

## **Thoughts on my girlfriend i.e the imaginary one e.g one of the imaginary ones**

The other day my girlfriend was cooking meatball spaghetti and accidentally dropped a meatball onto the floor.

A floor which, in a very un-Italian fashion, she had forgotten to clean prior to her 'silent cooking' chores.

She then picked up the meatball, blew on it, and, arguing that 'a bit of dust never killed anyone', placed it back into the pan.

I responded by observing that I imagined she was right, however, that I was sure that at some point in the history of humanity it had made someones meatball spaghetti taste like shit.

We then got into a big row.

Next, to add to my surprise regarding the direction the evening had taken, she complained that I do not satisfy her sexually.

I defended myself by pointing out that neither did I, and that when we were having sex, she should make more of an effort to encourage me to satisfy myself.

And besides, I also argued, life is simply a compromise, and that is the official definition of a compromise: a situation in which both parties are left unsatisfied.

She then attempted to win the argument via a linguistic technicality, arguing that she did get satisfied, just not 'with me'.

I rapidly and cleverly responded with a counter counter argument, and observed that I too was getting satisfied, just not 'with her', for when she went out partying all night, I would give myself great pleasure masturbating to the thought of her probably screwing another guy.

She replied, that the only thing that was probable, was that what she got up to, could actually still be classified as merely 'screwing'.

I shouted that she ought not attempt to intimidate me with her stories of perversion, for I was a real man, and I did not fear women, I just used them sexually, in the Berkelyean Idealist sense.

To which she replied that in light of the number of times I had accidentally simultaneously inserted my sweaty ballbags, I must have been the greatest Idealist that had ever lived.

I told her not to exaggerate, that I was only a partial idealist, that to some extent I did hope man could access the Kantian thing-in-itself, albeit, most tragically, probably only via what I called 'non-intimate' means.

She then asked whose thing-in-itself we were talking about.

I replied, that it be, everywhere, that let it be, wherever, there was an 'every'.

She then asked whether I supposed the thing-in-itself in any way resembled a dick so shrivelled it had lost itself within its own foreskin.

I replied, by telling the bitch to piss off and go screw her toyboys, that her sexual obsession was the product of childhood frustration and the desire to play with as many toys as possible, that my intellect had created within me a certain detachment from worldly things and so was indifferent to her stupidity.

She patted me on the head, and said that intellectual intuition had served me well, that I had grasped the situation in its entirety, that somehow, I had understood that the toyboys she screwed, she screwed all at the same time.

I argued that I wasn't sure she had quite understood the concept of Intellectual Intuition.

She replied that I had missed her point, I replied that depended not on what she thought she meant but on what she ought to have meant, she replied that that depended on what, in terms of action, she actually did, I replied that the latter depended on what the ever present God understood her as doing. To which she replied that that depended on what the ever present God saw others do to her.

A bloody closet lesbian Continental philosopher no doubt!

At that point, I simply laughed at her inability to philosophize like a true philosopher, and decided simply to fool her into thinking she had won the argument.

But secretly, being the Logical Positivist that I am, I decided to embark on a mission to prove the superiority of my arguments in terms of their relation to reality as opposed to mere females, appealing to empirical demonstration demonstrated to me to alone, as opposed to mere females, and so proving once and for all, and for all eternity, (for cause and effect Rule!), which member of the relationship was in fact superior to the other by means of secretly getting one over the other.

And so, on a particular weekend, I decided to deceive her into thinking that I had gone on an outing to the Southbank with my Rubiks Cube club,

seeking inspiration from the observation of and categorisation of, unusual Modernist architecture.

But instead, I secretly hid under the mattress, made an incision, and placed my penis into one of the narrow springs, so that, when after a few hours she invited some guy over to screw her, with each bounce she unwittingly jerked me off.

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