

# Am I too juvenile for love?

**I** THINK it was Marlon Brando, who, when asked about the women to whom he had made love, replied: 'I can't talk about something I know nothing about.' I guess there wasn't much love made. I'm not comparing myself to Brando, but having not had a steady girlfriend recently, I'm not sure if I should really comment on relationships at all.

I'm 42 and I have a friend who is a girl and she's a little older than me. She was happily married (sadly, her husband passed away a few years ago), and so she knows what it's like to be in a loving relationship. She has had to suffer (like listening to a scratched record) my dating post-mortems:

'Christ! What if she's pregnant?'

'What if she gave me an STI?'

'What if I gave her an STI?' (I'm in the clear, but this is the reality of one-night stands and short-term relationships).

Many men prefer the chase and craic to being with someone they're not into. That's not to say we don't crack. We're human. We need sex and there's only so much porn you can watch before you go crossed-eyed.

Women often don't know their own bodies. I know a girl who writes a sex column and one night I said to her: 'You've never had a proper orgasm.' She thought a clitoral orgasm was as good as it got. I figure a whooping orgasm is when (as the Johnny Kidd and the Pirates song goes) 'you're shaking all over.' She didn't know her g-spot.

I've had three medium- to long-term 'contracts' (two five-year relationships and one three-year relationship). If I was an American, I'd have been married three times. In soccer parlance: I'm on a free transfer.

One-night stands are like junk to the junkie. They're fixes and they're addictive, but they don't satiate your emotional needs. Every man wants a meaningful and intimate relationship. I'd love to get married and settle down, but as I'm juvenile, poor, and in love with Friday night, f\*\*k it, I'll just party.

Women love Champagne Charlie. He comes out on the weekend. But then, there's mopey Shane on Monday or Tuesday. It's tough being on your own, but I'd rather that than be a woolly and disconnected hus-

## He's looking for Miss Right to marry, but at 42 he still loves to party and go wild at the weekends. Now Shane Nestor is afraid he might die lonely

band and dreaming about twenty-something girls in Brazil. When I was younger and even more juvenile, like last week, for instance, I was out on the town with three other guys: a depressive, an open-relationship guy and a bisexual. Matthew, Mark, Luke and Shane. The depressive gets more action than the rest of us. All the girls want to save him. Little do they know, he's as calculated as I am.

The open-relationship guy is in a steady relationship, but would prefer if it was open — although he doesn't seem to have broached the subject with his girlfriend. Bisexuality is just plain greedy. Doubling your chances.

We're in Hogan's bar and I hear a girl broadcast: 'Oh my God! Not again!' She drops her bag on the table, while reading a text on her mobile. 'That's the third time today!' Then she goes on, ad nauseam, about how she faked an orgasm on this guy and now he won't leave her alone. I had to



**A BIRD IN THE HAND:** How not to pick up a girl ... Shane Nestor with Anita and Arita Ruksa from Latvia in St Stephen's Green, Dublin.

Picture: Billy Higgins

step in: 'I hate to break it to you, but guys fake orgasms, too.'

She guffaws like I'm joking. 'You know when he ... peaked? Because he was getting nothing from you, he was probably thinking about a woman from a tribe in Burundi, with an ass the size of Africa.' I explained that there are degrees of intensity in a man's orgasm, too, and, 'just because there was physical evidence to the contrary, it doesn't mean he really enjoyed himself.'

The bisexual butts in. 'That is such a gay thing to say.' That's the problem with bisexuals: you never know whose side they're on. (I used to have a "James Bond" as a wing man, but I had to drop him. He was too good-looking. I had to do cartwheels to get the same

attention he got from throwing a sideways glance).

Every guy has his patter. I wear them down with my machine-gun rhetoric. The open-relationship guy talks about getting the women to chase you and 'to catch a little fishy, you gotta think like a little fishy.' It's all hunting analogies with him.

The Depressive has his droll line: 'Girls go out with me because I'm fun and like to party. Girls leave me ... because I'm fun and like to party.'

We all have a dream girl, real or imaginary, to keep us going. I blame the fairy-tales they told us to wean us off Mommy. The image of the fair princess is hard-wired and hard to break. There's a lack of

trust. Sometimes, guys will go home to porn on the laptop, rather than reach out to a girl, where they can get hurt or rejected, or just feel vulnerable.

I've had some great nights in my 40s and I wonder if I'll ever meet 'the right one.' I'm afraid if I did, she might bore me to death. We all know what it's like to be in love, but not many of us know what it is to love.

'Sex is with a smile,' said our greatest romantic poet, Brendan Kennelly, beaming on the Late Late Show in my youth. Now, I see the old poet wandering the streets of Dublin, alone, and I imagine he's me. He comes to dine in the restaurant, where I earn my mainstay, and I ask him about his sabbati-

cal in Boston College. He says, quietly, in his inimitable Kerry accent, 'Lone-ly. I found it lone-ly.' But when a Czech waitress comes, to take his order, his eyes light up and I see again that 'sex ... with a smile.'

To be honest, I'm probably not financially ready for a family, anyway. (Although having zero assets and zero euro makes me one of the wealthiest guys in Ireland, today).

I was in Berlin, recently, and I was hugely impressed with their back-to-basics way of living, particularly in the eastern districts of Prenslauer Berg and Kreuzberg. No frills. Fathers cycle with their toddlers harnessed to the back of their bikes. Rent is cheap. Young people drink on the street or in parks, but there is no threat of violence. No edge. They're living. We've been partying and now we have a hangover. They ignore their laws and smoke in the bars. I'm not a fan of that, but I appreciate the sentiment. (I love the odd, sneaky fag outside, but I hate reeking of fags). The Germans have learned to chill and now we're the anal ones.

I would love to have a nest. I'm not interested in driving a big car around the place and burning holes in the sky. I prefer my bike ... and if I ever do have a kid, I'll do like they do in Germany, and chuck him on the backer.

Through thick and thin, I've always loved women. I don't blame them. If I'm hard on anyone, it's myself. I know what I throw out there is what I get back. Sometimes, I think, 'if you keep this up, you'll die alone.' But we all do. I'm glad I haven't met the right girl yet. I wasn't ready before. I can't wait to meet her now, though.

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