

# ***FRANCESCO AND BIANCA***

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## **FOREWORD**

This booklet focuses on Bianca and Francesco de Medici as role models. According to the ancient wise Greeks, falling in love was a kind of temporary insanity. Bookshelves have been written about infatuation and love and countless songs have been created. They are mostly in novel form about fictional characters and many poems have been made about love, but books that try to make sense of this phenomenon are extremely scarce.

In over 2,500 years of top-level philosophy, hardly anyone has ventured into this, and it's not called philosophy for nothing. Since it is apparently such a risky challenge, I had an unquenchable impulse to give it a go anyway, a touch cocky, isn't it? I was familiar from American sociological literature that in the 1970s people had come to surprising often unromantic conclusions based on empirical research.

The partner was often chosen on purely business grounds because -if the veil of infatuation and love were removed- people thought they would become wiser in any way. In addition, selfish motives were often found to be at play and there was also a high degree of possessiveness, mostly in female partners. Be that as it may, love is also often an exchange relationship. One gives love expecting to receive it back in whatever form.

In this booklet, I will try to add something meaningful about this complex phenomenon full of foot angles that concerns most people on an almost daily basis. Essentially, it is a divinely barely fathomable phenomenon, and I will give just 1 example. Many times, in my life, I have been out all over the world in the most beautiful nightclubs and clubs, and when I got somewhere where there were hundreds of women walking around, objectively more or less identical in appearance, I would pick out with my senses in a split second the one to which I was attracted like a magnet.

If you look at it rationally, in hindsight they were often not the best women, but nothing could resist this attraction. It was a kind of energy they radiated that appealed to my deepest inner needs. It took many years before I could only discern fixed patterns in those needs. I often appeared to fall for the most extremely attractive women and bitches, often brunettes, dangerous black-haired, blonde punches and slightly red-haired nymphs.

In fairness, brunettes and dangerous black widow spiders were far outnumbered. I seemed to seek out danger and it was much more than a matter of mere looks because, as mentioned, many women were objectively more or less authentic. If I entered a large, crowded room I felt in a split second that the one on the 2<sup>e</sup> floor near a balcony was very interesting.

This must have had to do with energy and radiation. If I then met such a wonderful being, my antenna turned out to have worked well, because I was rarely disappointed and almost always, they were also fascinating beings in terms of character. The same happened to me when I was just walking down the street.

In my youth, the women in my country were among the most attractive in the world and when I went abroad, I often had to hear from foreign men how beautiful they were. The latter has totally changed. I can now stroll through the center of Rotterdam for hours without coming across 1 truly attractive woman, and that is not down to me, about which more later.

If you meet one such woman of good character and good sense, you have the grand prize, and we all know how much chance you have in the State Lottery and Lotto. Only the operators profit from this. Now, women from the former Soviet republics are by far the most beautiful in the world, especially those from Russia, Ukraine and Belarus.

They stand alone and this is mainly because of their rare mix of traits. They are mostly not only extremely beautiful but also adventurous, energetic, exceptionally smart, open, sociable, humorous, elegant, enterprising, talented and sensual. But they are also very sophisticated, cunning, foxy and sometimes dangerous.

When I first arrived in Kiev, I was stunned for days, so incredibly attractive were they. Because the phenomena of falling in love and love seem so elusive, I felt I had to stay as close as possible to my own experiences. Love makes blind and I have seen countless friends make choices that my mind could not comprehend.

Because looks played such a big role in my subconscious, I often sold myself short, because character is much more important than we tend to think. Besides, beauty is often a conscious creation and a combination of discipline, make-up and elegant clothes. Think that away some can be quite disappointing. So, looks are to some extent an illusion.

But the fact remains that I often fell for rabid women with an attitude and ignored the sweet types because I didn't find them attractive, and that has sometimes cost me and cost me capitals of money, among a lot of other misery. Apparently, those women had traits that appealed to a need in my psyche.

They were often strong women and weak puppets (and this is also often a consciously chosen strategy of some women) I ignored. I too was regularly guilty of forms of illusion. Godfrey Bomans said that women have wise bodies, and some women are true masters of seduction and have acquired an impressive repertoire of tricks.

If I had broken up again and met my sweetheart years later, I wondered in good conscience what had failed me, because in my brain I had turned her into something very different and much better than what she was. Infatuation and love also to seem mostly driven by internal psychological processes.

In social psychology, it is well known that the impressions a child acquires in the first years of life largely determine their subsequent life. Consequently, there are many men and women who are attracted to a woman who looks like their mother and a man who looks like their father. Often, we also try to find traits in that person that we found annoying in our parents to correct them this time, which rarely succeeds.

Although I have always had an excellent relationship with my mother, I have always been the opposite of a mother's boy. At a very young age, I lived together and was always a free spirit. In addition, I had 5 mothers because I was the only boy in the family and I had 4 older sisters, 3 of whom were bullishly jealous of me and believed that my parents were spoiling me and giving me more than they were getting and that was stupidly untrue, but in their perception, it became an obsession.

Although I have loved women all my life, they also have some dark sides and outshine men in everything, including evil. The Bible says that moths come out of clothes and out of women comes evil. It must be said that some women can be ruthless and not infrequently the most perfidious crimes have sprung from the minds of women.

But since this is not the theme of this book and would be off topic, I focus below on the phenomenon of love and falling in love. The swan relationship for life virtually no longer exists in these modern times and it has been replaced by the project-based relationship with a certain expiry date. Since many people want to enjoy life to the maximum, the relationship is held up to the light almost every day and nowadays there is little need to exchange the partner for a more attractive other flame if one is not caught in a web of obligations.

The tabloids are full of those types. Serial monogamous they call it. Having multiple relationships at the same time is also increasingly propagated and there are even entire dating agencies dedicated to cheaters, nice and exciting right? Well not for me. Relationships are very interesting and often fun, but also not without danger currently of many people with short fuses who are easily hurt.

Not infrequently, we seek partners who "need to heal" us and because many do not know themselves well before seeking love from another it often goes wrong. It is true you must be happy with yourself first and only then are you ready to share "love", whatever that is. Often, we look for someone to fix our own shortcomings and frustrations and that is the wrong approach.

We unconsciously look for something we lack in ourselves. Also, many women often tend to see a man as a little project that they can change or bend to their will. It is partly for this reason that many women fall for flawed criminally inclined men, whom they would like to transform into gentlemen and when they succeed, these men become completely unattractive to those women. Is that a paradox or not?

Wrong men lie well with many women and at all, people are often attracted to villains, both in soap operas and in real life. Bobby Ewing scored well as a prickly and scrupulous villain in the Dalles series and Trump is now doing very well with roughly 100 million Americans, while anyone with 1 working neuron and synapse can see that he is an arch leu-genius, swindler, con man, money launderer, sexist, loser, narcissist, sneaky male and dumbass, but make no mistake I thought that dogged bitch Hillary Clinton was just as bad. It was a choice between piss bed and shit bed.

The nature of many women is one of wanting to transform and educate non-decent men. If they succeed in their mission, it then almost automatically makes the man unattractive, and if they fail, fisticuffs and frustration are often the result. The human psyche is miraculous. We pursue comfort and when we have found it, it transforms into a slow-acting poison we call rut. When people have found true love, it is common for them to flee because this feeling makes them feel vulnerable, too close and commitment anxiety can start to manifest itself in many guises.

Sticklers suffer from the opposite. Their psyche is ruled by separation anxiety. Not infrequently, those types can become dangerous if they think they will be dumped. Watch the film Fatal attraction and you know enough. They can start stalking their victim in a terrible way and worse. I never suffered from those urges because over is over.

I hold the middle somewhere between separation anxiety and separation anxiety, in which it is fair to say that I love my freedom and adventure and it soon gets boring and I then try my luck elsewhere. But I also have an abnormality because I can go on endlessly analyzing past love affairs from every conceivable angle and I find it hard to let go of thoughts.

While relationships also seem to mainly involve focusing on that other person, it should certainly not be ruled out that we appear to need others mainly to grow personally ourselves. In this sense, we "use" the other person, often without realizing it ourselves. Love is not infrequently the tool for self-development.

Another extremely interesting phenomenon is that you are never the same with different partners and they bring out new facets of your personality every time. So, every relationship is unique. You often look for something in those partners and once you have found it, the expiry date is often in sight, and you start looking for satisfaction of other latent needs again.

In that sense, it is only relative that you can learn a lot from relationships and want to apply it to new relationships. Despite similar patterns, those dynamics of new relationships will turn out to be slightly different. Men and women are the same in a lot of things, but totally different in other things. A winged saying is that men are from Mars and women are from Venus and, in fact, there is a grain of truth in that.

It is a small miracle that despite these essential differences and communication breakdowns, so many reasonably good relationships still develop. And let's not beat around the bush, many men tend to be more flat-chested and despite what many will deny, they mainly run after their genitals. Besides, many men need pats on the back, like a horse needs a sugar cube after a nice trot.

It is often extremely easy for an extremely attractive woman to seduce a man and make him sin. In this sense, men are weaker beings than women, and those who deny this are foolishly lying. Only the experienced and self-confident man, who understands the dangers of such escapades and has become wise through trial and error, will be able to say no.

Watch the films Basic Instinct 1 and 2 and my thesis then needs no further explanation. Many men get off on women who are rabid and, with few exceptions, go for the gauze. So as not to make the reader dizzy at this point, I will start cautiously with the early childhood phase, during which very intense feelings of infatuation and love can exist that leave a lasting impression during the rest of one's life. For instance, I vividly remember one Constance who made a deep impression on me when I was already, say, 7.

## ***1. THE PARASOL AND THE PILLAR***

Every day from the age of 4<sup>e</sup>, I went to the kindergarten called the Parasol, located right next to the Pillar, my later primary school. I always played outside and thoroughly enjoyed myself and was immediately mesmerized by the most attractive bubbly girls, many of whom kept me company. I can remember few boys from that period that I was thick friends with, and I found boys rather boring and that never really changed in my life.

I was happiest during spring when it could be a lovely time in Zuidwijk in Rotterdam. The sun awoke from its winter sleep and the air was fresh in May and I had boundless energy. My father took me to kindergarten every day and my mother worked in the Zuider hospital. The many positive impressions I gained in my childhood shaped me and I am an incorrigible optimist even in times of total darkness, like now with that terrible Coronavirus.

The neighborhood I lived in was green, there were several farms in the immediate vicinity, it teemed with animals in a clean nature and when I went fishing with my father, the nets were overflowing with every imaginable magnificent fish. Biodiversity was a term I did not know then, but the various species were rampant. I have great respect for all animals and let's face it we often treat them disgracefully.

Now the same ponds are moribund and that is due to a blind austerity frenzy at the municipality because nature maintenance simply costs money and some technocrat had come up with the bright idea that if you let this nature die off it will make money at a time of scarcity. I speak from experience because I was a top civil servant there for a quarter of a century and saw that wrong, monomaniacal money-driven technocratic behavior up close on a regular basis.

The happiness of many people is determined precisely by those nature, outdoor swimming pools, museums and other collective amenities. But from the mostly superficial Americans, we blindly adopted the idea that only money and material wealth make one happy, which is so not true. Being a magnifying scorpion, I was only allowed to go to primary school when I was almost 7.

This primary school suited me perfectly. In terms of learning, I learned very little, and I must have been one of the most undisciplined pupils because fun and hedonism were in my genes even then.



I was much more interested in the cutest girls and in numerous sports, of which football became my favorite. I played football every hour of the day if possible, and so it is not surprising if 10 years after that you master that art reasonably well. What started to bother me the most at my 17<sup>e</sup> was the socially stifling straitjacket that surrounds this beautiful sport, with manipulative parents wanting to get their talentless sons into a nice position through machinations and chairmen and other directors of those football clubs who were sometimes susceptible to it for financial reasons for the benefit of those clubs.

Free agent as I was, I turned out to be totally unsuited mentally for the straitjacket we call professional football. I could do anything with the ball, had fabulous insight and was lightning fast and I had the stamina of Duracell batteries, but I was not monomaniacal and enjoyed many other things just as much, was easily distracted and you can only reach the top if you give it your all.

I had so many interests and those stuffy dressing rooms also started to annoy me more and more, in addition to those jerks of trainers who had never been able to play football themselves and apparently wanted to compensate for their inability and frustrations by lecturing young players. And let's face it, football is mostly the sport for stupid people. Hardly ever have I found myself in a stand full of emotional people. I have nothing to do with crowds.

Never have I participated in a demonstration because it is very far from my personality. Besides, it frightens me, and I am normally not afraid of the devil and his old nut. Around my 18<sup>e</sup> years, I could play very good football and had to put more energy into jealous competitors at my club than into football itself, because in my country nobody is allowed to stick their head 1 millimeter above the ground.

The holy fire was already extinguishing in me by then, but I did not let it show because I did not yet know myself. Football had played a central role in my life for more than 10 years. How was I supposed to tell my parents that I was going to quit at a time when I had mastered the game to perfection, it was unnatural.

I was the prototype of the street footballer, who could shine like a one-day Messi one day and play like a wet newspaper the next, although I compensated for the latter with unbridled commitment and willpower. At 19<sup>e</sup>, my love for football had completely disappeared and I remember the last game for Excelsior Rotterdam against Ajax where I gave the opponent a free pass to the goal and I just barely laid out the red carpet for him. Then I felt the love and inspiration were over.

I was certainly not constant, and I was too creative to be forced into a straitjacket by a madman like my last coach at Bommel, who thought you could combine geometry and football as a formula for success. Excelsior's regional youth had become national champions 1 year before I moved there, so it was a very stupid choice of mine when I was asked to do that, because they had and never had a better team like that after that.

Because I was not motivated, I could hardly keep up the pace during training sessions even though I had perfect fitness, but willpower is much more important than people think. Shaolin monks can move mountains with that mental strength and are capable of unimaginable feats. The click I had with said trainer was completely missing and I am a sensitive person.

I no longer had a ball in the right place, whereas before I could place a ball over 60 meters with centimeter accuracy at the right moment and the striker only had to put his head or foot against it to score. As far as I can remember, my first "love" or rather one-sided enchantment or fascination was one Constance, a breathtakingly beautiful blonde and intelligent girl, who did not like my advances, which I did not understand at the time because I was already 7.

Maybe after that I was mostly into brunettes and black spiders, who knows, but I also had relationships with breathtakingly beautiful blondes. It must be said blonds do have more fun and are often gentler, but the brunettes and darker types had more appeal to me. They were often much more awkward and demanding than those blondes and perhaps I made it unnecessarily difficult for myself in life by regularly falling for impossible types who could get the blood under my nails.