



# One Man Three Women

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## September

Wednesday 1st September, 2010

### **Surrounded by Girls at the Age of Ten**

Normally I do not need an apology or an explanation to grant myself a glass of cognac, but on this first night of the autumn, I can think of several reasons to enjoy the dark-golden alcohol.

Firstly, as noted, it is now autumn. Secondly, I have just received an email from Elizabeth in which she good-naturedly teases me for my tardiness. And that means my third excuse is the need for a good deal of thinking during the coming hour. It was fun to bump into Elizabeth back in May, when we met at a brunch seminar covering the future of gender roles where men and women create the future together. And when I found out that Elizabeth – to the surprise for some people and dismay to others – had managed to live her life according to the model with three men, I was tempted to self-test the model but with three women. The idea has grown since, and with Elizabeth's email I realize there might be a deeper reason I find the idea so appealing to me.

Back in 1972 when I was 10 years old, my family was stationed for 18 months in Brazil. Our good and safe, traditional family was subjected to a bit of a cultural experience, and the first challenge was to find an apartment. After we were shown around by a broker and found a small and cozy complex suitable for our needs, my parents abruptly got a message from the broker's boss that it was not possible for a family with a boy kid of 10 to rent the place. My older sister was not a problem, but their experience with boys was bad. Thus, all other tenants were either childless or had daughters only. My parents discussed their options. Should we go find a new place, or would my parents send me away to boarding school? Fortunately not. My parents persuaded the boss to let us stay a month to begin with by promising to replace any vandalism and keep a tight leash on me. I thought no further about this droll fact back then. I did not realize it meant that I would be surrounded by girls.

The months passed and I behaved myself properly. Being around all the girls of different ages opened my eyes to how different girls are. First and foremost by nationality, and it has certainly played a role in relation to the first four years in an ordinary Danish primary school in the seventies, where most kids were quite similar. Possibly it played a role as well that I, as the only boy among all the girls – and being a blond Scandinavian – got quite some attention ...

In the great mix of exciting cultures, it became obvious to me at a relatively young age what a wonderful variation one can find among the opposite sex. As in the classic child's game where you flip through a catalog full of toys, I

could not decide which one of the girls, I liked best. There was the exotic type I just found indescribably attractive. There was the confidential type, with whom even a young boy could imagine spending many years and being a wonderful partner – and as I was thinking, why settle for two? I also liked the fresh and slightly wild-at-heart type, with whom it was fun to play and compete, but I set the limit at three in order to keep track.

Even back then, all three types were represented in my life, but I was too young and shy to get serious about anything.

With that background, it may not be so surprising that Elizabeth's model appeals to me. It's now been some years since my complex and ultimately wrecked marriage, so it's time to get back in gear. Tomorrow I will create a profile on the same dating site Elizabeth used and start my search for three women – maybe I can get back at the wild type of woman and the exotic woman.

Thursday 2nd September, 2010

### **Club30**

Just as I was about to create my online dating profile, I received a text message from my friend, Robert: 'Come share a Barolo with me!'

I don't see Robert very frequently, although he recently moved into a cozy house just three streets away from my penthouse in Copenhagen. Robert has always radiated a self-confidence about the size of Kilimanjaro, he is extremely generous and a good father to his two children. As in so many other cases they are now part-time children, and his son will soon be moving out. His daughter is still in school and both kids seem very balanced, which I attribute to Robert's abilities as a loving and comforting father, despite the divorce some years back. Robert has never concealed the fact that he is a member of the so-called Club30. The first time I heard about this concept, I was a little disoriented. It's about always having a girlfriend who has not yet turned forty.

- Hey Chris, come on in. With a big hug and a bottle of good red wine in hand, he showed me to the couch. His living room is sparsely furnished with a sofa and two leather armchairs, a beautiful carpet under the coffee table adds to the coziness, and his place is always immaculately clean. With a job paying extremely well, Robert is in a position to hire household help.

- What's up, you're all by yourself tonight? I asked.

- Yes, sonny boy is on a night shift and the chick is with her mother. And, hmm ... Tina, well she, hmm, we are not seeing each other quite as often right now.

Robert and Tina had been practicing the modern "Living-Apart-Together" philosophy for the past few years. She has her own house and lives there every second week, and every other second week with Robert. Or at least that's how things used to work.

- On a break again? I asked.

- Yes, EXACTLY! That is precisely the case! Robert exclaimed – rather too loudly. But with his mischievous smile, I could see that he right there and then had found his option. That he might not have been abandoned, but simply was in his fourth or fifth break in the relation with Tina.

- How many breaks have you actually been through, and why now?

- I found out that I stopped missing her during the weeks when she was not here. So I had to draw my conclusion and react. I told her that she deserves better. She needs to have a boyfriend who respects her.

- Oh no, Robbie, you can not put it on her like that! As if it's to her advantage that you have run out of steam ... That is not fair.

- She is approaching the age limit, too. You know, I have my principles.

During the last half of the excellent Barolo we got no closer to a solution to Robert's dilemma. My plan to mention the idea of a dating profile was discarded. It seemed like poor timing, and I already know his reaction, I'm pretty sure. On several occasions he has urged me to use network dating and is convinced that I would get lots of inquiries. However, the new plan is somewhat different. But there's a time and place for everything. Sometimes I also have to be there for a good friend who is in need for a little talk. It's not that the talk has been wasted for me. Finally, here was a couple who practically lived together, but separately. I would have thought it worked out. As long as both I and they ignored the age limit. But even this model is no guarantee that things work out, it seems.

It therefore means that my own internal reflection has a new twist. Do I put in my profile, which I will create tomorrow, that I openly search for three different women? Yes – better be open about it. They have a right to know what they are getting into. Elizabeth was honest as well when she posted her profile, so she will taunt me if I'm not. My wording might suggest that my childhood difficulty at choosing still affects me as an adult. I wonder if there will be several to choose from, if I write that I'm not picky?

Ha! Not picky. Not true at all. It will be an interesting challenge to phrase the profile text tomorrow evening.

Friday 3rd September, 2010

## **In Search of Three Women**

The day began like any other working day: I jogged six kilometers around the lakes before I cycled to my shared office space downtown. We are a group of independent specialists in various areas of IT, communications and digital media, and we all benefit from each others' skills. It fits me nicely being my own boss, and I appreciate the freedom to work only when it suits me. Also to be able to work from home but be online with collaborators in all parts of the world when projects allow.

But tonight is all about something else. I will create an online profile that can help in finding three new women in my life. And Elizabeth has set something in motion for me with the model. She has been a catalyst for something that has remained and been simmering in my subconscious ever since childhood. One woman is not enough.

So, I must define my three wishes. The three types of women. I have to articulate it, so I discourage fewest possible candidates. I must be honest. It should be a profile with photos, because I myself would only want to answer queries having one or more images. The profile text should also explain that I search in an area fairly close to Copenhagen. Including the outskirts of Denmark requires more than common love, and finding a place to date could also be a logistical problem, although I own a motorbike. Honestly: Would I bother to meet in Svendborg, for example, even with a very exciting woman to whom I'd been exchanging a couple of emails? Don't think so.

Well then. Photo and area. It's almost like being a realtor, but without the cliché-filled and fancy descriptions. It is simply too ridiculous and makes me think of an old advertisement for multimedia technology. "Yes, I'm sort of Latino" – hey, send a picture, honey!

During my search on the internal and several external hard drives for images, I could put on my online profile, it dawns on me that most photos are from vacations made in recent years. Contrary to expectations, as we have all advanced from celluloid and paying through the nose for prints, my numerous digital cameras have not left myself with many visual memories – at least not with myself as a motive. To start a home photo session seems a little absurd, so I must choose some shots from my archives. It is probably not wise to show too much skin, in other words, yours truly in swimming trunks, and the dating site might not allow it, either. A couple of portraits is probably okay? But I'm obviously wearing sunglasses in most cases. Does it really have

to be so difficult? And I've not even started to describe my desired dates. What a hassle.

In an attempt to put aside vanity for awhile, I decide to describe the women I would like to hear from ...

Dear future woman in my life. You can identify with one or more of my wishes for the perfect (no, had better change that to suitable) ... The suitable partner, which, as I, find balance in yourself, but also lack somebody to share the good life with.

I realized early on that my greatest challenge is the difficulty of choosing, and that's why you must also be ready for me to have several women in my life. That may be a bit of a challenge, but I can promise you full attention when we are together. Similarly, I can promise you that you will never be exposed to jealousy on my part – I'm fair that way. I am honest, and because I openly declare my potential need for several types of women in my life, this also means that I accept the same attitude on your part. If you are single and seeing others, it's OK. If you are in a relationship, but need a little extra spice, it's OK. I will never own you and you never will own me. Our relationship must be based on a mutual desire and a mutual understanding of these rules.

Gosh, what am I doing? Will there really be women out there who reflect on such an opening? On the other hand, what have I got to lose? And, if Elizabeth could find her three men, then I can find my three women!

On with the text.

Now, in order to define somewhat more precisely what I'm looking for, I will tell you about the types of women who are sure to get answers to their queries.

One of the three qualities – or types that I search for is The Exotic: You are exotic, both in appearance (yes, I'm visually oriented like most men) as of mind. You can do very impulsive things and you're probably either of foreign origin or have southern blood in your veins. And I am not talking about the south of Denmark here, but decidedly and truly latino. You are aware of your feminine benefits, and you use them fully. When I walk on the streets with you, I would be delighted to see all the other men wringing their necks to enjoy the sight of your swinging hips, and it is your very natural walk. I know that you are aware of this quality, and together we will enjoy that you are with a man who desires you for your specific innate genes. Because you bring forth the proud hunter in me – look, I have captured the best specimen. And in our shared joy, we find purpose, because you are delighted in the certainty



of sharing your life with the guy, who was man enough to grab you – unlike all the others who get anxious around your beauty. When you least expect it, I come up with the strangest ideas, and you need the opponent. One day I plan a trip or prepare a great dinner, when you thought it was just a regular day in our lives. And because you are so open to new approaches and unplanned events, such impulses would be entirely consistent with your personality. You cannot live without this and I cannot live without you. We are both aware that we are on loan and our common strength of the relationship is that we choose each other – as long as we do. And the longer we do it, the stronger our bond.

The second quality – or type – My Soulmate:

You are the epitome of comfort. I can entrust you everything, and vice versa. We are each other's best friend, each of us fills up the parts that our parents occupied in our upbringing. Not just to compare with our parents but also with siblings and friends up through puberty. We rely entirely on each other and as with parents, siblings and friends, we also know that there will always be others in our respective lives, which play an equally important role. Thus we only own one another when we are together. There has to be room for others, and it is really a necessity for us to function. We are both aware that the other person has further meaningful relationships, but it's not a threat to what we have together. We can imagine ourselves being together when we are old. We may live to see that we are sitting on a porch and drink tea or gin-tonic, while we watch the sunset. Our lives are meant to grow old together because we are soul mates. Because we have this built-in security, it means nothing that we both have others in our lives - although it sometimes involves deeper conversations with others, very different experiences with others and even sex with others. How can that be done, you may ask? And my answer is that it can be done, because nobody can be everything for another. Think about it, my possible future soul mate.

The third and last (because otherwise I lose track) – The fresh and slightly wild-at-heart woman:

You are aware that I'm only a temporary experience in your life. Thus, you are also young enough to regard our relationship as such: One more step forward, a joy that you will not miss out on. It goes without saying that we do not have long term plans, but we take the days as they come. I can guarantee that you will get experiences beyond your normal life and similarly I can get a wisp of surprises. Since you are probably somewhat younger than I, you are likely to contribute with a breath of freshness. You are looking for some form of security that I can provide, because I am mature and have mastered all the things your peers have never thought of yet. Been there, done that. I know where we should travel to get the best vacations. I know the best restaurants and not infrequently their owners. You will be treated as a princess and have

many experiences to remember me by if we do not – to our mutual surprise – choose to continue our lives together. We may, after all, both find the peace we are looking for in the middle of all that impulsivity this constellation makes room for?

But, as initially said: I am ready for you to enter a relationship, knowing that you are chosen because you are young and we both know that our shared joy is not eternal.

All right, that describes my upcoming three women. There will hardly be any asserting that they qualify for all three, as Elizabeth experienced when she looked for her intellectual partner, her handyman and her lover. There is probably more risk of no response whatsoever. On the other hand, a good mantra is: Why not jump into it? Finally, I selected a few photos during the trawling of my hard disks, and they are fairly good, so in a few minutes I should click the button. I just need to re-read my text.

Yes, it is okay. That I did not get around to talking to Robert about this the other day does not matter much, because Ulrich is coming for dinner on Monday. I have known Ulrich since we were seven and eight years old, respectively. He is currently adjusting to life as being part-time-father after the world's longest attempt to save a marriage. We have been through many deep conversations over the years. We've even been through the problem that I was dating his ex-girlfriend in our late teenage years, which is probably the ultimate test of a friendship. As our friendship has survived, I can probably share my new plan with him. And I'm curious to hear his input. It's always exciting to hear other peoples' opinions – not just from women, though historically I have been dominated by female input, but when it comes to male choice and opportunity, there is nothing as good as a man-to-man talk. And Ulrich is probably my best bet for that. Sometimes he can spend a whole evening talking about his own problems, but that is a part of the deal, and in his current situation, I certainly understand the need.

I hope Monday will be different so I can tell him about my own newly uploaded profile and expectations. It's too unlikely nothing will happen.

Monday 6th September, 2010

## **One Man and Two Women**

It is probably with good reason that someone once came up with the saying that the joy of expectance is the greatest. It soon became apparent that my fears about Ulrich's need to talk were fully justified. Already as I was in the final stages of preparing dinner and we enjoyed time in the kitchen, I could sense where the conversation was heading.

- How are you coping with everything, now that Karen has finally moved out? I asked to initiate the status update.

- Ha, you would enjoy seeing what it has meant to the cleanliness at home. Neither the living room nor the kitchen is a mess anymore.

Ulrich has always been an organized guy, and I had often wondered how he and Karen with three children could live in an eternal chaos of everything from toys, clothes and old newspapers to pots and pans all over. Not that it was necessarily unhealthy, but I know Ulrich. Precisely this aspect has caused problems in their relationship but not enough to split up. He wanted the traditional family, probably more than Karen when it comes down to it. She was the one being unfaithful several times and already in the beginning I felt physical pain when seeing Ulrich's life crash.

- But how do you find time for everything? I mean full time job, part-time children, shop for food. I continued to give him the opportunity to unload his frustrations.

- Well, it's only every other week, I have the kids. And during the alternating weeks I scoot around quietly and clean a region at a time. I also have plans to fix the entire kitchen. New doors, varnish the floor, repaint the walls.

- Yes, sounds just like you. Handyman par excellence!

- The entire extra living room also has to be demolished and rebuilt. There is a problem with moisture in the ceiling.

- Are you insane? That's not something you can fix by yourself!

- Well, a few good friends and some beer, it will work out.

- I respect your optimism, but it takes more than a sledgehammer, and it may even become a little dangerous. But it is guaranteed to be one of the best

forms of therapy after years of psychological warfare. Get your aggressions out like a cave man. If I have to participate, it will presumably be as a spectator.

- You can cook for us, said Ulrich and looked hungrily at the finished meal I carried into my dining room.

- Deal! There is actually something I want to discuss with you, I said as we sat down. I thought it would be good timing to speak, while Ulrich enjoyed the food.

- Do you remember Betina, I met at that seminar last month?

It seemed that he had not heard my last sentence.

- You know, the lady who is married and has two children and never wanted to leave her family.

- She was definitely a little crazy about you. And you probably don't even need to worry about Karen, now that you are separated?

- We ended up in her room, but we did not go to bed together. That is, we ended up sleeping, but we did not have sex.

- What? Now you confuse me. You told me that she was a catch.

- She still is and we flirt big time when we meet. But ... I don't know. It is as if I no longer get turned on in the same way as before.

- Thinking about Karen still?

- No, certainly not in that way. It was just different. I think we both had more need for closeness and the exciting opportunity. But we kept it to that when it finally became a real option.

- Hmm. OK, we are not in our twenties anymore. But you surprise me anyway.

Here was my best friend and he was telling me that he had had a chance for an adventure, we always during our adolescence had wondered about. Not necessarily containing a threatening divorce and related frustrations, but an affair just for the sake of lust - non-committal, playful and delicious, where both parties are aware in advance that it does not become more. The basic

ingredients of good gymnastics! And then he said no! What's he doing? He was quiet a bit before he sadly continued.

- Sometimes I feel less as a man.

Oh, no. Ulrich is going down the slide ... I have to cheer him up!

- Pull yourself together. Think of the experience as a pleasant memory. And you say that you're still flirting. Don't you get a lot of fun from that? And your conscience is clear.

Again I become solution-oriented. Try to find the positive, to encourage and find new angles. Ulrich is quiet.

- You have always been a hit with the chicks. Athlete with a largely free access to all shelves. That Karen proved to be wrong for you is just bad luck.

- Easy for you to say. If she moves too far away, I am liable to lose the children.

- Is there any possibility of that?

- She has not decided yet but is looking for an apartment far away.

- Damn. Because her new boyfriend lives there?

- Yes, and I cannot do anything about it.

Defeat upon defeat. Perhaps I should have served Red Bull instead of beer, so the atmosphere was less like a funeral ... What on earth could I do here? The vast majority of times I've seen Ulrich during his many years of crisis, he has been hopeful. Maybe because he thought they would save the marriage. That she despite extra marital affairs one day would fall back in the good family role. Now it's definite, and Ulrich knows. He will spend many months licking his wounds. I really hope for him that he could meet someone new.

- What about that Betina? Do you see her more often now?

- She has invited me on wellness weekend.

Suddenly he lights up with his boyish smile. Phew. Finally, a twist.

- That's great!

- Yes, but I would not want the kids find out. They are with Karen, and it is best if they did not know I'm seeing someone.

- Don't you think they would accept that you are actually able to continue with your life and be happy?

- It just seems wrong.

- Hm. I don't agree, but it's obviously your decision. I won't tell them.

Deep down I am completely convinced that it would make his children happy, both on his behalf and because they would have a happier father. Not necessarily a spare mother, and not at all right now, but still. There has been enough trouble and bad moods earlier. Is it really better to leave them in the belief that daddy is the abandoned one who devotes himself to half a home? Would they not approve if their father starts a new relationship or just gets a little happiness again?

- Maybe you should just focus on the near future. Luxury stay at a spa, tearing that room down and fix the kitchen. Hahah. You'll get busy!

We had managed to get the mood up again, and he helped with the dishes before he drove home. Difficult as it is to get acquainted with his situation, I sit here with a feeling that there is a heavy cloud resting over his life - hard pressed financially, without the opportunity to share his joy with the children. No one in the family with whom to share your everyday joy, which has always been his greatest wish. He would probably not have been able to give especially good input to my project for now.

Tuesday 7th September, 2010

## **The First Response**

When I awoke this morning, I knew it was time to check whether there had been responses to my profile. But I postponed it a few hours and first put in a concentrated effort on a presentation I need for a client meeting next week. And because I worked at home today, I could take a couple of hours afterward to check up on replies to my online dating profile – great to be my own boss!

There were 14 responses! Not that this was overwhelming, but so much easier to take in. Always be positive, always curious and always patient. There is still time to get more inquiries.

In the user friendly interface I noticed that there was someone who had responded from a profile without photo. I have my principles about not answering those without a picture, but I read the relatively short message:

Hi Christian,

Funny ad – hope you can keep track if you get three such different women for sexual relations! I think Elizabeth got real busy when she put her ad up. When I read about your three types, I am sure that I have soulmate potential. But I'm too naive about some of life's circumstances and need someone who can commit themselves. And I can be completely exotic on the right day, so for now I apply for all three. But for various reasons we need to start by email. Unfortunately I cannot give you a picture. But give me a little more substance. Who are you deep inside?

Love Lizzy

Whoah, a greedy woman who wants everything without giving anything back. That name is clearly an alias. Unless she has seen a numerologist.

Hi Lizzy,

The reason why I'm looking for three different women, is that I no longer believe in the existence of one and only one out there who can make me happy in the long run. And why go from one relationship to the next if we can extend the duration of several relationships to everyone's advantage? I am not speaking of loose connections or mistresses. I go into this with an expectation that it persists. Meanwhile, I'm prepared that there may be few and far between women who will accept the model. But who dares nothing, etc. This means that for the two of us to go on a date you need to choose one of the three types.

Christian

Take that. I don't expect to hear back from her ... On to the next.

Dear Christian,

I have been looking for a man of strong will, confidence and power for a long time. If you're man enough to put up such a profile, I am woman enough to want to meet you. Life is too short for small talk and weepers. Meet me Tuesday of next week 4PM at Café Sommersko, and you will get young and fresh company.

Linda

Thank goodness! A woman with grit. How beautiful. Perhaps also because she is not criticizing but is imminent, curious and self-determined. Unless it's all in her keyboard. It will be interesting to meet her, and according to her photo, she is not the dark and exotic, but quite pretty. It suddenly strikes me that this may soon become much more entertaining than I had imagined.

Dear Linda,

You can find me at Sommersko next Tuesday - and if you do not recognize me from the picture, look for a guy who sits alone with a newly opened, cool bottle of Riesling and two glasses.

Christian

The time is approaching half past five and I have not been outside since my run this morning. I think a stroll will do me good ...

On the way to the Freeport and walking home by the Citadel I was in deep thought. Have I thrown myself out in too deep waters? Do I begin to get a little nervous about having to go through a large handful of dates as if I were a teenager again? No, it's something else that bothers me. Although it has been a long time since I split up with my ex-wife, Liva, she continues to haunt my subconscious. Each time I have involved myself with someone, there were memories, and it is impossible not to compare. There were so many good memories, despite the somewhat violent end. We both believed that we had found our respective soul mates. We could talk deeply about everything and did so during long evening hours. Our families and friends did not understand why we broke up, which we didn't when it came down to it – the first time. Because we continued for some time as lovers, although officially we had gone through the legal circus of divorcing. Not that that part was particularly difficult. Basically, there was more paperwork to get married.



Maybe we were too young when we met, but I doubt that excuse now. We were both in our mid-twenties and colleagues a short while. Although our professional lives led us along different tracks, we were a perfect team in all other areas. And since the break I have often been annoyed that I began to feel so bound in the marriage. My suggestion, that we should try to live separately, was obviously perceived as a poorly wrapped call for a complete break, and thus divorce. Despite our ability to communicate intelligently and deeply about all sorts of things, we failed when matters concerned ourselves that way. I was hoping some of that built-up faith in a future together could carry us through, but as the months went by, it became obvious to me that it was an illusion. Better to look back on a divine time and move on, than fight a losing battle for both of us, I finally thought after a lot of wrangling.

A few years ago she rang my doorbell at half past six in the morning because she had lost her keys at a bar and so was a 'damsel in distress'. We found a locksmith, I drove her home via an ATM and paid the two thousand kroner such a service costs. That she had been out drinking and was more than unfortunate is just descriptive of her personality.

But the incident initiated us getting together again as lovers for the second time. However, there was ultimately no alternative but to realize it would not work out – us being life-long partners.

Now she has found a new boyfriend and they even have a daughter. Despite our agreement about not wanting to be parents, she still chose to become a mother and I found that a little strange, but we probably all have a point of view until we redecide. I think she is a good mother.

I still think of her tenderly – a bit like she is a lost sister, or at least a woman I have lost and therefore still miss. There is no doubt my feelings for her includes a good deal of loyalty and probably a portion of love.

When I got home from my thoughtful walk, I read the rest of the responses to my profile. It turned out, however, that the first two I read clearly were the most promising. Apparently there are a number of women in the market, who are either trapped in a super boring marriage, are becoming old virgins or simply have been abandoned in the middle of life. Which is really sad.

Dear Christian,

I think you are just the spice I am missing in my everyday life. My children are grown up and it is a long time ago I was intimate with my husband. I like adventure, so we should meet and have little noncommittal fun. Tell me a little more about your sexual preferences.

Hot possible mistress hugs from Barbara.

Hi Christian,

I'm single again after a marriage that was destined to fail. We never gained the confidence you are looking for – but I totally agree with the fact that there is a soul mate for everyone out there. And I can tell you that I need one. But as I have been disappointed several times by net dating, I think we must begin by writing and then we can perhaps find out which values we can bring into each others' lives.

Loving and expectant greetings,

Anna

I have to decline these invitations, because I am not on a salvation mission here and am forced to stick to my plan to find exactly what I want. Barbara is married and Anna seems too desperate. In other missions, I have usually had success as long as I just kept my focus. And one golden rule is about seeing the positive options. Over the next days there will be more answers, I am sure, because my profile has had much more visitors than there has been replies. The ladies are probably sweating at their keyboards ...

Wednesday 8th September, 2010

### **Mail From a Real Catch**

It's incredible how a full day at the office can pass by not getting stuff done, but at least I finally received input. From unexpected angles, but certainly appreciated.

It started with an email from Marie, whom I curiously enough got to know several years ago, when I also had a dating profile online. At that time, mostly to explore what the concept really meant. There was so much hype in the media that I set out to test it. Apart from a few meaningless dates, I became really good friends with Marie. We quickly discovered that we had a lot in common on the intellectual front and that there was no ground for a sexual relationship. But hours of good, deep conversations should not be underestimated. She moved to Kalundborg a few years ago, away from the city's intensity and we have only had sporadic email contact lately. Typically enough, she wrote now after the summer, from which she attached some wonderful images of her new life. I tease her that she lives in what is the peripheral Denmark. She seems to have had enough of her isolation from the city's pulse, alone with her dog and cat, and she expects to come back, which should be nice enough. Despite my motorcycle, I have not been visiting her enough.

She asks to my everyday life and bitches slightly that I do not keep her updated. But this time I can tell some news:

Dear Marie,

You must have enjoyed the peace out there on the edge. Thank you for the wonderful, visual impressions. In a way, I understand that you miss Copenhagen, and I wonder if the real estate market may soon give you a reasonable price again? Maybe it's not the best season to sell, but you can probably always find yourself a no-cure-no-pay broker, thus not risking too much financially.

From here I can tell you that I've created a new online dating profile (yes, it is probably a slight surprise to you, I suppose). But this time it's based on a very special model. You see, I'm looking for three different women. It dawned on me that I must listen to a part of my personality that cannot be neglected, because I am attracted to very different sides of women. We have previously discussed the topic, so maybe you're not all that surprised. I was inspired by my friend, Elizabeth, who in the spring set out to find herself three men. You can read about it here: [www.onewomanthreemen.com](http://www.onewomanthreemen.com)

The key words for me, or the main features if you want, are, respectively, The exotic, My soulmate and the fresh, slightly wild-at-heart type. The project is quite new and I have not yet been on any dates, but it's beginning to take form. Why not be honest and admit that it is extremely rare for two people to fit so well together that they can be everything for each other – at least in our time and culture. It is different when survival depends on people staying together. In more primitive societies where they do not have washing machines, refrigerators or other resources it makes much more sense to share the tasks of a family's daily life. Similarly, some generations ago in our own culture it was the rule rather than the exception that the woman made sure everything worked in the home. Nowadays it is almost embarrassing if one party chooses to be at home for longer periods of time. The resulting stress and lack of mutual dependence ... No, there is no reason to elaborate on this any more. You follow my thoughts, I am sure.

Anyway, this is why I have chosen to engage myself in this with an open mind and I am curious to see how it develops. As you know, I have appreciated to live by myself for a long time now, but the 175 square meter penthouse starts to feel a little empty. And now you will probably ask if I'm going to arrange my penthouse as a harem? Again, I will be honest and say that I do not yet have a golden plan laid out, but am ready to be seduced by the right women. And the first date is next week!

Love Christian

Just as I sent off the mail to Marie, a chat window popped up from Laura, who some years ago was the girlfriend of my good friend, Daniel. They are no longer together, but we can easily find time, all three of us, to meet over a beer at social occasions, and that way we are still in touch. Normally, I see Daniel the most, but I like that Laura has not disappeared completely.

Laura: Hi Christian - are you there?

Christian: Yes, not even working hard ...

Laura: How are you these days? Long time no see!

Christian: Thanks, good, I started a new project - hehe.

Laura: What are you up to?

Christian: I am actively looking for three women - on a dating network!

Just as sudden as she started the chat, her status is now set as away, but I will bet it's because her boss came by and disturbed. It must be so irritating to have a boss. While I wait, I might as well check if there are any new replies.

New catches indeed. And the last to arrive, just minutes ago, matches – magnificently. The profile picture alone makes knees go soft and some other

place go hard. Cat's eyes, long, dark curly hair, which appears to go far down her back. An amazing and inviting smile. Her lips are so beautifully formed that I become completely hypnotized there and then. Her glow is like a mixture of honey and nougat. Neither light nor mulatto, but definitely a true latino. Hard to tell if she is from southern Europe or further away, but my heart is almost stopping – or rather, pumping intensely.

In addition she describes herself as an independent woman with a sound economy and a job she sees as her hobby, and these details give her extra points. I definitely have to meet her. Had she included her phone number, I would have called right away.

Hi Karla,

Thank you for your inquiry. You are now first in line and you will be served shortly. In the meantime, I can say that a personal meeting can be arranged and is highly recommended. You have made a big impression already, despite your brief introduction. But I am convinced you will make us both happy if you reserve an hour to meet me for a coffee or a glass of wine in the near future.

Christian

I did not even look through the others, because as expected, Laura resurfaced in the chat window.

Laura: have you gone completely mad?

Christian: LOL - maybe

Laura: Mid-Life Crisis?

Christian: Don't think so – but it's fun and new!

Laura: I must hear more about this soon.

Christian: Will let you know when I'm going out with the guys next time, OK?

Laura: Count me in!

For a long while it's been an informal tradition to meet for beers with three of my friends, Daniel and his cronies, Kasper and Mikkel about once a month. Usually our talks focus on various technical challenges, such as the setup of email servers, selecting the best operating system or showing off the latest gadget - pure male geek stuff. But when Laura once in a while participates, she has a positive effect on conversation topics. We hear little about her two boys for whom Daniel a few years was a great influence as a stepfather. Not that they have been ruined by growing up with only their mother, but Daniel could set limits. Unfortunately, this particular trait – or should I say – this difference between Laura and Daniel, became the main reason why they

finally broke up. It is always difficult to enter as a sort of reserve-parent and they are hardly the only one couple in history who, despite good odds, split up in the end. Fortunately, they're still good friends.

Reply from Marie. Not unexpectedly, and nice to get a little encouragement.

Dear, crazy Christian

I know no one like you who can embark on an adventure as exciting and different as this. It irks me even more that I have moved from the capital, for only an idiot would not like to follow the evolution of this project more closely. There is no doubt in my mind, that you will get many replies and you will find out that your profile will be read by many. Women tend to gossip with their friends, when they consider such a provocative invitation. I would guess that you will find it hard to choose and keep your otherwise always cool overview. Be careful not to get into too troublesome situations. And do promise me a few things. Keep me informed, stay honest to yourself and stay calm in the process. I predict a turbulent time in your life during the next few months.

Your Marie

Oh yes, she is good! I'm sure she's frustrated about not being able to follow the project more closely. But after all, emails are invented for a reason. In the future, at least I have more to talk about than the regular, everyday grind. So I make a mental note that she will get more newsletters from here than previously.

Enough about relationship anguish for today. I need a reunion with The Big Blue. The world's best film and I am privileged to have the long version of the best digital edition. *Between what you know and what you wish, lies the secret of ... The Big Blue!* Jacques, Johana and Enzo, here I come.