might be the reason they see less of their playmate, that he may be bettered by the nourishment of genuine love, grow and lose interest in the frat boy mentality they cannot seem to live without. If you all happen to work in the same industry, this boys club will side with him in the event of any major dilemma in your relationship and you will be, once again, outnumbered. This is particularly the case for women who work in male dominated industries, like the music industry, for

example. If you separate from your abuser it won't be you they stand by, it will be him. It won't be you they support through this difficult time, it will be him. He's a 'nice guy', and you become the terrible femme fatale who led this respectable upstanding man astray and finally set him free, right back into the arms of his awaiting pack of chummy dogs.

Even if you have a child, it won't matter that the abuse you were both subjected to is the reason you leave, it will only matter that your abuser is suddenly completely distraught and apparently heart-broken that you could do this, the heinous act of walking out on him for being such a shitty person. Chances are the boys club won't have a single clue as to what their good mate was like behind closed doors. He might even feed them a long series of lies about how victimised he feels, how used and abused and taken advantage of, how you conned him into a relationship only to leave him and take your child with you. The boys club won't believe this put on for any moral reasons, they will believe it because it suits their preconceived notion that you were trouble right from the beginning. Of course you were, because you always represented a threat to the trite structure of male hierarchy and their social power, and if it involves the work place, they will side with him purely because it keeps this social power intact. If he is respected for his work, all the more reason to do so, because it is easier for them to respect a man, than any woman. They will always make this choice. This is how the cycle of domestic violence and violence against women is supported, held in place, and continued, because at no point does any member of this boys club think for himself, nor inquire, nor show any regard whatsoever for a possible other side to the story, and why would they believe you anyway? You are now 'the bitch who left him'. They don't care why.

You might find yourself suddenly unemployed, or at least losing work rapidly, and you will not be given a good reason for your dismissal. You might be lucky enough to hear "We have to let you go because your partner is upset about your leaving and we don't want to see him distressed" if you happen to work together, for example. When you hear this, it will probably be the case that you cannot even begin to process the immense rage you feel about this ignorance. You will know without a doubt that it is way too late to give your side of the story. This boys club cares not for your situation as a now-single-mother with a

mouth to feed. No. They will push whatever angle necessary to unfairly dismiss you because 'it's not worth the trouble', and you, apparently, are the cause of it. Not him. Not your abuser. Not your controlling monster of a partner who never showed any signs of mental illness before you moved in together. Not the guy who changed before your very eyes the minute he realised he was in a position to dominate you fully, under the same roof. They simply won't believe it, and if you dare to suggest it, inform them, or become upset and blurt it out and plead with them to consider your child as well, that you need the income, they won't take you seriously. You are a drama queen, because that is what they have been told by the biggest con artist you never thought you'd be stupid enough to live with, let alone breed.

There are plenty of statistics available in regard to the struggle single mothers face when leaving a relationship. Homelessness, bills, unemployment, welfare, it all becomes very ugly and desperate, but despite these statistics, the boys club will maintain their stance. Victory for men you see. Victory for the mind-numbing patriarchal status quo. Supreme triumph over ethics, truth, and common human decency. None of these things matter more than the peer-pat on the back they can't live without. The double standards and lack of empathy will sicken you to your core, just as it sickens millions of other women who are needlessly subjected to this primal and entirely barbaric assault on the very fabric of what it is to be human, but not considered as such, nor treated as such. The scoreboard is all that matters to them, and for as long as it is tipped in their favour, they feel as if they have achieved something, without being smart enough, nor self-aware enough, to know why.

It is this spineless display so deeply ingrained in the global boys club psyche that prevents progress. It prevents the evolution of the person, the family unit, women, and men. It proudly obstructs, delays, and destroys any hope for more understanding times, for fairness, justice or basic goodness. It places all the chips on the sociopaths table while you are left to gamble with whatever remains of your shattered life, and the owner of the casino is watching it all with a smile on his face.

Don't complain. You are supposed to be strong. Don't cause a scene, you bitter woman.

Don't try to get our sympathy look what you did to him. Just leave and get on with your life and don't come here again. You obviously lack self-control and are clearly mentally unstable. These double standards are the very foundation of the boys club you knew right from the beginning was nothing more than a pack of feral wolves hiding behind shiny white grins. They can't see the double standards because they are hypocrites, infallible, flawless hypocrites, hell-bent on ensuring the protection of a member of their pack, and the prevention of anything you might ever do to expose this. Be silenced instead. Stay silent when he commences a relationship with an 18 year-old girl not more than 6 months after your separation, in his late 30s. The boys club sees this sad border-line pedophile friend as a hero for landing such a young piece of chicken.

They will never question why he felt the need to find someone even more impressionable than you.

## Chapter 5 - The Conspiracy to Keep You Poor

A woman's true wealth is her happiness. If we use this as the basis for the argument that there could be a conspiracy to keep you miserable, the evidence speaks for itself. Clearly, we are not referencing the many happy women flooding the earth in droves as we speak, nor the millions of happy men skipping to work each morning whistling a boy band tune. We can categorically state that true happiness evades most people regardless of gender, but in the context of abusive relationships, we might be served to remember that misery loves company. Miserable bastards are out there, and they are looking for you. They have innumerable complaints about everything ranging from politics, society in general, career issues, family, friends, lifestyle etc.. and in the same instance there are many women who harbour these complaints as well. The kept-wife, for example, who has nothing but complaints about her perfectly reasonable, peaceful passive husband, also exists, but again, in the context of abusive relationships and domestic violence against women, the focus here is on men who insist their partners join them in a downward spiral of negativity, defeatism, and suffocating misery.

Poverty of spirit is the ultimate aim of the sociopath, he wants you to be unhappy to maintain his dominant position in the relationship. He doesn't need to be a sociopath to desire this, he may merely be a particularly egotistical man with issues better left on his mother's breakfast table than at your feet, but the dynamic between misery and domestic violence is ever present and deeply intertwined at the base of whatever psychology drives these men to perpetuate it. If a woman's happiness can be taken away, the abuser feels triumphant. If her poverty of spirit can be assured, he will concoct any reason, and engage in any act, to ensure it. It's all about him, his wants, his feelings, his needs, his drama, his complaints, his frustrations, his issues, his childhood, his victim-complex, and none of anything you may have ever suffered matters. He is now the centre of your world and he wants to keep it that way. What better way to do that than by constantly creating an environment where your happiness is thwarted. God forbid you should ever experience

happiness, who knows what you might do?

At its most fundamental level, the *wilful* act of making someone miserable can be debated. He doesn't know that this is his intention, he's not operating rationally enough to know anything much about why he behaves the way he does. He's on automatic pilot and it doesn't matter how he came to be this way. It only matters that he *is* this way.

Spiritualists might tell you "It's a cry for help. Help him." Don't listen to these people. You are not his therapist, in fact stooping to the level of therapist in any relationship is precisely the thing that will ensure your misery. You will end up spending more time trying to psychoanalyse this mentally ill male than enjoying your own life, and this too, is precisely what he wants; the centre of your attention, as often as possible, and if he doesn't have it, he will get it. It's not that he wants you in this position for your benefit, it is purely for *his* benefit and the sick sense of satisfaction he feels knowing he can treat you however he pleases, then repeat the cycle, until you are completely drained, deflated, lifeless, miserable: poor.

Earlier we looked at financial abuse as a domestic violence crime, and this is definitely the most literal expression of the conspiracy to keep you poor. With money, you might have freedom, to go where you please and live the life you dreamed of, and we can't have that can we. Poverty at the economic level has proven to create more misery in our confusing world than just about any other injustice. It is the financial abuse that the coward and the bully will use to cement his dominance over, and vampirism of, your happiness. He may even be cunning enough to refer you to spiritual teachings that suggest our aim as human beings is to learn to be happy with very little, in a bilious twist of life-principles, which is only relevant for materialistic types who need to learn that particular lesson, not the oppressed female struggling to pay her bills. Don't be fooled when this argument is presented to you, that you should be grateful for the little you have. No doubt we are, but that is hardly the point.

If you were a happy fun-loving gal before you met him, why are you not so now? Again,

spiritualists will more than happily inform you that your relationship is 'karmic', that it is teaching you something about how you relate, how well you care for yourself, how you allow yourself to be treated, how you come to make decisions to remain with a man who seeks nothing more than your perpetual, spiritually poverty-stricken misery. Are you sure there's not something wrong with *you*? It can't possibly be all his fault. Don't listen to these people. If you find yourself in a relationship consisting of little more than mental and emotional abuse, or worse still, blatant physical abuse, this is not the time to philosophise. However it came to pass is something you can address well after you have ended this sad excuse for human relations. You might join meditation groups, and 'how to love your self' classes at a later date. There will be plenty of time for others to lure you into their guru cults to perpetuate your admission that you must be deeply flawed to have attracted such a relationship. Be careful of these people also. It's an ego trip.

There is only one relevant fact worthy of admission here: your abuser, no matter how you came to be conned by his initial charms, is part of the conspiracy to keep you poor. He is a member of a global cult that reaches back thousands of years. This fabulous tasty tribe has spread its virus across the entire globe and holds every woman in its grip for as long as it can. There will be no expense spared to make sure you never break free of it, and may only break free of it, if you play their childish game. This is the boys club referred to in a previous chapter, otherwise known as patriarchy. It is the system of thinking that prescribes a dominant and entirely masculine approach to almost everything you can imagine. It is the self-righteous preaching from dominators in regard to whom you should be, as a woman. Even their good advice comes with a catch. If you take it, they are your saviour. If you reject it, you are a problem. Your poverty, mentally, emotionally, financially, spiritually, is their only aim. It always has been, and your partner is just one little cell in this virus as it goes to work on the female population world wide.

Don't kid yourself with "Oh the poor man. He doesn't know he is like this because of the way he has been programmed by society, or childhood, or whatever." Your sympathy is

the very thing they are counting on. You can probably tell at this point I have no interest in providing excuses for any member of global patriarchy, or its unwitting members. There are plenty of women who subscribe to it too, but to any clear-thinking person, it has only ever represented destruction. On a broader scale, it is the destruction of our habitat, the rape of the earth, the brutal pounding of every political fist, the incessant, annoying noise of a world gone mad, a world made mad by mad men, big men. They don't care about you, and neither does he. Whatever allegiance you feel toward this cult and its crimes against humanity, including the crimes against your person within your own home, must go. By breaking your agreement to participate, you are assisting millions of women to do the very same thing.

The conspiracy to keep you poor is quite deliberate. How could something so all-encompassing and devastating at every level, be anything but deliberate? Striving to be happy and doing whatever it takes is also a deliberate act, and something you must keep at the front of your mind the very first time he demeans you. He's giving you an insight into what is in store for you if you indulge him any further. He is not an evolved male. He is yet to become self-aware, to become fully conscious of his true role as a real man. Don't trade your loneliness in for the scraps of affection this guy will give you while he lures you into his misery. Know the signs, read them well, and leave him in the dust. You won't be serving him if you decide to stay. You are not his life-support system, nor his mother, nor any other role he prescribes you to make you his obedient inferior other half. The conspiracy is real, and it is looking for you to be its next victim. Never allow it.

## Chapter 6 - Sorry Not Sorry

Sorry

*adjective*

1. feeling sad or distressed through sympathy with someone else's misfortune.
2. feeling regret or penitence.

What a word. Maybe you've heard it. Maybe you've heard it often. Maybe you won't hear it at all. Whether you hear it or not is probably beside the point. It's nice to know he regrets his behaviour, not so nice when he doesn't, but if he does, at least he said so, right?

Please be aware that the word 'sorry' is just that; a word. A short series of consonants and a vowel. Two syllables. A singular expression of remorse, genuine, or otherwise. He's sorry he made you feel that way. He's sorry he lost his temper. He's sorry for being so stubborn and childish. He's sorry sorry sorry, for anything and everything that might cause you to leave him. He's not sorry because he deeply regrets his behaviour, he is sorry because it is the expression of guilt required for him to keep you. That is all. If his behaviour is repeated more than once, this should give you a very clear indication of exactly how sorry he really is. It is a lot like the phrase 'I love you'. Three words that mean absolutely nothing if they are not demonstrated with loving actions. Similarly, 'sorry' means nothing if the behaviour is repeated. He is sorry he hit you, so he'll tone it down a little and keep it to a mere shove up against a wall every now and then, when he lacks self-control. Notice this. He has enough self-control to slightly adjust his behaviour, but not enough self-control to stop it completely? You are being had.

Once you find yourself in a relationship with an abuser, you will hear this word a lot, or not at all. Either way it won't matter because no apology is the same as an ingenuine apology. As a woman you have a natural tendency to feel empathy. When you hear him apologise it

comes not only as a great relief, but a doorway opening in to your sympathy. He's trying. He cares. He loves you. He really does. No, he doesn't. Understand this very clearly, because according to the domestic violence climate in 2015, it could mean the difference between life and death, or the difference between a happy productive life and an utterly destroyed future, not only for you, but for your children as well. He's not actually sorry to find himself at the centre of your constant attention, bickering over every tiny little thing, criticising trivialities about who you are, or whether the dinner is cooked to his liking. He's not sorry that he spends his waking hours stoned on the couch, or drunk at the bar, contributing nothing to life in the home. He's not sorry when he doesn't do that thing you asked him to do 17 times already and you bring it up again only for him to tell you to stop nagging and how unreasonable you are, and ungrateful. He's not sorry for his obsessive jealousy or the way he checks up on you every time you leave the house. He's not sorry he won't participate in fatherhood. It's an inconvenience so stop bothering him with it. He's not sorry for the way he pushes you to one side in public around his friends so he can, of course, be the centre of their attention, while you stand meekly by his side. He's not sorry for the argument you're about to have, nor how the argument will end. He's not sorry for any of it. True remorse would be demonstrated with a change of behaviour, and that is not his intention. Clearly. He is not sorry he beat you black and blue and took to the kids with a belt. If he were ever going to be sorry about such a thing, it would never have happened anyway.

Peaceful loving men don't hit you or your children. They don't rip your self-esteem out of your chest and enlist you in a life of submission to their every demand. They just don't, and it doesn't matter how charismatic he is, nor how much you think you love him. He is not sorry, and the behaviour will continue. We don't need to watch Hollywood movies telling this sad tale, nor do we even need to see the statistics for the instances where a woman has said 'He said he wouldn't do it again' only to be proven painfully wrong. It doesn't matter if it comes in the form of verbal abuse or physical abuse and let's be clear here on this issue of verbal abuse: yelling, of itself, is not verbal abuse. It is a raised voice. Abuse is when the words being used are abusive, demeaning, cruel, caustic. It is the habit of many

cultures, particularly in Europe, for members of any family to raise their voices. It is not the habit of any healthy family, for those voices to become knives, slicing away at the spirit. It goes without saying that it is not the habit of healthy families to engage in any form of physical violence, let alone that of a man over a woman, who, by virtue of her make-up, cannot defend herself.

No good will come of this, ever. Understand this and accept it fully. If he has rejected counselling, cannot be reasoned with, apologises but repeats his behaviour, you are not in a relationship, you are in a hostage situation. You are in love with your kidnapper. Stockholm syndrome. You love your oppressor. This is not sanity and if you have children you are putting them at risk. It is understandable to make mistakes, to find your self in situations you did not see coming but I am telling you now, warning you now and in no uncertain terms commanding you now, to snap out of it. No amount of outings with the girls will be enough to change the scenario when you get home. No matter how many times you pamper yourself to make yourself feel better, he will undo it when he sees you. Those books you are reading about marriage and how to have a good relationship with the one you love, honey, are of absolutely no use unless he is reading them with you. You are in this relationship on your own, choosing to remain imprisoned, deprived of liberty, courtesy and respect and you think a few books written by notable self-help authors are going to fix it? Why are you reading them? Would they not be more appropriate reading material, for *him*?

*Sorry, not sorry.* This is what is really being said every time you hear this worn-out, over-used, emotionally blackmailing word. If he were sorry he'd be attending therapy sessions and proving it to you with his actions, how he treats you, and how he performs as a member of your family unit. If you see no evidence to support his 'sorry', he is not sorry. If his 'sorry' comes with 'but I..', this also, is not an apology. Ironically, the best apology I have ever seen and believed was that of Richard Gere's character in the movie *Pretty Woman*, a film detested by feminists for its flagrant exploitation and romanticisation of

prostitution, but it is an eye-opening scene nonetheless. He makes no excuses. Not a single one. He says it will never happen again, and it doesn't.

*That*, is the only 'sorry' worth hearing, and the only apology worth accepting. Anything less is shameless manipulation. Don't fall for it.

## Chapter 7 - Head of the Household

Last night I watched a program on television about England's Queens which gave an incredibly accurate insight into religious patriarchy and blatant sexism. The Kings and establishment of the day regarded women as unfit to rule, on account of our 'lack of rationale' and inability to participate in physical combat, and yet, we have instances throughout history of women on the battlefield. Historic findings recently revealed numerous accounts of female Viking warriors. We also have Joan of Arc, a 14 year-old farm girl who led her country to victory against the invading English army. There are many other accounts of women holding their own on the battlefield, and while it can be very generally stated that women are physically weaker than men, this has never stopped women from successful conquest. The program also went on to state that women who ruled were a repugnance to nature. England's early Queens were referred to as 'She-Wolves'.

We are deemed incapable of ruling due to our lack of rationale and reason, because we emotionalise, and might therefore make bad decisions. May I ask, in what way have men demonstrated themselves as good rulers? In 2015 we are in the midst of a global crisis. Our air is polluted, our water and food have been poisoned, the stock market reigns supreme while 1% of our population hoards all the wealth. The common man, the simple family unit, struggles to survive on a minimum wage. The cost of living rises while our pay packets do not. Women are still paid less than men for doing exactly the same job. War ravages countries for financial gain. Violence against women has reached revolting proportions so please do tell me, in what way can any sane person regard men as good rulers, when these types of men are the cause for a planetary crisis in every single area worthy of deep concern? Perhaps the answer is obvious, but let's investigate why a woman's emotion, and abiding intuition, may not in fact be a weakness when it comes to

good governance, and let's place the context of this right within the home.

When he assumes your emotions are a sign of instability, could it not be the case that he simply misunderstands them? And if this is the case, would it not make perfect sense to conclude that he does not have the skills required to understand the deeper level of reality lying just underneath his practical, black-and-white world? How smart is he really, if he doesn't understand you? When your intuition hints that something is amiss, in whatever situation, but you fail to find the right words to clearly label it, would it not be his job, in his amazing state as a perfectly rational man, to interpret your intuition and give it words? Or does this 'good ruler' merely dismiss it? Perhaps he thinks he knows better. I personally have lost count of the number times I have had my intuition dismissed by a man that 'knows better', not to mention all the instances I have observed this happening to other women.

If a woman's intuition is such a powerful thing, this connection to the unseen that everyone would benefit from establishing, why is not taken seriously by these powerful splendid leaders in our homes? Why is it regarded as frivolous folly by apparently intelligent men? Could it not be that one thing, if respected, that might assist them when making decisions, whether that be in the home, or in global politics? Is it not only a woman's intuition, but also her intelligence, that has shown men a proper course of action, to avoid disaster, or prevent the dog from being run over in the driveway because maybe he should just .. shut the gate? And yet in so many instances where we speak up in this regard, we are shouted down by the Big Men who refer to things as insulting as 'you are irrational' or 'but you're a woman how could you know that you must've fluked it, it's a load of rubbish what you're saying anyway, because I am a man and I know better' when attempting to maintain their dominant position either in the home, or in the arena of global affairs?

Is it not men who have led the world into the terribly destructive realm of lust for money

and power, conquest, death, disease, poverty, violence and stupidity, the likes of which we have never seen before? Has it not been proven throughout the course of history that not a single civilisation has survived when governed by men? Have they not brutally invaded native lands and peaceful countries purely for conquest and financial gain? If we consider men to be better rulers than women, on what basis could we assert such a claim when all the evidence proves otherwise, and especially when women have never been properly asserted the right to govern and fail, to prove you right? This archaic belief belongs in the garbage along with every other backward and entirely hypocritical mind-set perpetuated by men who clearly do not have the slightest clue on how to govern anyone.

Religion espoused that your man is the head of the household without supplying any rational reason as to why. That any leader of any institution could espouse such a thing without first understanding it himself would surely indicate yet another massive stupidity on his part? Are we to assume, us crazy women, that we are to believe something purely because these men of so-called authority say it? Would that not be irrational? Such blind faith in the unproven words of one man, or several scholars? Our intuition believes otherwise, not only that, but our intelligence knows better. When he takes command and 'lays down the law' without explaining how his decision serves the best interests of everyone involved according to pure reason, is he equipped to make these decisions? Or is he merely following the path set out for him by the same mind-set so prevalent in archaic Britain? Does he beat his chest in this manner out of some primal need to re-establish his connection to the ape?

This is the man who is physically stronger than you. Remember this before you challenge him on his stupidity and hypocrisy. There is very little likelihood that he will warm to being questioned, fall at your feet, declare you queen, and worship your intuition and natural intellect. You have a womb, and this is the one thing that scares him most, not because he doesn't want children, but because your body and your essence are vessels for life, portals to realms of intelligence he is yet to access, obviously, and perhaps he never will. This may

seem a large jump to make, from on the one hand speaking about our intuition, rationale and intelligence, to making the connection between these things, and the womb, and perhaps this points us in the right direction to nailing the real reason why men become abusive, mentally, physically, spiritually, emotionally, dominant, and have done for thousands of years. The truth has never been more obvious than it is right now.

## Chapter 8 - Bitch

You stood up for yourself, bitch. You spoke your mind, bitch. You used true words, bitch. How many of us can relate to being referred to this way for confronting a bully, and yet if we see a video on the internet of a child standing up to a bully, or a group doing the same thing, we applaud them. We feel a sense of satisfaction knowing the bad guys didn't win this round. We love the scene from the movie 'Good Will Hunting' where Will stands up to the intellectual snob who was patronising his friend in front of a woman. How do you like them apples? But when a woman stands up to her abuser... Bitch. Has he called you this yet? Has he attempted to vilify your character because you weren't going to allow him to demean you, disrespect you, brush you to one side, subjugate you to his boring monopoly over your every breath?

I had a friend who was married for ten years to an incredible asshole. He humiliated her in public, flirted with other women right in front of her, commanded her around the home, prevented her from staying on the phone too long, subjected her to perverted sexual practices she was not comfortable with, insulted her family and friends, most of whom she lost contact with during this time, and subjugated her completely to his delusional sense of superiority. He was a narcissistic patriarch in every respect. She tolerated it because "He's my husband" and her religious convictions at the time had taught her that a husband must be honoured, and obeyed. The mistake many of us make is assuming that being committed to a relationship means we have to tolerate poor treatment. This is actually an insanity which has infected millions of homes all over the world.

If you find yourself walking on eggshells, afraid to speak, unsure whether or not he will flare up if you bring something important to his attention, reluctant to stand up for yourself in case the situation turns ugly, yet you remain in this relationship regardless, you

have a serious issue that needs immediate attention. I'm not writing this book to refer you to counsellors or help-lines, I am your warning. It may not be your first warning, nor may it be your last, but I at least hope you listen very closely. A relationship, a marriage, is supposed to be a healthy union of two people. Emphasis on 'healthy', double emphasis on 'union'. If your relationship is not healthy, nor is there any type of genuine union, this is not a relationship. Again, it is a hostage situation. Marriage is not supposed to be the oppressive dominance of one over the other. Never has been and it never will be. That you continue to participate in a relationship with a man who treats you this way is quite possibly the only thing actually wrong with you. Don't allow yourself to be conned by whisperings of forgiveness and patience and compassion and tolerance because he is your husband and this is what some relationships require, grand gestures of human virtue akin to the traits of saints. Obviously, the odd spat is nothing to be concerned about. Many schools of thought consider the occasional argument as being part of a healthy relationship. We are addressing his consistent poor treatment of you, his constant disrespect and no it doesn't matter if there were a few days where he seemed much nicer, if all it took was one frustration for him to boil over again. He has anger issues and they are not your job to fix. It is, however, his job, to fix himself, and treat you well.

You may not even be the feeble type of woman who cowers in fear whenever he enters the room. You might be the feisty type who always speaks up when he is out of line, but standing up to him successfully doesn't mean that you should stay in the relationship, which again, is not a relationship if it becomes necessary for you to 'stand up for yourself' on a regular basis. Notice that thing he does when he calls you a bitch, or a mad cow, or a viper, or any other derogatory term to privately slander your character. Notice it. He is telling you that your worth can only be determined by your level of obedience to him. Failure to comply means you are less of a person, worse still, a nasty person. Do we understand how insane this is. By exercising your right of reply in self-defence, you are a bitch. Understand how insane this is. The double standard he displays is beyond sickening, his hypocrisy an outright joke, yet despite his flawed 'logic', he still expects you to obey

him, not question him, not challenge him, not stand up to him. There's that male pride again we spoke of in an earlier chapter. It appears there is no end to it, but there *can* be an end to it for you, *if* you are prepared to do what is right for yourself.

'Bitch' is the first sign that you are heading for trouble in any escalating argument. The name-calling starts. The words you exchange with each other become more caustic. You're shooting poison arrows at each other on the 'battlefield of love' then bam. Out of nowhere he opts for his lowest tactic; dominating you with his physical strength. If only you would just shut up he wouldn't need to. Folly. He has every opportunity to leave the room, the house, the suburb, even you, but he chooses none of these because any of those actions would defeat his purpose. He is enjoying this argument because you have given him the very thing he wants: your undivided attention. It doesn't matter how he gets it, as long as he has it. He participates willingly in the mud-slinging match because it fuels him. He knows he is in the dominant position because he is physically stronger than you. If it were ever the arguing that really bothered him, he wouldn't participate, but he does. You questioned him, and now you will pay for doing so with hours of mental and emotional abuse, threats and strong-arm tactics until either you leave the house, or he shuts you up in his own spectacularly cowardly way.

It is important to understand that an abuser lives for the abuse. Any excuse to continue his dominance, anything that might set him off, he's ready, and he's waiting for it. He's waiting for that opportunity to hold something against you, to add another point to his scoreboard, to have something he can remind you of in future, something he can tell his friends at the pub, anything, to keep his chest-beating male pride alive and triumphant. Bitch. Don't you know, that exercising your own mind in opposition to his, is an incredible assault on his ego. How dare you. He is king and lord of his domain. You are merely his obedient servant. It is not for you to step outside your rank and challenge anyone in authority, let alone your own spouse, with whom you thought you had an agreement. What sort of agreement is left, if every vow of your contract has been broken? When any

contract is broken in the business world, there is cause for great concern among the wronged. They sue. They correct the error. They are compensated for damages incurred. But not you. The only compensation you receive is the enormous sense of freedom you feel when you finally leave. The rest of you is tired, confused, sad, and alone. Bitch.

There will be other civilisations, out there somewhere, in a galaxy far far away, where peace, love and understanding exist between the members of their specie, where males have evolved to perform their true function, and women have become too smart to ever settle for anything less than immaculate treatment. Some say these people exist on our own planet, and I am certain they do. It is vital to count yourself as one of them, not only for your own benefit, but for the benefit of abusers who may, in time, and after much counselling, realise, that they have the potential to evolve into kinder, real men. How they might go about doing this is not the focus of this book, and it is certainly not anything you need concern yourself with for as long as you remain with him. Never accept the label of 'Bitch' just because he can't let you be you, nor exercise your right to defend yourself. We are not bitches, no matter how many times the rap industry says it, no matter how many times we are called it, no matter how many egotistical males say so.

A bitch is a female *dog*, remember. What do we get if we spell 'dog' backwards? Maybe it is time to correct this backward thinking and embrace our ability to be sharp, intelligent, and honest. Reject the word 'bitch', and realise that in most instances, it is only ever exclaimed, when you are correct. So much for that male rationale he claims belongs to only him, bitch.

## Chapter 9 - Big Man

As an independent recording artist and producer, I wrote and released a song called 'Big Man'. This song, along with the surge of domestic violence reports in my country, and some 38 deaths of women at the hands of men in a mere 4 months, are what prompted me to write this book. The song came to me while I was aimlessly driving around busy roads, choked with traffic and oppressive industry. I'm not sure how or why, perhaps it was the stench of pollution when I wound down the window, or maybe it was how hard I had to struggle to change gears constantly in stop start traffic driving a 25 year-old car with no air-con. Either way, thoughts of my ex partner pierced my conscious mind, along with the chorus: "Big man. He's such a big man. He'll cover it up, and hide while he can."

More than the innumerable deplorable instances of him playing the part of asshole to perfection during our 5 year relationship, is the fact that he denies all of it. I have never received an apology and probably won't. I'm certainly not expecting anything as gracious as that any time soon and would never bet my life on it. Because we share a son, I have, by default, been in contact with him for various reasons over the last 15 years, and most recently I was shocked to discover that he apparently has no recollection of things like kicking me in the stomach when I was pregnant, or pulling up my skirt when I was 8 months pregnant, pointing and saying "Why would I want to have sex with that?". I'm certain he 'doesn't remember' punching me in the jaw while I was holding our then 3 year old son on my hip, nor would he 'remember' that punch landing on my son either. How incredibly convenient. Perhaps he also 'doesn't remember' that the reason I went to the child support agency after our separation was because his financial support was never on time, and sometimes never came through at all. We had agreed to an amount, in fact it was a fair amount that he suggested, but unless I was prepared to wait for it, sometimes up to 6 weeks, I was being unreasonable to phone and ask him where it was. The only logical step for me to have made was to call on the services of a government agency to

ensure his payments would be met on time. Raising a child on a floating budget that fluctuates from one month to the next makes it very difficult to plan finances, and when you are expecting a certain sum of money to arrive on a certain day and it doesn't appear, it throws everything out. When he became aware that the agency would be handling the issue, he was angry. To this day I have no idea why. Thinking about it now I can only assume he was offended that he was no longer permitted to skip payments, that this would mean he had to take financial responsibility for his son, that my 'unreasonable approach' of expecting payments on time (not 6 weeks late) was now going to be supported by Law. I am sure this was unwelcome news to a man who considers himself above this Law, as he clearly demonstrated for 15 years by filing fraudulent tax returns as a self-employed person which never alluded to his real income.

For at least ten of those years he was working with a high profile music artist earning an annual amount which would have (should have) provided fair financial support. Instead, he paid only five dollars a week. There was a year here and there where the amount rose to 25 dollars per week, and it was only in the last year prior to our son turning 18 that he was forced to pay a fair amount. When the agency contacted him about this, he resisted the payments. He claimed I was merely trying to subsidise my income. I still marvel at his attempts to shift the focus off himself and slander my character. If I add up all the money he owes us over 15 years based on his accurate income, I could easily sue him for over forty thousand dollars in stolen monies. Why is any of this important? Flashback to the previous chapters entitled 'The Conspiracy to Keep You Poor' and 'Financial Abuse.' He operated purely out of spite for invented reasons and no doubt he doesn't 'remember' this either, but my witnesses do. The third verse of the song 'Big Man' refers to this sad scenario in a few short lines: "You've got a kid but you don't pay no bills, drowning in your self-pity sorrow. Whatcha gunna do when you get the chills, thinkin' 'bout your boy's tomorrows?" The point of it all tends to flow out much more easily when written in song.

When your abuser flatly denies having committed any oppressive act against you, or at best, he concocts fantastical reasons for doing so in an attempt to justify those actions, an extremely uncomfortable inner dilemma sets in, making healing more difficult. He's not

sorry, because to him, you either deserved it, or he conveniently doesn't remember any of it. If he doesn't remember it, this means it never happened, because if the memory of these events don't exist in his mind, they should not exist in your reality either, right? nor anyone else who knows them to be fact. Here, the oppressive and suffocating stench of pure ignorance rises to the surface where your breath once flowed freely, and just thinking about his deep state of denial is enough to make you gasp for air. You know full well the damage done, its deep and lasting effects, but none of it is relevant to him, because it never happened. Well I'll be damned. I paused for ten seconds just now writing this because I honestly come up speechless when trying to fathom how this mindset even exists, in any one.

When I found out I was pregnant, he pushed for an abortion. I couldn't. He said he'd only stay with me if I agreed to take full responsibility for our son. I should have left him right then, but I didn't, and for you the reader, this is very important to note. I didn't leave him, because I thought that he might warm to the idea and realise how possible it is to have children *and* careers at the same time, like millions of other people all over the world. You'd think it a feasible scenario when you take actual reality into account, but he wasn't open to that perfectly reasonable suggestion. He was concerned his whole life would come tumbling down if we were to have a child, and he'd be forced to stop doing what he loves. I have never in my life known of anyone so completely devoid of optimism and positivity as him. We attended a birthday dinner around this time during which he broke down crying in front of all our friends, because he honestly thought his life was over. Can you imagine the immense selfishness it takes to perceive what could be the joyous occasion, celebration of new life, and welcomed challenge of parenthood, as a direct threat to one's over-all happiness? Not only that, but he showed absolutely no consideration whatsoever for me, how I felt about it, how I might like to experience a happy healthy pregnancy.. no. His complete and total narcissistic self-absorption ruined the whole thing. My son is my only child. I will never be pregnant again. Thank you for ruining that one-time life event, Geoff. I'm sure you don't remember that either.

And so it went, throughout my pregnancy and the first three years of my son's life, a

constant obedience to my partner's way of doing things. His way or no way. I was hostage to his whims. I went to birthing classes alone. He did not participate in one single thing to do with my pregnancy except for the initial ultrasound, and the birth. During the ultrasound, I asked to be informed of the gender of our baby. Male. This too was not to my partner's liking. Yes you heard that correctly. He wasn't happy that the fetus was healthy, he was displeased that we were going to have a boy instead of a girl. Why? Because if we had a boy, he would be jealous of him. Why? Because I might love our son more than him. He told me this himself. And here we are, back to the sharp shark-bite of reality: your oppressor commands your full attention. He is to be the centre of your attention at all times, even over your own children.

This is how the mind of an abuser works. It is constantly fraught with insecurity, negativity, deluded superiority, selfishness and neglect, and without a doubt it is one of the saddest frames of mind in which any man can find himself. At no point do they consider that perhaps a change of thinking is required. For them to want to change they would first have to admit being at fault, and that is not going to happen. So when I ask you to place special focus on the previous paragraphs where I said it is important for you to notice that I did not leave him when I had the chance, it is because you need to be aware that any romantic notion you have about your abuser, your oppressor, your Stockholm Syndrome emotional captor 'coming good' when your child is born, is just that; a romantic notion. It is not based in fact, it is not based on evidence, it is not based on anything other than your *wish*, and sweetheart, some wishes do not come true. This is the reality that millions of women need to face and act upon before choosing a partner, before committing to a partner, and before having a child with that partner. It is not a gamble worth taking. We don't make bets on how things might turn out when our children are the chips on the table. The roulette wheel has already spun several times and on none of those occasions did your number come up.

Incidentally, I left my partner shortly after he hit my son so hard he urinated on the floor in shock, and all he'd done 'wrong' was refuse to eat his dinner, as most toddlers do.

Don't place your bets on this one. Don't gamble with your children's lives if you have seen all the signs that this relationship is not going to work out no matter how hard you try. He's made it perfectly clear to you. He has shown you who he really is. Believe him.

## Chapter 10 - Online Now

The last couple of decades have seen the swift advancement of our technologies which include the many social media systems and dating networks online. It is interesting to think we can log in and communicate with anyone, almost anywhere in the world. Some single women actively participate in dating sites, while others keep to a small circle of friends, but along with this surge in social media intimacy has come the overly familiar communications between the sexes that can, and have, lead to tremendous misery and/or death. What better way to worm his way into your life when you've put your self out there so boldly? I am talking about your future abuser, not your future husband. You might get the two confused at the beginning. He's so nice, and very attentive.

Rather than preach to you about all the precautions you need to take when engaging in these online communities, I am going to keep you focused on the warning signs for when you may be in the hands of an abuser, even when it honestly couldn't possibly be the case, according to your naïve, and overly romantic opinion. Compliments whizz around the internet faster than light these days. There is no shortage of flatterers. Most of it is merely that thing guys do because they know what to say to show they 'like' you. Understand this: how could they like you if they do not know you. One more time: how could they like you if they do not know you. Don't tell me you felt a 'connection' with this person. It isn't relevant. People feel connections with other people all the time but this alone should never be the reason to automatically assume they mean you well. Sociopaths, for example, are experts at establishing that connection, with much charm and great affection. They can wrap you up hook line and sinker without you suspecting a single thing.

Have you never thought it odd that people need to find love online? It's true that

Loneliness plagues millions of people, but it always has. How is online dating any solution for this? In the most reasonable of scenarios, you've Skyped, chatted, emailed, phoned and you've hit it off tremendously well. It's all good up front, but please be aware that both of you have chosen what you wish for the other to see. You do not know him. You do not know his friends, his life, his history, and how easy it is for him to lie about all these things from the safe distance of another country, city, state or suburb. If he is in hot pursuit of your time online, this is the first red flag. He sits alone somewhere in a room spending his hours pursuing you. He's very good at it. He seems passive enough, funny enough, harmless enough, but why would he need to do this online? Who *is* he exactly? I am not suggesting that all men pursuing women online are abusers, I am asking you to notice and think about things that simply do not make any sense from a rational point of view.

It's no secret that more men than not will try almost anything to get laid. Some are looking for a relationship but why do they embark on an online hunt for the right woman? Is there something missing in their life and you look like the right answer? Is that what you are? The answer to his problem? Understand the psychology of this and please understand it well: if any man is operating from the point of view that a woman will make him feel better you are already being perceived as nothing more than a means to an end, and while that may seem harsh, it is abundantly true. This is also the case for women seeking a partner. Why do you want a partner? All the obvious reasons come up such as 'to have someone I can share my life with.' Is your life worth sharing with anyone right now? 'Because I'm tired of being alone and I don't see why I can't have what other people have.' What do other people have? Are you referring to movies? Or the many pictures you see online of supposedly happy couples? Good ole Kimye? Brangelina? Frankly Scarlet, I don't give a damn. You think you're Cinderella, and your handsome prince can only be found online in the least intimate forum possible, despite how intimate you *think* it feels when you speak with him. This intimacy is merely something you are experiencing within yourself and it has very little to do with him. The virtual world is fine for fun and games but

please think twice before making yourself available like a product on a shelf for any lonely and/or sexually aroused guy to acquire. This is hardly the way to commence any serious relationship, and I am well aware that many people have connected with someone online and it has all worked out fabulously for both of them. Our focus here is to first establish an abiding sense of stark reality before you allow yourself to be swept off your feet by an online stalker, sociopath, murderer, rapist, you name it, *all* of those types of men are on the table when you choose to play dating-poker in a series of 'I'll raise you and I'll see you' exchanges with anyone.

Some women enjoy this random shallow attention. How incredibly sad, and how sad it also is for the men who find this surface-level of flirtation entertaining. What a fabulous ego boost it must be for the guy who hasn't had anyone look at him for years. I understand. What if I tell you he's the guy that you will end up arranging to meet, only to discover he only wants you for sex, and will spend the rest of the time subjecting you to his bizarre mental illness which consists of collecting girls online, watching porn, expecting you to participate, and getting angry if you don't. Do you fully understand what is being said here. Wake up. There are more risks than guarantees in the realm of online dating no matter how credible and trusted the network. He sends you pictures of flowers and tells you how beautiful you are when you know damn well you aren't, but you believe him anyway. You are the first person he contacts as soon as he gets home from 'work' and he wants to talk to you for hours, never mind whatever plans you may have. You see eye to eye on everything because he has a highly skilled way of making sure he agrees with everything you say, while giving it just enough spice to throw in the occasional opinion of his own. He's your dream guy wow. The connection you establish is so real and deep you can hardly believe it. There's your second clue; you can hardly believe it. Sometimes, it is best to remember the phrase 'too good to be true' before you fall for the one person who has the highly volatile potential to completely mess your life up, and your face. He doesn't seem aggressive at first, because he's not. You only notice it here and there occasionally, when his reply doesn't come through as fast as usual. He's processing his thoughts and

how best to articulate them so you won't get scared off. Further down the track, he bites a little. Perhaps it is a simple careless disrespectful remark, or maybe something stronger like an ultimatum. He's already got you right where he wants you, and the chances of you accepting this ultimatum are much higher now. You know it's not in your best interests but you go along with it anyway because it doesn't seem like a big deal and what possible harm could come of it?

You meet, fall in love, move in together, then bam. Or maybe you meet, fall in love and live happily ever after but please do be aware that right from the outset, the online abuser is considerably more veiled than any one you could meet in real life, because they have every opportunity to conceal who they really are, much more so than the guy at work whom you can already tell isn't quite right in the head because the way he cricks his neck to the right every time he gets frustrated and stabs his leg with a ball point pen just doesn't do it for you and why on earth would it? You know who he is, where he comes from, you've met his friends, you have an overall feel for where this guy is headed, but the guy you meet online, honey you need to be on full alert more than ever.

Some online abusers are right out in the open with it and you can't miss them. He's the guy who sends you abusive messages because you haven't responded yet, or accepted his advances. He's the guy that opens numerous accounts to keep stalking you because you've blocked him 17 times already. He's the guy who writhes with conceit when you express an opinion so factual and intelligent it is all he can do to not reach through the screen and rip your throat out for making him feel small. The guy who argues for the sake of it or can't let you express yourself without offering his most high corrections of your obviously flawed knowledge on the subject. He's the guy who doesn't understand you and this simple singular fact alone is a threat to his ego and imagined sense of superiority in his highly intelligent rational world of one. If you fight back you're a bitch and it enrages him even more except this time he calls his mates into the discussion. He makes public statements about you, vilifying your character to as many people as possible for no other

reason than male pride. Suddenly you're surrounded by wolves and there's too many of them to block all at once. Such is online life where the stakes are raised, the risks are heightened, the consequences often more severe, and the sociopath can worm his way into your life completely undetected or as brazenly as he likes.

I don't personally understand the need for online dating. There is no rational basis for it. Anything you seek online can be easily fulfilled offline. We can argue about this and probably have an interesting discussion but the main thing to keep in mind is that your potential abuser is looking for you. Don't help him find you by being naïve, romantic, and just plain foolish, all for a little bit of attention. It's simply not worth the risk and definitely the last resort for anyone open to having a relationship for whatever reason. There are plenty of dating gurus out there who will tell you otherwise but be advised, they are making money out of giving you this advice, and I'm not suggesting it is impossible to find the right person online, I'm presenting you with a perspective that is worthy of serious consideration before you jump in to that little hot bed of obvious desperation. You might end up with the man of your dreams, but you also might end up with the most clever abuser of all; the one who never hits you or abuses you. He controls your life on much more subtle levels than anything as crude as violence. He's your saviour, or so you think.

## Chapter 11 - Mother Superior

In this chapter I'd like to raise an area of concern that has bothered me for some time. I am not a hard core feminist simply because I've never felt comfortable with labels or belonging to groups. I've flown solo through most of my life with the aim of maintaining my individuality and presence of mind. I fully support feminism and the efforts made to ensure equality of the sexes but more than that I hold to a slightly different view. In many ways I think women are actually superior to men, and while this may seem a grand statement to make (God forbid), I'd like to make it clear that my belief is based on a higher ethic and natural theme than the socio-political commentary to which we are subjected by a mundane modern patriarchal mindset. I can hear the men among you already thinking this is a discriminatory belief of itself, but let's have a look at what discrimination really means:

To discriminate is to 'make an unjust or prejudicial distinction in the treatment of different categories of people, especially on the grounds of race, sex, or age.' - Oxford Dictionary. It is the manner in which a person is treated, based on, in the context of this book, their gender. It is no secret that women have been oppressed and discriminated against in countless ways throughout the course of history. We may not be a numerical minority but we have been relegated to the position of a minority in vast numbers of areas of public vocation. I won't bore you with the history of the struggle of women, nor the liberation of women, nor how we had to fight to earn the right to vote, nor even be considered as something more than a breeding machine hopefully popping out boys for kings to feel proud of. I especially won't bore you with the reminder that women are still paid less than men for doing exactly the same job, in 2015. This last point is probably the most boring point of all due to the boorish nature of the men who support it and refuse to correct it. I don't feel they deserve any more attention than this brief mention, but I would like to state the obvious for the sake of bringing it right to the surface, hopefully in such a way

that it cannot be swept under the rug as just another feminist rant: I find it incredibly ironic that if a woman excels in a particular area, and this area is male-dominated, she is subjected to what can only be described as blatant sexism and discrimination. In my simple mind, this is abusive, and a breach of human rights.

Sexism in the music industry for example is as foul-smelling now, as it ever has been. You might think this is not the case. The industry is inundated with talented female artists, many of them exceedingly successful. My question is, to what preconceived mould were they required to adjust, to reach these levels of success? Was this mould not prescribed by men according to what they want from women? Sex. This is most obvious in the commercial industry, just as obvious, in fact, as it is in most other commercial industries. Youth. Are we not put out to pasture like used cows once we reach a certain age? Is it not suggested to us to perhaps try something a little more 'appropriate' than vying for the same position as the young hot girl? Her talents are nowhere near as refined, precisely due to her youth, but she fits the bill for commercial sale more readily than any woman over the age of 25, for example. This is also true in the modelling industry, and this backward mindset worms its way through even the most obscure of scenarios in the lives of women all over the world. The acting industry can attest to this also. Where the male actor gets 'sexier' with age, the female actor requires a facelift.

We have had an overall stereotype neatly assigned to us, an ideal to which we are expected to conform. This stereotype was prescribed by men, and is sadly supported by a lot of women who give their consent. Not only this, they maximise their potential in these areas to work it in their favour. These women are called 'smart business women' yet I struggle to understand how there is anything even remotely intelligent about being proud of, and good at, blatant prostitution. Is this not what it is really is? When he shows an interest in you for the way you look because your appearance is more aligned with whatever pornographic imagery turns him on, but he fails to show the same interest if you have not conformed to the transparent game play of the world's oldest profession? Supply and demand seems to be the name of the game here. Social media is saturated with 15

year old girls posing like porn stars for likes, and this is regarded as completely normal. They have been taught this by men, encouraged by boys, and given every example by women, and no I am not suggesting by any means that a woman cannot present herself however she pleases, my focus here is on how this particular bias came to be.

Is it not discriminatory when a woman surprises a group of men with her abilities, only to be met with looks of disbelief, purely because she is female? Purely, and only because, she is female. Well excuse us. Sexism doesn't exist in 2015? Think again. Is it not abusive to be insulted with this expression of surprise? or do we need to be yelled at to call it abuse? When I don't get the job because I am in my forties, but the younger girl or guy of the same age is hired despite them having nowhere near the same level of experience, is this not abusive? What we are really being told here, is that unless we are prepared to subscribe to Lucifer's regime of dumb fresh meat and glitter, or become like men, there is either no place for us, or we have to fight to create that place. Do you not find this particularly absurd? Unless we bow down and worship the whoredom of the ages, we can neither be respected nor approved. When some guy is at the helm with tender chicken by his side, we are abused into compliance. This abuse comes in the form of discrimination. It is a violent act.

This is not a lengthy chapter because I do not want to bang on about the complexities of sexism and all its various manifestations, but apart from sexism in commercial industry, the science lab, and the recording studio, it exists right within the home for those with the eyes to see it. You know damn well there are certain things expected of you purely because you are female. There are also many things not expected of you, again, because of your gender. When he takes that dominant position, that's not the strength of male warmth backed by thousands of years of immaculate male behaviour he's exhibiting. It is the male posturing of his ancestor the ape that he is mimicking. This is not refined male behaviour nor is it anything any woman should accommodate. When he grabs his club and beats you over the head with it, verbally or otherwise, it becomes painfully obvious just how little he has evolved from his predecessor; the cave man. You're a woman what would you know. Unless you are prepared to act like a man, what could you possibly know about

anything at all?

"We love her because she's one of the guys." And there it is. Acceptance in any facet of society is based purely on how well women conform to the expectations of patriarchal men, and if he expects you to be stupid, he will discriminate against you if you're not. How dare you threaten the 'natural' order. For as long as there is an issue that men feel the need to express at women purely due to his inability to practice actual equality, we are pressed to either struggle, comply, retreat, or take this whole thing to a more factual level: Woman is superior to man. Rather than tell you why this is so, I would urge you to find the answers for your self. Once you have found them, embrace them. We are not seeking equality. We are reclaiming our rightful position in the true natural order of universal providence. Men dominate because they are jealous. They know the truth of my statement here. Your abuser hopes you never discover this. The only manner in which he can truly dominate you relies solely on his lowest tactic; the exertion of his coarse physical form.

What else could possibly spur millenia of male jealousy except for a justified inferiority complex in the presence of that which is clearly superior? What else could prove this more, than the assertion that women are the weaker sex, by men who resorted to this irrelevant and most base of attributes that depends not on intellectual, nor spiritual accuracy, but has attempted to con us for thousands of years into accepting its ridiculous validity?

There is not one aspect in which a man is superior to a woman other than his physical form, and if the laws of physics are correct, the softest thing in the universe overcomes the hardest.

## Chapter 12 - He Doesn't Love You

.. and let's face it: you probably don't love him either. Maybe he chose you because it's better than being alone. Maybe you merely give him a sense of purpose in life. Maybe he needed you to be the one on whom he acts out his grievances with his mother. Maybe he suffered childhood trauma and you have the backward privilege of being the recipient of all his pain. Maybe you both fell legitimately in love in the beginning, or maybe it was just airs and graces. Does he not feel manly when he controls and dominates you, as if this is the only way he can connect with his own masculine power? You love love. You love the idea of love. You love the idea of marriage and companionship, of romance and happily-ever-afters. Did your romantic notions blind you to the nature of the man you chose? If you are currently single, do you plan on viewing every possible partner through rose-coloured glasses, even after he shoves you against a wall for the first time? The answer to all these questions is 'So what.' So what if he has childhood issues. So what if he learnt it from his father. So what if doesn't know any different. So what if you hit him first, with your feeble girly slap. So what – to every excuse he will give you, every attempt he makes to gain your forgiveness, every time he apologises for going too far, saying things he didn't mean, doing things he never meant to do. So. What. He doesn't love you.

In twisted circles of relationship advisors we often hear “Well you know, we tend to hurt the ones we love the most.” Excuse me? This isn't love. This is egoic love not getting its own way, like a child who finds it necessary to throw a 3-hour tantrum because the last scoop of ice-cream was denied him. It's the screaming and wailing of a toddler at his parent because you turned the TV off, or took his favourite toy away because it's bath time. The child does not view his parent through the eyes of conscious love. The parent is the life-support system that nurtures and sustains his life. The toddler perceives the parent as only this, until it is old enough to consciously understand what love between

human beings really is, and the many ways it can be expressed. You are not this man's mother, and no, he does not love you.

I won't bore you with spiritual speculations about what I think love really is, there's enough of that out there already. It is probably better that we understand what love *isn't* if you are at all interested in having a long and relatively happy life. Yes every relationship has its ups and downs, yes sometimes people cheat, yes sometimes things get ugly but you work through it together, and the reason you work through it together is because he recognises there is something that needs to be worked through. This is love: the admission of both parties that both parties need help maintaining a healthy productive relationship. He's open to the counselling sessions and makes it obvious through his actions that we wants things to be better, and so do you. Yay. If he doesn't want to do any of those things, he doesn't love you. If you stay with him regardless, you don't love you either. He knows this by the way, that you don't love yourself. He senses it in your lack of self-esteem, the way you stumble to find the right words, those little insecurities you have about your appearance. It works for him. He's made you frightened enough already, or maybe he's convinced you that all the trouble between you is all your fault. He has a way of placing all the focus on how you react, to shift the focus off himself. What kind of woman are you to not know how to express yourself properly? Idiot. I've been working all day and I come home to this mess? Useless woman. Don't bug me while I play video games, it's the relief I need from all your bullshit. Don't nag me for sleeping until 2pm every day you knew I was like this when we moved in together. So what if we have a child now. That was up to you, not me, you unreasonable cow. Stop grinding me about how I haven't done that thing you asked me to do even though you've asked me 5 times already, that same thing I happily do for my boss, my mates, or my own family, but won't do for you, because I respect them more than I respect you.

He doesn't love you, and it won't matter what you do to try to reignite the flame between you. Once he feels this way for an extended period of time and you push your way through

each day an unsure, nervous, confused woman who might think all of this is normal, once you get to this stage, it's already over. All the screaming and yelling, the strong-arm tactics, the spite, the control, the dominance, the demeaning of your character, your womanhood, your children, especially your children, has taken its toll, and it will take a lot more than a few marriage counselling sessions to heal it. He's hasn't just offended your feelings, he has scarred your soul, and you can't tell yet, but those scars run deep. The real damage crept up slowly during the course of your relationship, just underneath the skin, slowly winding its way into your mind, the way you think, the way you perceive yourself, your life with him, your life with anyone, and your children. You have two children, and both of them view you as nothing more than someone to keep the home fires burning, although it might be fair to say, that the hug your 3 year old gives you is significantly more connected to genuine affection than the commanding posture of your mate when he bears down on you, the ape.

We see so many romance movies and pretty pictures of how ideal love can be and it is perfectly understandable to want that. Some of you read romance novels and assume they resemble actual reality. They become your blueprint for future relationships and you find yourself somewhat dismayed when it doesn't turn out quite the way you'd hoped. He's not. He might be a little bummed you weren't more sexually active, or disappointed that he couldn't control you *all* the time, and he especially won't take to you doing something nice for yourself or joining a lovely healing group of empowered women. He won't like that one bit, and he won't like any friends you bring over who already see straight through him. No he won't want you to experience even the first glimpse of what freedom really is, independence, self-care, personal empowerment. You are his mother and mothers are supposed to be there for him whenever he wants to throw tantrums, because he is a *child*. He doesn't love you.

As I write this I think of the many communities for whom violence is normal, abuse is normal, women hitting men is normal, men hitting women is normal, communities that

have been economically disadvantaged and spiralled downward into horrid cesspits of civil disobedience repeating cycle after cycle of neglect and abuse, communities who came to be this way because they have been oppressed by the very same mind-set this entire book is about. This masculine need for dominance even harms its own men. That is how truly destructive it is and once again, he doesn't love you. Just as the police don't love you, Black America, he doesn't love you, and there's a good chance you don't really love him either. Not any more. Why on earth would you?

In Australia we have similar communities, the disadvantaged, the uneducated, the ape-man thundering through his domain blasting everything in his path. We have white corporate executives who couldn't care less about their wives, until the moment she doesn't come home at the agreed upon time. Mum's not home yet better find out where she is. Good grief these are not marriages nor anything even remotely close to qualifying as genuine relationships. You do not exist purely for what you can do for each other nor for the abuse if those things do not occur.

I haven't intended to exclude any woman from this discourse based on our perceived lifestyle differences nor how differently we were raised. My words in this book are not intended to marginalise nor overlook the plethora of unique scenarios between couples nor have my generalisations been an attempt to blind anyone to the predicaments faced in communities who haven't the same privilege as us white women, because even us white women find ourselves being lorded over by abusers. Us white women die too, our lives can be ruined too. We are no different to any other culture of women on the face of the earth when it comes to the abuse and destruction of womanhood perpetrated by an ignorant patriarchal elite and every one of its members, all the singular cells of the global boys club posing as your loving partner.

I could summarise this book for you in a neat list of points for you to call to mind on your first date together, or you can re-read this book and keep it in your handbag for quick reference. I am actually hoping you won't need the reminder. With any luck you've taken

me as seriously as I have intended. Maybe you'll forget, or maybe he'll walk through the door in 5 minutes and you'll quickly stash this book under the couch cushion, or close your e-book window and pretend you were browsing for curtains on your i-pad. You might even be tempted to delete your browsing history if you downloaded this book because it might not go well for you if he sees it. Either way I hope I have been able to impart something worthwhile for you to consider, and I would like to thank you for being here with me also, while I wrote this. It's been my cathartic pleasure sharing my experience and insights with you whom might benefit.

So don't say I didn't warn you. Don't say you never read a short book giving you the heads up on the facts. Don't pretend we never had this discussion. Don't fall back into denial because you think you love him. He doesn't love you. That is all you need to know.

You have been warned.

## About the Author

Pilot Beacon is an independent recording artist and producer of 15 albums,  
a metaphysician, world citizen, activist and teacher.

She currently resides in Melbourne, Australia.

Join her on Facebook

[facebook.com/whatabigman](https://facebook.com/whatabigman) - eBook

[facebook.com/pilotbeacon5755](https://facebook.com/pilotbeacon5755) - Music

Twitter - @pilot\_beacon

Website – [xtraxtra.wix.com/pilotbeacon](http://xtraxtra.wix.com/pilotbeacon)



