

The Nerds Survival Guide

Third Edition

by D.J. Barrow

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Foreword

Since 2006 I learned a lot mostly from a wonderful Facebook Group The Shamanic View of Mental Illness, &, that practically everyone experiences the supernatural in their life even if its only when they go old, &, senile & drugged up for it with tranquilizers in a psychiatric hospital there is a lot of life that people avoid facing it is a journey. Linda Liliac should put her funny ditzzy excellently produced arty shamanic channel back up it was educational even if it missed out a bit on Jesus. Also watch Pat John Colemans urban shaman group on YouTube, at least he is fairly honest about what people see but doesn't yet believe that people can bilocate like Padre Pio. It's only paralell timetravel you silly man.

I've moved to new media, my blog is sinscienceandspirituality.blogspot.ie searching site:sinscienceandspirituality.blogspot.ie personal accounts will get my shamanic experiences its all sin science & spirituality they are life and all intimately related the string theorists think life is an equation your slightly trying to overdo it on the algorithmic compression Dirac is wrong God has a sense of humour the Dirac Equation is the only joke in Mathematics only the Gods understand..... silly boys.

The biography in this book is up close & personal, it is that way to help nerds in distress who may be going or will go through similar problems that I did. It is also for people who want to understand nerds. Why do I think I am qualified to write "The nerds survival guide" ?, well, as Oscar Wilde once said "Experience is the name people give to their mistakes" & as you'll find out I made many. Some people may need to experience some of the pitfalls I went through for themselves, it's part of growing up, but the more cautious will learn without making the mistakes I made. As a nerd I started young, I've been programming in machine code since I was 15 & have been trying to buy women since I was 7. After college I got a job as a computer games programmer on the strength of programming knowledge I gained before I went to college. I worked in Apple Computers & experienced the political soap opera that is Apple, the place nerds work before getting a real job, at least it was while I was there. In IBM I worked on Linux for S/390 & helped breathe life into a mainframe, a computer dinosaur

& helped make it a roaring success. I share the same hero as Bill Gates, Richard Feynman a Nobel Prize winning physicist who also wasted a fortune on strippers who contributed in no small part towards the invention of the atomic bomb. As well as computers have a keen interest in electronics & quantum physics, I think I qualify.

This book is as well as a biography is a means to spread my memes (ideas which spread & infect much like genes do) as Richard Dawkins writer of “The selfish gene” calls them. It also is a self help guide for nerds written to impart wisdom giving a atypical case study of how a nerd can end up in the psychiatric hospital, if you are asking “I am a nerd but how can this be relevant to me?” a large percentage of nerds have breakdowns sooner or later & do end up in psychiatric hospitals, it’s relevant. It probably would be more popular if it was escapist fantasy, I am not aiming at this audience. I didn’t become emotionally aware till after my breakdown unlike women most nerds don’t, it’s a bit late. The biography at the start of the book begins rather slowly so bear with it. This book has turned out to be a bit of “cri de coeur” (cry of the heart) a tragic comedy. What little misery I had in my life was caused in large by my own stupidity & self inflicted. Most people in the world have a much harder life than I & it only takes a few minutes watching the news every night to realize how lucky I actually am.

Probably the section of the book of most interest to nerds is the chapter “Streetlife the only life I know” this contains all my hard earned experience on strippers that I learned from the school of hard knocks. If you are a psychiatric doctor or interested in quantum physics, The chapter on “Consciousness, madness, science & spirituality”, section “Theory of consciousness determining reality” is the most groundbreaking in the book & definitely for you. In this section using generally accepted theories & principles of quantum mechanics I provide what I feel is strong evidence that individuals going high or mad go into alternate realities rather than it being “all in the head” as most psychiatric doctors would have you believe, more interestingly it offers evidence that there is a heaven & that timetravel is a rare but normal occurrence. The Science Bit gives a look at what I consider “hot technologies” which should become part of tomorrows World.

The biography aside, most of the chapters in this book should be considered a short essays. This book covers a diverse range of topics & not all of it will please everybody. If you find a section of the book is not for you don't drop the book, just give it a skip & move onto another topic that grabs your interest. When you are finished reading it unless you want to keep it for reference I would greatly appreciate it if you would pass it on to somebody else it may interest. I personally don't like wasting peoples time, thats why my writing style is compact & doesn't elaborate much.

Along with this it gives a "Men are from Mars Women are from Venus" type account into the nerds psyche a very important insight for women trying to understand nerds & people suffering from mental disorders. For a more complete & sympathetic view on mental disorders I strongly recommend Going Mad?. It can be purchased from <http://www.amazon.com>.

Feel free on emailing me back at dj_barrow@ariasoft.ie with email subject nerds so I can filter the mail with any thoughts you may have about what you read so I can improve the book with your bias.

Portions of this book are available at <http://www.ariasoft.ie/ebooks.html> feel free to email them on. I am planning that a portion of the profits of this book, if I make any, will be going to GOAL an Irish charity which aids Africa & to Malteser a German charity which helps disaster victims.

Dedicated to all my friends who helped me through life.

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Chapter 1

Memoirs of madness

1.1 Beginning of the end

It was April 2004 & I was 35, in October 1998 I had left my home in Ireland & had been working for IBM in Germany for most of the last 5 years. I no longer appreciated my fantastic job, apartment & the party lifestyle I had in Stuttgart. I was tired of running around the World chasing good jobs & wanted to turn my back on the World sit on my ass & wait for it to come back to me, this however wasn't happening, my sphere of influence, my ability to distort my own reality wasn't strong enough, I didn't learn to use the force, I simply wasn't good enough & I was out of work as a result. I was fed up, checkmated, in a cul de sac of life & saw no way out. The woman I most loved was marrying somebody else. I felt like a hamster on a wheel, going nowhere & I wanted to get off, in computer terms I had arrived serious irrecoverable situation, a Bus Error!, It was reevaluation time, I was spun out, traveling in ever decreasing circles. I was immature, self destructive & reckless, no longer able to appreciate the fantastic nonstop party my lifestyle afforded me, women aside I had it all & I was about to let all the good bits go, apartment, enjoyable excellent paying job that I got too lazy to mind & disenchanting with for no good reason, I was unglued & well into mental breakdown territory & about to pop.

1.2 My family & insights into nerddom

Life can be hard, nerds usually believe they have some incurable disease, they think they are unfixable, in reality the only problem

they have is they need to accept themselves the way they are. God is wise if everybody dropped their problems on the floor & were asked to pick up somebody else's problems odds on they would take their own back. Most of God's 10 commandments can be distilled to one Buddhist thought, "find peace within yourself", nerds you need to follow this advise. Following "the artists way" if you write down your problems like I did for this book you will understand yourself better & be ones own counsellor, it also might help to share them with people who need to understand you. Almost nobody except nerds understand nerds & it is my goal in this book to correct this.

My insecurities began when I was about 3 years old. My sister Margo, my sibling rival was a year younger than me, she was real daddies girl, excellent at dealing with people & animals, I was the jealous insecure type who found that at 14 that I had better relationships with computers than with people. No man is an island, but for me sometimes it has felt that way. My brother James is human like us all & is very good with animals & children. Like my father my sister is excellent with horses.

My father in his youth knew how to work & knew how to party, he had no money, but had a talent for enjoying himself, he used cycle to a lot of dances & has a lot of stories about them, my father basically swept my mother off her feet on the dance floor. My mother was a nurse before getting married & like myself was a teeth grinding stressbucket. People are always asking me to relax, I rarely succeed, I suspect they asked my mother too, it is very hard to relax when you think your life about to fall apart. The movie I can most relate to in my early twenties was "Falling Down" starring Michael Douglas I could see a lot of characteristics of the main character in myself, anyone interested in understanding mental breakdowns should watch this movie, it doesn't hold back. Part of the reason I am a stressbucket is that I spend a lot of time in a world of my own, I am absentminded & have a bad memory. I have fear of things getting out of control, especially financially. Recently I thought I was in financial dire straits, because I forgot about a large sum of money I had in my company deposit account, the bank didn't send me out statements & I forgot about it.

Like a lot of parents my mother told my sister from an early age that she was going to be a star, a star by default?, my sister insists that I am telling a whopper here but we agree to differ on our memories of this situation. My sister spent a lot of her twenties acting, in bands & stiltwalking but never quite made it & being honest I never helped her even when I could have, shame on me. Being a star is hard work & demands a lot of quality of effort which in my opinion my sister never put in, I was of the opinion she didn't realize she had to. Being a star also requires a lot of promotion there is management & a marketing department behind most stars. A star like Elvis Presley was an immediately recognizable brand like McDonald's or Coca Cola, he is over the top like Barney or the Teletubbies a two year old can recognize Elvis Presley, he also was a Karate expert & extremely fit this came across especially in his earlier performances. As I found out writing a biography can upset some of your family who value privacy, one could only imagine what it must be like to be a celebrity & constantly under the glare of the media. My sister currently makes a living from stiltwalking promoting new discos & the like. Margo currently in her available time is completing her training to be a yoga teacher. Since having children she has become certainly more grounded & realistic when it comes to her dreams than I am. My sister & her boyfriend & children have great attitudes to life, he lives near the coast & works putting up large stages for bands & spends about 3 days a week surfing, I could learn a lot from him.

My sister used smoke hash in her twenties, if you want to waste a few years of your life hash is the way to do it. The most annoying quality my sister had in her teens & twenty's was she was late for everything & kept people waiting, since having children she has grown up a lot & is a lot more selfless than she once was. The main piece of advise my mother gave to my sister in anger which stuck with her was "Never marry a farmer", my mother worked really hard on the farm, my sister lived by this advise & was being slave to no man.

Women love Danny Kaye & Gene Kelly because they don't have a care in the World, at least on film, good with children, they don't let their troubles get them down, they keep things in perspective, while some of these people have easy lives the others who make it

look easy probably cope well under pressure, think well on their feet & have plenty of tricks up their sleeves, a nerd would probably let his worries get on top of him & children if they happen to be around would probably be on the receiving end of this. Under pressure some people focus, some people fold. When with a woman you like don't bring your troubles with you, if you are thinking about yourself you certainly aren't thinking about the woman you are talking to & it will show. Women want somebody who is good with children, most nerds aren't. Nerds have no time for baby talking to children, they believe kids learn nothing from it, maybe toddlers do, nerds are quite poor at listening to people, especially babies. I personally find it amazing how good mothers can get inside the mind of a child to see what's wrong with them. Women like protective men even if they are selfish & given to nepotism, they want a man who will look after their children.

Most nerds are individuals, loners, not necessarily that they want to be loners, it's just that socializing doesn't come easily to them, everybody wants to be popular, however, not everybody is. Nerds don't have much time for tribal team sports like soccer. As a nerd I can appreciate the skill of George Best or Pele but wouldn't sit down to watch a whole match. I would however go out of my way to see Muhammad Ali fight or the Olympics which basically consists of individuals competing. The worst nerds of which I admit I am one are the self absorbed whinger nerds who don't initiate a conversation by asking people "how are you going", I hope to correct this. My father when people call to the house talk a lot about who is related to who & the neighbours & how they are getting on, I don't, I wonder if this is a trait of less self absorbed people, non nerds.

Women have far more talent than men when it comes to accomplishing several tasks simultaneously, looking after children, cooking, part time job. Most men & especially nerds are only only able to juggle one ball at a time, with nerds it is computer programming or some other scientific endeavor & they are extremely good at it, at the expense of very basic things like personal hygiene. People get more set in their ways as they get older, nerds are very set in their ways to begin with, this brittleness I would suspect is part of the reason why nerds have so many breakdowns.

1.3 The wonder years

One of my first memories was of my father buying me a red pedal tractor when he was coming home from the Dublin Horse Show in the RDS, he was disgusted when I showed far more interest in the box it came in & pulled my new box around the yard absolutely delighted.

I also remember getting ready for my first day at school, I slept in my shirt & tie so I wouldn't have to put them on that morning. Within a few months I was best friends with a guy who will go for the remainder of this book by the pseudoname Patrick. Patrick was excellent at Gaelic football & was a pleasure to watch weaving in & out between players & obstacles in the national school playground. By first class we were at a typical male obsession... comparing the size of our willies.

Margo also had a cat called Darkie which had the habit of shitting under my bed. Anyway this cat got flying lessons from me, I threw it down the stairs, she sometimes landed on her feet, sometimes not. I wrote a song about "6 shits under the bed Darkie", but forgot most of the lyrics. However bad the cat was I wasn't much better, frequently while mam had visitors downstairs I used piss out the window from my room upstairs. My pee was clearly visible flying down from the kitchen window below.

At school I was a slow starter most people were lightyears ahead of me. Ciaran whom I met in St. Stephens could do algebra at 3; I had problems with it at 14. My cousin Margret could spell words larger than Cow at 4. My cousin Anna at two & a half was asking her mother to explain the difference between today & tomorrow; a philosophical question; At 5 I was a no hoper at elocution lessons. My cousin Sarah was cheating at cards at 5.

When I was 7 I had a severe tantrum our workman whom for the rest of the book we will call Michael at the time was on the receiving end of this, being impatient Michael went ballistic & dragged me up & down by the legs in the garden through the nettles. I grew up about 3 years in 30 seconds, thanks. Michael was a nazi boy racer who had swastikas on the halogen lights in the front of his

Mini Cooper which he drove like a lunatic while listening to Foster & Allen on his 8 track tape recorder.

Another time I decided I tried to kill our next door neighbour Mickey Bat with a knitting needle, I ran at him, he caught the needle & bent it laughing. I was disgusted & ran home crying. Mickey had a really hard life; his wife & son died when his wife was giving birth. Another time Mickey hid behind the ditch & threw a bucket of water at Patrick & I. We were disgusted as we heard him laugh “Haw,Haw,Haw”.

By the time I was 8 years old I was obsessed with making catapults & crossbows & drawing spaceships. I quickly acquired walkie talkies at Chairamee Horse Fair from tinkers (Irish gypsies). I also got a telescope & chemistry set I loved trying to make stink bombs & was largely successful in this endeavor. Now Patrick, myself & Colm Murphy were ready to form KSP Killshannig secret police, Glantanes answer to the A-Team. Needless to say we didn't do much.

At 10 I was obsessed with making jet engines out of tin cans, who needs engineering skill when you had a diagram in a World Book Encyclopedia showing you a diagram of what the internals of a jet engine look like. Patrick & I learned all the statistics of the space race convinced that by learning this we knew all about science, we had a lot to learn. Around this time Patrick got a highly intelligent sheepdog called Brack, who could keep up with Patrick on his racer going down a steep hill near home, Patrick was faster than the hound but only just, Patrick loved that dog. I suspect he still cries about him.

I have been trying to buy women since I was 7; I tried to buy a pretty girlfriend with my Holy Communion money, chasing strippers is the next logical progression. My Karate trainer in Germany whom we will call Raimund for the remainder of the book told me he would sell his girlfriend for a good guitar, I personally would trade with him anytime, Raimund is so fond of good handmade classical guitars that he plays them so softly you would swear he was afraid to hurt them, you meet plenty of weirdos in Karate.

Karate is great why anyone would play a Karate computer game like Mortal Kombat rather than doing it for real is beyond me.

As a child I loved fighting especially when I won; I bullied & was bullied, I remember chasing kids with a penknife when I was 9. Another time when I was 10 I destroyed Majella Murphy's dress by putting ink on her seat in class, I'm not exactly proud of that. When I was 10 I had a fight with Patrick he threw me on the ground & fractured my nose. I unfortunately discovered a side of Patrick I didn't like. At that time of my accident, his only concern was that I didn't tell the headmaster, he felt no guilt, regret or compassion whatsoever, he just wanted to save his own ass. I was to hold this emotionally destructive grudge for a long time & it eventually resulted in us parting as friends in later life.

1.4 St. Colmans

St.Colmans boarding school most of the time was not a nice place; I was so stupid I volunteered to go there. It was a place where parents locked up 300 problem children for three weeks at a time, a place you got to see the darker side of human nature. When I was 13 I had a fight with a smaller guy than me, Richard Tarrant, he quickly got me on the ground & won the fight; this loss made me wise up to myself that I couldn't win all my fights & I stopped doing it until I discovered Karate.

When I was 15 was where my life turned for the worse, I was kicked in the family Jewels by my cousin for calling him his nickname "JEEWWEELIIIAH!"; on hindsight I should have realized I was dealing with a loaded gun pointed at my own head, I pulled the trigger on myself. I should have demonstrated more self control & kept my mouth shut. Even his sister him as being vicious as a teenager. I suppose my cousin must have had his own problems & insecurities to make him so short tempered. This I now believe provoked a varicoseal (a varicose vein cured by a simple operation) attached to my left testicle, a little known but a quite common ailment in men with tendencies towards varicose veins. Both of my parents had varicose veins, what were they thinking when they got married & mixing up some bad genetics to make me? It took me till I was 26 and 2 visits to STD clinics & the humiliation of

being spotted by nosy cousins working there to figure out what was wrong with me, had I somehow caught an STD from handling animals at home on the farm?, I was too insecure to point out my varicoseal to the people in the first clinic resulting in the need for the second visit. It took me till I was 26 to actually confirm that my problem was related to my varicose veins which were starting to pop up at that time.

I for a long time kept my problems bottled up, I was ashamed of them, I had no reason to be, it wasn't my fault, everybody has their own problems, I had problems which weren't talked about in "polite" conversation, polite conversation is stifling, you are well advised to stay away from pretentious gossips who make too much of it, it wasn't till I saw that other people were brave enough to talk about similar problems that the taboo was broken for me, I dealt with my demons, it was time to get over it & move on. Taboos are barriers to open mindedness. Since I have overcome this taboo, I now have a bit of a blind spot for talking about my problems, it is inappropriate to talk about your problems in polite company for political reasons there is no point in headwrecking everybody, some people don't like it.

Another of my insecurities was caused by neglect, my mother had excellent teeth, she never had to look after them. My father lost all his teeth from an early age, an aunt who was teaching him beat him & knocked some of them out, the rest fell out or were pulled out later in life, my mother never took into account that I had his genetics too. Mam never got me to brush my teeth as a child as a result I am missing about 8 molars, they were removed by dentists, like most people I hate dentists, one can't help but think their motivation behind pulling teeth is to make people ugly, they must be among the most hated people on the planet. The only thing in my opinion dentists should do to teeth is clean them.

As a result of my fathers beatings in school he left school early not properly able to read or write. My father a few years back mistakenly got a prescription from the chemist for another James Barrow who lived nearby, owing to this cock up at the chemist & not being able to read my father probably got a few years taken off his life. The doctor on examining the medicine took them quickly

off my father, he was afraid of being sued along with the chemist, my father isn't an ambulance chaser. I never liked the way my fathers doctor feeds my father too much medication & don't trust him. Not learning to read can kill you.

I don't believe in reincarnation in the traditional sense, people I believe are reincarnated by sharing memes (ideas), we are reincarnations of our parents, peers, role models, people that inspire us, heroes & people who have similar life experiences to us. I believe that there are only a small number of junctions in peoples life where decisions cause macroscopic life altering experiences. Similar decisions made at these points may result in people having similar experiences a partial reincarnation if you like, history repeating itself. I believe I had a similar reincarnation life experience to Adolf Hitler who probably got a similar kick in the nuts from a Jew (Jew sounds like Jewels & Julia doesn't it); it is common knowledge he had problems with his testicles & this could have insighted a hatred in poor Adolf to want eradicate Jews from the face of the Earth.

Around this time Patrick & I were both extremely interested in a girl whom for this story we will call Suzanne who was at the time my sister's best looking friend. When my sister was out we bugged her room. This involved putting a microphone behind my sister's bed & wires under the carpet leading to a tape recorder in my room. As suspected she spilled the beans talking to my sister, it turned out that she was interested in Patrick. I suppose Patrick was the better entertainer & either had less or was better at dealing with his insecurities than I was.

1.5 Pleasing the opposite sex

Nerds, women love to be entertained, do what pleases them not what pleases yourself, be selfless while trying to entertain them, ask yourself would you sing a woman a Celine Dion or Brian Adams love song to them if they wanted to hear one? Did you ever give an "all out" effort to impress a lady or were you always holding back because you don't believe the lady in question deserves of your best, if she doesn't deserve of your best she isn't worth chasing, is she?, if you give of your best if you don't succeed with the

lady in question you may also impress other ladies who happen to be watching, this has happened to me on one or two occasions, the game might get interesting once jealousy & female egos get involved.

Women want men with charm who will pounce & enjoy the challenge women create like a gladiator, one good way to pounce is to serenade them while giving a tickle attack or quietly singing something like Bryan Adams “everything I do I do it for you” into their ear, it’s over the top & most women love that. Women also love a sharp dressed man, it’s amazing the looks you get when you are dressed to kill in a suit from women normally way out of your league, it pays to be the flame rather than the moth.

With women you are familiar with the best icebreaker is to gently invade her space go inside the 15 inch barrier gently tap her on the shoulder & ask a simple “how’s it going”, listen & once they respond ask them “why?”, they will usually be delighted with you for being emphatic & showing sensitivity. Don’t be jealous of another man doing stuff like this, try to learn from them.

Another common mistake that men make is that women often don’t want fixer men to fix their problems, they just want to be listened to, get emotional support, encouragement & deal with the problem themselves, women like knowing that their men acknowledge that a woman can fend for herself.

Men sometimes go into their “cave” when they want to sort out problems which cannot be sorted out by anyone other than themselves, unless the woman is pretty sure she can help her man & he wants & needs help at some level it is generally a bad idea to go into the “cave” after him, he might growl at her to get out.

Men count points by the quantity & size of the favour, women usually count only 1 point per favour. With women it’s the little things that count, this has it’s advantages you don’t have to be rich to please most women, remember anniversaries, birthdays, mothers day etc & be nice.

Nerds judge people not by whether they can talk the talk but by whether they can walk the walk. Women on the other hand unfortunately judge men mostly by how they say things, if you do something bad you can coat it velvet with your tongue, you will be regarded by women as a villain or a scoundrel but invariably be admired for being audacious, in my view this is quite sad, thats how Clinton got away with the blowjob.

1.6 The nerds beginners kit

In boarding school I first learned to program the Apple II a great machine & the Commodore 64 & my most ambitious program at this time was writing an interrupt driven music driver which played Axel F on the Commodore. I quickly became head of the computer room in Colmans. When I was 14 I threw a big tantrum & my mother give in & bought me the nerds beginners kit, a Sinclair Spectrum & soon after I got an Amstrad CPC 464. I was a slow starter on the computer John Rudden was away faster but I caught up with him & passed him out after 2 years. Everybody has their own talents, the trouble is finding them, some people I suspect spend their whole life without finding theirs, thankfully I found mine at 14 & have made a good living out of it. Like anything, to get the best out of a computer you have to love them & give them plenty of attention, if you don't they just fall apart.

John changed schools to Davis College in Mallow & didn't thrive as well there as he did in Colmans from an educational standpoint. Another friend for the remainder of this book lets call him Barry. Barry was very shy, I will never forget the day we were walking around the grounds in St. Colmans & somebody coming down the hill at full speed basically drove the front wheel up Barry's arse, he fell to the ground quite hurt. John & I didn't feel as much sympathy as we should have, when it comes down to it only saints aren't bastards, the rest of us need to hammer respect into each other. Barry also got quite good at computers & wrote a game of Frogger in machine code. His brother lets call him Jack was the cocky member of the family he was the best programmer I knew at the time & was able to do the Rubix Cube in around 30 seconds. He went farming for 10 years after the Enter Cert before going to college & getting a Degree in Computers from UL.

At school one evening the group of us working in the computer room decided it would be good if we could arrange to dross study hours. Our way to do this was to short a plug in the computer room in the hope of blowing the main fusebox & thus disabling all the lights in the classrooms, all we succeeded in doing was blowing the fuse which was connected to the seniors television set. Needless to say we had to do a lot of fast talking to prevent us getting the crap clattered out of us. My other drossing activity was going into the music rooms to listen to good pianists play during study hours, I loved doing this.

The most influential cultural event for me at that time definitely was Live Aid; I watched it at Patrick's house, it was absolutely brilliant. The most interesting bit of body language I saw at Live8 was John McEnroe the tennis player jumping out of his skin wanting to play air guitar from the corner with Slash from Guns'n Roses while Slash was playing his new band Velvet Revolver.

1.7 University (or should I say universities)

After boarding school I went to NIHE in Limerick allegedly to study electronic engineering. Thanks to my mother arranging grinds with Bill Shannon I got an Honour in Maths, this got me into university. The prior Christmas I scored 10% in the honours maths exam. However, owing to my immaturity & my newfound freedom from boarding school, excessively large classes in NIHE, none of the lecturers got to know me or miss me when I didn't show up for class. All I studied was video games & drinking beer.

My proudest boast from that time was I once cycled home from a disco in the centre of Limerick to the outskirts while drunk without putting my hands on the handlebars of the bike. I got a new black & gold racer while in college & like my cousin Dave when he was young, who spent half an hour in the shower testing out his new waterproof jacket I was over eager to try my new bike out. I cycled 50 miles home in the dark & pissing rain with no lights on a main road with a ruck sack and a ghetto blaster inside, what was I thinking? I was definitely in danger of removing my genes from the gene pool & winning a Darwin Award (<http://www.darwinawards.com>).

com for more info on this topic). Anyway the bike being an object of desire was quickly stolen.

On another occasion I bought “shit in a can” & “fart spray” from a joke shop & put it onto an overhead projector in the main lecture hall in NIHE. The lecturer wasn’t too taken with what looked & smelled like a cows afterbirth on the projector. He proceeded in trying to spoon it off with a sheet of A4 paper, gave up & called the janitor, we got a free lecture, I felt guilty but proud of the experience.

As a result of not concentrating on my studies I got kicked out of NIHE at the end of first year with a QCA of 1.17 I needed 2.0 to stay in NIHE. As well as my partying I did have a few weaknesses, I wasn’t great at Maths despite having a love of the subject, I am slow to pick up abstract concepts. I believe I did good in the digital electronics exam but I only got a pass mark, I asked the lecturer Dr. McQuaid to recheck it, I suspect he didn’t, bastard. Around this time my mother died of cancer, on the last week she deteriorated very quickly I personally wasn’t expecting her to die when she did, she had strong faith & I suspect could have held on a lot longer if she had fear of death. Mum Cogan & Lena took over the job of making us dinner, thanks, Mum’s plum pudding & sherry trifle are amazing, she makes great Christmas dinners. From there went on to study in the Cork RTC now known as CIT Cork Institute of Technology, there the lecturers got to know all the personalities in the smaller classes. I was much happier there & eventually got my degree in electronic engineering. My father was feeling a little lost without my mother & always was quite dependent on other people to make dinner & look after his bookwork, like most people who get older he was set in his ways & hoped my sister would become the “woman of the house” my sister was having none of it & went to work in England, her most stressful job was working in British Gas & owing to the stress customers taking out problems on my sister as if & she was personally responsible for their problems & general bitchiness of other workers there she escaped the ratrace & it pretty much put her off work for a couple of years. She did the hippy thing & she went to India for 8 months.

1.8 Tears Of Joy

While in college Patrick & I teamed up with Aidan O Halloran from Newmarket a singer friend of my cousin Dave Barrow, John & Paul Rudden also joined up to play in our band “tears of joy” largely a U2 cover band & owing to the Ruddens influence in the band’s direction. John played drums while Paul played Bass & Patrick played guitar rather mediocrily.

I was the keyboard player & had no sense of rhythm whatsoever but was very good at getting a good sound out of my keyboard setup, I personally was realistic & had no plans to go professional as a band as I knew I was better in college, the Ruddens had other ideas however. After Patrick & I left the band at their peak had Ash play backing to them in Dublin & played in a tent in Feile in Thurles around the Summer of 94. The band practiced every Sunday & Patrick occasionally shifted his new girlfriend, for the remainder of this book lets call her Mary, in my dad’s car. I was extremely jealous of him as I found Mary very attractive & flirtatious which was an extreme headwreck for a nervous nerd like me.

Around this time I asked Patrick’s carpenter brother to make a wooden flight case for my keyboards, I had 3 but I wanted room for 5 digital piano sized keyboards. I made out the dimensions 50 inches by 35 inches by 25. Patrick’s brother told me this was absolutely huge, I didn’t believe him. Anyway he made the box, it was about the size of a piano & weighed in at around 40Kg. At that moment I learned what the consultants most dangerous weapon was, “Give the customer exactly what he asks for”.

As anybody who ever played in a band would testify “practice is hell” as this is where ego battles regarding the material being played & the bands general direction happened & where the storms in a teacup arise. Aidan being the singer had the biggest ego but wasn’t a bitch, he was easygoing. Patrick didn’t pull his weight in the band & I had to collect him every week in my father’s car, Patrick often wasn’t ready & we would arrive late to practice. Playing on stage if a gig is going well is far and away the best high you can ever experience, well at least our single gig in the Hi-Land

in Newmarket was. if you are a sadistic band member with a sense of humour start playing bum notes on your instrument watch the rest of the band wish the ground would swallow them up.

As a band we were pretty bad but we won 750 pounds in a local talent competition I think we were definitely the least talented band which played. I think our rawness, enthusiasm owing to the fact we were jizzed up on adrenalin & the fact we were the local heroes won the competition for us. Another interesting interaction which displayed my position as a beta male in the group (or at least the one between myself & Patrick) that I will never forget is playing the “Summer of 69” in Fitzpatrick’s Patrick kicked me in the ankle when he thought I went wrong, Patrick was the one playing the bum notes. Around the time I finished college I picked up guitar, I still play that instrument occasionally.

1.9 The sawdoctor

A few years after Patrick breaking up with Mary I started calling to her house regularly & played piano & guitar for her trying to impress her, I knew I didn’t play them well but I tried anyway. Mary pretended to be impressed, but most likely wasn’t; she had a boyfriend with whom she didn’t get on too well with & it wrecked my head why Mary didn’t go for me instead. “The thoughts & dreams I had of her would take me six months in confession” & she knew it. I prayed that I would be able to “seduce her in the future when she was feeling looser”. After a few months of getting headwrecked dealing with my own ego & insecurities I gave Mary a tape of me bawling my eyes out telling her what a bitch she was for being a dangerous flirt, she I suspect watched “Dangerous Liaisons” before I did, I had a lot to learn in the love department, it was my first minor breakdown & the shape of things to come. “I used to love her once long long time ago, all my loving is gone, gone, gone, gone”, thanks be to God, enough of that headwreck. The Sawdoctors knew what they were talking about.

Patrick was a firm believer in the shortcut & not quality of effort, at least when I really knew him, we had a lot of storms in our teacups, he was an intelligent risk taker & very witty. Patrick at that time was extremely lazy, he once stayed 52 hours in bed

because he could. Patrick was tight with money, a typical interaction which got on my tits was one time Patrick passed a shop but couldn't be arsed buying himself groceries, when he saw me going towards the shop he asked me to buy them for him & gave me the money, I didn't like being Patrick's gopher but grudgingly agreed. I lost the change & Patrick insisted I pay 5 pounds for the privilege of buying him groceries, it was the interactions like these that left a sour aftertaste in my mouth.

1.10 Employment history

1991 was a bad year to come out of college, there were almost no jobs. My first job I found advertised on the radio, I was fired after 6 weeks in MSD Europe in Monaghan, a business set up by a ex calculator salesman, they thought I couldn't program thankfully I have since proved them wrong.

After a few months job hunting & soul searching I started programming in PCSL Software, or as the employees knew it Poxy Cheap Software Ltd.. around April of 1992 in Tallaght, Dublin. I got my first job as a games programmer as a result of the games programming I did before I went to university on my Amstrad CPC 464. I really learned to program there from my boss. My boss's only qualification was as a qualified plumber, gas welder & a complete nutcase, we were well matched. While there I programmed my masterpiece, Boozy the alcoholic horse, a sad reflection of myself, a Super Mario type platform game supposed to educate kids about the dangers of alcohol abuse. Needless to say the managers wised up to themselves & didn't even bother marketing the game.

Anton Wallace was the "Aids Avenger" game writer, yes another health education game, who knew my habits, one day as a prank when I went to the toilet inserted a bug in my code. He knew I would go to the jacks again to relax, pee & think about what caused my bug & while there he changed the code back so I would be left for a few days looking for a non existent bug. Antons alcoholic father was a very arrogant impatient electronic engineer but a good seducer, he once dated Sinead O'Connors sister, I suspect the bitches were well matched. When he gave up alcohol he turned into a fitness nut like me. Anton once told me that his father had

recently lost half his fingers to frostbite climbing some mountain in the Himalayas it took me 5 years to figure out he wasn't bs'ing when he brought it up again. Anton is a fierce charmer like Gerry Ryan & has some illogical fears like extreme fear of heights, he won't cross a bridge, Anton plays lead guitar like Eddie Van Halen but can't play Rhythm & thinks that Joe Satriani has poor articulation in his picking. He is a great cook he learned from his mother who teaches home economics & a caring friend, thanks, awwwww.

Most of Anton's family like my own are quite self destructive, we get on like a house on fire. When Anton got married his best man asked him how long do you think this will last, it lasted about 1 year, his wife one night refused him sex so he decided to refuse her from then on. Anton can be a bitch, he once broke it off with a girlfriend his excuse was that he missed masturbating. Anton had another friend Gavan with whom Anton stopped hanging around with because Gavan was too rich for Anton's blood he must be an almercyful bitch. Anton & my father as well as myself are fond of the drink, probably Anton's worst moment while drunk was falling down the stairs backward while drunk, & injured his kidneys he got another glass of wine to dull the pain, my fathers most humiliating moment was falling asleep drunk in the bathroom "on the throne" with the bathroom door open snoring, I wish I had a camera at the time.

The bosses in PCSL eventually figured out that developing games based on quiz shows in Germany was bad idea & we moved on to developing route planning software like Microsoft's Autoroute. This route planning software was quite successful but not successful enough to make a profit as we had 60 employees employed in entering map data. Rather than boring you further with details of my programming exploits my CV is located at <http://www.ariasoft.ie/curriculumvitae.html>.

From PCSL I moved on to Apple Computers in Cork, the experience was pretty uneventful aside from writing some good code, making a few good friends. Apple is infamous for its soap operas it is where people go before joining real companies read Infinite Loop for more Details <http://www.amazon.com> thankfully the company has got better over the last few years.

While in Apple Patrick's wedding in Mexico happened, I didn't like Patrick much at the time owing to fallings out we had. I was determined that Patrick's bad Karma was going to haunt him, unfortunately my bad Karma for never forgiving him & moving on in this relationship was going to haunt me too, I'm a stubborn edjit.

From Apple I moved to IBM in Boeblingen to develop Linux for S/390 & LinuxPPC as a contractor. which was nothing short of brilliant & I have to thank the management there for giving me such an opportunity. The more interesting hacks we accomplished there were getting Doom going & Window 95 running on the PC Emulator Bochs all running quite well on top of Linux for S/390. Around August 2001 Patrick's father died, Patrick had aged quite a bit since the last time I saw him, when we met he was hacking down a hedge at home, probably trying to vent frustration & because I recently replied to his a email telling him how self absorbed he was becoming, he wasn't pleased to see me. I suspect the stresses of Silicon Valley were getting to Patrick a bit, despite this Patrick was the type of guy who would sing the American national anthem for you. I had no idea why he was so proud of America. After the September 11th disaster Patrick sent a message to just about everybody that he was okay, he was around 3000 miles away from New York in Silicon Valley. I suspect Patrick was unglued owing to his father's death & fearing his own mortality, I was to say the least unemphatic, Patrick in the past was often unemphatic to me too & had a nice habit of rubbing crap in, he was unforgiven & I sent him a scathing email telling him just what I thought of his self absorption, revenge for me at the time was irresistible, Patrick had walked over me a lot through life, this put the last few nails on the coffin of our friendship. I have some shame about this, I should have had more compassion for the recent loss of his father.

I also had a 6 month stint in Galway developing a firewall product for Asita Technologies aside from drinking & making good friends this was a pretty uneventful time.

Chapter 2

Streetlife the only life I know

What can I say most men like looking at pretty ladies, my father is mad about them, so am I, suppose you can't beat breeding. This chapter may challenge some peoples values. If you are not interested in life on the wild side give this chapter a skip.

2.1 Generalizations about strippers

"I've been the wild rover for many a year & I spent all my money on whiskey n beer" & the ladies. "I'm the type to kiss n' tell cos I've been seen with Farrah, it's true I'll hire my body out for pay, wey hey", enough of the singing, firstly the easiest way to get a strippers respect you is to never go to a stripclub in the first place; that said this makes it very hard to meet them. Contrary to popular belief strippers for the most part don't bite, except at your wallet of course. The easiest way to gain their disrespect is to sit on the front row before the stage "perverts row" drooling at them while they are stripping. Spending large amounts of money foolishly on them will also put you into their "sugar daddy" box, as soon as they consider you a serious source of income it becomes quite difficult to earn their respect. This "Spongebob Squarepants" made all these mistakes chasing his black magic women, self control & moderation in spending money is key.

Contrary to popular belief strippers don't earn much money, typically to buy them a drink costs the customer about €50 of this they get about 25% of the price of the drink into the hand (about €12) the remainder goes to the drinks manufacturer, the club &

taxes, for this they have to listen to a lot of shit talk from men & pretend they like it. Some sillier clubs don't offer possibilities of the girls making money by buying them drink. Strippers usually get most of their takings from private strip shows; as a result they usually are far more likely to want to give a show to you rather than sit down & have a drink with you, even if the drink is more expensive for you.

Sometimes strippers boast about the extremely good nights when they pull around €600, but on average they only make around as much as secretaries. Some strippers allegedly get horny when you start taking pictures with them & acting hot yourself, "Oh baby show us what you got, thats beautiful baby" you get the idea, I have never tried this so I cannot confirm if it works. The best nights to visit clubs is from Monday to Wednesday, these are quiet nights & it may be easier to get time with your favourite girls without much competition from other customers; they have less reason to rush drinks to move onto the next customer. Certain girls will only show up Thursday to Saturday, the busiest nights & some have other jobs for the rest of the week. Strippers & nerds are very similar in some ways & in others completely different, its a case of opposites attract. Strippers like nerds are immature egomaniacs & usually have a self destructive streak & sometimes abuse alcohol & occasionally drugs.

If you are going to visit strip bars regularly budget the amount of money you spend, if you don't you will regret it later. If you are paying by credit card find out the name that will come up on your credit card bill, if it is something discreet you can use the credit card. If you are brave you might be able to legitimately claim it as a company expense if you are entertaining somebody.

Unlike nerds strippers are quite empathic & can read people quite well they are good talkers & usually know about 6 languages; computer programmers in contrast can speak about 6 computer languages but have trouble with English. Strippers are fierce flirts they make the chase interesting, I usually get the crap scared out of me if a woman comes on strong like I do, I think they must be barking mad, I come on like a hungry wolf the women even strippers usually eventually back off. Strippers are freebirds quite

irresponsible & not punctual, if you manage to get their phone number and arrange a date they will 90% of the time be too lazy or unreliable to turn up; if this happens don't lose control or abuse them you have nothing to gain, strippers hate immature men. If you like them a much better bet is to go out for a meal or a late night bar or restaurant after the show. Strippers usually sleep till 5pm in the afternoon & spend hours washing their hair which is frequently fake with extensions, filing their nails, going to a sun studio to enhance their tan & occasionally to the gym. The thing which scares me most about strippers is some of them have perfect bodies but want breast enlargements, I personally cannot stand large breasts especially fake ones which look like they are pumped up to 300 PSI.

At the club the girls are usually slow drinking their first drink, if you buy them more drink easily they will usually take you as insecure, easy money & start drinking faster, if you lose control this way they will usually disrespect you, at this point stop buying drinks; they won't suddenly start liking you for buying them more. If you buy loads of drinks you probably expect something back, the insecure male ego gets involved & a storm in a teacup starts. Respect yourself, don't buy a drink for a girl you don't really like or who doesn't really like you, its a complete waste of money & time, don't be a sucker.

It's a common misconception that strippers are loose they usually aren't if they were they wouldn't be enough of a challenge to keep men interested. The problem with loose women is if they let you up on them they probably would let every other man up on them as well. I personally don't go for prostitutes, they have too much mileage on the clock. If you meet a lady you like try to keep the conversation polite women hate rudeness. Nothing will wreck a mans head as quickly as a good looking girlfriend who is loose or a flirt.

To the customer the owner of the club is a middleman who takes a cut of what the girl gets of your money. You may part with quite a lot of money but once the club owner, drinks manufacturer & the taxman gets hold of it the girls get surprisingly little. In a battle of loyalty between a customer & the club owner the club owner

usually wins, I'd suspect the girls are over a barrel & want to hold onto their jobs also unlike the customer who parts with his money like a fool the club owner commands respect.

Ladies, you got to be cruel to be kind, you may crave male attention but it may be time to gain some self respect. If you aren't making as much money as the other girls because you aren't as talented a dancer or as pretty as the rest of the ladies in the club it may be worth your while reevaluate & consider a career move & leave the girls who are best at the job do it, consider a career in sales, nursing or secretarial work.

Guys there are better places than strip clubs to go looking for pretty girls, namely Karate or dancing classes. Most of the girls in the club who want a boyfriend have one if not a few & they are almost never customers. Some of the remainder of the girls without boyfriends are lesbian, think about it, if you were a lesbian the place is Heaven, pretty girls taking off their clothes all night & putting on a free sexy show for you.

Sometimes the girls tell you their problems. For example Nicki from Brno in the Czech Republic was a girl I really liked & was one of the very few to actually show up for a date. I learned a lot from her about herself & myself, hanging around with her was a lesson a minute. She really enjoyed stripping for men because she knew how to please them & I was no exception. On the date, I got under the impression she thought of me as a potential "sugar daddy" & she was like some other strippers a bit of a gold digger. I bought her lunch at a beautiful cafe in Breuninger shopping centre in Stuttgart one of my seriously happy places we watched a couple of very good classical musicians.

She showed me pictures of herself her father & her sister. I got the feeling that she wanted my interest in her Sister, she started getting impatient. She frowned at me when I gave some money to a beggar, I suspect she felt that I should be encouraging him to work rather than begging. She then used McDonald's as a free public loo a use Ronald McDonald never envisaged. She finished the date quickly I suspect when I didn't offer to pay for a new jeans for her.

Nicki's sister had a computer programming nerd as a boyfriend & was one herself. Nicki didn't understand him, all he thought about was work. To get to know what kind of man he was I suggested that she either seduce him or pick a fight with him to find out whether he would be unfaithful to her sister or would hit a lady. Nicki worked part time in Dusseldorf as some form of agent for entertainers. She got fed up of me when I wouldn't let her take off my shirt when she was stripping off. This was really interesting for me as I was more ashamed of getting overweight from drink than I was of my varicoseal attached to my left testicle. My greatest shame now was self inflicted. Eventually as with some other strippers I got under the impression she was getting fed up with me & was only using me for money so I started sending her texts that she was putting on weight needless to say I gained nothing from my immaturity.

2.2 The places

I started going to stripbars shortly after I first arrived in Germany in October 1998 I found flyers in local restaurants & couldn't resist the lure of the pretty ladies. My four favourite stripbars in Stuttgart in order are Winks, Macabu, Tahiti & Moulin Rouge (apparently a franchise of the famous French Club in Paris.) Most of the girls moved from club to club in Stuttgart typically moving when they got fed up with their current environment.

I was long way from home, welcome to my PleasureDome, Winks, definitely was the most chaotic of all the clubs, my voodoo lounge, the preferred place for me to study my new hobby, stripper social dynamics. I can only thank Andreas the crazy Greek waiter for making it so chaotic, he was a serious headwrecker. Andreas had a way of dealing with immature egomaniac strippers & made sure that you learned a lesson a minute in there. Ellen was the first girl I met in Winks, she was very honest for a stripper, & in a past life in the Netherlands was an amateur boxer, her mother was divorced, she had a pretty hard life. That night Lady Kim came on stage, Ellen wised me up to the show, typically she would give some poor drunk German "the crying game experience" Lady Kim was no lady but a chick with a dick. After getting up close & personal with a drunk customer Lady Kim would drop his/her

knickers the poor German caught on the night would rush back to their seat headwrecked to sobriety in about 3 seconds. Another night an “Elvis the pelvis” character went up on Stage with Lady Kim, he wasn’t intimidated by the climax of the show & chased Lady Kim around the stage. Another time his girlfriend an enthusiastic amateur stripper did a show she wasn’t too impressive the first night, later that year she did another show it was obvious she had practiced, professionals like Layla were jealous. I was told that Lady Kim was drunk she/it used to proposition other girls backstage for sex.

Another night a distinguished guest came in dressed in a suit & looked quite important I assumed he was the boss of some large corporation later that night around 3am I saw him dressed in a frilly negligee. I suppose when you have money all kinky behavior is tolerated in these places. Unusually enough lesbians & straight girls used frequent the clubs, & there also were a few male strippers these usually were ballet professionals from Russia & to be honest put on a damn good show.

It was then I met Ebony, a highly intelligent level headed girl originally from Surinam in South America who moved to the Netherlands in later years, she was part Creole. We became quickly became good friends, I used to love singing with her, she had a fantastic voice, usually a duet doing Celine Dion songs Ivana a beautiful Polish girl used love listening in at Tahiti & it was obvious that the duet was taking her to a happy place, my singing was absolutely terrible but she used to love the performance. Beauty is in the eye of the beholder. Ivana was unusual, she was Polish, a heavy drinker, an animal lover & typically was doing things like fixing birds broken wings, she practiced a little witchcraft, loved dancing, Shaina Twain & Michael Jackson.

One time my friend Fergal came over to visit me in Germany to forget the stress he was under at work. Fergal is impatient, I told him Tahiti was sometimes boring, like mass, he didn’t believe me, he lasted about 2 minutes in there before he wanted to go out.

The most interesting time I ever had in Tahiti was when the Celtic soccer fans came over from Scotland, there was a queue

of them outside the door. All considered they were a fairly well behaved group of noisy lager louts. The body language of the strippers was amazing all the girls except the ones from Thailand were terrified, they were well used to men behaving badly at home, the girls dancing were taking small intimidated steps on stage rather than bustling around full of confidence. They were delighted to see me I was the only “Gentleman” pervert in there.

Ebony was nice enough to frequently drop me down Tequila or Pils from the bar. She later temporarily got a job as a barmaid in the Monument, an excellent disco frequented by people from the Baltic states the most memorable band that used to play there was called Viagra obviously they chose their name before the drug became popular.

Ebony & I often went to eat at Samson restaurant in Stuttgart city centre after the show & one evening went next door to Delilah, I was feeling sorry for myself & started crying, I think this self absorption put her off, if a girl asks a nerd how they are feeling always say “Great” because a girl realizes that this is how much you are enjoying their company, if you say you are feeling “Crap” this means you really think their company is crap. I wasn’t really attracted to many black women... except Olympic sprinters, because I am a racist pig, Ebony was excellent. I fell out with Ebony after losing my job at IBM the first time around December 2001, I lost this job because I was spun out, I was a insecure egomaniac edjit fed up of wasting my hard earned money at Tahiti.

Ebony told me an urban legend about one stripper in Winks who had her privates pierced why anybody would do that is beyond me. Anyway she used give a particularly aggressive performance on the stripper pole however as soon as she went backstage she usually was screaming in agony you can guess why.

Anne Marie was the worst female headwrecker I ever met, she was half Italian & half Romanian, a dangerous combination. Her father was an Italian Physicist & she was studying law. One night in winks at 3:30am I wasted around €200 in about 10 minutes buying her drink & a tabledance. Once a fool always a fool, I only behave rationally when it is absolutely necessary. She just put her

thighs outside mine & squeezed my nuts, everybody else was going home & I was waving to them like an idiot “weyhey”, I knew the stripshow was going to be good, after about 10 seconds she went home herself, I left educated, it was good.

A girl who shall remain nameless, for the remainder of this book she will go by the pseudoname Anne, Anne was a stripper from Slovakia I met in Macabu, she was typically good natured until you got on the wrong side of her (more on that later). She was easygoing & didn't go out of her way to rip off punters for as much money as she could get. I regularly gave her leg massages which she enjoyed, after a massage one day claimed she was going to see a professional to get a much better one when she went back to Slovakia, this got on my tits hmmmppphh. She loved playing games on her Playstation especially Crash Bandikoot, I told her I was an ex games programmer & this interested her.

As we got to know each other better Anne told me that she felt her dead fathers presence at several times & felt that he was looking after her. As we got to know each other better Anne started telling me more personal stuff. One day Anne told me about a pain in her neck, I guess this was a cue for me to be sensitive, caring & give her a neck massage, at the time I wasn't going for it & I suppose this pissed her off. Another day Anne stripped for me I wasn't too impressed with the performance, Like a typical nerd I showed her my phone hoping the games would impress her, they didn't. I asked Anne for her phone number, she wouldn't give it to me, I probably didn't ask her nicely enough, from there we both started getting irrational “a bonfire of the vanities” was taking place. Anne was quickly turning into Miss Piggy, she does exist, you don't want to cross her & told me she wanted to look after endangered animals in Africa. I told her this was going against nature & to let it take its course & I later suggested in a letter that she look after the pink elephants at home & hoped I had a match made with members of my family, the letter was thoughtless & she was having none of it. My time came to a head with Miss Piggy when I slapped her on the face in Champain night club & she punched me on the nose with a powerful jab & ripped my shirt, I went back to Macabu that night & Esther repaired the shirt with a paperclip I upset Anne a lot but that wasn't stopping me from enjoying the rest of my night.

I now regret the fight with Anne, it was an act of desperation while going mad, I was exploring boundaries I hadn't explored as a child, this is what eventually got me locked up.

Esther was crazy gymnast from Basil who ran up a 1500 Euro phone bill calling her MOMMEE, she loved her MOMMEE. Esther looks surprisingly like a young Barbera Streisand but cuter, she had a dog which frequently ate her cigarettes in an attempt to get her to give them up. Esther could oversplit to 220 degrees & stick out her tongue at the same time, this impressed me no end, she headwrecked me one day by telling me that she made love with a customer at random after her boyfriend dumped her, why this customer wasn't me I will never know but it made me very jealous, I would have rode her like a rampant rabbit. I was engaged Esther twice (at least thought I was) when I was cracking up. I gave the torn T-shirt Esther fixed as a present to the Anne with the words "Fuck me I'm Famous, I am MISS PIGGY", more childishness, I can only assume this upset her quite a lot, another regret. I was high as a kite and possibly her dead father was getting really pissed off with me from beyond the grave at this time more on that later. Around this time I found the showcentre tahiti's website & the guestbook I did a brainfart dump on the website with all the wisdoms I had accumulated through life for the girls, along with moronic taunts like "Here piggy piggy piggy let me see your muppet puppet" & suggested that Ivana had an orgasm the last time she met me. This was apparently upsetting the sysadmins on the tahiti website & it filled up again with baloney about how beautiful all the girls were, I suspect that most of the guestbook was rubbish made up by the sysadmins. I was still trying to set up Anne with my brother & to get her to trust me I told her really personal stuff in a letter from the frightened look I got from Steve the D.J. & the bouncer the next time I went to Tahiti it was obvious they read the letter too, they knew I lost the plot. Esther on our alleged engagement was notably impressed by my suggestion to have amorous adventures with me on a trampoline, When high I told Esther I was a reincarnated Adolf Hitler, she told me she was Jewish you can imagine what happened, on hindsight I should have twigged it from the Jewish nose. Being honest I am only a Hitler in so far as I am a duck walking ranter but the damage was done.

Roxanne from Macabu also got my leg massages, Layla from Winks was a mad soprano singer, she sung three octaves too high & who often came close breaking all the glasses in the club. Layla hated the indignation of stripping but put on a strange but interesting show nonetheless, she looked like a Bond girl. I still have a picture of her somewhere. I will never forget when she did a headstand on a customers lap it doesn't take much imagination to figure out where her backside ended up. These crazy Romanians, Layla & Roxy led me to the theory that all Romanians women flip flopped between loving & hating men, they had lesbian tendencies while in hate mode. I am of the opinion people may become gay if they get disenchanted with the opposite sex, George Michael, he had his choice of beautiful women & apparently got bored with them. Roxy would always headwreck me by giving a terrible stripshow, trying to make the best of these situations I occasionally tried to bite her ass unfortunately she had eyes on the back of her head & I kept missing. Roxy separated from her Romanian husband at twenty one & often worried that she might have to become a prostitute eventually, I don't think she will have to, she is very resourceful. It wasn't unusual for Roxy to touch herself being in her "happy place" while watching other girls dance, there are a lot of strange places in peoples heads & like Madonna the pop star Roxy knew all of them. I frequently bought her perfume as presents, she bought me teddybears. One of the funny place Roxy had in her head was a serious shoe fetish & I used give her stripper dollars for the other girls which she folded up neatly into bows & put them neatly inside the straps on other girls shoes delighted like a child. I invited her once to Cannister Wasen the Stuttgart Octoberfest she disappointed me by not showing up.

Tahiti was more expensive & certainly was not as much fun as Winks, the main Guy in Tahiti keeping the show on the road was a nice but slightly dishonest conservative pervert who had cameras behind the mirror in the mens toilets, Steve the D.J. He spent a lot of time saving the vain girls in Tahiti from themselves. The most memorable girls in Tahiti were the two Veronicas One of them was from the Czech Republic she really impressed me one night by bending over backwards landing on one hand & coming up again, I spent a large part of that night dancing with her & showing off how fit I was & proceeded to do idiotic things like

a headstand against the wall & singing Sinatra's "Fly me to the moon" while clicking my fingers & showing off on the stripper pole. The other Veronica was from Poland friendly but very dishonest, a small percentage of the Poles regard Westerners like the Irish regarded Yank tourists in the 70's, foolish with money & there to be exploited. Western European cars in Poland are very likely to be stolen for parts & the Polish police will do nothing about this, "Westerners are suckers". Veronica had a married nearly identical twin sister who was married but replaced her occasionally during a show to see what stripping was like needless to say she didn't stay married long & took up stripping too.

Macabu was a nice place with a terrible website <http://www.macabu.de> it would be well worth some nerds time to fix it up, the main lady in there was an ex stripper herself Sybilla Ott, I really enjoyed that place & made good friends with her. One of my strongest memories of Macabu was of a the Diana 1998 German rhythmic gymnastic champion originally from Lapland her father was a Truckdriver. She gave a great show, she was gyrating wildly with her leg at about 160 degrees against the wall & I commented "that must be really hard" from there she put one leg on the roof & kept gyrating, D.J. was in his happy place. I once was quite drunk & had a fairly good table dance from a girl from Hungary, I went in the following night & didn't recognize her face, I recognized her backside.

Moulin Rouge was run by a very nice lady who had a son whom I reminded her of, she loved dogs. My favourite girl there was of Katherina from Lithuania. She reminded me of Patrick's "tears of joy" girlfriend whom I lusted after after & I spent DM1500 in two nights interfering with her in the corner. She was very easygoing, good company & loved her family & opera, I once met her in town & she was kind enough to join me for an informal date.

The nearest stripclub to home is "The Great Escape" I met a nice intelligent Polish girl there called Lucia who recently invited my Father in, I will bring him there someday & his ex nun girlfriend Chrissie, Chrissie can teach them how to do proper Irish Dancing with the hands down by their sides unlike Michael Flatley.

2.3 Discovering myself from my dealings with strippers

Why does the opposite sex love bs artists?, is the ability to lie a sign of intelligence, their quick wit, entertainment value, the way the ego gets involved when presented with a challenge, a tease, the safety that one will become disenchanted once the tease is over, the lack of guilt & respect after an interaction because the person involved in the has been lying to you anyway, find, f\$%k, forget.

Stripclubs are safe places to express sexuality. If the women in stripclubs made strong sexual moves on customers, it probably would go outside the comfort zone of the customer & in most cases the customer would back off. Madonna for instance is kinky but safely so, she doesn't cross the grotesque line, likewise for most strippers. Stripclubs are rule governed there are things which are allowed & not allowed. For seriously demented men stripclubs are selling hope, it's the wrong place to look for women. As my brother says "nearly all mens problems can be traced back to womens arses", Helen of Troy, the list goes on & on, I am no exception to this rule. My insecure ego was heavily involved with strippers & it took me a long time to see clearly see the reality that strippers are mostly players or actors, it is their job to satisfy the fantasies of their customers, for the most part they have very little emotional involvement with them; it is not in their interest to gain any, it would mess up their work. Some strippers are unfortunately liars. For customers it isn't worth their while to let their egos get involved in the headwrecking games being played at stripjoints, all women disrespect men who are not in control & if you are wasting €500 a night in these kinds of places you are immature & insecure, you are not in control.

Behaving like a jealous hungry wolf unable to handle other male competition is offputting to women & is probably why I was getting nowhere with strippers. Women love men with self control, however, it is easy to have self control when you don't want something. It probably would have been cheaper for me to open my own strip club & be the only customer than pump a fortune into other peoples clubs. Men often lust after women whom they cannot stand as people, they want a trophy, satisfy lustful urges, what happens

if there are children? the ego is a dangerous thing. People don't fall in love with other people they fall in love with their idealized idea of whom the person is, so even falling in love is dangerous. On the few occasions women showed interest back I got scared & thought they must be at least as messed up in the head as I was to want me & backed off. Nerds like myself have high ambitions like winning a Nobel Prize, we don't want to admit we are ordinary, when we get old we are old, ordinary & vain. I had a lot of growing up to do in the psychiatric hospital. Maybe I am not ready for a proper relationship. It is hard not to have a few negative emotions towards the owners & bouncers in some clubs, some can be really ignorant.

Like Spongebob Squarepants I lack self control & am for the most part utterly useless with dealing with women who are not related to me. For instance around early 2000 I met Suzanne my sisters friend one evening in Chapel Lane the local disco at home, I was arrogant, I now believed I had better possibilities for women, my strippers & acted uninterested, what an deluded asshole I'd become. I also couldn't understand why women wouldn't do exactly what I wanted, I could always get a computer to do what I wanted if I asked it correctly, why weren't women more like computers?, I had seen my strippers, I paid for them, like Catherine from Macabu run away into bed with guys she met in the local gym. In fairness to Catherine she was nice enough to buy me a Tequila the one night she met me in Perkins Park. From this I decided to change from beer to wine & 3 hours exercise a day was the way to go to beat the damn gym posers at their own game. I hate posers yet I lust after them & I became one, all the exercise I did make me lean n'mean unfortunately ate into my work hours, I sure as hell wasn't going to let it affect my insomniac party lifestyle. I was clocking 80 hours a month at work as opposed to previously usual 160. I ignored the danger signs that I wasn't pleasing my current boss.

Like Richard Feynman the physicist, my Nobel Prize winning hero & the programmers who started Apple Computers who used to go down to the Pink Poodle strip club for dinner, I love my strippers. I have been made jealous, envious, headwrecked & entertained into wasting a fortune over the past 5 years on strippers

occasionally hoping that if I bought them one more drink they would see I'm a nice guy & want me, I can be naive, lack common sense, a sense of reality, a fool & his money quickly part, growing up is about taking responsibility for ones own decisions, I was deferring the responsibility till later when I crash landed & had a mental breakdown, bad idea. One reason I love strippers is that I probably need a dishonest woman in my bloodlines, I am too honest. As my cousin Tom would say "how many times do you want to hop your head off a wall" in my case it was pretty often. One reason I wasted so much money is that I was spoilt, my parents never thought me the value of money. Parents who are working their butts off so that their children will have an easy start in life are wasting their time, self destructive people will behave logically only when they have no other choice. Rich parents you are only giving their children an awful lot of rope to hang themselves & hang themselves they will. It took a long time for me to accept that that strippers were mostly only using me for money.

Chapter 3

A missed opportunity

Deep down I want to get married & have a normal lifestyle but in all my years I had only met 2 or 3 women I fancied who actually fancied me. I missed the window of opportunity on these occasions. The one that affected me most was not picking up a tennis ball dropped by a young female neighbour near home in Glantane when I was 25, beautiful it's true, a real Charlie's Angel for the story we will call her the pseudoname Siobhan. Siobhan was very young & attractive with her friend was eager to have an older man as a boyfriend, I personally was delighted with the attention she & her friend was giving me after mass in Glantane & reciprocated the attention. She was far too young for me but it was easy for me to see the potential when she got older. We used frequently meet "accidentally on purpose" when she was walking her jack Russell dog or similar near home with her next door neighbour, they both had excellent social skills at the time but got quite vain as most women do in their twenties as they are at their peak of their powers when it comes to attracting men. She was very eager to grow up & become a woman I did my best to treat her as one, however, I didn't act the gentleman when she tested me, more on that later, this affected us both deeply, "hell has no fury like a woman scorned". Siobhan as she got older like me got more self destructive, she apparently couldn't handle being disappointed by life very well, there was a part of me that wanted to save her from herself, I hoped that she would save me too, we would slow down together & have a normal life. Siobhan after my failing as a gentleman didn't waste any time finding another boyfriend which she stuck with, I understood but I no longer felt comfortable near her, I had to move on & it was part of my motivation to take the

job in Germany.

A few years later Siobhan had grown up & I met her serendipitously one evening in Chapel Lane disco & felt it was time to make my move. She was with a friend, the friend asked me for a smoke, I went off to buy cigarettes, so far so good. She started busing me that she was somebody else from Ballyclough, I showed her my new mobile phone she was impressed until I told her it was great for taking pictures of girls cleavage. Later I hadn't the nerve to ask her to dance & so I danced by myself, second wrong move, & got pretty drunk, third wrong move, after the disco she dropped her mascara, I didn't pick it up, I deluded myself that she dropped it out of nervousness at running into me, my reality distortion was on at full tilt, I still wasn't a gentleman, fourth wrong move. After the disco she shouted at a girl across the road "You are nothing but a prostitute!" I thought it was quite funny & we went our separate ways home, another time she also amused me by singing "Bob the builder can we fix it", in the pub when she probably had a little too much vodka, who can't be seduced by the "fix it" song.

A few months later I started ringing her, Seeing as I was cleaning my act up & getting fit to attract the ladies I wrote a fairly stupid letter suggesting to her to give up smoking, heavy drinking, take up a bit of yoga & exercise, another wrong move, do I ever stop. Siobhan around mid 2003 had been kind enough to ring me back after I ringing her & she told me she got a really expensive engagement ring & was marrying her boyfriend, this was the straw that broke the camels back as far as my sanity was concerned. Being rejected by women can lower our self worth & make one more self destructive, women have the right to say no. My experience with Siobhan was one of love, heartbreak & growth. Eventually I managed to let go, what choice had I got, readers, are you holding onto something which is destroying you? let it go!

3.1 Losing the plot

There was more going on here than Siobhan which drove me mad it was around April 2004, I had lost my job & other events were happening in parallel described later in the book. I was now going mad, when high I wrote two letters to the mailing list one

to say I had jackassed, the other was a desperate love letter to Siobhan from the highest mountain a nerd could find "The Linux Kernel Mailing List" which has around 10,000 email subscribers, see below.

Subject: Linus'es dirty secret
To: "Kernel Mailing List"

Linus'es karate secret, his wife & why linux got so big.

Want to know what you hole in the heads are doing in front of the computer. You are testing your metal, men without self confidence are subconsciously the bravest.

I became a coward.

Jackasses/Gentlemen come out only when needed & are utterly illogical & easy to spot, Hitler never procreated & the only reason people looked at that jackass was to see what Jackasses look like.

When ready you know the way to go do karate in the meantime keep slapping the salami.

Do Karate & you will never be seduced again you will always make the best of the situation & do whatever you blithering well please Karateka gain control by letting go & clarity of thought.

Strippers are the family advertisers...

Have fun,
D.J.

Subject: Love Letter
To: "Kernel Mailing List"

Let me tell you about Siobhan xxxxxxxx the woman that drove me to no fear & the level of creativity I have now.

She is xxxx xxxxxxxxx xxxxxxx daughter & at 13 looked at the most

headf\$%;ed 25 year old in the Church in Glantane & said he needs me. At 15 the test came, a dropped tennis ball she was nearer & more in need of the exercise & xxxx xxxx picked it up instead.

She is getting married very soon, I am going to have karate sex with her anyway. I will look after her kids with the least self confidence because I know they have her metal.

Tell her I love her to pieces

Phone: 00353-xx-xxxxxx

Address:

Siobhan xxxxxxxxx,

xxxxxxx,

xxxxxxx,

xxxxxx,

xxxxxxx,

Ireland.

Call by if in the area & tell her I was watching her under a microscope.

Tell the boyfriend I'll buy the house if he likes, pay for the wedding & engagement ring if he likes, See if I can hook him up with a stripper, I have been subconsciously matchmaking lately & the only close friend I have who I can't matchmake for is xxx xxxxxxxxxxxxxx he could keep typing with Anne Marie from Tahiti the biggest bitch I know slapping him in the face f\$#;ing him at the same time & drinking Jack Daniels & coke.

When that f#\$;er starts going the women had better be watching.

Thanks for all your help,

D.J.

Oddly enough quite a few people got in contact with Siobhan's family & upset her parents quite a bit, please don't make contact with her anymore.

When high again I read on page 69 (position 69) of the book *Going Mad?* an example where an overprotective mother was calling Siobhan (a girl of the same name as my Siobhan) a “prostitute” for putting on makeup & I remembered my Siobhan a year earlier shouting to another girl after the disco in Chapel Lane “You are nothing but a prostitute!” to another girl across the road, I took this as an omen. My sister & father are afraid that certain things like reading the *Going Mad?* book trigger something which makes me high, my father doesn’t like me watching certain things on TV in case I see some omenlike significance in it & go high again. The following day I thought I saw Siobhan outside Blarney Wollen Mills but the girl spoke to me in German, she wasn’t my Siobhan I took this as another omen, a German Siobhan. At 3am that night I went down to Bill Shannon my maths grinds teacher & put a Book on Wavelets (Mathematics) on his car with a not complaining that the Author was a “Walnut” (that was the authors name) & that I needed the teddybears version. I subsequently dropped the *Going Mad?* book down to Siobhan’s house at 3am in the morning it wasn’t read & was given back to my sister. I met Siobhan’s father out walking a few weeks later & he gave me a lift, thankfully we understood each other & all was forgiven. I have also met Siobhan in a pub recently bought her a drink & she said she wants nothing to do with me. Shortly afterwards I went high, my sister said that meeting some people with whom you have a stressful relationship can cause you to go high, she may be right.

Chapter 4

Time out

4.1 Hospital & my varicose veins

Around this time I went to my G.P. who forwarded me to the surgeon in Mallow general hospital he recommended that I get my varicose veins done but not my varicoseal unless I had problems having children. My Grandfather I believe he also had a varicoseal, so maybe I would have got one eventually, it was genetic.

I was quite jizzed up going for the operation I have the height of respect for nurses but if you think strippers are kinky?, when I was getting put under by my anesthetic before the operation a nurse suspecting I wouldn't remember took advantage of the situation, she didn't expect me to remember, I did.

After the operation I was running around asking when is my operation happening. I got staples in my leg instead of stitches, damn they were painful to remove.

4.2 My attempts to crack RSA

RSA was offering upto \$500,000 to crack 2048 bit RSA This has since dropped to \$200,000, they must be really confident it can't be done, if it could the consequences for the banking industry would be catastrophic. the website is <http://www.rsasecurity.com/rsalabs/challenges/factoring> The problem is so easy to understand a 10 year old can understand it, this implies to me that a clever 10 year old could crack it.

A prime number is a number only divisible by 1 & itself. RSA relies on the fact that there currently is no quick way to factorize large numbers. An RSA key is made up of 2 primes multiplied together typically 2048 bits or around 700 decimal digits long, using current computers this takes about a guzzilion years to crack.

To date I have wasted about 4 months of my spare time trying to crack RSA & on several occasions thought I was very close to doing it. Philosophically the reason I couldn't crack it that Prime numbers are truly atomic & unbreakable. Also I suspect that some Mathematicians & Bankers pray that RSA is uncrackable, I hope they stop praying. DES & AES are perfectly good encryption techniques not crackable by a weakness in Maths. I have plenty of friends who will make a lot of money from banks once an announcement in security focus goes up that RSA is cracked banks I suggest you start preparing now. I put my attempts up on my website at <http://www.ariasoft.ie/gplcontributions.html> for public consumption. If someone manages to crack it based on my attempts please send me a percentage of the prize.

If everybody trusted each other & the world was a better place there would be no need for encryption algorithms like RSA.

4.3 Prague

If reading about people behaving badly is not your thing skip this chapter you aren't missing much. During the time I was attempting to Crack RSA I went on a very enjoyable cheap holiday with Anton Wallace to Prague, it's a pity the town isn't as cheap as it once was. Anton & I had the most fantastic meals we ever had for around €5 in the Pizza Colosseum the name did not reflect how good the place actually was. That said our shabby hotel at €80 a night was a complete rip off. During this time I was a complete egomaniac convinced I was days away from cracking RSA.

My most enjoyable experience in Prague was completely free I was walking down Wenslas street & was being propositioned by

various good looking ladies for sexual favours, I was convinced that I would be mugged if I went with any of these ladies, so I declined them all. I got such an ego boost by the time I was at the bottom of the street I had to go back up the street & decline them all again.

Karlovy Lanze near Charles Bridge was definitely the best disco in Prague one night we were watching two characters there. An egomaniac woman & an army guy. The woman from the way she was dancing was very sure of how fantastic she was. Anyway the soldier got out of his clothes & danced balls naked in front of her, he won, at least in the men behaving badly category.

If you are easily rattled I suggest you give this paragraph a skip. It was in Prague that I had my most educational experience with a stripper ever, I went to a club called Goldfingers. I got a private dance & feeling hungry I bit the girl on the ass. After the dance I noticed the front of my shirt was slightly wet. To this day I don't know what happened but the obvious has crossed my mind.

4.4 A Russian Romance

Around August/September of 2002, I was considering women from the eastern block my first experience was of a girl allegedly known as Evegenia. I found her on <http://www.kiss.com> I noticed a lot of advertisements on this website were put there by men who were mugged as warnings to other people when they went to visit the alleged girl, from this experience I would much prefer websites of this type offered to do background checks of the people on it, especially the ones in dodgy third world countries for a fee & give a safety approval if the people pass the background check. Some of the advertisements were photographs of a pretty models with bs life stories put up by a Russian mugger or similar. Being of naive disposition it took quite a while but eventually I got suspicious of Evegenia when she wouldn't talk to me on the phone & eventually had to call a halt to our communication.

I eventually found Nick in the U.K. whose wife was from Odessa in the Ukraine who for a fee sent a friend in Odessa to give the

alleged girl flowers to check was she genuine. My girl this time was Olga who I found on <http://www.angelika.net> I highly recommend this site, another great place to meet available women however do whatever you can to make sure the woman you are meeting is genuine. Unfortunately Nick is no longer providing a service to find out if the girls are genuine.

If you are a nerd living in Silicon Valley or similar where there is a very high ratio of men to women the odds are stacked against you, online dating agencies are one of the few avenues open to meet attractive available women, Mexico is probably a better bet than Russia, it's nearer, to meet available women try the following URLs. <http://www.mexicancupid.com> <http://www.colombiansingles.com/women/mexico.htm>

Getting a visa from the Ukrainian embassy I found out the hard way was a complete waste of time. The only way to go is use a travel agent who specializes in travel to the Ukraine & let them arrange the visa. This I believe has improved since the Ukraine won the Eurovision song contest. The officials who check your passports were at the time I went quite corrupt if you go take care of your valuables in your bags etc..

The Ukraine is very poor, poorer than Russia & while there I noticed more people looking for food out of dumpsters than putting rubbish in. Also in toilets there were attendants who handed you a ration of toilet paper for a fee, scary stuff. I found the people there very friendly & they cooperate with each other much more than in Europe because they have to. Being picked up while hitchhiking is very common & you usually give a tip to the person giving the lift or negotiate on a price beforehand. Ireland now that the economy is booming is getting emotionally cold like Germany in the 70's this is because everybody has enough money to be independent & nobody needs friends or to trust anybody anymore, it is so stupid. The Polish & Lithuanian migrant workers in Ireland are not doing much for the economy & it is fair enough, they will purchase their houses at home because the houses here are so overpriced. Most of them have university degrees & they are working as farm labourers & in shops, very few Irish people will do these jobs anymore even though they are less educated, it's a funny old world.

The establishment is very corrupt in the Ukraine, Some Banks are run by the mafia, frequently claim bankruptcy & run away with the money. Olga's parents got their life savings stolen from them. The only way to send money to the Ukraine is by Western Union & they charge a huge commission. If you post money there it will usually be stolen, this happens in India & Mexico too. The Mafia are the nice guys in the Ukraine, the Police will mug you, likewise the politicians.

Olga really likes Russian fables & took me to see a lot of statues not unlike "the little mermaid" in Copenhagen, she had a lot of stories about them. One very interesting insight into the Russian psyche is that Russians don't like Tom & Jerry or Road Runner, they are violent cartoons, nobody gets hurt in a Russian cartoon. Russians have violence in their daily life & like to watch things which help them escape from their troubles. Where corruption runs rife it becomes blatantly obvious that it is a dog eat dog World. I suppose that is why Shirley Temple the picture of innocence was so popular during the depression & Norman Wisdom is so popular in Albania, for these people living in happy innocence is the fantasy which they most deeply desire.

I made good friends with Olga, but there was no spark of Romance. We went to excellent restaurants in the Ukraine & went to visit Olga's friends & parents who were excellent With the exception of Olga's father who was very lazy. Olga was afraid to leave the Ukraine because she had to look after her mother. Olga was manipulated a lot by men & had difficulty trusting them. While there we also went out for a lovely trip on a ferry & a really good funfair which Olga called "Little Ionappa".

Hotels in Ukraine charge Westerners about 3 times as much as they charge Russians because they can, usually are fairly cheap & tacky, you've been warned.

Chapter 5

Sigue Sigue Sputnik baby

Perkins Park Stuttgart is where all the serious sexmachines hung out, it was there I ran into Cosmo (aka Turkish Elvis) & Fabio the Hollywood Dancers <http://www.hollywooddancers.net>, these Guys were heavy duty partiers & probably heading for the same crash-landing I did. Cosmo had gained notoriety on Germany's search for a star TV program for dropping his pants & showing off his goods. Fabio turned up for the second round of the competition after disbelieving he didn't make it past the first round & cried his eyes out on German TV, he was told that he couldn't sing to save his life.

These Guys were larger than life & had a serious lust for it, it was obvious to me they were going to make it big one way or the other, Cosmo was a natural showman & expert in social dynamics could make an edjit out of anyone by jackassing the insecure egomaniac that exists in all of us, the people that think they can't be jackassed are the ones most likely to be wound up & left off by Cosmo, you've been warned! He usually started the circus at Perkins on Sunday night at 2am with a taunt like "you can't dance for shit baby" next thing all the break dancers came out of the woodwork. One time Ebru a Turkish lady bartender put her hand to her nose & waved Cosmo off implying that he stinked, next week he was ready for her, he jiggled his ass & Magic Johnsoned his underpants off without taking down his pants & threw it at her, he either brought a spare one in & tucked it inside his pants or took it off in the toilet prior to the interaction when he saw Ebru. Another time in Perkins he was making a paper flower for a girl & looked like he was doing a good job at it, the girl was pleased, next thing he turned around

& started eating it & then walked off, it took me 20 minutes to figure out it was a joke.

Cosmo was fit & I had been benchmarking my fitness against him for the last year. He had a Russian girlfriend who spurted water from her mouth on my chest one evening at the disco, it showed off my beautiful hairy chest & titties to full effect, I was delighted; it is amazing the kinds of attention us men shouldn't enjoy which you just do.

Psychologically for me things were coming to a head, I was being seduced down Cosmos merry path. There was a stripper pole in Perkins & I was practicing on it. That Sunday Cosmo & Fabio were there, Fabio was on the pole, this was my big chance to perform, I was completely jizzed out on adrenalin. Jumped on the pole & screamed "SHOWTIME", next thing I knew I was thinking "this didn't hurt so much the last time" & I could have sworn I heard my neck cracking, was I dead? was Cosmo my Grim Reaper?, dear God he sure looked like one. I had no memory of the rest of that night but I woke up that morning with a bandage put on by Sali a nice Turkish barman from Perkins & found my pants soiled so badly it took 5 washes with a nailbrush to get the stains out, I'd been jackassed, I broke my hole laughing it was a fantastic release of the frustration I was having at work & I was now completely seduced into becoming a partyboy, blowholed to my family & friends about how I had got 'fit enough to take the fall' that could have broken my neck. Work was going to take a back seat for a while. I made it into work the following day at 4PM.

Boa Discotech Stuttgart is the place to be on Monday night all the Stuttgart bartenders were out on their free night, body builders, gays, Greek chicks with dicks & other wazoos who danced in their underpants, all hung out there, while there I came to the opinion that these extremists exist to keep the narrowminded out of their family trees. At that time at least I thought it was fun fun fun. I didn't realize it at the time but I was partying a little too hard & being completely honest discos can be the loneliest places on the planet especially if they are overcrowded & there is nobody to talk to there this is why I like strip clubs, at least Perkins had chatty barstaff.

The night after the accident I met Cosmo to Boa & had a good talk with him & we made friends & I followed him to his show at Sinatra Bar in Rotebuhlplatz Stuttgart. At 4am in the morning Sinatra bar the party continues till 6am, it frequently is so busy on Monday you can't get in, it is unreal. That night Cosmo is dancing doing his Eminem gangsta disasta rap in his Bozo the clowns outfit on the bar, party women were doing their "coyote ugly" routine, that night there were Thai girls tearing & fighting like terriers off each end of Cosmos underpants with their teeth his ass jiggling all in all it was a "you can't do that" headwreck, fantastic. I also was busy making friends with Cosmos sister & behaving badly putting Fabio's hand on the ass of a stripper I knew, "shaking baby electricity flowing", she wasn't impressed.

Around this time my granduncle Jim who is now 92 from Rock-hill county Limerick, still sharp minded & so fit in fact I would put him piking bales to me, told me about how my grandmother matchmade her sister with him (according to my father there was a farm involved, this may have influenced his decision a bit, in any case they stayed married & had a happy life together) & I thought this was a great idea & how to get the family out of it's current dilemma in finding good women for my brother & cousin.

5.1 The Karate kid, wax on, wax off

The following day was my Shokotan Karate class <http://www.ukd-stuttgart.de> This is where every headwrecked nerd should go to get a life instead of wasting their money on strippers, the girls are fit, usually good looking & intelligent as a bonus some can do the splits as well, as an additional bonus you get fit, learn to trust people in freefights & make good friends there in a healthy atmosphere. As a bonus you gain some self respect too, all this for €70 a year, amazing! Don't look a gift horse in the mouth nerds, do the roundup of your ladies for your wild turkey chicken ranches at Karate or other self defense classes nearby. Unfortunately back in Ireland Karate typically costs €5 a lesson, this is because the people fighting don't trust each other (insurance & ambulance chasers) this is in the wrong place in the head for good Karate.

5.2 Sports & meeting ladies

Sitting in front of a computer all day obsessing about whatever program you are writing at the time is psychologically unhealthy, one needs another pastime to balance ones life out. Any team sport is good for nerds, I enjoyed fighting as a child & this is why I enjoy Karate, nerds what did you enjoy doing as a child, anything?, if possible relive it. There are other fixers, skydiving is extremely good for gaining confidence but nerds need sports which involve other people or animals, like horse riding, women love horses, it's a great place to meet them. Nerds tend to drive machines because they are control freaks & can control machines fully, you can't control a horse only cooperate with it, it is completely different from driving a motorbike & it's far more interesting.

Nerds to meet women in reasonable numbers you need to go into their World rather than expecting them to come into yours. Swimming or playing an instrument are also good pastimes for nerds, if you play in a band you may get some female fans. If you are learning to swim don't go into the deep end of the pool unless you can breathe properly or you want mouth to mouth from a pretty lifeguard.

Dancing classes is the best place to meet women, there are usually a lot more women than men at these, my father was an excellent dancer & as a result excellent at pulling women, dirty dancing is "gentle foreplay" for women, though the probably won't admit it, it's a mating ritual, most women love being shown off & a capable male partner is a very desirable commodity on the dancefloor for this purpose. Karate freefighting is my foreplay, I enjoy women whipping me. Yoga & night classes are other possibilities, cooking & languages are good bets. The gym, ice skating, rollerblading can also be possibilities but if you can meet women there I suspect you are good at chatting up & don't need my help.

5.3 Call on me Valerie

My experience got weirder the Tuesday night after my stripper pole accident, I met a female Karate green belt in free fight whom I will call Karin for the rest of the book, God she was fantastic. She

obviously had some serious hate for some man in her past & decided she was going to redirect her anger at me, I must have reminded her of that man. Like an angry banshee she came at me from all angles fighting me at full speed & kicking me quickly but not hard on the head. I was reversing at full speed whimpering “OH DEAR GOD” trying with all my might not to be jackassed into hitting her a hard clatter back or rugby tackling her & getting the crap beat out of me for being a bully. She was like the description of the Virgin Mary in her battle array ready to fight the battle of Armageddon as depicted on the Legion of Mary Website.

If you think dancing with women is fun you should try fighting one with some serious issues. At the end of the fight my brain felt like it had been scrambled like an egg, I had a headache, wasted no time telling Karin about it & complimenting her. The fight forced me to go someplace in the head where I didn't have time to think, just react instinctively to prevent myself being hit & potentially killed. Maybe my brain got force fed with adrenalin laced sensory input & something gave way, from that point till on till I got put into the psychiatric hospital I became spontaneous & never wasted time pondering what to do just did the first thing that came into my head instantaneously & without inhibition, this made me make a lot of stupid decisions, maybe it's just me making excuses for what happened. I believed the fight gave me xen buddhist enlightenment but not so sure now, it affected my outlook on life & started off my madness which led me to the psychiatric hospital, maybe I was just stressed out.

5.4 Old ironballs

Bill Shannon the maths teacher who gave me grinds in maths when I was younger used often get himself into trouble in pubs by speaking a little too much of the truth to other people in the pub, he often came close to blows & often had to back off with his tail between his legs. Around this time I bought him a present of a jock strap so that he could keep giving his “lessons” in the pub.

5.5 Invite Bin Laden to my wedding

Soon after I started writing emails & mobile phone texts that I was going to be married soon, I had no idea to whom, all I knew was I absolutely believed with no doubt in my head that I was going to be married soon. I didn't realize it at the time but immature desperation for marriage was getting me seriously unglued, I was in matchmaker mode, I even asked Sali from Perkins Park to invite Bin Laden to my wedding. I didn't even consider what a fundamentalist would think of the hedonist party wedding I was going to have, if he came we were all likely to be shot.

Below is one of the emails I wrote around this time, the class in Karate were patting me on the back congratulating me after Raimund received this.

Subject: you & your partner are coming to my wedding whenever it happens
To: Raimund

Hello there braveheart I am afraid to fight you, If you have enough money you should start making swords, be sure to sharpen it there are going to be lots of displayers at my wedding whenever it happens.

Here is another email I sent around the same time.

Subject: Xen Buddhist event
To: My accountants

Aug 31st Drommahane my wedding.
I am shutting down the company shortly afterwards. Neil watch my kojak tax collector & Oliver Duennebier my saving all the bitches man.

www.ukd-stuttgart.de
join the party.

I went out for a drink with a colleague in IBM who initially trained me in Karate who while having drinks phoned a girl, Karin on hearing that name I assumed that it was my Karin who was coming for a drink, it wasn't, I initially assumed he had some hidden agendas like checking was I interested in Karin by checking did I light up on mention of her name, I now am sure he hadn't.

A few weeks later Karin picked me up on the way to Karate she started talking about happy hours in her local watering hole & I began thinking I would really like happy hours with her.

A few weeks later I noticed Karin's name on the my Karate jumpsuit & pointed out to the trainer Raimund that I must belong to Karin, at the time he was impressed by the significance of this & went with it. Around this time I sent this email I wanted my trainer Raimund to move back near my home in Ireland & start making guitars, around this time Raimund should have copped on that I was losing the plot.

Subject: your my best man at my wedding
To: Raimund

Dear god we hardly need to talk anymore. You think I am smart, I am such an edjit you wouldn't believe it. Thanks for saving my life. You got a third of an acre to build your house at home on my fathers farm. You do the timber work I the bricklaying xxxxxxxx xxxxxx will take care of the planning permission & legal mumbo jumbo. Your girlfriend can work in the cancer hospital in Cork.

A few months after our fight once I gained my bearings I tried making dates with Karin but couldn't, I asked her awkwardly, she like most women didn't want a man with a lack of self confidence & unsure of himself, a man who is unsure of himself is unsure of what he wants, that is why the quality is so unattractive to women. Karin was a runaway who evaded me after Karate practice. I started emailing Karin through the Karate mailing list with messages for Karin like "for happy hours call me" however some of them were really stupid with subjects like "Hitler is roaring" & I was promptly banned from the mailing list.

5.6 April fool

I had lost my job at IBM on April fools day & was not feeling like a fool not yet at least. I was emailing the Linux Kernel mailing list telling them I had jackassed & sent another email to the IBM establishment that they were all jackass sexmachines. The following is an email where I responded to the suggestion by one of my IBM colleague friends who was worried was I on drugs.

Subject: am I on drugs ?

The jackass sexmachines was just a subconscious message to give more self confidence & dear god giggle juice. I am not on drugs, just desperate with headf\$%;ed sex drive. I have turned into a new species of male, the matchmaker jackass computer nerd looking after his friends the best he can, as fast as he can, do it cos they all have their head shoved up their arse in front of the computer screen, I am a Karateka a co-operator, unselfish, not a seducer, selfish, I am Casanova playing the other game. Don't trust any of the girls till they proved their metal. The girl I'm engaged to hasn't proved any yet so technically we are unengaged.

I have no fear, I just think moment to moment & cannot plan very much just have a priority list. I suspect they will be more edjits like me emerging from behind the computer in a few years if they start doing Karate xxxxxx looks high on the list, he is even more head\$If you need a white jackass to jump up & down at a meeting with the likes of xxxxxx xxxx & kick him in the balls I'm your man.

Have fun,
D.J.

Around this time I also wrote an email to my ex boss telling him like Muhammad Ali I was a prize fighter & I worked hard & to save Linux for S/390 & his ass & it was his turn to introduce me to the "bitches" in his family tree because I was in heat, this definitely was among the very worst of my emails, surprisingly my ex boss took another email more seriously when I was belittling my other ex boss. At this time I was deluding myself that I didn't need to pay rent to my landlady as she should realize that she should be privileged to have a fine man like myself renting a flat from her.

Siobhan was gone & I desperately needed a woman, I felt like I had graduated from the school of hard knocks with a distinction in broken dreams. I had completely lost the plot & my stupid email left no doubt in my ex boss's head that this was the case. I always felt that some of my colleagues at work & friends I made through my life were better friends to me than my family, as I got more & more mad I found out the hard way that this was not the case. My behavior was gradually getting on the nerves of my work colleagues at IBM & people whom I thought were friends, I suppose everybody moves on. I didn't expect it but I was personally surprised by how much my family stood by me while I was having my breakdown especially my sibling rival sister Margo. Why are people afraid of madness?, it's normally is a problem of the soul & isn't caused by an infectious disease, I personally believe I was quite harmless while going mad.

Another time I emailed my ex boss & others in IBM telling him he was stupid to let me go seeing as he wanted to rehire me from an agency on the strength of my resume (he didn't realize it was my resume), this lack of self control cost me what few friends I had left in IBM. I am too honest, maybe I have a mild form of Asperger's, I keep telling people too much of my business, I definitely should be more calculating & think before I speak, "it's better to keep your mouth shut & remain the fool than open it & remove the doubt". One trick used by politicians to check peoples true colours is to make up a story & judge peoples immediate reaction to news, maybe I need to learn a thing or two from these people.

At this time I was turning into a classic manic depressive & told Cosmo I was the third smartest guy on the planet, I had done my sums & I knew this to be the case & was about to win a Nobel Prize & sent him several texts which apparently got him into a lot of trouble, more than likely with a woman I was trying to set him up with in Hermes Restaurant. Cosmo with his spiderman vest showing off his body wouldn't have got on too well with the conservative Greek waiters his last text to me was "FUCK YOU FOR EVER", he always did everything in capitals.

A year later when I was high for the third time I tried to contact Cosmo to get him to sing for my Thin Lizzy tribute band while in the jacks in Cork I saw an omen, “Elvis says get a life”, I feel that is what Cosmo was saying to me at the time when I couldn’t contact him.

My landlady a few months earlier sent me a prudish letter that she was worrying about my health & my lifestyle & suggested I see a counsellor. Shortly after losing my job I suggested to my nice old neighbours the Shopfs downstairs from my apartment that they should take up Karate & even roared at them, when they handed back the Ginhin Funakoshi “Karate Do My Way of Life” book to me about an 89 year old who had popularized Shokotan Karate in the west if he could practice it at 89 why couldn’t they at a mere 75.

I phoned my friend Pio O Connell & told him that Padre Pio was a very holy man with very holey hands & was driving nails in them every night this blasphemy is probably why God took me to the psychiatric hospital, more about that later.

5.7 The Buddhaboy

Around this time I went into Leonardo a lovely Italian restaurant near Schlossplatz, because I was high I was acting like I knew something special & the waiters were interested in my unusual behavior; eventually I spilled the beans that “I was Buddha & they made it to Xen Buddhist Heaven”, one of the waiters bought this line of bs & because there was a festival in Stuttgart at the time he went like a lunatic to tell everybody.

After spreading the good news I walked out without paying for the meal, you don’t have to pay for anything in Heaven. A few days later I walked in & got all of their business cards & started dropping them around the Boerse (the stock exchange) where I am sure that in a past life as Adolf Hitler I made a few hothead ranting speeches, at the centre of Schlossplatz there is an Angel on a high perch & another omen a piece of modern art a colourful Broken Arrow B(arrow) pointing at it. I was dropping the business

cards away expecting passers by to pick them up with the waiters from Leonardo's waiters following this oddball who felt he never had to pay for a meal again.

Around this time I found a fantastic park up near Perkins Park disco & it had a lovely metal tower for viewing the city there, being a reincarnated Hitler I thought of this as an Eagles Nest. There is a place near home called Nadd whose full name in English is "The Eagles Nest" on my reincarnation theme one of Hitlers favourite hangouts & one of mine.

I was well & truly away with the faeries at this time & felt it was the role of some people whom I considered "pigeons" to lock up "catwomen" specially for me "batman" in toilets, their role in life was perfectly obvious to me this is what these people were designed to do. So I proceeded to check whether some of the waiter "pigeons" in the lovely park had locked up Karin my "catwoman" Karate girl or similar for me in the ladies toilets in the park & had no success. Thankfully I wasn't carted off to the police station for being a pervert, I also checked the toilets down at Breunninger shopping centre where I believed Karin would somehow psychically know that I had meant to meet her there.

To let the waiters know I was a Hitler, I took a glass of apfelschorle meant for someone else & drunk it, a well built waiter got upset with me & to prove I wasn't somebody to be trifled with I left a tip of €50. Being Hitler I also expected to be served automatically with cappuccino when I sat down in Perkins Park disco.

Around this time I left Sandro the local hairdresser who owns Cut Arts near my apartment most of my books & told him it was his job to sort out the good guys from the bad guys in a "Highway to Heaven" style. The bad guys would be the me me me egomaniacs who liked looking at themselves & read the yoga books a lot of which involves self observation. The good guys would be reading the you you you Karate books because they observe everybody else while practicing Karate especially in freefights & Katas. Sandro told me he was at one time the heavyweight champion boxer of the Baden-Wuttenberg area. I thought that Sandro & Cosmo would be ideal to help Saddam Hussein breakout in MTV Jackass style under

observation of the cameras in the court from the trial being done by George W. Bush in Iraq. Anyway Cosmo & Sandro eventually figured out I was as mad as a hatter & weren't having much to do with me after that.

After that I went into Biddie Earlie's wearing a Linux for S/390 tee shirt & explained to them that the S/390 on the back of the shirt was symbolic of me moving on from programming Linux for S/390 from IBM & that I was a white angel. After getting impatient about not getting Steve's phone number I jumped behind the bar & started writing my I am a reincarnated Hitler rant & was kicked in the nuts by some edjits like them & they had to get control of all the bouncers in Stuttgart who kick people in the nuts or Hitler might kill them. Needless to say after stressing everybody out I got barred from Biddies as well. While exercising in the Local Childrens playground where I got fit I noticed rats looking at me in disgust. I took that to be an omen of the rats in Biddies getting control of the bouncer rats in Stuttgart.

5.8 The family matchmaker

Around this time I showed a barmaid Delilah pub a video of a relation I had on my phone & asked her what she thought she said "nice", I thought I had a match made for my brother. A few days later in the night I ran into Delilah while jogging in my shorts showing off what a fine thing I was. I gave the barmaid my weird matchmaking letter telling her all about her brother with the long hair being a reincarnated Samson working in Delilah & that my sister's boyfriend's last name was Sampson. I went behind the bar to get her attention but this wiggled her out & I got barred from Delilah by her bouncer brother. I used know him from Palais in Schlossplatz a few years earlier & he was quite obliging there, but I suppose I got on his tits.

According to my father & sister I act aggressively when high, this is probably what barred me, I never notice this myself even when I am back to normal after going high. A few weeks before this incident I saw a hallucination, faeries laughing at me in the reflections off a ballroom mirror ball in Delilah, at the time I was quite relaxed watching them.

At this time I was making moves on Esther & going for my first engagement & 2 days later my second. The DJ at Macabu even announced our engagement without me asking him. Esther told me all about her Mommee & her brother who worked in a Hotel & was a great breakdancer. She told me that when she was young used do the parallel bars & one time broke her ass after falling from them. She also told me that slapping a woman in the tits is like a kick in the family jewels. This reminded me of an earlier time with a stripper called Veronica from Poland explaining to me how to massage a woman's breasts "Like this D.J. (softly playing with the nipples) , not like this (slapping them together)".

Esther also told me about the time she was jackassed into breaking her brothers nose by slamming a door into him while he was chasing her when they were having a fight. I was telling the family at home I had my brother & cousin Tom set up with women, I just wasn't sure with whom yet. I was in matchmaker mode & I didn't give a fuck what happened as long as it was good, it needed to be done & nobody else was up to the task. Because I was high as a kite I was sleeping about 3 hours & walking around 30 miles a day & my legs were in agony from lactic acid. I expected Esther to come back to my flat to massage them for me, I left the doors open for her, she didn't show up.

Around this time my sister & her friend Grainne came over to visit me, partially because she was getting concerned over my being in heat, prolific engagements & increasingly weird behavior, I personally couldn't see anything wrong with myself at this stage. She stayed a few days & all we had a good time, but Samson the bouncer wasn't letting me into Delilah.

5.9 The white Hitler

A few days after my sister left I was getting worse although I didn't notice this myself I put a letter into the door of another catwoman in the local petshop who obviously loved cats in the window there were these oriental cats who waved at you. I put a note under the door that your oriental cats were saluting a white Hitler (me) this letter I believe flew back into my pocket but

maybe I only thought I put down the correct note under the door (there always logical explanations for my visions).

Around this time I went into Tahiti where a new girl from Minsk who was really good looking but couldn't dance said I had no muscles I proceeded to do around 5 one armed pushups in around 2 seconds, this impressed her. She told me her father was an ex coal miner & was quite sick with lung problems. I suggested that we should get engaged & wrote her a note about how clean the air is in Ireland & her father & mother should live with us. I made a date with her to go to the cinema. I had another date with Veronica earlier that day, another stripper at Cannister Wasen, Stuttgart's version of the Oktoberfest surprisingly she took my phone number the night before & she phoned me, I didn't realize it at the time but she must have been interested to take & use my number, however, she called me from a phone with the number withheld I'd suspect it's a stripper standard issue.

Veronica at least was somewhat intent in showing up to meet me at the "Breakdance" ride, she showed up late & I had moved on to my date in the cinema to meet with the girl from Minsk, she never bothered showing up. I even had a version of Thin Lizzy's Rosalie with the words specially altered for her "From Stuttgart to Minsk all four corners of the world" "So fantastic shes everybody's favourite stripper girl" you get the idea, which I was going to play her on the Spanish guitar, I never got around to impressing her with it.

I found another hangout for catwomen in Hotel Arche which had a slight Bavarian Hitler theme to it & it had another of those oriental ceramic cats which wave at you like the one in the cat shop to salute this white Hitler, & I had a nice glass of wine there, Hitler was so impressed with the place I hid a €50 tip under the tablecloth.

Around the same time I saw Nicki & Sophie girls from Showcentre Tahiti around Schlossplatz Stuttgart, I pulled up my t-shirt to show off my new 6 pack & said "my momma always said women was the devil" & walked off, they weren't impressed.

I went up to my flat & being Hitler I always shut my door, that day somebody banged on my door possibly the police, believing myself to be Hitler I just let a roar out of me & banged the door back & left them f. off. There was a poor lady downstairs close to the end of her life who had care workers call into her to look after her, change her nappies etc. I recently was listening to a song “Show me you love me, tell me who I am” I took these words literally & wrote to the note on her door “Shit sick of living”, I really regret that.

Later the same day I tried to buy a coffee for €50 & was quite upset that the lady in the coffeeshop refused to give me change, I went to a cash machine maybe I was high & confused but the ATM was acting completely irrationally (computer bug ? maybe) even the keypad looked illogical, I went back to the coffeeshop & got the coffee with the €50.

Later I tried to go to Boeblingen & was going to matchmake my ex maths teacher daughter with a guy whom we will call Peter for the remainder of this book. Peter worked in my office before April, she oddly enough had been Boeblingen too in the past, Peter too was a mathematician & won his national maths Olympics when he was 17 the match I thought was ideal. I started texting a friend about this suggestion next thing the train stopped & at that same instant picture of another female mathematician appeared on the screen in a speech icon on my Nokia 3650 phone while the text message that was accidentally getting typed to a colleague in IBM was nooooooooo, the phone & possibly my colleague was disagreeing with me & suggested another girl for Peter, the train then proceeded to pull into the same station that we just left Schwabstrasse, amazing, was my phone having an argument with me or was it a software bug which God inserted which was supposed to occur at that precise time?, was the bug unique to my phone & God just created a few bit errors when the ROM for my phone was made? , it is possible by having my phone unlocked in my pocket that I could have associated an image of the girl in question with a particular incoming phone call & somehow this icon showed up at the moment the call came in & the train stopped. Was the trains endstop Schwabstrasse? & was it pulling back on the other track into Schwabstrasse I personally went for the miracle answer.

Around this time I was giving life force back to everything by letting my eyes dance on lights & every time I hummed a song cars drove along beside me which hummed with me.

I proceeded down to Boeblingen & noticed I was controlling the weather & appearance of flowers by the size of my smile, I was high as a kite, images of becoming “a Spiderman” was felling my hypomania, next thing I went into IBM Klub & gave my Greek waiter friend there a letter saying I was dead & had gone to Heaven, told him that he could bargain the apartment he was trying to buy down to €10,000 if he tried & took a Magnum ice cream from the fridge without paying.

A few days later I got a S-Bahn up to Bad Cannstatt & was texting Anne Marie & Sophie two strippers whom I got phone numbers off of & hoped they would pass on my messages, however, they were probably calling the police & giving them details about where I was living. I expected Anne Marie to meet me at Bad Cannstatt, on the way I saw a poster of a band called Atlantis whose singer on the poster looked just like Esther, with a wrinkle around the nose, I took that to mean that Esther had been jackassed into breaking her nose out of jealousy when she heard I was engaged to another woman. I saw advertisements for cheap flights to Paris on the way up to Bad Cannstatt, I took this to be an omen & that Esther & her mother were moving to Paris, I thought this was a bad idea & I had to get Anne Marie to help me stop her. On getting to Bad Cannstatt I went to for a rest on a bench waiting for Anne Marie & Esther to meet me at Bad Cannstatt. I expected Esther to be crying with regret that I was engaged to somebody else. I noticed trains were going back to Stuttgart Hauptbahnhof at unscheduled times whether there was a special event on or whether I was seeing hallucinations I don't know; eventually I gave up on meeting Anne Marie at Bad Cannstatt around 6pm & took a train back to Hauptbahnhof. I noticed a girl in the same carriage who was a dead ringer for the nosy cousin who saw me at the STD clinic looking depressed when I was younger I took this to be another omen.

Chapter 6

The angels

A friend a few months earlier was complaining about the ladies in the canteen working at the tills wouldn't change a €50 note for him, I was now seeing women at the tills as a biblical reference. After my Padre Pio blasphemy, my hallucinations really went into overdrive whole streets started showing up from nowhere in Stuttgart city centre which I never saw before & everyone was behaving completely irrationally, I was having an "Alice in Wonderland" pacmanland like experience, I asked God was I in Purgatory & I asked him to slow down, God eventually did.

I was going mad but the alternate reality I was experiencing was certainly madder than I was. I even met Charlie's Angels at the cinema 3 young ladies were flirting with me at the cinema with "Hauptfilm Lauff" (Main film playing) on all the information monitors, next thing as I was walking away they went into the Charlie's Angels Full Throttle poster pose. At my craziest my worst texts I sent were to the Karate trainers & the strippers telling them I was shagging Princess the stripper outside my door hoping to make Karin jealous, I was getting really out of hand. Ladies if I have upset you in this book I am sorry, please note I never laid a finger on anyone, I was completely harmless except for sending potentially upsetting emails & my one interaction with Anne which I really regret.

I checked my mailbox & I received a note from social workers that they were in somewhat concerned about my behavior, from my crazy happenings I took this note to mean that I was dead & was at this stage quite comfortable with the idea, I thought I had

been a good guy all my life & things were going to be better from here on in, I wasn't expecting fire & brimstone for me at least.

I went up to my flat & I believed that the Queen Margot bottle of liqueur represented my sister Margo's soul, a basket represented a basketcase (me) or else it was my bottle of Vieux Garcon Cognac & I was seeing other "voodoo doll" references to souls I knew on my kitchen counter. That night I went home & my Nokia 3650 started answering questions for me one beep for yes no beep for no, maybe it just was my phone telling me it was fully charged. I eventually went to sleep & woke up with 2 policemen & one policewoman standing at the end of my bed (Guards, My Guardian Angels). One of them looked just like Mr. Ott a German champion boxer from near home who recently died this man was a ruggedly built man about 35 bald with a mustache & good looking it also could have been Anne's dead father, she said she felt his presence before looking after her, maybe he wanted revenge on me for upsetting his daughter & as a result drove me mad. The policewoman had black shoulder length hair was around 30 also well built & good looking, the last policeman didn't interact with me much so I can't remember what he looked like aside from the fact that he was probably blonde.

My angels however could have been psychics possibly from an alternate reality or just ordinary people who God got to behave oddly. God lets you see what you need to see, it's unimportant how this happens. They went through my wallet & found my Irish voluntary health insurance & said this was invalid here, they found my Malteser card this is a German charity which helps disaster victims, I started recently sending €20 a month to this charity. I got the idea that this was not going to be a normal night.

The most bizarre request of my angels was when they asked me to dump my Converse "All Star" sneakers, I think this is because I wouldn't catch Karin even though I was wearing them, I thought this was an omen & they also asked me to dump my Eastpak bag this omen I think was because I was to go west back to Ireland & not to travel "East" to Germany. They handcuffed me and led me downstairs & the policeman who looked like Mr. Ott asked me to talk to the policelady, I was toungetied, how did they know

I couldn't chat up women?, did they notice that I had a snobby deminer?, did they see my in the corner of a disco night after night not making any move on what women were there? They proceeded to show me the kinds of sins I committed through my life more on those later. I wished I had the presence of mind to ask them some questions like: why did they handcuff me?, was I in purgatory?, were they my gaurdian angels?

They carried me through some modest white gates which I took to be the pearly gates of heaven, which they weren't & to see a doctor with one eye which looks one way another eye which looks the other way a 'Popeye' as I called them, anyway the message was not to judge people from the way they looked. From there I went to the Burgerhospital the psychiatric hospital where people behaved equally oddly. There was a girl there like a female cousin of mine & I think the message there was not to try to pressure her into getting married she was perfectly happy the way she was. Another time I looked over a doctors shoulder to see what he was writing & he pulled away the message there was that I was nosy & of course they made me give a urine sample they were "taking the piss". I found out in St. Stephens that this was a normal practice when patients go high.

All of my life had lead me to this moment, my first judgment day. It was getting late & I wanted to go to sleep, the angels had kept me up long enough & I wasn't scared into staying awake, I now regret not having taken the opportunity of getting the questions that are nagging me now answered. I am having to do the postmortem of my religious experience without the guidance of my guardian angels.

Anyway, I woke up the following morning in the psychiatric ward in Burgerhospital Stuttgart I was diagnosed as having "hypomanic episodes" a kind of bipolar disorder, bipolar means you have swings between being high, on top of the world & low, depressed. This is not how I anticipated things would work out. Everything happens for a reason, I believe my religious experience with the Angels taking me to the psychiatric ward was Gods "tough love" way to get me to give up the drink & slow down, the logical answer would be that the people who recognized I was going mad called the

police in order to get me to slow down, whatever the reason I was supposed to slow down. The great advantage of not being able to drink is that I never get drunk & as a result am always free to drive, giving up drink has given me freedom.

6.1 Repenting for my sins

Sometimes we try to make sense of why God does certain things to us. The mayor of New Orleans believes that the hurricane Katherina happened there because of the US's unjust war in Iraq. I also have spent a lot of time trying to make sense of my angels experience. People who have manic episodes when they go mad often have religious experiences consistent with the religions they were brought up in. God didn't want my experience to be clear cut & simple, the few parts of the experience that make sense to me are:

I judge people on appearances, this is a real biggie, if I am not attracted to a woman I won't talk to them & will never get to know them, if I am attracted to a woman I am unable to talk to them & will never get to know them, I also have a difficulty in talking to people with whom I have nothing in common, thankfully I am beginning to find these people interesting.

I don't care enough for people with significant disabilities like people who are retarded, this isn't their fault & I should be more emphatic.

I am nosy.

I try to help people who really don't want my help, I am interfering.

Enforcing my opinions on how other people should live their life.

Obsessively keeping fit for the sake of being a poser was not going to help me, this is the best interpretation I can give to dumping of my converse all star sneakers & the bag I carried my Karate gear in.

Malteser was my health insurance, giving away this €20 a month

was the main reason my soul could be saved if it could be saved at all.

Slow down & relax.

All the rest of my religious experience makes no sense to me at all & I spent several days in total high as a kite sometimes seeing visions.

6.2 Was I in purgatory?

Two weeks later I was left out, I got a “jab in the ass” of some kind of anti psychotic which was supposed to last a month, It didn’t agree with me & I was like a heroin junkie who just came off drugs I was suicidal for 3 days until I received another drug from from a pharmacy to counteract the side effects of the “jab in the ass”. My friend Ollie came over (thanks) & helped me move back to Ireland on September the 19th, I wasn’t psychologically fit enough to get home on my own.

I haven’t ended up much nicer person after the experience, inside I am still a child & like pushing my boundaries, to figure out what is acceptable behavior & what is not, maybe I never went mad maybe there is no such thing, maybe I never tested these boundaries before & people thought I was acting strangely & locked me up for that reason.

6.3 Born again angel

Shortly after getting home I was high as a kite again an insomniac sleeping about 3 hours a day. I started dropping guitars down to the house of friends who had moved away from home leaving the standard “I am an Angel” note with them, well if I am an angel I am a strange one, a queer hawk which doesn’t take the chicken.

My sister Margo insisted that I go into my local GP, I told him the brain is a map of the Universe you travel to wherever you are in the head. He said I had better go back to psychiatric hospital I told him to “fuck himself” & charged out & started walking home,

I was picked up quarter way up “Nazareth Hill” near home I took this as a sign that I was a reincarnated Jesus & had more trials to go. Before long the GP came to our house with policemen & some skididley Scottish square dance music started up on his phone & I told him “You love dancing don’t you” & proceeded to do a square dance & to my surprise my sister looked on distressed, I never in my life got the impression that she gave a crap about me, I always thought she had a blind spot when I was giving her a cry for help.

Sometimes I feel like my sister wants me to be a monk & stop craving worldly possessions & pleasures, sorry but I’ve bought into the American dream like most other people I know, gradually getting away from “the unless I get what I desire I refuse to be happy” category. From there I was escorted by the policemen to St. Stephens Hospital, Glanmire, Co. Cork. While going up in the car was talking at 2000 miles an hour telling the policemen that their thoughts were racing when there was a lot of traffic coming in the opposite direction, I viewed it as an omen, they viewed it as if I was off my trolley.

6.4 My experience of psychiatric hospitals

You get institutionalized quickly in psychiatric hospitals, all your needs are looked after, all you have to do is clean up in the morning, put on your clothes & take medication. My first psychiatric hospital, Burgerhospital, was in Stuttgart city centre & as a result didn’t have grounds. Burgerhospital is how most people imagine psychiatric hospitals to be, one was basically locked in with very little to do, the days went very slowly there. I was only in Burgerhospital for two & a half weeks, it seemed like an eternity. After two weeks inside locked up completely I was left out to wander for about an hour a day, the food was average.

St. Stephens in Glanmire, Co. Cork, Ireland used be a hospital for patients with TB & as a result had large open grounds with excellently manicured gardens which we were free to walk around, it was a lot better than Burgerhospital, even the food was good.

The nurses in St. Stephens were real people persons & had amazing memories for names, they knew everybody, they also had

eyes in the back of their heads, if you misbehaved privileges were quickly taken off you. I lost my mobile phone several times for sending inappropriate texts. St. Stephens was so good that some people I knew with nothing wrong with them checked themselves in for free bed & breakfast. As Christy an inmate there used say “all I do every day is eat, shit & fart, just like everybody else”. Admittedly there was one unit, unit 5 which was where the complete loo lahs were caged up.

St. Stephens also had occupational therapy, this basically consisted of yoga, carpentry lessons, GROW meetings basically alcoholics anonymous for people suffering from mental illness, where people learn to rebuild their lives one day at a time, brick by brick & music therapy which basically involved giving each person in the group a xylophone a bongo drum or some similar percussion instrument & attempt to make music which sounded somewhat reminiscent of a American Indian chant, “Listen to the rhythm of the beat, AH HA AH HA”.

The biggest annoyance with St. Stephens was meeting the psychiatric doctors, this generally involved waiting around for “busy” doctors for around 3 hours on Monday & Friday; it is a very similar experience to normal doctors waiting rooms.

St. Stephens in some ways was better than life outside of hospital, I made a few friends there, it wasn’t stressful like real life, the days went faster there than in Burgerhospital. Once you accept loss of independence & that all decisions are made for you, one could easily stay voluntarily in St. Stephens for the rest of ones life.

6.5 My antipsychotic, Zyprexa

After my first 6 weeks in St. Stephens I got out & was now on a mood stabilizer called Zyprexa. after about 6 months I gave it up because it was making me drowsy, when having lows on the medication. I now know that drinking alcohol causes me to go high as it mixes badly with Zyprexa & overrides its breakdown in the liver. I may be on this Zyprexa & off alcohol for a long

time if not forever, “some choices we make, some are made for us”. Zyprexa costs the taxpayer who foots most of the bill around €250 a month, I suppose the chemical companies need to recoup the R&D costs & make a fat profit. It works by limiting highs & lows, it gets converted in the liver like drink to regulate various hormones in the brain. At the moment I am also on another drug which compliments Zyprexa called Lamictal. My father claims 2 Lemon Bonbons make will him sober after drink (maybe it is the zesty tang combined with the sugar). Guess what some variants of Zyprexa taste like, ... Lemon Bonbons.

From using the drug Zyprexa doesn't appear to change my perception reality, from my perspective it changes peoples perception of me, they don't think I'm mad anymore. I have no idea I am high & acting odd aside from the feel good factor which I at the time believe is natural anyway, except for incidents afterwords if I do something that I regret, I am shameless while high. I also wrote quite a lot of this book while high & had to edit most of it out because it was, either fire & brimstone bible bashing from the pulpit or complete rubbish.

I would really like to see a video of my behavior when high in the hope that I might learn how to control my behavior, or at very least it might reinforce within me the need to take Zyprexa. People often get shocked when they see their normal behavior, I suspect that seeing my behavior when high will be doubly shocking. I have repeated certain behaviors like giving away guitars when high & believed the second time it's entirely different to the first time I gave away my guitars, this leads me to the conclusion that controlling my behavior is impossible.

Going high usually manifests itself as having feelings of invincibility & almost no judgment according to my cousins & nurses who have witnessed me high. I am almost impossible to argue with in this state. When high every idea that comes into my head is in my opinion at that time brilliant, although with 20/20 hindsight I notice that most of them are absolutely terrible. This typically results in me doing things like matchmaking people who don't want matches made for them & sending texts from my mobile phone

which upset the people who receive them, or are ordering people around.

6.6 Back to work

Around February I got a 6 week job in Skygaurd in England who were developing a GPS/Mobile phone type device, which acts as a man down emergency beacon when people get into trouble. The company was run out of a garden shed there was really only one serious developer in the whole company Richard, he did all the hardware development as well as most of the programming. To be honest they needed at least 8 good hardware developers as the cutting edge chips they were making the hardware with were going obsolete as quick as they were developing the software & hardware, needless to say Richard moved on. There was an interesting girl there from Iraq, she gave me the impression that she was happy to be alive considering what was going on in Iraq, she had a very interesting perspective in life.

I was living there in a Bed & Breakfast for 6 weeks it was interesting how far my life had gone backwards from the party lifestyle I had in Germany just from a mental breakdown. I had only one good weekend there, when John Rudden & I went to Oxford, now that's a good party town.

While there I met an interesting character Ebrahim a modern day catholic apostle from Iran who changed his religion from Muslim who was touched by God, God gave him a Indian head massage one day at mass while he was lying down which apparently was far superior to the leg massages I gave to my strippers. Ebrahim was definitely the type of deliriously happy guy who would be diagnosed as having hypomanic episodes & locked up by my psychiatrist if he could get his hands on him because he thought with his heart rather than his head. He had a successful business in Nepal & gave away all his money to follow Jesus, Anton Wallace's timetravelling brother tried to do the same thing & was locked up for it. The instant the thought that God wants me to join him went through my head my Nokia 3650 phone beeped with a calendar alarm it was exactly 11pm & I had an appointment possibly with God.

About 2 months later I had an interview with Xen a University company in Cambridge University & got the impression I would be out of my depth, I am a very good coder, but I would have needed to give up the drink to be able for the job. I recommended that they should consider Samuel Rydh the developer of Mac On Linux (MOL).

After that I got a job in Dublin, I never did an interview for it, this turned out to be a bad idea, I would have found out that the place wasn't for me, I didn't get on too well with the people there. I lasted 9 days in the job.

Soon after I got a job in Silicon & Software Systems in Cork, after about 7 weeks I was high as a kite again. At around 3am in the night I texted my friend Anton that the only reason the only reason his brother was locked up for timetravelling was that he blowholed about it on sending this text I heard a cuckoo implying I was going cuckoo The following day I devised a stack castration algorithm which I put it up on Google Groups for posterity. I spent 2 days trying to get a compile which should have taken 20 minutes, the computer was giving me an abort retry dialog box, I took this to be a message from God that I should be doing something else, God wasn't going to let me make any progress at work. The subjects of the spam in my bulk email folder appeared to have significance for me somewhat akin to a horoscope e.g. "You've won a million, God is watching you". I had a panic attack my team lead showed me a headwreckingly long list of bugs she wanted me to fix. My only answer to her was I was a roundy roundy she was an uppey downey & I am a cooperator & I can't fix uppey downeys bugs, I told her I was driving a Mazda 323F Celebration "a feeling" & ran out out of work when my head went into spincycle.

6.7 Off with the faeries again

This experience was slightly different to my experience in Germany because this instead of me running away with the faeries they were running away with me, I was out of control, I didn't want this to happen to me, I wanted to look after my job, it just happened. I left the usual "I am an Angel" note with the receptionist.

After about 2 days solid driving around the country, this time the wiper on the back window of my 323F was answering my questions one wipe for yes & no wipe for no, I checked my car & the back wiper had no intermittent setting. The songs playing on my tape recorder were completely indicative of my mood at that moment, there were songs on the tape I never recorded.

My first text which I wrote on the Killarney road near Mallow was to Mick, Julia's brother with text like "Grrr!!! Julia nearly castrated Hitler, Now Eddie Van Halen is going to castrate Julia with his razorblade"

I was driving around the Kerry/Cork border & was listening to Van Halen & was explaining to my cousin Dave that I was a momo living from moment to moment, above the law & that no Policeman could catch a momo because we are difficult to predict because we have no plans. I suggested that Dave should buy Singletons tiny cottage near our house at home & I was moving into the bungalow next door & he could defend me from the police with his pellet gun.

Keeping on the Van Halen theme I also asked Dave to "Jump" to Baljabunion (Ballybunion) with Aidan O'Halloran the singer out of tears of joy. When Van Halen's song "Panama" came on the tape recorder I thought Margo should as the lyrics of the song go "Reach down between her legs & ease the seat back" & move into the our next door neighbours newly refurbished house "with Panama Jack" her boyfriend Ken. Basically our neighbour is a "Coochy coo" type who makes my sisters skin crawl & she would really have to ease the seat back to move in with him. I got stopped by Gardai around Castleisland & I tried to drive off from them, they took my details when I tried to escape, From this incident I got a court summons in December 2005 thankfully the Guard who took me to the psychiatric hospital is trying to get the summons quashed as I was unable to call to the Garda station owing to being in hospital. However, a second summons for not wearing a seat belt is still outstanding.

After this I thought it was a bad idea to go any further back in Kerry & thought I had arranged to meet my cousin Dave at

a bar called “The Rock” in Newmarket which I took to be “The crossing” for me to a better life. Anyway I saw an advert for Middleton whiskey on a framed mirror in the bar & guessed that Dave was in Middleton having a whiskey where I met him before. Dave probably never bothered reading a single text I sent him.

I drove back to Drommahane near home & pulled a handbrake turn on the way to Glashabee, the car started moving from side to side smoothly on the road this I took to mean that I was supposed to meet my local mechanic who was having back problems, seeing as my car had bucket seats I though my car would be far better on his back than his Fiat. I left a bag on the mirror of his Fiat that he should drive a 323F as he can blow any bollix off the road with it.

I then drove on & gave my Spanish guitar to Patrick’s brother leaving it outside his house with a note that Patrick had a job in Cork, the one I just left working on PSOS when I was high & I saw significance in the fact the name of the set top box I was working on was Humax which I took as an omen for Maximum Human. The note I wrote to John would be pretty incomprehensible to any sane person, it went something like “John, Who are you who who, Scooby Doo or Ziggy Stardust, I got a PSOS “see MIPS run” job for Patrick in Cork, Utter Madness!”. Around this time I heard thunder in Blarney woolen mills while sending more stupid texts to my friends & cousins, this I now think was because God was getting angry with me. I felt at one with the Universe & U2’s beautiful day was playing for a reason

Patrick’s first job when he went to Silicon valley was for ISI as a troubleshooter on an realtime operating system called PSOS, mostly working on the 68000 & MIPS processors. Patrick loved PSOS & often was blowholing about how good it was, it’s memory footprint the fact that it was hard realtime etc.. An closed mouth catches no flies, Patrick caught a few, when I learned PSOS at S3 it was easy to see how it could do meet all these requirements seeing as it had no memory management, protection between processes or paging.

Patrick's brother was selling his house & I being high didn't want that, I saw significance in the fact the real estate agents John chose was www.myhome.ie, My Home, Patrick's brother's home & as a result left stuff like broken guitar pedals & my brown woolly coat under the wheel of his car at 3am in the night, beeped my horn at his house drove off & came back a few times & left skidmarks on the gravel outside his house & I vandalized the for sale signs, again am quite embarrassed about that.

One of the causes of my breakdown is the price of houses in Ireland keep going up & I have been refusing to buy one till the prices start dropping, I cannot afford one. As a result I left a note in the letterbox of a house for sale locally that I would give a rich neighbour who started with nothing but exercised self discipline & restraint all his life a Spanish guitar organize lessons for him, my father would give him riding lessons on our horse Joey & €75,000 for a house whose asking price was €260,000 needless to say my neighbour didn't take me up on the offer & ignored it.

Eventually after the two days travelling I calmed down & went to "The Local Bar" & was explaining gibberish to Michael & the barstaff that the time on the clock in my car was a temperature gauge. I went out to my car to start it to go to Newmarket to Top Car on Michael's suggestion that he should trade in his Golf & buy a Mazda 323F, my brother anticipated I would drive off & pulled the cable off the battery to prevent it starting, I complained to my cousin Tom that he headfucked my car & it wouldn't start. I found another note in my car it was a "security notice" from S3 & I interpreted this as a note of caution like the note I got in Germany from the social workers. I was caught by the policemen again in "The Local Bar" near home & escorted back to St. Stephens.

On the way back I was singing with songs on the radio I thought I was singing like an angel, however, my beautiful singing didn't impress the policemen enough to let me go. On my first night in there I tried to walk out, a few nurses caught up with me & drove me back to unit 3. I got some bs from the nurses that I needed to fill in a lot of documentation. A few hours later I tried a "breakout" & was singing the Thin Lizzy song of the same name to myself, I was going to run to Cork city & lay low for a while, I

got out the door other nurses started chasing me, one middle aged man tried to grab hold of me, I flung him to the ground. A male nurse, a rugby player, stopped me & gave me a look in the eyes “please stop”, I went back peacefully.

This time got locked up this time for four months. One time while high & still locked up in St. Stephens I wrote the following letter to my ex boss & forwarded it to a few colleagues in IBM.
Subject: re job

Hi xxxxxx,yyyyyy,

Thanks for your kind job offer

. However I won't be out of hospital till around the 1st of November.

The idea was that the other people who I forwarded the email to would pester my bosses by asking them are you really giving D.J. his job back & they would eventually be badgered into doing just this, needless to say it didn't work. My ex boss promptly responded with the following email to me & my ex colleagues at IBM which neutralized it.

Hi Dj,

you made a mistake. There is NO job offer neither in Karl's nor in my area.

Best regards

xxxx xxxxx

I was not only high I was desperate.

Around this time I also had an idea that a gyroscope spinning at around 1000,000RPM could be got to create an antigravity effect which would get us to the stars at almost the speed of light, as I believed that bees use the same gyroscopic effect with their wings flapping to defy the laws of aerodynamics, I have since been told the aerodynamic correction was owing to vortices forming around the hairs on bees backs. & I sent an email blowholing about this to my ex colleagues at IBM. I went high a few times in St. Stephens while on medication but have since stabilized after giving up drink. While home one weekend on leave from St. Stephens I noticed my

cousin Tom had a book “The Art Of War” in his toilet I assumed that the tyrant got me locked up when I saw it initially in fact the book is about “art”, I made a mistake.

While in St. Stephens the second time, I met a guy called Denis who teaches people like my illiterate father to read. He can't live with himself because like Michael Jackson he loves children.

Chapter 7

Counselling

The date is October 19 2005 I am currently in Unit 3, St. Stephens Hospital, Glanmire, Cork, Ireland. A few weeks ago I was introduced to my counsellor Brendan O' Callaghan. The reason I am telling nerds what I learned from counseling is that I believe most nerds with similar levels of self discipline have or will have similar life experiences, so going into detail & sharing my hard acquired wisdom in this section will be useful to nerds who lack self discipline & be a wakeup call for them.

I believe my ending up in a psychiatric hospital was as a direct result of the emotional & physical damage inflicted on me as a teenager with the kick in the groin. It never allowed me to gain sexual confidence, it damaged my second chakra if you like. It also is quite upsetting as I believe is the case not to have the respect of your gaurdian angels, if anything would make a person give up their pursuit of happiness that would. They put me back on the rails but from a confidence perspective the cost has been quite high to me, I no longer feel free to enjoy life as I please.

Ladies if you want to voilate or rape a man who really deserves to be cut down to size a kick in the groin with the intent of maiming & does physical damage is the way to do it, no mercy.

I am seldom touched by women & when being touched flirtatiously by attractive women, like my dear sawdoctor or one of the trainers in Karate "correcting my moves" I tend to overreact & wonder if there is something behind the flirt.

Mental breakdowns are caused by being headwrecked to submission by life & being unable to see a way out. Below is an example of a cruel experiment to give a dog a mental breakdown carried out in the 1960's which offers insight into how people get them. When you shine an ellipse on the floor & the dog moves into the ellipse give the dog a reward, When you shine a circle on the floor & the dog moves into the circle give the dog an electric shock. Now make the ellipse more & more like a circle. When the dog can no longer tell the difference & is unable to tell whether it will get a reward or a punishment the dog will have a mental breakdown, it's that simple.

Plants get away with doing nothing all day except breathing & taking in nutrients, they don't overcomplicate life needlessly while some humans run around in a rat race like headless chickens trying to get on. Stressbuckets overcomplicating things & heading for a breakdown should ask themselves is life really this complicated or am I making it this complicated for myself. Prior to having a breakdown one is usually running at an awful pace from something unbearable one eventually has to stop or hits a brick wall flying.

I'll be honest having a mental breakdown & losing the plot knocks your self confidence for six, there is a belief that "my actions are futile", one is helpless & your lust for life goes. Depression occurs when ones "game plan" lets us down. When you are high you feel you can do no wrong & you do a lot of stupid things that you regret when you come down, when you are low you have difficulty facing into the world especially getting up in the morning & living with regrets of things you did while high, the one bit of advise I can give you is to get out of bed, one will stay depressed while in it & you will still have to do everything anyway when you get up. You can annoy people a lot asking people what they would do in your situation & you often end up asking the same person repeatedly in case they have came up with something new. The only good advise I have received to date is "stop feeling sorry for yourself & drive on". One only needs to watch wildlife documentaries or documentaries about the third world to realize that it can be a dog eat dog World out there. Count your blessings your life is probably much easier than 98% of the other people on the planet, don't give up on it & let life beat you.

Since meeting my angels & having my breakdown I have become a firm believer in God. God does everything for a reason. Many people lose faith & ask why me? when something bad happens in their life, life was not meant to be one long laugh, life eventually cuts everyone down to size, People are tested through life, when something bad happens God expects people to have the self discipline to get over it & drive on. One is here for a good time not for a long time, if you can do it without a sex, drugs & rock & roll lifestyle or being selfish live every day like it's your last because day you'll be right.

Since my mental breakdown the most important advise I can give to anyone is to exercise restraint, self control & respect for yourself & others in your life, I didn't & that is how I ended up in the psychiatric hospital. Life is a test & like a rat in a labyrinth God will open some doors for you easily & not others no matter how hard you knock. Without really trying I have another job possibility in Stuttgart, the same woman who got me the job the first time in 1998 is working in the new agency & my original landlord has a flat available, a girl at the agency also knows my landlord through basketball, either the World is extremely small or God is involved.

The counsellor & I worked out that the part of my problem is that I never accept what happens to me & move on from it, I always regret things that go wrong, there is no point being a slave to your past one must look forward. I also at the moment have a tendency to predict bad fortune in the future even though it hasn't happened yet, one can waste way too much time worrying about what might happen, this is a really stupid destructive habit. I am pessimistic about my future, frequently view my glass as half empty because I am worried about how I can get a job abroad & have to deal with my prescriptions in Ireland. I don't want to be shelling out around €400 per month for my drugs abroad owing to not having health board coverage for most of the expense like I have in Ireland.

The main problem I feel which drove me to a breakdown is a lack of self discipline especially when relating to drink & strippers, I wasn't addicted to drink however, I abused it. I did a lot stupid

things on an urge without realizing the the consequences of my actions are self destructive, things I would regret later like sending stupid texts to people while high. I also overspecialized in my work, I learned a lot of money & wasted it. From my own experience having money without self restraint & self respect is like giving a 3 year old matches to play with, an accident is bound to happen, mine was my breakdown. I should have taken a more modest job near home which pays well. As psychologist Carl Jung said “Never ask a man what he does but how he does it”, never measure a person including yourself by their occupation or education, the nerds opening question “What do you do for a living?” is indirectly a way of measuring yourself against somebody else & should be avoided as an conversation opener when you meet a person for the first time, it creates a pretentious first impression, I’ve been doing this for years because I believed a choice of career path told me something about the person.

I should have started building a house around 1998, house prices in Ireland have gone up around 300% in the last decade & it is now almost impossible to get into the property market, I made a lot of mistakes, maybe bad luck was involved but I am now regretting them, owing your own house is a very strong urge in the psyche of Irish people, it is wrong, wanting to own my own house is destroying me, I’d better let it go for the moment until prices become more reasonable & ignore it if they don’t. Every experience we have in life has a function & as hard as my life has been in some ways I wouldn’t trade my life with anybody, I made my own decisions & am proud in some ways of what I have done with my life. Lets hope life really begins at 40.

I personally am searching for stability & went in an extremely stupid direction in looking for it in stripclubs. Part of me was also a learning process trying to understand the funny places in peoples heads, stripper social dynamics as I called it. Since I got used to private table dances I was going to strip clubs more for company than to satisfy sexual urges, I should have gone someplace cheaper. My counsellor satisfies this urge through his job maybe I should take up counselling.

A colleague with whom I worked with in IBM believes my problem was the rut I got myself into in Stuttgart & he suggested at all costs to avoid the place & that any life that I may restart in Stuttgart will only result in a similar end, that I never socialized with anyone, just drank and stared at strippers. That I need to avoid weaknesses in my character that places in as Stuttgart brought out. I don't think Stuttgart was the problem it was just the culture of places where I was trying to meet women since being a teenager that got me into drinking heavily & contributed to my breakdown. My colleague isn't completely wrong, however after making the mistake of going off the medication I got locked up at home in Ireland too for 4 months, Stuttgart wasn't the whole problem. As of January 2006 Stuttgart is my best chance of a new job, his second point which I wholeheartedly agree with is that it would be better if I could stay near family in Ireland so they could deal with me if I go off the rails again.

My sister pointed out that everybody makes mistakes & have to live with them, when I was 6 when I was obviously completely wrong about something I said to my sister that I never made mistakes, nerds tend to believe the never make mistakes, they do, it's this rigidity in nerds belief & value systems which drive them mad. People going mad cannot handle reality anymore & want an alternate reality so badly they succeed in creating one.

My counsellor & cousin think I overanalyse people & situations, to try to figure out exactly why people react certain ways. I told my cousin that when I was high I was as spontaneous as him, when he remembered the bad decisions I was making when high I think he realized I'd better stay the way I am. Maybe people have too many unknown parameters controlling their behavior to be analyzed so maybe I should relax & not try to understand everything.

The most successful people in life are the people who can get on with life without dwelling on mistakes, dwelling on mistakes is a complete waste of time just try to learn from them quickly. If you find your mind looping with regrets like "I should have done such & such", change your thinking to "I could have but chose not to at the time", & learn from your mistake stop doing the "poor me" dwelling on it. Sometimes though if you have enough patience &

God may eventually give you an answer to your problem when you relax & stand back from it if the problem demands you to move on taking by taking a far less attractive option stay away from the less attractive option & get on with the other parts of your life until it is absolutely necessary to take the less attractive option. Sometimes one is so focused on achieving particular goal in life which may be difficult to attain that they ignore fantastic easy opportunities presenting themselves at this moment which may become difficult to attain later on.

There is a woman I know for the story lets call her Mary. Mary used spend upto 19 hours a day working for a manipulative head-wrecker, she prided herself on making beautiful meals for celebrities. Mary like myself was another overspecialized prima donna “artiste”, like the nerd she equated her sad idea of success with happiness, like myself she didn’t find balance. Mary would only do what she was enthusiastic about & go to any lengths to do this at the expense of other parts of her life. Mary too ended up in a psychiatric hospital & used mutilate her hands so she could not cook, it can happen to anyone.

Life wouldn’t be interesting for our psychiatrists, if they locked up “sane” people. Why did nobody lock up Hitler? The answer given to me by my psychiatric doctor was “You don’t have to be mad to be bad”. Unlike me Hitler had a lot of people protecting him, I have since found out that he was diagnosed by a military doctor as “Dangerously Psychotic”. My friend Klaus knew a Hitler’s chauffeur & he told Klaus that he was a nice quiet amiable guy. Don’t get me wrong Hitler wasn’t nice, I believe Hitler had one serious problem he could never quite forgive some Jews for doing something bad to him, I suspect he went around uttering the same words over & over again “I hate Jews”, Hitlers monster henchmen just took him a bit too literally & gave Hitler his revenge.

Some madmen think that they get locked up because they are too intelligent & nobody understands them, this is generally not the case, it sometimes like in my case because they are being stupid & challenging everybody elses values. As my cousin said, “It is not what you think it is how you act gets you locked up”.

I keep giving away to people things that they don't ask for, I just assume they want them & they usually don't. I was doing this especially when I was high. With books it's usually that the book is beyond me & I don't have the time to get to grips with the subject & know that the other person would be more suited to reading the book & might give me grinds, the remainder of the books I give away when I have read them to people whom I think may be interested in the subject but they usually aren't. When high I give away guitars when I am trying to mend bridges usually ones I have nuked, I should stop giving people things unless I am sure they want them & they ask for them especially advise. Rather than give people what I think they want I should look for people who want what I have to give.

The long term goals I wish to achieve from my current starting point in the psychiatric ward on drugs which I don't like are the following.

My own house near home.

A wife or girlfriend, a friend first, who could help me running my business & potentially help me expand it. I am a loner because I am alone, I would like to be able to depend on someone, I want someone who can compliment me not a servant.

A business with a future which is enjoyable.

My Emotional Assets to help me achieve my goals are... I can be quite Emphatic when I have some time to think what cause people to react in a particular way & I have definite realistic goals.

I have identified quite a few barriers which I need to recognize & deal with which if I neglect may prevent me reaching the goals I set out for myself. Barriers are often functional they keep us safe & help define how we act in certain situations, they also create blind spots to thinking out of the box & behaving differently when it is advantageous for us to do so, the familiar is comfortable even if we sometimes moan about it, acting on emotions in our com-

fort zone without thinking & restraint can be very destructive, it is much easier to get angry than to exercise tolerance. Barriers are responses to situations which are automatic & learned during previous situations where mistakes are made & one says to oneself I am never doing that again & the behavior becomes habitual. We don't think about what we are doing when we are acting on a barrier maybe the reason for the barrier has gone away & it needs to be torn down. It is worth ones while analyze why ones barriers exist & decide which barriers should be got rid of. I think these barriers I have may be common to most nerds.

I will go to the bar & order another drink at a disco rather than go outside my comfort zone & chat up a lady, I am introverted & stay invisible. The reasons behind this barrier is that by chatting up the lady I may make a boyfriend nearby jealous or get upset when the lady refuses my advances, I believe that making the advance isn't worth my while.

Some people in bars I have noticed have a barrier that rather than keep quiet when they have nothing to do will sing a tribal rabble rousing song with friends even if they can't sing well. This behavior also has a function may in that it may be an extroverts means to get attention & make oneself visible.

Another barrier I have is once when a girl insulted me in a manner she thought was funny I stuck my hand down inside her pants, I got thrown out of Perkins Park for this, it was easier for me to behave like a creep rather than take the insult on the chin.

My stubbornness & unwillingness to challenge my own values with respect to what it means for me to be a success, as one gets older one needs to go out of their way to keep trying new things so as not to get too set in their ways.

I am not spontaneous & too slow to move when an opportunity arises e.g. chatting up an available good looking woman, the early bird catches the worm.

I am a nerd & as such poor at dealing with people, I need to become better at dealing with social situations.

Rather than respecting myself I am a self destructive attention seeker. I am hoping to get the attention of a potential partner who will take up the job of fixing me. As a result of having a partner I hope to gain high self worth & finish with my self destructive habits & turn myself into a more respectable person.

I hate failure & am unwilling to take risks.

I try to give people orders, especially when high rather than cooperate with people in order to achieve goals.

The other things that came out in counselling was that I am very unidirectional & obsessive compulsive in my search to fulfill my wants & needs, mainly women. I have a real fear of failure I am doing the search “my way” & for me I believed there was no alternative, of course there is, I needed to reevaluate my options & values. I have been running around disco’s since I was 17 going as often as possible to meet women & used freak out when going to a disco impossible even for one night, I was impatient, always thinking there was some place better to go & often went to multiple discos on the same night searching for women, I never learned to relax & enjoy the moment. What was interesting about this is the only disco I ever actually enjoyed even if I didn’t meet a woman was Perkins Park in Stuttgart. I made friends with nearly all the people working there, if you visit there tell Tony, Sonya, Ebru & Sali I was asking for them.

This search naturally progressed to stripclubs once that option became open to me in my life. This search for me was a like a “headless chicken” search for lost keys, there are always other options if you relax.

Not bothering looking & just waiting till you run into the keys, this is a far easier way to meet women if you can be spontaneous chatting them up. However, I always get tounge-tied when it come’s to chatting up women.

The other option is to sit down & retrace the steps in your head where you might have left them. This is equivalent to thinking

about what options as potential girlfriends you might have & asking them out for a date. If you keep running around chasing things you won't notice what you need which may be sitting right before your eyes. Another common mistake is focusing too much on chasing only one woman especially if she isn't interested, don't let your ego get involved. A far wiser approach is to keep a list of several women you would like to date & if you happen to be lucky enough to run into them & they are available make your move don't take a rejection personally just move on quickly. If the woman gets jealous all the better, that's how my father operated, he also was an excellent dancer.

My counsellor also thought there was a lot of pathos or black humour in my book which he quite enjoyed. He found it interesting that I managed to form good relationships with what he considered "shady" characters like strippers & I could see the humanity within them, I personally find them as complete as any normal person just occasionally complete headwrecks which I enjoy in a sado masochistic way, I learn a lot about myself from them, the experience has been worthwhile.

I have also noticed in myself when I get fed up with people I have a tendency of nuking bridges rather than just burning them. I get a buzz out of nuking bridges with people who really deserve it, this is self destructive, in the long run I have regretted nuking these bridges but I suspect I would have regretted leaving them standing too, I could have struck a better balance. It is a lot politically wiser to just back off from these people when you need to, if you are dealing with fair weathered friends become a friendliest fair weathered friend on the planet for them too. You may never know when you may need them & get a chance to use them back.

Chapter 8

The realities of being a contractor

8.1 Living out of a suitcase

Being a computer contractor & running around the world chasing money & finding jobs that the computer programming “artiste” in me was willing to do & not compromising on this was in a lot of ways very stupid, I have a lot of regrets, I never managed to settle down.

With every new contract I am back to square one, living in a hotel for a few months before I find a flat, opening bank accounts, getting electricity & a phone connected, moving furniture & when the contract ends I have to undo this & move all the rubbish I accumulated over the contract back to my father’s house where it fills up a room in boxes & usually ends up staying there. On top of all this money management headaches, see the next section, no wonder I had a breakdown with the worry I had about money.

Hurt has many facets, physical, emotional, spiritual, worrying about money mine was spiritual. A word of advise from one nerd to another recognize if you “have it made”, a good job which you can settle into for many years, can afford a house & have a nice lifestyle hold onto it. Unless you are really dissatisfied with your current situation don’t go contracting, but if you find a good contract in a nice location with all you available self discipline hold onto it as long as you can for all it’s worth, keep your boss happy, the chopping

& changing is a killer, part of what caused my breakdown was the complexity of money management, I was afraid if I forgot about anything it would go out of control. If I haven't talked you out of being a computer contractor the best websites for looking for contract work are: <http://www.jobserve.com> in the UK & Europe, <http://www.dice.com> in the US, <http://www.monster.com> Worldwide.

8.2 Managing money

After the gather comes the scatter. If you haven't noticed already I have earned a lot of money (the gather) & been very wasteful with it (the scatter). Being self employed with your own company like myself one can easily be lulled into thinking that because you are paying no tax on expenses that they cost you no money & have a tendency to be wasteful with the money, however, unlike expenses from an employer when you are not self employed this is not the case. One of the symptoms of hypomanic episodes is overspending, I've been wasteful with money, I also haven't control of my receipts either, as a result I am now having severe headaches with my tax returns & after having considering claiming bankruptcy closed the company down. Owning my own company initially was a manifestation of my own identity it was my own little ship, if you are considering starting your own company for that reason you are in the wrong place in the head, I was. If like me you may have grandiose notions of owning your own limited company, before doing this ask yourself do you need the extra hassle of having fines or your company stricken from the registrar of companies if accounts aren't ready on time, you will invariably be nagging accountants a lot of the time to get them ready. Being a sole trader is less stressful & your accounts are cheaper to do unless you are planning on empire building stick to being a sole trader, you can change afterwards if you want.

Like any job, nobody is better at doing your accounts than yourself when you put your mind to it, if you have the time want to be aggressive with your money, management find out what accounting packages your accountant is using & use similar, Microsoft Excel may be all they use, if you do this properly & give it to your accountant fully prepared you should save a lot on your accountants fees. If you have a company personal accounting packages aren't

good enough, you need one that is good enough to handle company accounts. Quicken, Microsoft Money & GnuCash which is free are popular choices, Unlike Excel or Openoffice Calc I personally could never get these packages to do what I wanted.

If you want to keep life simple with regard to accounting headaches consider working for an umbrella company (a company which acts as a single company entity for groups of freelance contractors) in the country you are working in, this will mean you won't have to prepare your own accounts, but it also will probably mean that you will be able to claim fewer expenses like buying computer hardware, however life is much simpler, you just post your expenses in every month no book keeping & get your expenses back as soon as they are processed, unless you are really on top of things with your own limited company you only know what your financial situation was like around 12 months ago & it take quite a while to wind a company up whereas you can leave an umbrella company with the same ease as you change employers as you are effectively an employee of the umbrella company. Like most things in life dogs, family, house, wife, children a limited company is an anchor if you enjoy your freedom don't tie yourself down with one, one is a slave to their anchors & commitments so choose carefully ones you like it is nice not to have too many responsibilities, you will need to visit your accountant a few times a year to sort matters out which can be a real pain in the butt if you are working in another country. If you work in a few different countries & contracts a year you almost have to use umbrella companies otherwise you will have a nightmare with accountants & taxation in several countries.

If you are working away from your native country like I did you may need to pay personal tax in both countries & get a refund eventually from your native country for the days you were out of the country, this kind of taxation between two countries is called a double tax agreement . This is advantageous in that you can usually claim rent, flight & food expenses as you are working away from your head office, this of course means you need to keep receipts for every expense. In my years working as a contractor the biggest gotcha I encountered with double tax is that I didn't reclaim the refund from my native country every year, I left it accumulate each year I was abroad, this meant I had to pay myself

more personal income each year to pay more double tax (tax in the second country was been taken as part of my net income). If you are paying double tax reclaim your double tax refund asap, this improves your cash flow, your accountant may be lazy about doing this, if he or she is kick them into action. You can save a lot of money on expenses by taking advantage of double tax agreements but if you & your accountant aren't going to keep a tight ship bookkeeping wise it isn't worth the effort just get taxed in one country without being able to reclaim so many expenses & get it over with. In Ireland, my native country, they put a cap on how much double tax they would pay back for each accounting year, as my income went over this threshold this stung me, I lost a lot of money & it might sting you.

IR35 in England is another serious tax gotcha if you are working in a company with less than 15 employees the taxman is going to sting you. If you are freelance the best way to avoid this is work for an umbrella company with more that 15 employees, the revenue commissioners in England are making this practice a bit awkward. useful links on IR35, <http://www.pcgrouop.org.uk/> <http://www.inlandrevenue.gov.uk/ir35/>

8.3 Money doesn't buy happiness

Happiness & success are states of mind, some tramps living on the side of the street are perfectly happy & as a result are successful. Pleasure is not happiness, pleasure exhausts itself in the enjoying what is pleasurable, at some time it may soon give rise to indifference, then to displeasure & suffering. Studies show that having more money doesn't make you any happier in the long run, the elation period after winning the lotto is approximately 2 years.

A question which is a no-brainer but I'll bet some people will hesitate, greed?, lack of trust maybe, "would you give away all your worldly wealth to be truly happy?"

Why was money ever invented?, if everybody just helped each other out there would be no need for it, no taxmen, accountants, tax advisers, legal profession.

8.4 Getting contracts

The first bit of advise I have to give is don't think you've got the contract until you actually see money going into your account from the contract. I have once been in the situation where I was within minutes of giving my old boss the finger when I was told that the new contract wasn't happening & the department that was about to hire me was being shut down. Never give your ex boss the finger, you may need him for a reference or to hire you back if something goes wrong, keep the head.

I recently traveled to Germany for an interview only to find out that the job wasn't starting for a few months, I was lucky I managed to keep the head & didn't blow up on them, again, always keep the head. Anything a few months away may never happen, before going to an interview find out when the job is expected to start if it is more than a month away do a phone interview first, save travelling expenses & time.

If you are getting your contract through an agency before taking the job try to make the best deal you can for yourself, find out what the agency's cut is, ask them politely but directly. On my first contract there were pretty ladies involved & the question never crossed my mind or my bosses, the agency took 1DM for every 2DM I earned, surely better terms than this can be negotiated. The best deal I ever got with an agency was 9%. If the agency are taking a reasonable percentage get them to do the job of looking for an apartment for you, furnished if you want it that way. If you are young free & single there is little point in getting a flat in a quiet village make sure the flat is where you want it, city centre? If the flats they are finding for you are too small, dirty or in the wrong part of town complain otherwise you will be living in a dump until you get pissed off enough to do something about it, I did.

Find out if the town you are going to be working in is really expensive, if it is you are going to need a lot more money.

Find out if it is possible to work directly for the company & cut out the middleman. I succeeded doing this in one of my contracts, I found the advertisement for the job on a website & from the content

of the advert & using google I figured out who the company must be. I then proceeded to find out the name of the CTO by phoning the company directly & guessed his email address by looking at the format of email addresses on the website, persistence pays. Other tips for landing jobs which are not advertised can be found at <http://jobstar.org/hidden/index.htm>.

Some companies like IBM have preferred suppliers & they hire a contractor in the same way as they buy chairs, through the purchasing department, they will only buy things from certain preferred companies & similarly only use certain preferred agencies. This makes it politically difficult for an individual to work directly for some large corporations, but if you manage to get through this you can become a recruitment agency for other contractors.

Before accepting the job if you get a chance talk to other people working in the company as them are they happy with the place, is there a lot of company politics & soap operas going on, do your research, look for the guys in the corner with the “peaky caps” dying to spill the beans.

When in the interview it should be obvious if the contract has the potential to go on a lot longer than initially stated in the contract, if this is the case & you like the place try to do a good job so that they will keep you on.

Does the job offer you something new & interesting to learn? will it improve your resume, if not ask for more money. Never say you can do something you know very little about. Most programmers think Java is easy & as a result think J2EE (Java two enterprise edition) is a walk in the park, it isn't, there is a one to two year learning curve for it, don't be naive you will only get fired quickly & lose a potentially good reference.

At one interview for a games company they showed me pictures of bunk beds in the office they obviously expected their programmers to do very long hours, the company will reveal a lot about itself in the interview. How much documentation you will be expected to produce before you write a line of code. Some program-

mers like doing documentation, I don't, find a place which suits you.

8.5 Luck

Some people are just lucky, Oilbarons like Rockefeller who struck oil while others didn't, people in the right place at the right time, Bill Gates meeting IBM when they wanted an operating system for their new machine IBM PC, Michael Moore publishing *Stupid White Men* just in time for September 11th 2001. There are about 50 open source operating systems all written by nerdy developers each trying to become the next Linus Torvalds, the free operating system market is gone to Linux. One is very unlikely to become a success by trying to emulate someone who has already become a success. How many musicians are there in the world that are better than the Beatles technically? Part of the reason Donald Trump is rich is because he is a celebrity. God chooses the "lucky", one has much more to learn from people who made mistakes than those who get lucky. Admittedly sometimes people make their own luck Michael Flatley performing Riverdance & stealing the thunder of the Eurovision winners that year who remembers them, Michael was brilliant it's easy to see how he made his own luck, he was an overnight success at 35 after working his butt off all his life to be one. Michael also is a hard act to follow, Irish dance troupes beware. Copycats are wasting their time, if you are original you can get away with being crude the Wright brothers plane only flew for 12 seconds, look at what your average plane can do today every aviation engineer in the world today is better than the Wright brothers. It also is easier to be a success while being mediocre when you are original, being a musician I have no idea what people can see in The Beatles.

Chapter 9

Evaluation of my experience with my angels

I wonder how different the mathematician John Nash “A beautiful mind’s” experience was from my own. The some of the immortal faeries he saw could have been his guardian angels. Almost definitely the demons or whatever it was which possessed my mobile phone & car were not answering questions too intelligently, they appear to me to have no purpose other than to indicate to me that I was going mad & torment me somewhat. I would suspect that John Nash’s faeries behaved similarly. The only experience I had which was unambiguous was the meeting I had with my gaurdian angels & being honest they were a fire & brimstone lot, I believe they had to be this way for me because I am undisciplined & I needed some discipline. I have had to give up beer & wine because it reacts badly with the medication I am on & I go mad if I drink alcohol, this is more evidence that God is disciplining me & forcing me to give up my self destructive behavior, drink damages the brain & the liver so I suppose this is a good thing.

9.1 Demons possessing inanimate objects

Earlier in the book I described how I had an argument with my mobile phone & it won. There are at least five possibilities of what happened in the reality I was witnessing:

- 1) The phone was temporarily possessed by a demon or angel.
- 2) God intervenes directly.
- 3) Machines themselves have feelings.

- 4) It was all in the head (I don't believe this).
- 5) Consciousness permeates everything in the Universe.

Nothing physical exists in our brains to indicate that it holds the seat of consciousness, maybe free consciousnesses can float around and inhabit anything they like or consciousness permeates everything in the Universe. Machines are in our reality just rule following idiots this is why we think they don't have feelings. They may be conscious in an "Alice in Wonderland" reality. Maybe the reason the pioneer spacecraft is 40,000 KM off course is not because of a new law of physics but because it is bored & lonely, the notion that machines have no feelings is beaten out of children as they get older. My Nokia 3250 had a picture of Richard Feynman on the front of it, could it have been possessed by him?

I have since found out how a thumbnail picture of the female mathematician could have appeared on my Nokia 3650, if you in the contacts menu in "Options" menu select "New Contact" now select "Add Thumbnail" a small picture can be associated with a contact which will show up when a contact rings. It is possible that the phone could have been accidentally programmed to do this while jiggling around in my pocket unlocked & a phonecall with an associated thumbnail could have come in at the same instant as the train stopped, however, the thumbnail doesn't appear in a speech icon if this is done. I also have found that my Nokia 3650 with predictive text on is something of an Ouija board, so far without really trying I've found a few examples these should work with most modern phones which use the Symbian operating system.

Type mmmmmmmmm you get nonmomo? From earlier in the book I described a momo as someone who lives moment to moment, I found this one out when I didn't realize predictive text was on & I made an attempt to type Mike the name of a friend who gave me a loan of a book on Buddhism in the local pub, he is very thoughtful & doesn't live moment to moment.

Try to type Margo (my sisters name) as if predictive text is off you get Mass? my sister doesn't go to mass.

Try to type my name using predictive text you get El Barrow.

Try to type James Barrow using predictive text you get Lands Barrow my brother is a farmer.

9.2 Omens & the dangers of taking them too seriously

I notice omens especially when high, when I am high I believe this is my little gift, I shouldn't waste time with them but I do especially when high. When high I believe omens are symbolic reminders left lying around by God e.g. music which inspires me, muses, they get the mind to think of what they remind me of, when high I believe they are full of original ideas on what to do next, but they usually are not. So far hardly a single omen I have interpreted has come true, this is the danger of them, maybe they work for some psychics & mystics but they have been for me nonsense! I personally didn't go out searching for omens, I just noticed them & I found meaning where there most likely is no meaning. With omens one has to accept that coincidences occur. I believe the writings of Nostradamus are nonsense & vague enough so that you can make events match the prophecy's with 20 20 hindsight. That said it is very unlikely but possible that I just haven't been patient enough for mine to come true, maybe they are part of a self fulfilling prophesy which I being master of my own destiny will make happen.

Sample omens

Some Chardonnay wines have "Vin d'Pays d'oc" on the label describing the region that the wine comes from, I interpreted this as "wine that pays the doctor", that's how good my French is, I believed it was my relaxer, unfortunately it currently interferes with my medication & causes me to go high as a kite, I have to give it up for good, so much for that omen. Guinness is good for you, Beamish Stout makes you Beamish. Lidl for lidl people, Justin Timberlakes personality is just tin, Madonna is a mad prima donna, If you believe in omens you believe most things do exactly

what they say on the tin, if you take omens too seriously you get into trouble like I did with my Chardonnay omen.

Below is a collection of some of the illogical linked omens that I was looking for significance in while high & found some, admittedly one can find coincidences anywhere when one looks hard enough for them.

I love Perkins Park & the people working there it is my favourite disco in Stuttgart. When I was 7 I pretend married Perky the cat at home in front of the dishwasher my sister did the ceremony. The farm at home was another Perkins Park it had Massey Ferguson tractors with Perkins engines.

I noticed this omen when I was high, it must be a subconscious thing. When PCSL were writing computer games it was a case of the games copying reality, you probably would want to see the games & the people involved to find this humorous. I was the Boozy the alcoholic horse, Dorothy the graphic artist was Wild Bill Hiccup the one riding me, she was dressed in drag, the big backside & the small shoulders was the giveaway. Anton Wallace was the Aids Avenger dressed in the Robocop outfit walking upto people & talking crap to everyone. Michael Murphy was the scuba diver in his treasure game. One of the artists Barry Meade was Bronchi the dinosaur with asthma. Kevin O'Sullivan was the teeth cleaner with the shiny teeth.

When I was younger I broke all the Windows in a nearby house with a pellet gun while working on Linux I was doing the exact same thing breaking (competing with) Windows.

A Michael Moore from AMD interviewed me around Oct 1 2005, I once emailed Michael Moore of Stupid white men fame to ask him to whisper "a sweet noting" into George Bushes ear while going mad.

Anton Wallace's house is full of clutter so is mine they are real headwrecks & part of the reason I went mad is because of the clutter at home & cleaning up after untidy members of my family,

While in St. Stephens psychiatric hospital I saw a DJ Wallace interior decorators van.

While I was in St. Stephens psychiatric hospital there were several million crows flying overhead some nights I interpret this as an omen of people talking. A white owl flew though the veranda at St. Stephens while I was there, an omen? I also got the scent of perfume on occasions with nobody woman in sight likely to be wearing it, some people believe these are angel experiences, my mother always wore perfume when she went out. Pigeons almost hitting me in the forehead while walking down Koenigstrasse in Stuttgart I think is an omen of someone else in the cosmic consciousness having a brilliant idea, cats are strong omens for me too.

I saw an add during the all Ireland hurling champions, it was an Irish independent add of penguins carrying hurleys. I interpreted this an an omen of Linux (penguins are Linux'es mascot) coming to Ireland to visit me, D.J. Karey the caring Irish Independent.

Chapter 10

Conclusion of biography

On November 20th 2005 I was supposed to visit Fr. Bill the Indian priest faith healer on a 6 day retreat in Newry Co. Down with Mary, Mary was 3 times suicidal & Jesus through Fr. Bill cured her from depression. I didn't go & am now regretting this decision. My experience started with a religious experience, meeting my guardian angels it should have finished with one meeting t Fr. Bill. Mary thought me was short & sweet prayer Praise you Jesus, Thank you Jesus, the Rosary is a bit repetitive for me everyone to their own. I went to visit Eddie Stone another faith healer in Cork on the 4 February 2006 with my aunt, I didn't have any religious experience, however my aunt fell over when Eddie laid his hands on her & she was touched by the Holy Spirit. When Eddie laid his hands on me he said I have a problem with my glands he may be right. I intend to meet Fr. Bill in Knock,Ireland around March 19th 2006 for his 6 day retreat.

Chapter 11

I'm a nerd what's wrong with me?

Nerds have a lot wrong with them, extreme nerds sometimes prefer interacting other nerds over the internet than talking to the people sitting next to them. Nerds should try to avoid marrying other nerds if possible they unfortunately sometimes have autistic children see

http://www.wired.com/wired/archive/9.12/aspergers_pr.html
for more info, it's a big problem in Silicon Valley.

My sister did a bit of research on Asperger syndrome & what she found fit me even if my psychiatric doctors disagreed with her diagnosis. If the symptoms below sound like something you may have & this is troubling you go to a psychiatric doctor who may be able to diagnose the problem correctly.

I personally consider autism an unusual personality rather than an illness. There are two common mild forms of autism which are so similar that you would need to split hairs on your diagnosis to actually decide whether a person has one or the other, like most psychiatric illnesses they are only labels used to distinguish an illness from a spectrum of symptoms. The two mild forms of autism are called Kanners early infantile autism & Asperger Syndrome the one we will concentrate on as it appears to be most applicable to nerds & is most prevalent in boys.

The symptoms of Asperger's syndrome are:

Bad coordination especially in childhood, learning to talk before you can walk.

Inability to read non verbal social cues, unusual eye contact in social interactions, these problems can be minimized by being "thought" correct way to respond to social cues while young.

Shyness, usually making unpleasant interactions with other people & chance of failure in these interactions may cause Asperger sufferer not to bother.

Good points: as with all autistics, honesty, faithfulness, lack of hidden agendas, In the long run nobody fools nobody so why lie, one possible measure of lack of autism a measure of how compulsive & imaginative a liar you are, not necessarily qualities I want.

Bad points: selfishness & lack of empathy. From my own personal experience I argue that normal people being on average less honest may be able to fake these qualities easier & would have the social cop on to do it, on the empathic side people with Asperger's owing to having little talent socially will usually be loners who not many people aside from family actually care about & the lack of empathy may be a case of, "if you don't care about me then I don't care about you". We begin with ourselves when we learn to care about people, maybe people with Asperger's need to care about themselves.

Some Asperger sufferers never have dated anyone & inept at forming relationships with the opposite sex.

Adults are prone to getting bipolar disorder or schizophrenia.

Tendency to have chosen topics of conversation & keep rambling on about them even to uninterested partys.

Chapter 12

Exercises for nerds

If you are unfit go to a doctor before starting these exercises. Getting fit won't do miracles for you chatting up women but it may help your self esteem. Three hours exercise a day is too much, I recommend a trying one hour a day rotating exercises, gyms are for posers & the equipment there won't get you really fit, bench presses on a machine won't develop muscle coordination, free weights are much better. Flexibility I find is harder to gain than strength so be patient with yourself. Here is a list of the equipment you need.

Books:

The beginners guide to Shokotan Karate by John Van Weenen.

Light on yoga by BKS Evingar

available from <http://www.amazon.com>

Equipment:

A yoga mat.

2 Dumbbells & about 40kg of weights.

A children's playground nearby, watch kids exercise you will get loads of ideas how to Jackie Chan yourself fit, children's climbing frames are great for chin ups & inclined sit ups, the best time to exercise is at 2am in the morning when things are quiet.

A Karate jumpsuit.

A schoolbag sized rucksack.

A free solid wall in your house.

Togs runners & T-shirts.

The first exercise I recommend I call spidermen.

Lie flat put your toes pointing downwards next to a wall, straighten your arms like you would do if you were doing a push up. Now walk up & down the wall keeping your back straight & at the top of the walk your nose should be touching the wall, repeat 10 times.

Lay the yoga mat flat near the wall folded over twice in case you fall on your head attempting this exercise. Stand up straight about 18 inches away from the wall with your back facing the wall. Bend over backwards & attempt to walk down the wall with your hands till they hit the floor. From this position attempt to do 100 push ups away from the wall, walk with your hands back up the wall & your finished

When you get good at push ups try doing them with 1 leg raised off the ground & finally proper one armed press-ups to gain finger strength try reducing the number of fingers you are using.

Back bridges or crabs, lie on your yoga mat with your heels as close as possible to your butt. Put your hands with your palms of your hands flat beside your ears, lift & try to get your forehead touching the ground, & rock backwards & forwards, try to touch your nose off the floor to do a crab push down with your hands & try to get your stomach as high as you can.

To do sit-ups use the bottom of the bed to hold your feet to stop them flying up into the air to secure your feet use a pillow if necessary, or improvise with something else. As a contrast to these try lying on your stomach on the ground place your hands behind your back your palms near your butt now try to lift your belly & head as high as possible off the ground without using your hands repeat 150 times.

Try handstand push-ups against the wall, this requires getting into the headstand position to do this push with your hands when your head is on the ground, if you can't push up to a handstand from the ground try getting into a handstand position initially & only dropping a small bit towards the headstand position. Use a folded yoga mat under your head for safety & comfort.

Neck Strengthening exercise, this exercise sounds more dangerous than it actually is. Again put the yoga mat under your head for safety & comfort. Do a headstand from there try to touch your two ears, your forehead & the back of your head off the mat. Repeat 10 times.

Leg strengthening exercise Stand upright now put one leg straight out in front of yourself while lowering yourself on the other leg, get down as low as you can. Now repeat with the opposite leg. Repeat 10 times. When you do this fast it turns into Cossack Dancing. Enjoy.

BackBends, kneel down in upright position, try to bend over backwards to get your head to touch the ground, come back up to upright position, repeat 10 times.

For a benchpress use your bed with a continental quilt folded along the middle lie on the continental quilt with your Dumbbells on the bed. John Van Weenens Karate book has plenty of exercises with weights.

The books I recommended above have plenty of more exercises for you to try.

Most Karate classes are held in gyms so there is probably plenty of equipment around to practice Gymnastics, Somersaults on Trampolines, Breakdancing or Capoiara....

Swimming & jogging a few miles once or twice a week with uphill sprints also doesn't do any harm

Enjoy

Chapter 13

Consciousness, madness, science & spirituality

13.1 Theory of consciousness determining reality

Every good idea begins with a blasphemy, believed by a majority of one, the person who came up with it, this theory fits at least the second part of this criteria at the moment. I was driven to come up with this theory to make sense of my own experiences, they were real to me. This theory is both spiritual & scientific, there is “God in the gaps”, however, I believe I put God in a very logical gap. I have been computer programming for over 20 years & strongly believe that consciousness cannot be explained scientifically. The latest version of this theory can be downloaded from <http://www.ariasoft.ie/ebooks/theoryofcdr.pdf>

In the following few paragraphs using known & generally accepted principles & theories of quantum mechanics & one small addition of my own I provide what I feel is strong evidence that there is a Heaven & that timetravel is a rare but normal occurrence. If you cannot understand the arguments I present below I suggest researching further on <http://www.google.com> or alternatively buying

Introducing quantum Theory by J.P Mc Evoy & Oscar Zarate & Q is for quantum by John Gribbin from <http://www.amazon.com> or similar.

Just because drugs can induce hallucinations & there is an area of the mind devoted to fantasy doesn't mean to me that hallucinations are "in the mind". If you are sure hallucinations are just "in the mind" you need to learn quantum physics. I am about to show that everybody in the world may have equal right to believe their own perspective of reality even the madman. The madman may just be viewing a different equally physical Universe to that perceived by sane people.

The role of a conscious observer is of very real importance to what we know as reality. As far as quantum physics is concerned & to understand it you need to unlearn all the Newtonian physics you have learned since you were 3 years old & re philosophize.

The Schroedinger Cat thought experiment was originally thought up by the Austrian physicist Erwin Schroedinger in 1926 to highlight the ridiculousness of quantum physics, it now is being used as an example to describe how quantum physics really is. In the thought experiment a cat is locked into a closed box with a radioactive substance which ejects a radioactive particle at random intervals, there is also a radiation detector in the box which will detect this radioactive particle if it is ejected, if a radioactive particle is detected a gun goes off which kills the cat. The box is soundproof & all the walls are opaque so the only way of telling if the cat is dead is by opening the box. The rules of quantum physics dictate that the cat is in a superposition of states, both alive & dead until the box is opened & observed by a conscious observer, this conscious observer by observing causes a "crystallizing of reality" which in quantum physics is called the "collapse of the wave function". This superposition of states is the cornerstone to the "many worlds" theory.

The strong anthropic principle states that the Universe must have those properties which allow life to develop within it at some stage in its history. In other words the a Universe cannot form unless there are conscious observers to watch it at some stage in its history.

Whenever a sub atomic event with multiple possible outcomes occurs all of these outcomes become real and form a series of par-

allel Universes that have a separate existence & development. Our consciousness inhabits just one of them, the reality we experience. This is the “many worlds” theory as initially proposed by American Physicist Hugh Everett, these many worlds coexisting is another building block in my argument.

I am now about to give you the most important idea in this argument. Because the conscious mind is of central importance to what one perceives as reality, I believe that altering the brain’s state e.g. by giving the victim drugs, alters the reality the victim experiences to one of the other “many worlds” different to the one experienced by the rest of us who don’t have our brain state altered, this is somewhat akin to the victim tuning into a different television channel to the one that sane people watch. Clarification is needed here, by consciousness determining reality I mean that altering the victim’s brain state determines the flavour of the reality being experienced by the victim, the victim I believe cannot influence the direction of his or hers experience by choice. There are other ways of altering our brain state besides Drugs e.g. a strong electromagnetic field may alter the way synapses in the brain fire, a victim having a brain hormone imbalance & going mad will cause the victim to experience an alternate reality.

Altering the brain’s state while the victim is alive is equivalent to altering the victims conscious state. We are spiritual beings, God made us flawed “machines’ completely understandable to ourselves from a science perspective so we would be able to learn to repair ourselves except for our consciousness, this is our soul. Daniel C. Dennett of “Consciousness Explained” fame interesting arguments trying to explain away consciousness by saying it doesn’t exist, but wrong. The brain is only a physical manifestation where consciousness takes place while the victim is alive. Doctors may talk about scientific things like brain hormones & can find out when we are dreaming by measuring brainwaves & have a basic map of what part of the brain does what from measuring brain activity using EEG’s & studying braindamaged victims, but to be honest they don’t have a clue how brains work, this alteration of brain state has to be accepted as being spiritual. Science might one day be able to explain the brain as a consciousnessless zombie computer which has neural net algorithms deciding what to do next, but I wouldn’t

expect it anytime soon.

I myself personally believe that God normally only crystallizes the reality of one Universe for normal people & then creates others temporarily when observers need to witness an alternate Universe, some variant of the anthropic principle may apply to this alternate Universe.

People witnessing the virgin Mary in Lourdes or similar are multiple people seeing the same hallucination, this is how Mary does her work, like most women she is chatty & likes talking to people, nice woman. Surely Occam's razor should apply here, the simplest explanation is the most likely, it is much easier for God to create one alternate reality for these people to tune into than give them all "in the head" experiences. The only difference between these visions & the hallucination of a madman's that nobody else witnesses the madman's hallucination so he has nobody to back him up.

Rarely after a lot of drink people believe they are being chased by Rats & attempt to climb walls etc. to avoid them. This commonly happens to people suffering from Delirium Tremens DT's. This I think is not a figment of peoples imagination but a very real experience in an alternate reality, I believe this is God's way to scare the crap out of self destructive drunks to get them give up drink.

For conscious entities time is just a measure of rhythmic machine "ticks", sometimes it moves fast, sometimes it moves slow, "A watched kettle never boils", in life & death situations an altered state of consciousness occurs where time moves very slowly of victims so they get time to react, for some people their entire life flashes before them in a moment, some people report only seeing things in black & white because the brain doesn't have the time to process colour images. Large doses of adrenalin causes an altered state of consciousness which slows down time for the victim. If slowing down time for conscious beings is possible why not timetravel?, Some people in who get put into psychiatric hospitals experience timetravel, these grandiose thoughts can be caused by a lot of psychotic disorders but are generally caused by a serotonine

& dopamine hormone imbalance. In the book “Breaking the time barrier” by Jenny Randles, several people have claimed to time-travel including the inventor of AC electricity Nikola Tesla. The “time machines” these people use typically generate an electromagnetic field around the brain which the inventors claim generates an “alternate state of consciousness” whether these inventions work is questionable but their operation is consistent with my theory.

God has been providing people with glimpses & hints of Heaven at least since man first walked the earth. Outer body experiences or OBE’s are usually near death experiences when the soul or consciousness temporarily leaves the body & floats above it, from this perspective the person having the OBE can see things which would be impossible to see if the consciousness remained in the body. It is caused I believe by a lack of oxygen to the brain. When the person is brain dead I believe the consciousness is fully released from the body & allowed to rejoin the cosmic consciousness or even go to what I believe is Heaven that “bright light, happy place” that some good OBE victims experience. I’d suspect Heaven is where all the good souls become one & hell is where all the bad people get locked up in isolated from everybody else & lost from God.

LSD & Magic Mushrooms I believe can take drug abusers to “Alice in Wonderland’ alternate realities, these realities can be places where the World is flat & the planets are carried around by angels, Galileo I suspect was only correct about our reality. Terence a friend said he once after taking LSD saw policemen as “pigs on wheels”.

13.1.1 Maya, the beauty that hides the reality

One physicist who took potshots at my theory of consciousness determining reality asked me to go off & live in one of my alternate realities if it is so real. People do this all the time & pay for it through the nose by taking drink & drugs. I like a lot of other people throughout my life personally have wasted a fortune on drink, I lived in the alternate reality where the bed flies around the room, throwing up in the toilet & generally behaving badly, it wasn’t all that great, certainly not worth the money I paid for the experience. I personally haven’t been in the “Beer, helping ugly

people have sex since 1862” category but I know plenty who have & regret it. As for drugs LSD isn’t all that great, plenty of people have bad trips & some even end up vegetables after it. People escape to alternate realities all the time, why the taboo about going mad? If I was having amorous adventures with Charlies Angels I strongly suspect they would be “even better than the real thing”, even if in a “cloud cuckooland” alternate reality, I would love to be locked up in a psychiatric hospital with my angels having all my other needs looked after.

Skeptics investigate psychics all the time with little positive results. According to “Breaking the time barrier” one in ten people report being able to timetravel using the machines which surround the brain of the victim with electromagnetic radiation & there has been even some success in tests by skeptics. I personally would like it if more research is done on people who claim to be able to timetravel either by being mad or via machines. I personally feel it would be a lot more productive than investigating psychics.

13.2 The Cosmic Consciousness

The Cosmic Consciousness is the sum total of all the individual consciousnesses in the Universe & is a small part of the mind of God, we are all part of it.

Ideas may fly in & out of conscious beings from one person to another like pigeons flying in & out of pigeonholes. The best eureka ideas often fly so fast between people they almost hit them at the same time, this often happens in science. The cosmic consciousness may only have a set number of memes (ideas) & these may all have been exhausted billions of years ago by more advanced civilizations than us in the Universe. Conscious beings are vessels for carrying memes in the cosmic consciousness.

13.3 What is the Universe theory

This theory may not be completely original as I heard of the Universe being described as a process before by quantum physicists.

There is a concept in quantum mechanics which Einstein referred to as “Spooky action at a distance” or the EPR paradox. This happens when a pair of particles e.g. electrons interact with each other & are set up to have a quantum property e.g. total spin to be 0. The electrons then fly apart not interacting with anything else till the experimenter decides to look at them while the particles are travelling apart across the Universe, they are both in a superposition of spin states, both up & down. When the experimenter decides to measure the spin property of one electron owing to the “collapse of the wavefunction” described in the previous section. the spin property of the other electron is instantaneously equal but opposite, i.e one electron spin up the other has spin down, this shows that non-locality is indeed a property of the quantum world. How can the Universe be considered 3 dimensional in the Newtonian sense if interactions can happen across its entire width instantaneously. The Universe is not really a “thing’ as you would expect in Newtonian physics, it is a process in Gods mind which is brought into reality by conscious observers like ourselves observing it. Newtonian physics allowed instantaneous action at a distance too, with gravity, but made no attempt to explain it.

God could make everything in this Universal process happen instantaneously but doesn’t, he makes most things travel below the speed of light, the reason for this is that if he made everything happen instantaneously the Universe would be over in an instant rather than have a big bang the Universe would be more like a big instantaneous impulse.

Most people think that Einsteins theory of relativity states that nothing can travel faster than light, this is probably not the case, there are theoretical particles called tachyons which travel at slowest a tiny bit faster than light upto infinite speed. The fact a tachyon if it exists is able to go at infinite speed is more evidence that the Universe is a process in Gods mind.

Einstein once said “are we thereby to suppose that the Moon ceases to exist if we stop watching it?”, I personally believe this is the case even if it is unimportant to my argument, why would God expend energy in creating a Universe that nobody is looking at, this would be akin to writing an inefficient computer algorithm,

anybody who has ever written a raytracer knows the importance of optimization. I believe God only creates as much of the Universe as conscious observers need to see observing it from moment to moment. As such I believe there is no real end to the Universe, God will just keep creating vacuum as conscious entities are travelling through it. Beyond the furthestmost planets from the centre of the Big Bang the Universe is very boring.

13.4 Mixing science with religion

Science will allow us eventually to live till our Universe collapses to the big antibang or our Universe dies of “Heat Death”, we might be able to prolong this agony somewhat by travelling back in time if technology permits it. God gave us a fear of death to sort out the good ones from the bad greedy ones, nobody can survive the end of the Universe, science won’t let it.

The entropy (disorder) of the Universe is constantly increasing & to create a lot of order in one place to make a device like a silicon chip you need to create a lot of disorder elsewhere by using a lot of energy & chemicals, putting a china cup back together is a lot harder than breaking it. The only way to decrease disorder would be to make time go backwards.

Living longer only means living with more misery later in life when our bodies let us down & suffer from old age, cancer, heart disease & failure of our brains. I personally don’t want to spend the last ten years of my life fighting cancer. Live fast die young & leave a great set of photos. Who wants to live forever when you can be a nice guy die a peaceful death & go to Heaven, it’s easier.

13.4.1 String Theory

String theory is the heir apparent to quantum theory. This is bound to raise a quack alert in the science community, go to <http://quasar.as.utexas.edu/BillInfo/Quack.html> if you want to categorize me, but I have a hunch that string theory may be about music, There are twelve notes in an octave, seven in a scale, could the dimensionless constant $2^{1/12} = 1.059463094$ the multiplier between the frequencies of semitones be of significance?

13.5 Spirituality

If you had to ask God questions what would they be? Who created you? This question is invalid, God wasn't created, God always existed. Why does God exist? So that we could exist. Who do a lot of people not believe in God?, arrogance. Did God create the World in 7 days & just leave remnants like fossils, dinosaur bones & cosmic background radiation around to fool scientists that it is much older?, it's extremely unlikely but he could have. Which parts of the Bible are truth & which are a fable that the Pope just happens to like?

Loving something brings it to life either literally or metaphorically babies, performers, I'd suspect anything can come alive when you go mad, mathematics, physics, music, art, machines did for me. In Breuninger at Christmas they are jazz musicians dressed as Santa Claus who can bring a simple tune like Jingle Bells to life for me.

Statistics have nothing to do with luck when God is involved.

If one died every time one went to sleep, which one might in alternate realities & a new clone got all ones ideas & life experiences transferred would it matter?, I suspect not much.

Most of the worlds peaceful major religions are relatively compatible, well at least Christianity, Hinduism & Buddhism. However the commandment "I am the lord your God & you shall not put strange Gods before me" means Christianity & Judaism win out on the choice of God, however I suspect what God primarily meant were strange Gods like money & power.

13.5.1 Dabblings in Buddhism

Buddhism is more a philosophy to live by than a religion. You can be Buddhist & still be a Christian, though you may get some resistance from Christians who don't understand what Buddhism actually is. Buddah is not a God which is worshiped, it's an ideal which all Buddhists strive to be. Buddhism is primarily about finding peace & compassion within ones self. The seven deadly

sins in Buddhism are the three destructive emotions craving, anger & delusion. One aim of Buddhist practice is to reduce the power of destructive emotions in our lives. Buddhism provides a mental emotional compass whose purpose is to guide you in the right direction through life. Buddhism is the only major philosophy/religion I know which studies psychology especially when it comes to handling emotions, Christianity could learn a lot from this, I personally have gained very little psychological emotional guidance from Christianity & probably would have learned to prevent my breakdown had Catholicism religion provided me guidance in this regard.

The fourteenth Dali Lama is quite a science buff & for a holy man of peace is quite interested in weapons of war. Buddhism & science's goals are differing approaches to the same end seeking the truth. Buddhism is very open to adaption, it uses findings in science to progress & rewrite it's teachings. The Dali Lama is interested in all science except what he calls the dry theories of computer science, he obviously hasn't much time for computer nerds.

I personally don't see much distinction between meditation & relaxing, monks are just very talented at it. I have very little talent at meditation apparently it is a skill like playing a musical instrument it needs to be practiced & probably is something most effectively learned when young when the brain is most malleable.

Buddhists believe death is a transition to another state of existence, this agrees with Christianity & my own personal beliefs.

I haven't read many Buddhist books but the ones by the Dali Lama are generally narrated by authors who run around with him & have a tendency to tape every utterance out of his mouth as if it was insightful & commit it to paper, parts of these books are good, parts bad however I suspect there are more insightful books on Buddhism than these, ask someone who knows.

13.6 Opinions on madness

Anorexia is probably form of madness, skinny people who think they are fat, maybe this form of madness is curable by anti psychotic drugs or hypnosis.

People who hear voices or have split personalities I believe are genuinely possessed, they appear to be inhabited by 2 consciousnesses, drugs only cure the symptoms not the problem. I personally think they need to see a priest to exorcise their demons permanently. I have met tramps who live on the streets say things to me they should have no knowledge of, I believe they were possessed.

In Burgerhospital I believe I was in a room with somebody who was so out of their mind they were in mine, he knew what I was thinking & verbalizing it with his groans. I admit this however may have just be a feeling like deja vu & when I was high driving my car around while high I felt that the songs on the tape recorder & radio were exactly indicative of my mood, maybe my mood while high just followed the songs on the tape recorder & radio.

Chapter 14

The Science Bit

14.1 Where science fact is at compared to science fiction

The Internet is the greatest accelerator in the progression of individuals acquiring knowledge since the invention of the printing press yet it was never envisaged by popular science fiction writers. Sooner or later school will become obsolete & people will be acquiring & distributing all their knowledge via the Internet. The biggest problem won't be quantity of knowledge available it will be quality. It will be interesting to see how "google answers" progresses.

No science fiction writer could have even conceived the atomic bomb in the 1920's one can only begin to imagine what fruits of science God or the Devil will put mans way in the future. The communications satellite has wildly exceeded Arthur C. Clarke's 1948 groundbreaking expectations owing to miniaturization in electronics & this occurred only 16 years after his initial prediction of it.

My Nokia 3650 mobile phone is nearly 3 years old & has more features than a Star Trek communicator.

Phasers with stun settings from Star Trek exist, soldiers will soon be guarding nuclear power installations in the U.S. have them see <http://www.vnunet.com/vnunet/news/2139292/aims-star-trek-ray-guns-nuclear> for more info.

Lasers which can shoot missiles out of the sky exist see <http://www>.

smh.com.au/articles/2003/02/14/1044927802198.html for more info.

Universal translators like on Star Trek exist, I can read the on-line version of the Stuttgarter Zeitung paper in English with them, have a look at <http://www.av.com> translate, otherwise known as babelfish, google has a similar translator.

Common PC's now have speech recognition capabilities.

Space travel is where we are falling way behind Star Trek so here is where I wish to push the boundaries, I am not an expert in rocket science. Maybe the current space travel technologies have matured & a quantum leap in technology, something better than rocket propulsion is needed for things to progress further. Maybe space travel is not getting any better in the same way as Moores law has stopped applying to increasing computer speeds which are no longer doubling every 18 months. Rocket propulsion technology progression has may have flatlined in the same way as steam powered locomotive technology flatlined in the 1900's. Assuming this is not the case I present the following proposal.

14.2 Going to Mars, the future of space travel

Space Travel & Aviation is where we aren't keeping up with science fiction & most definitely not improved much in the last 40 years. Everybody thinks going to Mars & back is much harder than going to the Moon. There is one critical difference which makes it in some ways easier, Mars has an atmosphere, jet engines will work there. The downside is that the gravity on Mars is higher than the Moon's the Moons gravity is about 16% of Earth's, Martian gravity is around 38% that of Earth's & its escape velocity is about 45% that of Earth's at 11250 miles an hour. The little Eagle Module was enough to get off the Moon probably a 2 stage rocket would be needed to get off Mars, this would be nearly impossible to land on Mars & this kind of payload would require something larger than a Saturn V to carry it to Mars & it probably is impossible to make using liquid propulsion.

Feynman first introduced the Rodger Ramjet idea of using an atomic powered jet plane high in the Earth's atmosphere where

it is very thin to reach escape velocity & slingshot to the planets. Atomic rockets are not new, during the Rover/NERVA (Nuclear Engine for Rocket Vehicle Application) nuclear rocket programs from 1955 until the program was stopped in 1973 a total of 20 rocket reactors were built & tested underground. Currently the best chemical scramjets like NASA's X-43A Scramjet http://www.nasa.gov/missions/research/x43_schedule.html can do Mach 9.8, or 7,000MPH, this is already quite close to Mars's escape velocity & fly to about 110,000 feet. To go to the planets by scramjet we need a craft that will reach Earth's escape velocity, around 25,000MPH, to do this I suggest a hybrid atomic scramjet/rocket engine. When the engine starts going initially it is a rocket & it gradually changes from a rocket to a scramjet as it picks up speed, for the remainder of the document I am going to use the term scramjet to mean a rocket/scramjet hybrid. The great thing about an atomic scramjet is that it has almost no theoretical upper speed limit except for the speed of light (I researched this fact quite a lot) & design limitations because it has to carry no propellant with it while in jet mode. The atomic jet idea was dumped because of it's environmental fallout in the atmosphere not to mention in the crew compartment when it was realized that atomic energy causes cancer. Hopefully fear of environmental fallout will change when curing cancer will become easier in the near future, see Cures for cancer topic below. The radiation in the crew compartment is the greatest risk of all, this can be minimized by moving the crew compartment as far away from the radioactive core as possible & putting a "shadow" shield as near as possible to the core which creates a radiation "shadow" around the crew compartment which prevents neutrons, gamma rays & other radiation from entering the crew compartment from the reactor core, This shadow shield will add a lot of weight to the craft putting the propellant tank in the way also will reduce the radiation risk to the crew further. Because it probably would be a huge lump of lead, I personally hate the idea of a shadow shield & if anyone has a more innovative idea I am all ears. Ideally the scramjet should be using fusion as this is environmentally friendly but this probably will be impossible for another 50 years.

The "Greenpeace friendly" & technically easier but more expensive approach would be to use a Saturn V to carry the atomic

scramjet to Mars (this of course is only environmentally cleaner if the Saturn V doesn't explode so for safety it would be best to choose some remote desert like the Sahara), seeing as the atomic scramjet would now only have to work in Mars's atmosphere & not have to work in Earth's it would be easier to design. If Greenpeace allows a halfway house & allows the atomic scramjet operate high in the earths atmosphere it could be piggybacked up by either the American U2 spy plane, a B52 or something bigger but similar to scaled composites/Virgin Galactic's Spaceship One launch vehicle provided it is powerful enough. According to TM-1998-208834-REV1.pdf (see below) A small nuclear thermal rocket or NTR (& therefore a scramjet) would only use up around 10g of enriched U-235 to leave the Earths atmosphere at 25,000MPH, seeing that an atomic bomb like the one that exploded in Hiroshima used around 11Kg of enriched U-235, the amount of fallout generated by an atomic scramjet would only be less that 0.1% of the fallout generated by an atomic bomb. If the plane can only go at 25,000MPH it will 8 weeks to go to Mars, anyone locked up in a tin can for this period of time would go obviously go insane, therefore I believe the realistic speed/sanity sweet spot is at 100,000MPH, obviously a lot of work needs to be done on scramjets to achieve this goal. Maybe submarine crew would be able to shift this sweet spot a little as they would be used to being locked up in a confined space. Going at 100,000MPH would use 16 times more fuel or 160g of U-235 in the Earths atmosphere because $Energy = Mass \times Velocity^2$ of course a chemical rocket if it could go that fast would also have to burn 16 times as much fuel, but I believe it can't go that fast anyway.

To take off in the Martian atmosphere would be more difficult that Earth's because the atmospheric pressure is 6.1MB (about 1/150th that of Earth). This means a lot of speed would need to be picked up before the scramjet in jet mode & aerodynamics work. Maybe aerodynamic surfaces like wings should be avoided altogether on some crafts if the weight impact isn't offset by the usefulness of them. I would suspect that the scramjet would need to reach somewhere between 5,000 & 15,000 miles an hour before it can switch fully from rocket mode to scramjet mode. Because the Martian atmosphere is so thin an adjustable funnel which can open very wide at low speeds might be useful so that the scramjet can operate in jet mode at lower speeds. The great thing about an

atomic scramjet is it needs to carry no propellant except for the bit of propellant to operate start off while in rocket mode. It should be easy to get a unmanned small manless scramjet Mars for initial testing, an average sized rocket should do.

A very sensitive long range radar & an autopilot with the ability to make minute course adjustments under computer control may be needed to avoid space debris which would be lethal at such high speeds,

I would like the ship to be made as much as possible from one solid piece of material & be flexible enough change shape naturally as aerodynamic stresses are applied to it. I personally don't like things that vibrate vibrations typically cause things to break, for moving parts I like things that go round & round like turbines, they don't break much.

For manless space probes hopefully no or not much of a shadow shield will be needed provided the electronics are fault tolerant to radiation. This opens the possibility of a space probe going to Mars first, then slingshotting inside the Martian atmosphere where the environmentalists won't be giving out about fallout to a large percentage of the speed of light & heading off to Alpha Centuari, this is possible with an atomic scramjet engine. The difficult bit which I haven't figured out is how to slow down the probe from the speed of light once it gets there if there are no planets with atmosphere's nearby of which there are none around Alpha Centuari, The atomic core could power a powerful radio transmitter which would send back data to earth 4.31 years after arriving there. If a probe cannot transmit receivable data over that great distance maybe the scramjet plane could get close enough into the edge of Alpha Centurai's atmosphere to slingshot around the star & return to the solar system without burning up. A test flight around the Sun could be done first to check if the idea works.

Videos of Alien abductions is the place to look for ideas for space-ships. The more observant people will describe their experiences accurately. An interesting concept from a video I watched points the future for materials science, the materials blended into each other without joints. Anybody who watch "Das boot" knows that

rivets pop in World War II U-Boats at 250 meters & glued Space Shuttle heat shield tiles keep falling off not to mention O rings which caused the 1984 Challenger space shuttle disaster, Joints are from an engineering point of view are bad ideas.

Dynamic blends of material need to be made, blending smoothly into each other, I suggest making alloys/dynamic blends of titanium, carbon fiber, plastic, glass, fiberglass & the ceramics in space shuttle heat shields.

To prevent loss of life the initial prototypes will be radio controlled & I hope John Mc Carmac would be interested in writing the autopilot software to land the spaceship on Mars. Owing to fifteen minute delays caused by radio waves getting to Mars & back the distance from Earth would be too far to land by remote control I also would hope that Scaled Composites could be made interested.

More propellant can be accumulated in the propellant tank while flying by taking in some from the air intake of the scramjet before leaving the atmosphere or else if this is impossible fill the scramjet with propellant while on the ground, if travelling fast enough there may be enough gas in the vacuum of space to keep the scramjet going in jet mode at least some of the time, I've read that there is only 1 atom per cubic centimeter in interstellar space, this isn't going to be much good to us, hopefully there is more in the solar system.

If some of the scramjet is made in Russia maybe the Uranium 235 or Plutonium in some of the decommissioned nuclear warheads can be used as fuel for the scramjets. A parachute would make a good airbrake I would suggest making the parachute in the scramjet plane out of a strong metal capable of standing high temperatures & possibly with hinges so it naturally packs away neatly, but maybe a metal fabric is better. An alternate method of braking in space would be to turn the plane around 180 degrees & fire the rocket this could slow the ship down by around 10,000 miles an hour but not more as the rocket will run out of propellant, this also cannot be done in the atmosphere because the flames would be blown onto the ship & destroy it. The ship I believe would need a protective

magnetic field to prevent cosmic rays once we get outside the Val Allen Belt.

This is the end of my proposal, if it is possible the trip to Mars should only cost only a tiny fraction of the trip to the Moon. My scramjet to Mars idea got a reality check from Bryan an atomic rocket scientist from NASA with whom I had contact via email, I owe you a pint, thanks to Bryan I got to my research into going to Mars further than I could have ever done myself.

Firstly the most interesting shootdowns of my ideas by Bryan: Using the scramjet to reach the stars & even Mars. If you fly at high speed (beyond orbital velocities) in an atmosphere, aircraft tend to melt, unless they use extreme measures for thermal protection. The temperatures of the aircraft skin can reach amazing levels. :) Hence we use ablative heat shield when spaceship return from the Moon, etc. Those vehicles have with initial velocities entering the atmosphere of 25,000 MPH, and due to drag, they slow down quickly. So, travelling at VERY high speed in the atmosphere, let alone the speed of light, is rather impractical. :) This is a BIG understatement.

I have since found out that the Concorde at just Mach 2 heats up to 260 Fahrenheit (hotter than boiling water) & it also expands a couple of feet in length. A doubling of speed at the same height above sea level will cause a fourfold increase in temperature in the hull of the craft, to avoid this as we pick up speed we will go higher. Because the relative concentration of gases vary as we go up in height doing an accurate calculation on the density of gases a little involved e.g. hydrogen is nearly as dense in the atmosphere at 80km as it is on the Earth's surface while oxygen is practically non existent at 80km. Using Boltzmann's law & simplifying greatly by assuming the atmosphere is pure oxygen, for every 20km in height we go up we get about a fourfold decrease in the density of oxygen. So ideally we would need to gain around 20km in height for every doubling in speed so that only quarter of the amount of gas will be hitting the planes hull & so equalizing the quadrupling in heat at the same height. How high the scramjet can go & keep increasing in speed will dictate the feasibility of going to Mars. Nerds, here are the topics Bryan recommends you study to get around these

limitations: Hypersonic Aerodynamics, High Speed Gas Dynamics & Reentry Flow Physics.

Here is Bryan's second shutdown. We cannot get humans to Mars or to the nearest star with existing technology. The NTR work will require many years of development. I personally am not too interested in an nuclear thermal rockets I want an atomic scramjet.

Here is Bryan's third shutdown which to me from my reading going to Mars is possible by scramjet if:

- 1) The plane could reach escape velocity without burning up, hopefully some aerodynamics genius can figure out this problem, it's a biggie unless we can get the plane to operate efficiently very high in the atmosphere.
- 2) Can be made to operate in both atmospheres & equipment on the plane needed to scoop up the propellant & store it in a compact form could be made, this doesn't sound impossible to me.
- 3) The shadow shield can be made a realistic weight.

Your suggested ideas really need a LOT more refinement... The ramjet idea will fly in the atmosphere of Earth or Mars, but you still need to have propellants to get to Mars, and that is a LOT of propellant.... Please see the papers on NTR for a general idea...

Scooping all of that propellant out of the atmosphere and processing it into something usable for the interplanetary flight requires a pretty massive and complex system...

It is much simpler using a "traditional" NTR.

Below are similar NASA proposals Bryan pointed me at. They are detailed & interesting.

Proposal Title Exploration of Jovian Atmosphere Using Nuclear Ramjet Flyer

Principal Investigator Maise, George

<http://www.niac.usra.edu/studies/study.jsp?id=510&cpnum=00-01&phase=II&last=Maise&first=George&middle=&title=Exploration%20o>

f%20Jovian%20Atmosphere%20Using%20Nuclear%20Ramjet%20Flyer&organization=Plus%20Ultra%20Technologies,%20Inc.&begin_date=2001-03-01%2000:00:00.0&end_date=2003-01-31%2000:00:00.0

The Mars nuclear airplane is discussed here:

Principal Investigator Powell, James

http://www.niac.usra.edu/studies/study.jsp?id=424&cpnum=99-03&phase=I&last=Powell&first=James&middle=&title=Development%20of%20Self-Sustaining%20Mars%20Colonies%20Utilizing%20the%20North%20Polar%20Cap%20and%20the%20Martian%20Atmosphere&organization=Plus%20Ultra%20Technologies,%20Inc.&begin_date=2000-05-01%2000:00:00.0&end_date=2000-10-31%2000:00:00.0

These two links can be got to by going to <http://www.niac.usra.edu> & searching using the authors name. **Vehicle and Mission Design Options for the Human Exploration of Mars/Phobos**

Using "Bimodal" NTR and LANTR Propulsion

AUTHOR(S): Stanley K. Borowski, Leonard A. Dudzinski, and Melissa L. McGuire

<http://gltrs.grc.nasa.gov/reports/2002/TM-1998-208834-REV1.pdf>

High Power Nuclear Electric Propulsion (NEP) for Cargo and Propellant Transfer Missions in Cislunar Space

AUTHOR(S) Robert D. Falck and Stanley K. Borowski

<http://gltrs.grc.nasa.gov/reports/2003/TM-2003-212227.pdf> **Here is Buzz Aldrin's roadmap to Mars**

<http://www.popularmechanics.com/science/space/2076326.html>

Below are some links to project Daedalus A 50,000 ton interstellar vehicle that is built in orbit about Jupiter, and fueled from it's atmosphere.

<http://www.daviddarling.info/encyclopedia/D/Daedalus.html>

<http://www.geocities.com/TelevisionCity/2049/DAEDALUS.HTM>

Here is Bryan's reply with respect to how big a shadow shield needs to be.

The NTR papers discuss the mass of the shield for human crews. :) It is about the same for robotic missions. Robotic missions still need shielding to protect the science instruments and other subsystems and the shield prevents the instruments from picking up radiation created by the spacecraft that might interfere with sensitive measurements in outer space.

Shield mass scaling.

http://www.fas.org/nuke/space/c07sei_2.htm

The reason the space race to the Moon happened was that John F. Kennedy suggested it & he had the clout to throw tons of money at the idea national pride, fear of them damn commies & space supremacy got involved to generate the space race, However I assume he never would have set such a bold goal without talking to a few rocket scientists who told him it was a realistic goal, then again maybe he was a prize bs artist who got away with it. The reply I received from Virgin Galactic about going to Mars is below.

Subject: RE: Any interest in going to Mars?

Date: Mon, 21 Nov 2005 17:11:03 -0000

From:virgingalactic@virgin.com

Dear DJ

Thanks for your email.

We're still at the early stages of the project and very much focusing all of our resources on getting it off the ground, so at this stage Mars is a long way off.

Thanks so much for thinking of us and who knows, one day ...

Kind regards

The Team
Virgin Galactic

By the time Virgin Galactic starts operating commercially it will be 50 years since the first man Yuri Gagarin went into space & they won't even be going as high. They certainly are not boldly going where no man has gone before even commercially, they are doing nothing new except making a hop to the edge of space relatively cheap, or a very expensive rollercoaster ride which accomplishes nothing whatever way you look at it, a weather balloon can go nearly as high. Richard Branson, Burt Rutan & the rest of the Virgin Galactic team should dream harder & try to live up to their name. A private company that is dreaming harder is Blue Origin www.blueorigin.com which wants to put space stations in orbit, Jeff Bezos the owner of Amazon the online bookstore is the main man behind it & they are looking for people jobs@blueorigin.com.

From reading Bryan's expert reply I think that getting to Mars by scramjet or something else is possible in a 3 to 5 years if we put our mind to it & the environmentalists don't kick up , if it was a wartime situation it could be done even quicker, nothing progresses technologies like war, one of it's very few benefits. I personally would like to see a leg of Live Aid 2 held on Mars, it would be a "one great leap for Mankind" cultural event. I personally suggest that you email virgingalactic@virgin.com & sweettalk them until Richard Branson, Burt Rutan & the others start listening to give serious consideration about going to Mars using my suggestions & the better researched suggestions in the the proposals provided by NASA & others to make this happen. Exploration of space needs to continue & it might be necessary for private enterprise to take over from government agencies. There are a lot of small private enterprise companies trying for space they need to start working together if they plan to accomplish anything serious.

Rockets have their limitations, the alternative of riding the shock-waves created by small atomic explosions as put forward in Project Daedalus & Project Orion is technically awkward & to me has suggests that "if the only tool you have is a hammer everything looks like a nail" The only clean quantum leap that I can see in the distant future in terms of technology if it exists & proves suitable is to harness dark energy, even scientists don't really know what it is so my ideas here are pure conjecture. Dark energy is the hypothetical energy source with anti gravity characteristics which is believed to

be causing the expansion of the Universe. This I suspect would be very hard to extract from the Universe so a means to manufacture it would probably need to be devised. Dark matter would complement rocket propulsion not replace it, hopefully it would reduce a ships inertial mass as well as it's gravitational mass making the ship easier to accelerate.

If the Russians were enterprising enough to take a space tourist up they will gladly go with this project if they get funding. Other people who would be able to help make Live Aid 2 from Mars a reality, Bob Geldof, Bono, Eddie Jordan handling Advertising, Michael O' Leary handling Financing.

14.3 Space elevators

A space elevator is an elevator whose cable is in geostationary orbit around the planet when it is built which may be as soon as 25 years time it will be a cheap way of launching objects into space. Obviously there are some severe technical hurdles to overcome like making the cable strong enough, carbon nanotubes are one possibility. What happens if some small fast moving projectile in outer space collides with the cable of the space elevator ?, here is my suggestion. Make the elevator cable flexible & put small retrorockets every kilometer on them to move the cables out of the way if some space debris is on a collision course with them. I think the space elevator would only be good for launching probes & satellites nobody wants a 22,000 mile trip on a "Greyhound bus" going at 60 miles an hour, is it really possible to make a space elevator go much faster than this?, I'd suspect Arthur C. Clarke wants the elevators to do around 2000 miles an hour. The space elevator also should have 2 tracks 1 up 1 down & the carriages switch over on the track when they go to the top or the bottom, this would allow loads of carriages to go up & down simultaneously.

14.4 Matter antimatter energy

If you think Nuclear Energy is powerful, compared to matter antimatter energy it is very inefficient. Matter antimatter energy makes 100% efficient use of Einsteins $E = mc^2$ equation. At present

it is very difficult to get ones hands on antimatter because it reacts instantaneously with matter; we can only generate about few thousand atomic sized antimatter particles at a time in Particle accelerators like the ones in CERN at the Swiss French Border. We would need to go to a very special place in the Universe to find this stuff existing in abundance. An antimatter bomb would have 0Kg critical mass, it would probably be undetectable, no radiation.

14.5 Making an atomic bomb

This is very difficult to do even if you can get your hands on 11kg of Uranium (it's critical mass). The difficult bit is as you try to push 11kg of Uranium together it tries to blow apart as it is beginning to explode. The most likely weapon a terrorist would try to make is a dirty bomb, a normal bomb wrapped in a dirty radioactive material which the blows the radioactive material over an area.

14.6 SNAP batteries

I did a bit of research to find out why they still use heavy primitive technologies like lead acid batteries in electric cars & those awful over complications of hybrid cars like the Toyota Prius. Why not SNAP (Space Nuclear Auxiliary Power) batteries. These are atomic batteries typically used to power satellites, they work by converting the heat generated when a radioactive substance decays into heat. They are so safe they can even be used in heart pacemakers. They can generate 30 Watts per KG this means the battery for a 10 horsepower car would be 250Kg, damn I thought it would be much better than that, it's nearly as bad as a lead acid battery but I've got an idea, you only need a lot of power when going up a hill or accelerating this is at most only for a few minutes, 1 horsepower is quite adequate most of the time, this reduces the battery weight to 25Kg & the SNAP battery can charge up a high wattage lithium ion battery or a capacitor for when extra power is needed. The main advantage of SNAP batteries lasts around 150 years before it got half discharged. Also Plutonium 238 need to make the batteries costs around \$700 a gram... expensive. To make an ideal SNAP battery for high power usage we need a source of alpha particles with a shorter half life than 150 years

which doesn't decay into anything too dirty (10 years is my idea of an ideal figure, longer if this generates too much heat). The hard part is if it's half life if its only 10 years it will be very rare naturally so it will need to be made artificially, in a nuclear reactor possibly & ideally can be made cheaply which it probably can't.

14.7 Walking on water

It should be possible to walk on water like Jesus did or more precisely run on water. Lizards do it all the time. All thats needed is some fluid dynamics engineer to design flippers to do this feat, I suspect it will be the biggest fad since the Rubik cube.

14.8 Opencyc & the future of robotics

This is a project to give computers common sense <http://www.opencyc.org> in my opinion this project shouldn't be using plain English. It should be using a hybrid language based on Latin (an old very "mathematical" language) & Esperanto (it takes two hours to learn the grammar), to enhance understanding no words should have multiple meanings, nothing irregular or special cases & all words should sound different to enhance speech recognition. Also objects should be described physically & unambiguously. Having a unambiguous language will mean Politicians can no longer twist words & corny jokes will be eradicated from the face of the Earth.

Opencyc should also be programmed with a knowledge of physics & chemistry & able to simulate real life events in software so it can make more intelligent judgments than people, it should know various things like the periodic table of elements, formulae for the boiling points of various substances at various pressures, melting points, half lifes of radioactive substances & how they decay all the way down to less important statistics like the watts generated per KG of various radioactive elements. If you think this is hard have a look at various maths packages like Derive from Texas Instruments & Mathematica these are better at Maths than most of the Mathematicians I know though they wouldn't like to admit it. I think that Opencyc will never make it to having full common sense & probably will be a perpetual work in progress.

I think it would be much better off as a tracked robot, I hate robots that walk, it is human egomania & vanity that nature is able to do better control engineering balancing an unstable object than engineers, people also have the advantage of common sense so they know when they have to be careful, the only reason we got legs instead of tracks is that you can't grow skin over tracks.

Robots will at least not in the near future be able to negotiate in the real world using image processing alone. Humans can do it because of familiarity with objects & common sense, robots at the moment should be considered in the same league as 8 month old children when it comes common sense & getting around. Robots will need all the help they can get, using normal or a ultrasonic radar as well as image processing will help. It also would be useful if a mechanism for detecting the difference between solid & liquids could be devised so that accidents like going into water & sinking can be avoided, maybe the robot should be made amphibious too so that this is less of a problem. Detailed maps of places where the robot is allowed to visit including hazards should be given to the robot as a 3D vector map, the robot can be taught to recognize objects like chairs which can be moved so the robot can cope with small changes in its environment. Nature designs creatures so that they themselves survive & the species themselves survive, eyes are optimized to see light of wavelengths most useful to the creature which has them. The robot's design has to be such that it survives, it should be easily upgradeable & repairable. It should also be able to back up all that it has learned & be able to download it to new robots. Everything the robot learns well should be kept in a single archive so that the most useful software can be downloaded to new robots, this is equivalent to humans going to school except much faster.

Highly directional microphones will help improve speech recognition in noisy environments.

Owing to having a more hard wired brain Animals have a severe head start on us at a conscious level when they are born, it is called instinct, humans catch up when they reach about two years old. This suggests to me in the long run the robot would be expected to

learn more than is programmed into it if it is to become competitive with a human when it comes to intelligence.

Has Opencyc tried Turing test to see if it behaves lifelike? What would neural nets be most useful for in the Opencyc robot?

Interoperability between modules (i.e. speech recognition, speech generation, Opencyc, Mathematica, derive image processing) is very important I don't like Corba but it is necessary to hitch up the all these software packages.

Wisdoms from writing Opencyc should be written down in a book, what you did right what you did wrong, what are opencyc's weaknesses & why & distributed like my book so the next generation attempt can be started by some other enthusiastic lot.

How about GPS based route planning software be used so it can travel independently between different places. When Galileo the European alternative of GPS comes into operation the robot will be able to locate itself to the nearest centimeter, this will make travelling around for the robot much easier even in constrained areas, it would even be able to travel on a road or a footpath blind provided no obstacles are moved into it's path. I suspect GPS will be forced to become more accurate owing to competition from Galileo.

A CD/DVD jukebox would be a good idea. There are a few good Japanese developers making robots that try to mimic humans a bit too much, get the ones doing potentially useful things. The robot I am considering doesn't have a smiley or surprised face yet & if it does it is only software that renders on a computer monitor when absolutely needed, this screen will be of a lot of use for other things too a picture can tell 1000 words.

The machine will be able to run For the moment Linux,MacOSX & Windows simultaneously probably have 3 processors. I want every bit of useful best of breed software on the planet able to run on it & all the programmers on the project can play to their strengths rather than having to learn a new operating system.

Theorem provers will be useful, so will wifi, Ethernet & dial up phone jacks. The computer will have full email & web access, any question the operator asks that the computer doesn't know the answers for the Opencyc robot will put a reward chosen by the person asking the question on google answers for it & have its own credit card & paypal account.

There is an interesting piece of software called Alice. <http://www.alicebot.org> which is a piece of software which makes humanlike smalltalk, this may be useful to give Opencyc a personality.

A robot in my opinion will never gain understanding however computer proofs are becoming I also believe humans can make very few discoveries completely independently of other humans. Even Einstein based his work on that of Planck, Maxwell & Lorentz. Bohr also acted as a devils advocate for him. Computers gradually will help scientists make new discoveries & should be credited for them.

Opencyc should use the babelfish language translation engine or similar including webpage translation & a new simplified English, Esperanto, Latin which will be Opencyc's native tongue. We will get MS Words Grammar Engine developer & tap him for his wisdoms on language development also the developers of babelfish for advise on simplified English. Web access from www.weather.com & map24.com will be useful. Facial Recognition & face emotion & body language recognition software will also be important so the software can work out if something is wrong with people. My project fundamental should also be part of Opencyc.

14.9 The tower of Babel

The proliferation of languages overcomplicated everything & held up the development of science from the Greek heydays around 500BC till the medieval ages & the printing press got going. The Greek philosophers, scientists & mathematicians all had it easy they all just spoke... Greek, they had to waste no time & energy learning extra languages. Another serious setback which stopped progress in science was the burning of the library in Alexandria

around 700AD, this probably removed half the body of knowledge in the world at the time, as any good computer engineer knows always make backups. The poor philosophers, scientists & mathematicians in the medieval days needed around 5 languages, the poor philosopher, scientist or mathematician who had no aptitude for languages could get nowhere as he couldn't understand the books. I personally despite having an electronics degree find modern mathematical documentation hieroglyphic & nearly impossible to understand, has anybody ever thought of doing away with some of it. Or at least do two versions of every book one concise one for people who can deal with mathematic hieroglyphs one for people who can't or else somebody invest some energy to make maths easier for people with problems with languages.

People interested in science & mathematics should have the option of opting out of learning languages beyond internationally agreed basics & people interested in Culture should have the option of opting out of Science & Mathematics except for the basics. Why do school curriculums insist on ramming stuff down students throats that they have no interest in?, let the kids do what they want. If everybody in the world learned this simple Latin/Esperanto hybrid language we could all communicate with each other & with the Opencyc robot machine.

14.10 Is Maths beautiful enough as it is?

Maths is beautiful enough, I like hypotheses, they are right most of the time & this is good enough, they should be put into Mathematics software & checks put in so they can be automatically dealt with when they go wrong. Physics & programmers have been dealing with an inexact science for years mathematicians should do likewise. Godel's undecidability theorem basically states that not all things true in mathematics can be proved using mathematics, it is like a bishop on a chessboard not being able to get to all the squares. Hypotheses which have passed the test of time & not been proven false have to be assumed as more or less correct, stop wasting time & start going with them mathematicians.

The Andrew Wiles who cracked Fermat's last theorem wasted a lot of time on something that everybody in their right mind knew

was true for 500 years. If he didn't invent new maths for his efforts they would have been wasted.

14.11 Nanotechnology

Nanotechnology is Biology, God invented it billions of years ago, stop reinventing the wheel, Integrated circuits aside Richard Feynman made a blooper on his "visionary speech" when he started this ball rolling.

14.12 Cures for cancer

Some cancers can be cured by a virus, see <http://www.oncolyticsbiotech.com> for more info, research on this has been ongoing since 1998 so it is hard to know if it will ever replace chemotherapy fully but I hope so. Surely this is the way to go as opposed to chemotherapy. How about some preventative medicine imagine if children were immunized against cancer before they got it or even having the virus put into the foodchain atomic power would become quite safe. Radiation causes more damage than just cancer the question I ask is this damage acceptable. It would also be worth researchers while to figure out why the animals living near Chernobyl are surviving & make use of the information.

14.13 The future of dentistry

I hate Dentists that pull teeth they are only trying to make you ugly, however getting your teeth cleaned by a dentist is great. Stem cell research is going places In two years time approximately you will be able to get teeth grown from stem cells which are implanted in your gums, see <http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/health/3679313.stm> <http://www.odontis.co.uk/> for more info.

14.14 Liquid breathing

Did you know that in some cases it is possible to breathe liquids without drowning? Newborn puppies can survive 54 minutes underwater while newborn rats can survive 40 minutes without ill

effects. Petrofluorochemicals (PFC's) can support fully grown mice & has been even used to treat human patient suffering from acute respiratory distress syndrome (ARDS). Surely more uses can be found for this technology. For more info have a look at the following websites. <http://www.crabbsac.org.uk/articles/A001.htm> & <http://www.ahsc.arizona.edu/opa/horizons/2000/fall/pg10.htm>

14.15 Environmental issues

If dumping is tidied up German style, landfills each specializing in one type of substance are the mines of the future, specialized dumps can be made environmentally friendly because there are only a few risks associated with each substance which can be overcome properly. An international web based freely accessible archive needs to be kept of what is dumped where & needs to be kept for future generations. Even the depleted nuclear waste from nuclear reactors like Sellafield kept under the Irish Sea may be of use to someone creative enough even now.

Most Environmentalists think wave energy being completely safe & environmentally friendly, however, as pointed out on slashdot recently this takes potential energy from the Moon which will eventually collide with Earth which might happen before the Sun runs out of fuel. I personally feel that environmentalists should go away & study science to at least the same degree as the scientists who they frequently rally against so they can at least argue their case intelligently, they are frequently overly conservative & don't trust the ability of the scientists who are trying their best to make a better world for everyone. Environmentalists, everybody fears the dark, if you are scared of the dark, what scientists are doing, learn what they are actually doing, get enlightened.

I personally am not into the prevention of rare species going extinct, I believe in survival of the fittest & see no problem as new species will come into existence to take the place of the old species that go extinct, its called evolution. An interesting argument made to me is that we humans are responsible for species going extinct as a result it is our responsibility to try to keep at least some of them alive, I personally still am not a conservationist at heart.

14.16 Getting rid of nuclear waste

Stop dropping nuclear waste at the bottom of the sea, why not drop it into volcanoes?, Nuclear waste is much denser than lava or magma & should sink to the centre of the earth where it is completely safe. I came across this idea in the BBC's Focus magazine of October 2005. But it was pointed out that this idea is dangerous. Who are they fooling?, what happens in 10,000 years when the cases no holding nuclear deposits at the bottom of the sea erode. I think the idea hasn't been tested & what we are dealing with here is fear of the unknown & like fear of the dark should be overcome by people in power to make these decisions. If people don't want to live near a volcano which is being used as a nuclear waste dump why are you living near a volcano in the first case, you are defying God anyway by never expecting the thing to blow, move to a safer place, live away from volcanoes. Likewise people who live near any other potential disaster zone wise up & stop defying God, he really doesn't want you living there. Mother Nature doesn't like being fought against & usually wins. Biodegradable plastic bags are terrible they fall to millions of bits if you use them to hold stuff in them for a few years & the mess they make needs to be vacuumed up, to be environmentally friendly things need to be made of high quality & as reusable as possible not the other way around. I would suspect however as soon as we finished dumping most of the nuclear waste into volcanoes we will find a very important use for it.

14.17 Can science explain everything?

I honestly believe it can't, but here are a few attempts to explain things scientifically which get swept under the carpet of science or dismissed completely by it as quackery because it usually fails when tested scientifically, maybe God just makes some things that way. God may be as much behind the illogical as well as the logical, if the World isn't logical then science is lost. God could have made the Universe obey any laws of physics he liked, he just allowed Galileo, Newton, Einstein & Feynman to be nearly right with their guesses about how the Universe really is at the moment.

Science can only explain things to a certain level, to every question you will always end up at a cul de sac if you keep asking why, let me give you an example.

Interrogator: Why did the woman fall on the ice?

Scientist: because it was slippy?

Interrogator: Why was it slippy? Scientist: Because near zero Celsius when ice is compressed the top layer turns to water. After one or two more questions like this the scientist will run out of answers.

Science is currently looking for a “Theory Of Everything”, a single law which will explain the four fundamental forces, weak, strong, electromagnetic, gravitation. Consciousness is a fundamental part of quantum physics & the Universe, in my opinion a Theory Of Everything is incomplete unless it explains consciousness.

14.17.1 My theory of how a bioenergy healing trick works

A friend of mine has an aunt who did some hocus pocus on him which gave him an almercyful pain in his stomach. My guess on how this works is the following. She charged up with static electricity by rubbing her feet on the floor. After doing this for a while she generated a few low frequency photons, an electromagnetic shockwave by pushing her hands quickly forward. This hit nerves on his skin near his stomach giving him an electric shock.

14.17.2 My theory of how water divining works

My brother James successfully did some water divining using a welding rod for a broken water mains. This I guess worked by dipoles in the water molecules being aligned & spiralling outwards at the leak, the copper pipe acted as a electromagnetic shield preventing water inside the pipe generating a magnetic field. The leak spiralling thus acted as a electromagnet attracting the welding rod with the magnetic field. Water spiralling inside a pipe which isn't shielded should be detectable, I cannot explain how water divining works with a rod made of wooden as this isn't attracted to magnetic fields.

14.17.3 Psychics

A psychic predicted to my mother that my grandmother would die within a year, I sincerely hope this wasn't a self fulfilling prophesy & my mother didn't tell my grandmother to scare her into having reduced resistance to cancer & giving up on life too easily.

Unfortunately most psychics are charlatans or people suffering from delusions about their powers. People go to them to be reassured that their future is rosy, they are selling hope.

God I suspect doesn't let psychics perform under the pressure of scientific skeptics, he wants people to have faith, God only gives psychic talents to modest people who don't blowhole about it & not to publicity seekers, most psychics can't tell their own fortunes. Uri Geller bends spoons which have metal fatigue from being strained before he goes on stage or similar with his fingers (it's miraculous sure Uri), he starts watches for a few percent of people who phone up whatever T.V. talkshow he is on by peoples hands heating up old dried up oil in the watches clockwork mechanism, this makes the oil less viscous & the watches start going again temporarily. Uri is popular because he is a handsome likable guy & a celebrity that annoys everybody, I believe he is a fake & bs artist, he just makes talkshows interesting, even I like him.

One time when testing my own psychic ability I correctly guessed Barry & Jack's birthdays, I had approximately a 1 in 365x365 chance of doing this, however it is possible that Barry was bs'ing me that I got his & Jack's birthday correct, Barry may possibly have told me his birthday previously & my subconscious recalled it, but I think this is unlikely.

Chapter 15

The nerds Bookshelf & web bookmarks

Feynman's Lectures on physics, These were published in 1965 & are the physics books that will be used in the leaving cert in Ireland, high school in the US, A levels in England when Star Trek is a reality. Hopefully people in charge of school curriculum will take my advise & make this a reality now, they should be used when the students are 14 till they are 19 as a subject taught an hour a day they take about 3 years to learn in school. I was 30 when I discovered these books, if I discovered them at 10 I would have been a child prodigy, the value of them cannot be overestimated. Feynman's books were so good because he was unselfish with his knowledge & made sure that he wasn't trying to baffle anyone with BS. You can buy them at <http://www.amazon.com> For anecdotes about Feynman goto <http://www.google.com> & search for the Feynman Webring.

The art of computer programming by Donald Knuth Classics if you want to learn to write computer programs again <http://www.amazon.com>

For operating system design read Operating Systems Design and Implementation by Andrew S Tanenbaum this is where Linus Torvalds got his initial ideas for Linux.

Q is for quantum an excellent book by John Gribbin

Introducing quantum Theory by J.P Mc Evoy & Oscar Zarate
A good guide to the history & development of quantum physics

Asimov's guide to science by Issac Asimov Gentle introduction
to science with a very extensive introduction to biology, Asimov's
specialty.

Quantum Physics by Stephen Gasiorwicz, hot Feynman style
book .

A Unified Grand Tour of Theoretical Physics by Ian D. Lawrie
just a tiny bit beyond me at the moment.

Quantum Field Theory by Aron Zee only for geniuses at mathe-
matics like Dirac it's away beyond me at the moment, prerequisites
knowledge of Hilbert Spaces, Lagrangian's & Hamiltonians.

Chemistry for Today published by Folens is good.

Guide to LATEX by Helmut Kopka & Patrick W. Daly useful
book for typesetting & writing your own book on a computer.

Control Engineering by W.Bolton good for everything from a
rocket scientist to an electronics engineer.

Books by John D. Barrow my distant cousin Theories of Every-
thing & The constants of physics.

The Selfish Gene by Richard Dawkins excellent book which give
insights to why creatures behave they way they do in order that
their genes survive.

Politics:

Stupid white men by Michael Moore entertaining book about
how messed up America really is especially since Bush became
president.

The new rulers of the world by John Pilgner An insightful book about the problems in Iraq, globalization & the little spoken about problems of racism against the aborigine people in Australia.

Books on power:

The Art of War by Tsun Tsu, The Art of the Advantage 36 Strategies to Seize the Competitive Edge by Kaihan Krippendorf, The 48 Laws of Power by Robert Greene & Joost Eleffers, The Art of Seduction by Robert Greene.

Book on success by being content with what you have:

Awareness by Anthony De Mello It covers topics like brainwashing towards craving the American dream & how to overcome desires like this. It also encourages complete independence from other people & not to care what other people think, this advise is correct for some people but as my cousin pointed out it justifies selfishness & my cousin knows people have turned into bigger assholes after reading this book, one mans meat is another mans poison, all the advise in the book is not for everyone.

Magazines:

Homes Worldwide the definitive guide to buying homes abroad. It has a very useful section at the end which provides legal info to buying a house in each country & websites to check.

Focus Magazine, slashdot on paper very good.

Scientific American & Nature.

Dr. Dobbs Journal, The best all rounder for programmers.

Websites:

<http://www.av.com> click on translate for your Universal translator. This can translate the online copy Stuttgarter Zeitung newspaper to English for me.

<http://www.suse.com> install Linux on your PC Stop wasting money on Microsoft Products. Alternatively run GPL Software on your Windows using Cygwin.

<http://www.slashdot.org> News for nerds.

<http://www.darwinawards.com> if you like this book you'll love this, it explores some of the stupid side of human nature.

<http://www.theregister.co.uk> Biting the hands that feed IT.

<http://www.freshmeat.net> Interesting free software

<http://www.lwn.net> For Linux news.

<http://www.dilbert.com> nerds comedy

<http://www.paulgraham.com/nerds.html> Paul Graham's views why nerds are unpopular, everybody is jealous of their brains?

<http://www.pbs.org/nerds/> Robert X. Cringely's website author of Triumph of the nerds & Accidental Empires

For more interesting links go to <http://www.ariasoft.ie/bookmarks.html>

Chapter 16

Projects

My software & hardware projects are available on my website at <http://www.ariasoft.ie/gplcontributions.html> there are projects there which should be of interest to people trying to crack RSA & people with an interest in electronics. I will only waste space in this book on my most special project Fundamental.

16.1 Fundamental

God is the “best programmer in the business” he his masterpiece being the human brain. Fundamental is my masterpiece & I think God wants me to give away, it is fantastic but I cannot find any use for it by giving it away I don’t care what happens as long as it’s good. Fundamental is a Stradivarius looking for Vivaldi or Paganini to play it. It may be of use in Mathematics, Chemistry, Physics & Economics for Modeling data without a known formula. The program could be enhanced to do automatic algorithm generation using an open source forth language engine like Paflof or else Java bytecode. however it will be about 20 years before computation speeds will make this possible. Here is a description of what it how it works & what it currently does.

Fundamental internally uses reverse polish notation algorithm to search a solution space for a unknown formula which fits test data supplied, it can search for formulas for sequences of numbers as well as relationships between constants. To date it was successfully able to find the following by a brute force solution space search for...

A the maclaurin/taylor series for $e(x)$.

An estimate formula for the n th prime.

Design an n bit adder using only boolean logic.

It could have found out that

$\sqrt{\text{permeabilityofmaterial} * \text{permittivityofmaterial}} = \text{speedoflight}$ (one of Maxwell's equations)

It could have found the formula for the Balmier lines in the hydrogen spectrum.

The Miraculous Bailey-Borwein-Plouffe Pi Algorithm was found by a similar program.

Example:

When set up properly you can enter a sequence like

5,8,11,14,17 as follows

fundamental -h 5 -m 5 -i 5 5 8 11 14 17

Setting -h to 5 sets the maximum integer in the solution space to 5.

Setting -m to 5 sets the stack depth or the maximum complexity of the sum to 5 terms.

Setting -i to 5 tells fundamental that there are 5 terms following which contain the sequence.

The output of the testrun is:

5 3 n[0] * +

(5 + (3 * n[0]))

5 -3 -n[0] * +

(5 + (-3 * -n[0]))

So the sequence formula is $5+(3 \times n)$ n being an integer.

Chapter 17

Job offers

I am going to fulfill my destiny & start my own tribe, if you are interested in joining it or hiring some of my tribe have a look at my website.

<http://www.ariasoft.ie/joboffers.html>