

MURDOC'S GUIDE TO LOVE

The self-titled "sexiest being in the solar system" on dating and relationships.



Hello Murdoc. Tell us, how would you describe your love life?

Like primordial soup. Prehistoric and full of bacteria, and yet ready to evolve into something more complex. Yeah, that's right, Murdoc Niccals is changing. Transitioning. Not surgically. Emotionally. Much like the human race right now. The old me sank into the magma like Arnie at the end of *Terminator*. And now, Murdoc 2.0 is rising like *Kindergarten Cop* Arnie. More respectful, more romantic. Still a formidable lover, of course. But now with a massively enlarged heart, too. Partly as a result of coronary artery disease, but mostly due to an increased capacity for love.

Is it hard to date when you're famous?

Famous? I'm not famous, mate. Chris Packham is famous. I'm a living fucking legend. An Immortal. I stand outside time. The rest of humanity are like tiny little birds perching dumbly on the shoulder of my statue. A statue cast in glittering bronze – my chiselled features fixed for all of time – with an epitaph that says, "Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!" Well, that's my Tinder profile, anyway. Then I end it with, "I like to love and laugh, let's have an adventure together!" That last bit might be a bit clichéd, as I'm not getting a lot of hits.

Can you remember your first kiss?

Kelly O'Driscoll, on a school trip to Tipton silage plant. What a woman, total knockout. Literally. She clocked me square on the sternum with a full haymaker. The kicks to the body then sealed the deal. You never forget the first girl that broke your heart. Nor the first girl that broke your pelvis, and four vertebrae. She went on to compete in Britain's Strongest Women. Still holds the record for the truck pull.

What is the most romantic thing you've ever seen?

The X-rays of my shattered body, after my pummelling from Kelly. I had them framed. They say love hurts – well I was in traction for twelve weeks, every movement pure agony. What could be more romantic than that?

Have you ever been dumped?

How fucking dare you.

What is the perfect chat up line?

My top secret blend of coke, Icelandic snuff, and Guatemalan coffee grounds. Hoover up a line of that and you'll chat up anything. I once spent an hour at a party charming the pants off a European bird called ÅRSTID. Turned out to be one of those IKEA floor lamps. Embarrassing, really. Particularly as she's towards the bottom end of their lighting range. At least if she was a KLABB I'd have had something to boast about after.

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Where does the perfect date take place?

For me, a quarry. Had some lovely afternoons with Kelly at the slate pit back in Stoke-on-Trent. Used to take some cherry bakewells and a thermos of cider, and just sit on the edge, watching the JCBs hauling gravel. Quite the aphrodisiac, too, all that dirt and hydraulics. You could say the earth moved. Well, course it did – it's a fucking quarry.



“I once pretended to like Muse for twenty-six and a half minutes to impress a girl. Almost died. I still have PTSD flashbacks.”

How do you dress for the perfect date?
Overalls and a hard hat.

What food should be served?
Music being the food of love, I always recommend a three-course meal of Gorillaz. With a side salad of a shit-load of booze.

What do you look for in a partner?
I don't like the word partner. We're not running a fucking start-up. Although you could look at a relationship like a start-up. Most of them fail miserably within the first year. Or there's the inevitable dispute over financial assets further down the line. Or you go for broke, put your balls on the table, end up a stuttering mess and get publicly shamed by sadists in business suits. Hang on, that last one is just *Dragons' Den*. But you get the analogy.

Do you agree with the idea that opposites attract?
They do say that. They also say money can't buy you love, so they've obviously not seen the remarkable things coming

out of those Japanese doll factories lately. We're talking fully operational sex bots. But to answer your question: going on the accepted wisdom that I'm one of the most talented and sexually coveted beings on the planet, the direct opposite of that is some kind of sea sponge. So, of course not.

If someone wanted to do a romantic gesture for you, what should it be?
I love romantic surprises. Had a fling with this really powerful Russian woman for a while, ex-KGB. She loved to surprise me: trip wires, armed ambushes, IEDs – I'd never know where or when she'd strike. Really spiced things up. Sadly, it turned out she was on a Soviet hit list and eventually got nabbed by Interpol, and now she's in a gulag. Guess it just wasn't meant to be.

What is the most irrational thing you've ever done for love?
I once pretended to like Muse for twenty-six and a half minutes to impress a girl. Almost died. I still have PTSD flashbacks. But love is a

complex thing. As old Nietzsche puts it, "There is always some madness in love. But there is also always some reason in madness." And Nietzsche went mad and died of syphilis, so he should bloody know.

What is the sexiest song in the universe?

Great question. I'd have to say 'Take My Breath Away' by Berlin. Remember that ditty from *Top Gun*? Every time I hear it, boom: Mach 2 in Murdoc's cockpit. And if I need to slow things down a bit, I just picture a shirtless Tom Cruise playing volleyball on the beach. Actually, that sometimes backfires.

What do you do if a crush of yours already has a partner?

I'm going to pretend you didn't say "crush" and just soldier on. If I really, really fancied a bird and she already had someone else, I'd respectfully give him space... By having him kidnapped and left in the middle of a vast and featureless desert.

If you were going to end a relationship, would you tell the truth or make up a reason? For example: it's not you, it's me.

I think it was Buddha who said, "Three things cannot be long hidden: the Sun, the Moon, and the truth." I'd add a fourth – Rasputin's cock. Unless he was wearing particularly spacious Cossack trousers, and even then, there'd be an ominous bulge. I know this because I have it, pickled in a jar. It's monstrous, like a brined leg of lamb. The problem with Rasputin was he tried to keep his royal indiscretions a secret, and after the truth came out they lopped off his most prized asset. I keep it to remind me that the truth always finds a way of revealing itself, so better to let it all hang out.

What is your opinion on internet dating?

Risky business. Everyone lies about their age, for a start. It's more like carbon-dating, some of the matches I've got. Not that I'm ageist. Some of my most erotic experiences have been with the elderly, before you judge. In the early '90s I was briefly employed as a boom operator on *Last of the Summer Wine*. Fuck me, that was like the last days of Nero's Rome. And we didn't need the internet for that. Just booze and plenty of Deep Heat for afters.



What is your opinion on polygamy?

If you mean Polygamy, the soft rock band out of Stoke-on-Trent in the early '80s, then I think we were fucking brilliant, despite being savaged by the so-called music journalists of the day. If you mean the other thing, sure. Who are we to judge? Unless of course you are an actual judge, 'cos it's illegal.

What do you think about the tradition of marriage?

No.

Well, how would you act if someone proposed to you?

Course, I get a shit-load of proposals. Thousands every month. So to ease the blow I get 2D to write each one a lovely, personalised rejection letter. Takes him ages, does calligraphy and everything, then mists the paper with Lynx. He works through the night in a little sweatshop I built for him in the garden. Actually, that reminds me, better go shove his dinner under the door. Later. ■

