

Readers' Forum



I'm assuming, from the dearth of feedback and ideas, that we're doing something right – and that SH Magazine is fulfilling all it promised to deliver. All the same, if you've got something to say, you can contact us at swingingheavenpics@googlemail.com to give us your comments. So, once again, I've turned to some items from here and there that caught my eye over the last month...

The Seven-Year Itch?

I was browsing through one of the qualities the other day and my imagination was piqued by a short item from the paper's European correspondent. It was the headline which originally caught my eye: 'Marriages should expire after seven years, says German politician'.

My immediate assumption was that these were the rantings of some portly Eurocrat who'd been going through a tricky divorce – a gentleman perhaps in his sixties... But the feature was accompanied by a very different image. OK, it was a small b/w photo, but 50-year-old Gabriele Pauli of the CSU party engaged the camera with a dazzling model smile as she sat astride her motorbike, helmet under one arm. Her general style is unconventional – attending a photo-shoot, the flame-haired double-divorcee turned her nose up at traditional, conservative Euro-style dress in favour of latex – and her opinions follow suit. "The basic approach is wrong ... many marriages last just because people believe they are safe. My suggestion is that marriages expire after seven years.' She's campaigning for the leadership of her party – and needless to say, the CSU elders have thrown their hands up in shock. 'With ideas like that, she should give up her candidacy,' said one party elder (58), also standing for the leadership. Interestingly, he gave up his bid when it was revealed that he'd been having an affair and sired a child with a younger woman.

So, perhaps instead of all this 'family values' rant we keep hearing in the UK, a policy such as Ms Pauli's might make people think more and re-evaluate their relationships.

Drink up! Cheers!

'Please enjoy alcohol responsibly.' Am I the only one who's heartily fed up with being told how many 'units' of alcohol I may indulge in per week? From my long acquaintance with journalists, I can confirm that normal journo consumption is quite likely to be a week's ration in one evening's after-office gathering. Imagine, then, my delight when a slim tract fell from among the papers in a wine supplier's October offers. It proffered scientific solace: 'Did you know that wine, drunk in the right quantity [and who can say what that is? Ed] ... can help to fight tissue aging?' It continued that wine 'is a natural "artery cleaner"', 'can help to induce a good night's sleep'; 'improves brain oxygenation and helps intellectual activity' and 'reduces the risk of developing diabetes' – and expanded each of these points, even suggesting that wine could increase longevity. Why was I not surprised to learn that these discoveries were based on three years' research by an Italian-French team, as published in a magazine called Nature, and quoted in Italy's Corriere della Sera newspaper? I always said the continentals have the right idea about drinking...

In the picture

The image below was sent to us by Sarah Lot – perhaps this road is part of a select enclave including Dogger Avenue, Frottage Crescent and Humping Street... and perhaps their local pub is represented by our second offering this week (found by our ever-vigilant designer).



Made me laugh...

Once again, I thank Kaynie and Jed for a collection of funnies...

The wife came home early and found her husband in their bedroom, making love to a very attractive young woman. 'You disrespectful pig!' she cried. 'How dare you do this to me – a faithful wife, the mother of your children! I'm leaving you – and I want a divorce!'

'Hang on just a minute,' said Paddy. 'At least wait and let me tell you what happened.'

'Go ahead', she sobbed, 'but they'll be the last words you ever say to me!'

He began, 'I was getting into the car to drive home and this young lady here asked me for a lift. She looked so down and out and defenceless that I took pity on her and let her into the car. I noticed that she was very thin, not well dressed and very dirty. She told me that she hadn't eaten for three days! So, in my compassion, I brought her home and warmed up the enchiladas I made for you last night – the ones you wouldn't eat because you're afraid you'll put on weight.'

'The poor thing wolfed them down. Since she needed a good clean-up, I suggested she have a shower, and while she was doing that I noticed her clothes were dirty and full of holes – so I threw them away.'

'Then, as she needed clothes, I gave her the designer jeans that you've had for a few years, but don't use because you say they are too tight. I also gave her the underwear I bought for your anniversary present – which you don't wear because you think they're in bad taste. I found the sexy blouse my sister gave you for Christmas that you don't wear, just to annoy her, and I also donated those boots you bought at that expensive boutique and won't wear because someone at work has a pair too.'

Here Paddy took a quick breath and continued. 'She was so grateful for all my help, and as I walked her to the door, she turned to me with tears in her eyes and said, 'Please... do you have anything else that your wife doesn't use?'

A lady tells her man:

'I demand good manners in bed, just like at the dinner table.'

The man climbs into bed slowly and says: 'Darling, please would you pass me the vagina?'

Different degrees of bloneness

FIRST DEGREE

A married couple were asleep when the phone rang at two in the morning. The wife (undoubtedly blonde), picked up the phone, listened a moment and said, 'How should I know? That's 200 miles from here!' and hung up. The husband said, 'Who was that?' The wife said, 'I don't know, some woman wanting to know if the coast is clear.'

SECOND DEGREE

Two blondes are walking down the street. One notices a compact on the sidewalk and leans down to pick it up. She opens it, looks in the mirror and says, 'Hmm, this person looks familiar.' The second blonde says, 'Here, let me see!' So the first blonde hands her the compact.

The second one looks in the mirror and says, 'You dummy, it's me!'

THIRD DEGREE

A blonde suspects her boyfriend of cheating on her, so she goes out and buys a gun. She goes to his apartment unexpectedly and when she opens the door she finds him in the arms of a redhead. Well, the blonde is really angry. She opens her purse to take out the gun, and as she does so, she is overcome with grief. She takes the gun and puts it to her head. The boyfriend yells, 'No, honey, don't do it!!!' The blonde replies, 'Shut up, you're next!'

FOURTH DEGREE

A blonde was bragging about her knowledge of state capitals. She proudly says, 'Go ahead, ask me – I know all of them.' Her friend says, 'OK, what's the capital of Wisconsin?' The blonde replies, 'Oh, that's easy: W.'

FIFTH DEGREE

What did the blonde ask her doctor when he told her she was pregnant? 'Is it mine?'

SIXTH DEGREE

Bambi, a blonde in her fourth year as a UCLA freshman, sat in her US government class. The professor asked Bambi if she knew what Roe vs. Wade was about. Bambi pondered the question then finally said, 'That was the decision George Washington had to make before he crossed the Delaware river.'

SEVENTH DEGREE

Returning home from work, a blonde was shocked to find her house ransacked and burglarised. She telephoned the police at once and the police operator broadcast the call on the radio, and a K-9 unit, patrolling nearby was the first to respond. As the K-9 officer approached the house with his dog on a leash, the blonde ran out on the porch, shuddered at the sight of the cop and his dog, then sat down on the steps. Putting her face in her hands, she lamented, 'I come home to find all my possessions stolen. I call the police for help, and what do they do? They send me a BLIND policeman.'

Postman Pat...

A postman was delivering a plain brown package and as he got it out of his trolley he noticed that there was something hanging out of a hole in the packing. Looked like a pink foot. He 'encouraged' the hole a little, and soon was able to make out a hand. Realising it was an 'inflatable friend', a naughty thought crossed his mind. He hadn't got his rocks off in ages – and no-one need ever know. A good seeing to later (or perhaps more...) he repacked the doll and delivered the slightly scruffy package to the addressee.

Two weeks later the intended recipient was on the phone to the manufacturers of the latex lady. 'I've had experience of some blow-up dolls in my time, but I've got to say that this is the most realistic and authentic I've ever had. Quite remarkable.' The manufacturer was gratified – but mystified. 'I'm delighted to hear it – but tell me, what makes it so authentic?' 'Well,' replied the customer, 'I said I've had some experience of these girls before – but this is the first one that ever gave me a dose of clap.'