



3. Sex Hormones (part 1)

Readiness to mate is triggered by the sex hormones. The sex hormones are responsible for the manufacture of life's ingredients, the gametes – sperm and eggs – as well as shaping our sexual behaviour and physiology. In women, the body's sexual business is driven by two sex hormones, but this does not mean she wants it more, worse luck, say experts in the field, or not at least until a relationship is long-established and her 'bloke' has gone off the idea. Production rises and falls over a lunar cycle, which enables women to become 'pissed off' with men at least once every 28 days, rendering them more dangerous and unpredictable, and thus more attractive. At this time a man may say to a woman something seemingly innocuous, such as 'cheese' and made to regret it for the rest of his life. In lunar terms, this is the full moon phase when women with pre-menstrual tension are said to suffer from 'women's problems'. This is a misnomer meaning 'men's problems', because it is ultimately the man who has to deal with them.

The male sex hormone testosterone acts by outsourcing extra brain capacity to a second nerve centre, the so-called 'knob'. Most of the activity and thinking of

the male members of an animal species is governed by the loins, facilitating a preoccupation with sex so that when the season comes they are prepared to, as it were, hit the ground humping. Since humans are of the small litter persuasion, this preoccupation is less intense in their males, yet still at a level deemed unacceptable by human females. They accuse men of failing to be expressive also, yet expressiveness while maintaining a preoccupation with genital concerns happens to be the males of a species' natural inclination. We observe this condition even in the case of the 'unsubtle' males of the big litter producing species. The so-called 'dog blokes' not only shag, but 'piss' too, optimising what is possible with a bifunctional genitourinary system. They illustrate perfectly just how expressive males can be by seeking to alternate the two activities constantly in interesting and unpredictable combinations. Thus, dog blokes will piss, piss again, sniff one another's public parts (i.e. 'private parts' that are more public property in the case of the dog), others' private parts regardless of the species to which the 'sniffee' belongs, lick their so-called 'balls', attempt to piss again, sniff other dogs' piss, piss again and then try to shag anything with a surface, hoping that a low statistical hit rate will result in

impregnating a female of a similar species. They then lick their balls, sit employing an unashamed canine interpretation of grace, contemplate what to shag next and collapse asleep displaying a promotional package of prominent so-called 'bollocks', to at last dream about pissing and shagging again.

Animal cells contain a pair of chromosomes that determine sex. Two X-chromosomes confer female gender; an X- and a Y-chromosome, male. The dog clearly says 'I am XY, that is a normal sized 'x', the kind one might proffer on a 'Spot the Ball' competition photograph, next to one of those enormous 'Y's Medieval monks used to illuminate a book if the first word of that book began with that letter' – a complex statement to convey when you are only able to express yourself using the word, 'woof'.

The brain and knob work in tandem, and for the most part, antagonistically. Curiously, not many human males appreciate this connection between brain and groin, considering that they think about sex approximately all of the time. The thought process is constantly shunted back and forth between the two nerve

centres as they battle for its control, resulting in men thinking about sex every six seconds, or just ten times per minute. In other words, men have little time to think about anything else. We could say that not enough credit has been given to great male thinkers such as Sir Isaac Newton, who invented gravity with apples despite saucy thoughts perpetually interrupting his lines of logic. Newton was a Puritan and as such a non-drinker. Had this not been the case, his invention may never have surfaced. Alcohol is known to swing the thought-process towards the salacious. Hence, the great physicist's theories would only ever have been given the oxygen to present themselves before noon – opening time at the local tavern – after which his thoughts would have been redirected and refocused on the cleavage of the prolifically stooping pint-pulling wench. Force equals mass times acceleration, one of his greatest hits, may well have been conceived one afternoon session thus: "In goodley meafure, Force equalf maff ... great weighty pendulouf, wallop! ..." And either forgotten or at best half-recalled unrefined the morning after. In this type of situation, a 'raging hangover' often gives way to what is described as a 'raging hard-on', a condition almost impossible to ignore. Instead of reapplying himself to

his great theory, Newton may well have excused himself, informing his peers that he was off down the Tate Gallery to see the Rubens collection, hopefully for a private viewing.

On top of the six-second loop, men are subject to diurnal, or daily cycles of testosterone levels. These levels rocket to a phallic peak at 8 o'clock in the morning, the time of the 'little death' when men experience a lowland area of rigor mortis, or groin ossification. A so-called 'boner'. Hence, if a man loses a tooth one night, he can count on redeeming the full skeletal complement for at least half an hour the following morning.

Prior to the first gush of testosterone, the pre-pubescent male may experience the occasional pang, a lingering curiosity upon turning the page of his parents' Kays Catalogue to the frosted silhouette of a lady soaping up in a knockdown priced shower cubicle. In analogy, the young male is the small white jack ball in the game of lawn bowls; the bowls the testosterone propelled by a ponderous, pipe-puffing pensioner. The occasional bowl rolls through a languid

arc, limps to a standstill, teeters precariously on its end, tips, flops and finally settles barely kissing the jack.

Pubescence hails the torrent. Here, in analogy, the adolescent is a proton in a Large Hadron Collider. Testosterone represented by the particles bombarding the boy's protonic being. From the outset, testosterone dictates and in no uncertain terms.

