

Roosh's Brazil Compendium

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Preface

My love for Brazilian women is obvious if you're familiar with my blog (<http://www.rooshv.com>). I obsess over their affectionate and hyper-feminine nature, especially when I'm stuck in the States and have to deal with American girls. After numerous experiences with Brazilian girls, I'm simply unable to date the women from my own country. You can almost say I've become permanently "damaged," and nothing but having a true woman, like they make in Brazil, seems to bring me the happiness I seek from the female gender.

The purpose of this compendium is to organize all my previous writings on Brazil and its women in one location. It's intended for the man who is either curious about Brazil or is planning to go there. I hope it not only helps you meet and sleep with Brazilian women, but also aids in deciding which cities you should spend your limited time in.

While this compendium talks about how to game Brazilian girls, it doesn't go into the nuts of bolts of game, like how to approach, how to maintain conversations, how to get numbers or one-night stands, and how to take girls out on dates. For that information check out my book *Bang* (<http://www.bangpickupguide.com>), a pickup reference guide. You'll enjoy my South American travel memoir, *A Dead Bat In Paraguay* (<http://www.adeadbatinparaguay.com>), if you're entertained by the stories here, particularly *The Brazilian Movie Actress*. Lastly, if you're going to Colombia, the analogous work to this compendium is my book *Bang Colombia* (<http://www.bangcolombia.com>). While there is some overlap between Brazilian and Colombian women, I find them to be uniquely different creatures who require different game.

If you do end up in Brazil, please share your story over at my community forum (<http://www.rooshvforum.com>) to help the next wave of conquistadors who want to attempt what you're about to do. I wish you the best on your trip, and as they say in Brazil, *boa sorte*.

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I

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Introduction To Brazilian Girls

The way some guys talked up Rio it seemed like I'd be getting head within half an hour of stepping off the plane. It's ridiculous that I have to state this, because there was a second or two where I was hoping it was true, but not all Brazilian girls are easy and ready to fuck you within a few minutes.

On one side you have the poor favela chicks. As a *carioca* (Rio native) put it: "For them it is a dream to go out with a gringo to a dinner that costs more than they make in a month. The sex is not important—they've been doing that since they were 14." Poor favela chicks are very easy, but quality is a serious problem. It's not uncommon to see a decent-looking gringo getting with a girl he should not be touching. It would be a shame if you came to Rio to just bang favela chicks.

On the other side you have the rich and beautiful girls that are out of reach to the gringo due to time or social circle or status issues.

Then you have the large middle where the girls are educated and have regular jobs. Some are pretty with fantastical asses while many are frumpy and average. Some are easy but others are surprisingly conservative. In general I find that the girls are prettier and easier than American girls by at least 50%. They are more friendly, they make out quicker, and they give less resistance in the bedroom. While there is zero guarantee you will get action when you go out, you're a huge idiot if you do without cheap motel money and a condom or three.

Two things are important. The first is **you must know where to go**. If

you go to the rich and snobby clubs then it may actually be harder than your home city. Go to the smaller venues not known for posing. Because it takes time to find good places, a gringo visiting for a short stay may miss out on the “friendlier” girls.

Second thing is that **game plays big**. Lots of girls speak English so if you have decent game you will see a gigantic jump in the quality you get compared to the gringos who simply have drunk game. I shouldn't have to say it but approaching is still the number one thing you can do to help yourself out here. Just like anywhere else, the girls who approach you outright will be ones you don't want.

Now it's my turn to add to the hype. Until Brazil I've never in my life had a pretty girl ask me to spend the night with her a couple hours after meeting. If you are American then you are trained to think that only desperate chicks would do such a thing, but it's quite common for Brazilian girls to show fast affection and do much (or all) of the work to take things to the bedroom. Desperate or not, I welcome it. I'm not saying you don't have to stay on point to make things happen, but you can relax a little. Again, you will have to work just like you would at home, and you will be rejected and flaked on, but you'll be rewarded faster, more often, and with better quality.

This leads to the number one rule of Rio: do not date the first girl you have sex with, even if she is just as good or better than what you get at home. Keep her on the side and go out even more. You'll understand what I mean when you get down there.

I love Rio, and it will be the my longest stay out of all the cities I've visited, but I wish I came before South America beat the shit out of me because it takes a lot of energy to enjoy everything it has to offer. And if you come here with a competent wingman, you can do tremendous damage in a short amount of time.

While not every guy gets laid in Rio, it's very hard not to if you put in some effort.

Brazilian Girls

Most Brazilian girls look half-Middle Eastern and half-Western European. They are darker than Argentine girls but lighter than girls from other South American countries. Since Brazil is similar to the United States with

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its large immigrant ancestry, it's harder to pin down their physical features as easily as the Argentine girl.



Brazilian girls during Rio's Carnival.

If the average girl in an American club ranks a 5, and in an Argentina club she ranks a 7, in Brazil she'd be somewhere between a 6 and 7. This means the average Brazilian girl is bangable, but what separates them from the others is their vibe. If you are a guy and you look at a Brazilian girl, your mind jumps to sexual thoughts much faster than usual. Since it is not because she is more attractive, I think it's a combination of body type and body language. Having a larger than average ass helps. Argentine girls are beautiful dolls you want to show off on your arm, but Brazilian girls you want to get to the bedroom as soon as possible. American girls are a mixture, excelling at neither.

Most Brazilian girls in Rio speak English, and it's not hard to see why with an English school on every other block. Your approach will be the same as on American girls, and their initial response will be similar (sometimes a little aloof), but what's different is that if the Brazilian girl is feeling your game, things ramp up quickly and within two minutes it will be obvious if things will go to the next stage. She will ask you a bunch of questions, ask you to dance, or ask you to come hang out with her friends. You will get the "kiss me" vibe much faster than other girls as well, and the head turn you see in Argentine girls is less common here. Brazilian girls can be extremely aggressive if they like you, which means grabbing you or kissing you outright. To me that is novel and fun, but to some Brazilian guys it is annoying.

Argentina is the biggest conformist culture I've seen, more so than the

United States. Argentine girls have the exact same hair, shoes, jeans, and even cut-off shirts. And they all smoke. One reason it's so hard to select an Argentine girl out of a group you approached is because they are carbon copies of each other, but Brazil's culture is more individualistic where creativity is rewarded (wait until you see pictures from the Carnival parade). Girls in the same group are very different so it will be rare you are debating between two of them.

Some problems that exist in the United States exist in Brazil as well. If you move up the socioeconomic ladder to the Brazilians who are wealthy and hold Western culture as their idol, their attitude will be just as bad or as worse than the yuppie lawyers you may hit on in a large American city. But there is less of a problem that a girl who ranks a 7 in Brazil will pretend she is an 8 or higher, as is common in the States.

The best thing about Brazilian girls is they play far fewer games. I think it's because they simply don't know how. Many times I'm dealing with a Brazilian girl and think, "Doesn't she know she is making it so obvious she likes me?" They show affection fast and often. On the other hand, American girls are professionals at playing games that slow down the interaction. If you show genuine affection to an American girl you are casually dating, you will be punished in some way. The interaction always has to be breezy so no one is showing "too much" interest, whatever too much is. (A person cannot handle affection if they don't know how to give it.) The Brazilian girl is so unbreezy that you don't have to think about regulating or keeping track of the affection you give—in fact you won't even be able to keep up with her. The way I view and interact with women would be completely different if I was raised dating Brazilian girls—I would put so much less mental energy into girls this article probably wouldn't exist.

Building Attraction

Usually if I find that something works I repeat it many times to see if it keeps working, and if it does then I can start developing an optimal game. With Western girls I find that cockiness mixed with humor and teasing will be the most consistent means to have sex with a large number of them. I can roll up into Anycity USA, make a couple witty and sarcastic jokes, and have the girl asking me personal questions. I can meet an Australian girl in a

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hostel, ask what's wrong with her hair, and have her asking about my plans later in the night. I can make oogly eyes with a white South African girl in a bar, tell her I'm a farmer, and get a fun back-and-forth going. Unfortunately this type of game does not work on Brazilian girls.

By my estimates I've probably interacted with 100-150 Brazilian girls in both Brazil and the United States, and my hook up percentage with them is about a third of what I can get with American girls. I tried many angles, like being nice, being direct, being mean, being aggressive, being aloof, being a comedian, being dark and disturbed, etc., but absolutely nothing has worked with any type of consistency that I can share with you. Every time I bang a B girl I feel like luck played a large role.

A big difference is that in America girls will indulge you even if they don't like you off the bat. This is how you can turn the tide with strong game. But in Brazil the girls don't give you the chance if they're not into your look and vibe, which means less opportunity to use classic game to build attraction. If it's not there almost immediately you're pretty much done. On one hand you save time, but on the other how can you use brainpower and skill to get what you want?

So then I worked backwards on the set of hook-ups I already had. Like a statistician I poured over the data to see if anything stood out at me. I'm also in touch with a dozen or so guys who've banged Brazilians and have their experience in the back of my mind as well. From this analysis there was a very clear pattern of B girls who got banged by a gringo:

They already like Westerners. In particular they like the English language and Western culture. They watch American movies and listen to American music. They go to Starbucks and Irish pubs. They have either visited or lived in a Western country. They're at least 24-years-old.

Every Brazilian girl I've slept with has spoken at least passable English, and they enjoyed practicing.

Every Brazilian girl I've slept with has put out strong interest within two minutes of talking to them.

Every Brazilian girl I've slept with has mentioned in passing other gringo "friends," a German guy here, an English girl there. I've never been the first gringo they got to know. Two girls I used to see are currently dating a gringo.

Every Brazilian girl I've slept with has complained about Brazilian men to some degree. They are looking for something different.

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Every Brazilian girl I've slept with has been at least 24-years-old. While I have kissed B girls as young as 18, they seem to be more about kissing than fucking. Pursuing a young B girl is generally a waste of time.

I know two guys who have banged quality B girls who spoke no English and didn't fit the model above, but neither of them could sustain the relationship and make it to bang number three. I think these girls did it more for the novelty of it, not because they genuinely liked gringos.

During my six months in Colombia, I was the first gringo for most of the girls I slept with. For two of the girls I was the first gringo they had ever met, something that has never been the case with Brazilian girls. In Colombia I found that hanging out in a place with a lot of gringos generally wasn't a good idea as it killed my exotic status.

In Brazil (at least for Rio) that seems to be the opposite. I actually bomb when I'm in a place that has no gringos, because the girls probably don't care for them. Girls in Brazil know which bars and clubs have gringos, and if they like going there then guess what—they like gringos and it will be easier for you.

If you want to bang a Brazilian in Rio, go to the spots that have gringos first. Being the only gringo in the club is great if you like standing out, but it won't automatically be easier.

There is this one club I do well at. Until recently do you know what I would tell other guys when describing the place? "Yeah music is alright but it has a lot of gringos... sucks." It could be 20% gringos at times! I didn't realize that my complaint was helping me get consistent results there.

I've been to another club four times. There are maybe 2% gringos at the most. I've never hooked up there—not even gotten a measly number—even though it's in a poorer part of town. Here I get blown out most of the time. Girls simply don't give a shit.

There's a guy I knew in Rio who spoke very good Portuguese, something you'd think would increase his chances of banging a lot of Brazilians, but it hasn't done anything of the sort because his ability is merely driving him to girls who don't already like gringos. He has a ton of conversations in Portuguese that go absolutely nowhere. His language skill merely delays the inevitable rejection.

So I have no idea how to bang a Brazilian girl who doesn't speak English or who doesn't already come pre-programmed liking gringos. Your guess is as good as mine. But now when I approach a girl, I ditch after a minute if

she's under 24 and she doesn't try to say a few words in English. Otherwise I simply run cool guy game, tell her my story, crack a couple jokes, tease her very gently, and sit back as she'll do most of the work for me. With Western girls I definitely work at building attraction and it may be several minutes in until I "hook" her, but with Brazilian girls if attraction isn't there almost immediately then nothing will happen.

Game in Brazil is more venue selection, persistence, and attractiveness than what you already think of as game. The best advice I can give you before coming to Rio is to hit the gym hard and look your best. Then once down here approach daily.

I really wish I could give you a complete strategy, and maybe I can some day, but until then don't waste your time gaming Brazilians who are skeptical of gringos.

Postscript: Since originally writing this I've banged a B girl using only Portuguese. She said I was her first gringo. I believe it was for the novelty because I couldn't get to the third bang.

The Aggressive Game Of Brazilian Guys

Brazilian game as told to me by a Brazilian guy: "Alright all you have to do is walk up to her and say 'What's your name?' Then you give two cheek kisses but make sure you do it nice and close. Then make her laugh a couple times and touch a lot and after that go for the kiss. Just go for it. It may take a couple tries."

You'll find a lot Brazilian guys who say, "Yeah Brazilian girls kiss so fast. It's very easy to kiss them." But it's not necessary because the girls are making fast moves, it's because Brazilian guys go for it incredibly quick (the ones who have game, anyway).

Now I do think Brazilian girls put out an early "kiss me" vibe, but the guys definitely don't waste any time. In other words if you're a guy who isn't aggressive with Brazilian girls, you may not automatically come to the conclusion they're fast kissers.

(Now compare that to gringos I see in the hostel talking to some hippie girl for four hours in the patio without even touching her when you know he wants to hit. It's like they're waiting for the girl to be a man and step up.)

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The guy who told me his strategy (let's call him Renato) is from Recife, a city in the northeast. Along with three of his other friends, they were kissing a random girl in the beach town of Pipa every night. One of them kissed a girl who couldn't have been older than 14.

I was floating through a crowd with Renato's friend and approached two Brazilian girls with something casual. It opened and we're each talking to the girls. Lucky for me one of them spoke fluent English, but unfortunately she lost her voice and I could barely understand her. I tried reading her lips but that didn't work so the best I could do was pick out a word here or there and pretend like I understood.

She didn't want to dance, instead preferring to stand right underneath the club speaker, and she also didn't want to move to the quiet, dark alley nearby. She was asking me questions that I couldn't hear so on the surface she seemed interested, but to me the situation was rather hopeless.

Eventually I just gave up and stopped talking to her. I deemed this an impossible case. (If she wanted to dance though it would have been relatively easy.) Then Renato moved in. Actually he tried to move in before I was done but I casually blocked him out.

I watched him to see if he would do anything differently. He had his hand on her side, same thing I did, and made her laugh with a couple jokes, which I did as well. But then the frustration on his face became apparent when she tried talking. He kept putting his hands up in the air as if saying, "I can't hear a single fucking thing that's coming out of your mouth!" She declined to dance with him as well. I knew he felt what I did and was about to bow out.

Ah but I wouldn't be writing this if he did.

He changed tactics and instead of asking her questions and trying to maintain a conversation, he just kept talking nonstop as if reading from a monologue. The things he was saying must've been cocky because she kept playfully hitting him, a sure sign you're on the right track with a girl. Then he went for it. Only three minutes after I stepped aside, he tried to kiss her. She leaned way back to avoid his mouth and he gave a look that said, "Hey, what's wrong?" She strongly shook her head no.

Over the next 15 minutes, Renato went for it at least seven times. It was painful to watch him get rejected again and again, especially when I saw it coming each time. Her body position was permanently set in a way to get ready for the backwards lean, and after every rejection he would just make her laugh some more and keep touching to get ready for the next rejection.

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She didn't walk away from him though, and kept playfully hitting him.

I walked around and when I came back I caught the instant where Renato went in for one more kiss. He grabbed her in a way which made it very difficult for her to move back, almost forcing her but not quite, and this time it worked. They went at it hard and sloppy.

I can't stress how strongly she did not want to kiss him. Her rejections were so brutal, again and again, that if Renato was a close friend of mine I'd tell him to give it up to preserve his dignity.

If you see this type of caveman game you think, "Hmm this seems to be where it's at. I just have to be super aggressive." This is what I thought at first, but I kept watching and hanging out with Brazilian guys on subsequent nights, and the dirty truth is this: Brazilian guys kiss a lot of girls, but they don't get a lot of bangs. Let me demonstrate why this is with an example from the world of book sales.

Say you wrote a book on knitting and was looking to advertise it on some knitting blog. You submit three different advertisements and run them all simultaneously. Here are the ads:

1. "Click here to check out an incredible new knitting book."
2. "Finally! A resource that helps you knit clothing for you and your friends. Click here to learn more."
3. "Click here for dozens of new knitting patterns."

The ads run for a week and each get displayed 100 times. Here are the results:

1. 4 clicks and 2 sales. 50% conversion rate
2. 12 clicks and 3 sales. 25% conversion rate
3. 20 clicks and 1 sale. 5% conversion rate

The problem with the first ad is that it oversells—you're telling people to just buy a book. Not many people will click the ad, but those that do will probably buy it. In the third ad you'll get a lot of clicks from people looking for free knitting patterns but then they'll get turned off when they find out you're selling something. The second ad has the best mix. By saying "resource" you imply this may not be free, so you get clicks from people who are curious about new knitting information and may want to pay for it.

Clicks are kisses and sales are bangs. Very roughly speaking, American guys use ad one and Brazilian guys use ad three.

American guys roll up to a girl and say okay here is my job and my Netflix queue, click here to have sex with me. Many girls say no, but if they

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eventually do get the kiss chances are they'll have an decent chance of banging.

Brazilian guys roll up to a girl and say "Hey what's up you look pretty tonight" and then bam try to kiss. I'm not exaggerating. Brazilian guys go around certain clubs basically assaulting girls until they find one that submits to relentless pressure. Many times I've seen a guy corner a Brazilian girl and just force her to kiss while she tries to squirm out of it. They get it a lot of time, but of course it doesn't result in a lot of "sales" because kissing alone isn't enough to make a girl want to have sex with you.

The problem with going for the kiss super fast is that it disturbs the bang progression. To get bangs you build attraction over time, punctuating her increasing interest with escalation in the form of personal questions, touching, heavy touching, and then kissing. You're building a storyline that shows your personality but also hints at passionate things to come. You form tension that is begging to be relieved in the bedroom.

Brazilian guys form no storyline, no tension. The whole interaction is about the kiss. And when they get it then the story comes to an early close. I've seen guys get the kiss and then two minutes later they're back with their group of friends. Plus the guys insist on slobbering over the girl's face, leaving very little imagination for increased pleasure that could come later.

But if you were to tell a Brazilian guy to delay the kiss, he'd call you crazy. I believe to them kissing is more important than banging, but to me banging is more important. I'm not going to kiss a girl unless she invests into the interaction by showing interest (asking me questions, reciprocating some touches), because that's what it takes to close the sale.

The ideal time to get the kiss is at the 1 or 2 hour mark, depending on the girl's culture. By then the girl will be invested enough, and the kiss will increase the interaction's energy so that you only need 2-4 more hours to get the bang, assuming she's that "type" of girl. So that's 3 hours or more for the one-night stand. (If I haven't gotten the kiss by hour three, then it's unlikely I will get the one-night stand.) A downside of this is that you do commit your Friday night or whenever to one girl, but if you're in the business of banging and not just kissing then this is how it's done.

My intention here is not to trash the game of Brazilian guys. Their aggressiveness is admirable and I have picked up a couple small things from them, but no matter how long I stay in Brazil I don't think I'll completely adopt their strategy because the sales data shows they are on the extreme end

of the spectrum. Passive Western guys who don't try anything, like the hostel guy I mentioned in the beginning, are at the other end. It's working the middle that will see the most bangs, where you are aggressive but allow the girl to be aggressive as well. Only when she puts in a good bulk of the work will you seal the deal consistently.

The Women Of Vitória

Vitória is a tough city to run game. Even though the ratio of women to men is very high, I had to approach like a fucking machine just to get one decent hookup. If I worked that hard anywhere else in Brazil, I'd have enough prospects to last me a couple months.

Believe it or not, easiness of women is only a minor factor for choosing where I travel to. What's more important is if the women are of high quality, because I don't mind putting in a moderate amount of energy to snag something special. It's only when the women disappoint me with cold or strange attitude, like in Argentina, that I get turned off and search for greener pastures.

That is sort of what happened in Vitória. The girls weren't warm by Brazilian standards and simply didn't hint to me that they were worth the trouble. So I was surprised when an attractive girl from Vitória started an email correspondence with me. She suggests that the attitude is just a front. Here is her enlightening analysis, which I'm sure holds true for other lower tier Brazilian cities as well:

I've heard the same complaint from many (Brazilian) people about the capixabas [people from Vitória] not being very open and friendly. I could think of many reasons for that, but mostly I think it's just because Vitória is an island and used to be a "green barrier" (barreira verde, don't know how to say that in English) to protect Minas Gerais. So we have spent a lot of time without much contact with other people, and I guess we have grown a little "suspicious" of everyone.

We're not used to having tourists visiting, even from Brazil (except for the mineiros). You'd be surprised to know that a lot of Brazilian people don't even know where Vitória is. I get a lot of "Vitória da Conquista?"

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(a city in Bahia) when I travel. People joke saying that Bahia is North of Rio (meaning that Espírito Santo doesn't exist). We're a small town—we only have twice as many people as Copacabana, a *neighborhood* in Rio. So I guess we're like an unpopular high school gang, just hanging out together and looking out for each other. It's hard to get in (and no one cares to try), but once you do, you'll realize how cool we are. :)

The problem with being an American guy trying to get girls in Vitória, I think, is that a lot of us have the natural “anti-American” instinct (as we also have the “anti-carioca”, the anti-anything that we consider better than us). As in “Did you really think it would be that easy to get me to bed just because you're from Rio/New York/Paris?” We have an inferiority complex that we try to make up by being snobbish and playing hard to get. But, it usually doesn't last long. Girls in Rio are used to gringos, we're not used to anyone. That *will* become an advantage eventually, but it does take a lot of game.

And, everyone knows everyone here. Women (at least my girlfriends and I) try to be very careful with what they do, because the next day everyone is already talking about it. And when I say that everyone knows everyone, I really mean it (it's crazy).

There's another problem that is very specific to Vitória too: there are a LOT of girls, and not too many guys. This *could* mean that girls would be easier here (out of desperation!), but this is what happens: guys have become the biggest assholes (not alpha assholes; just plain assholes). They think you have a moral obligation to worship them. So if they approach you and you're not interested, they'll immediately start cursing at you or trying to offend you. I've seen it happen a lot. Sometimes we *are* interested, just not in the mood to play their caveman game. So most girls in Vitória have grown tired of that, I think, and end up being more interested in hanging out with their girlfriends than putting up with one of these guys. You'll see a lot of us dating guys from other states (who don't live here, and whom we've met in Rio or other cities).

A capixaba girl will behave completely different in another city, with other men (and without other capixabas around to make gossip). But maybe what I'm saying is all just bullshit and we *are* actually snobs. But I don't think we are.

I can vouch for capixabas acting different (i.e. sluttier) in other cities: my Danish roommate had a one-night stand with one staying in Rio. But then again that's true for all women.

I'm ready to come to the conclusion that Vitória is only worth your time if you live there, and not merely traveling through. Unless you want an ultimate-test-of-your-game type of challenge by coming here for a weekend or two, stick to the other gringo-friendly cities instead.

Brazilian Game Odds & Ends

When you're talking to a B girl and she asks for your Facebook or Orkut name before the interaction is over, the interaction will soon be over. While she is curious about you, she's asking because she's ready to dip and meet other people. What you gotta do is say, "Yeah sure, but let me go to the bar/bathroom real quick—hold on," then walk away quickly before waiting for her response. Your best bet is to use scarcity to reengage later, but odds of recovery are slim.

There's a pseudo-rock club I go to where the Brazilian guys have zero game. They don't approach and even when a girl likes them they find a way to blow it by chasing too hard or saying something like, "If I was a girl I'd wear those pantyhose too!" So what always happens there is I'll be talking to a B girl and I'll hear the guys speaking English in a mocking manner near me, but never loud enough so that I can make out what they're saying. And then I run into them and I look them in the face and I say, "Were you saying something in English earlier? I couldn't hear it." They put on a fake smile and ask me where I'm from, but then when they walk away they'll again mutter something unintelligible. I don't blame them for hating because I am taking their beautiful women out of circulation, but they should reconsider their strategy of putting so much energy into me than on the women.

Sometimes you'll get the partial cockblock when a girl persists in hovering around and not letting you isolate her friend. If she's cuter than the girl you want, all you gotta do is engage her, insinuate that her friend is nice but not your "type," and then invite her to the bar to make out with her instead. Of course this assumes that the original girl is being occupied by someone

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else. The strategy of making out with the cockblocker works in cultures where she is not automatically a disgusting pig (e.g. United States). If you're wondering why not go for the cockblocker instead, it's because B girls have friends scattered all over the club and you may have invested in a girl based on incomplete information.

I've found that talking to the ugly B girl of the group to get to the pretty one rarely works. What happens is the pretty ones will back off and let her friend "have" you. B girls don't seem to like competing for guys like American girls do. Perhaps they take their friendships more seriously.

If a B girl is super fluent in English, and hits you with sarcastic or witty jokes, then you need to ramp up the dial on your cocky game and assume she is like an American girl, because she basically is. And when she calls out one of your jokes or teases as offensive, yet still stands there talking to you, keep doing it you big stud.

There are a lot of prejudices against Americans in Brazil, not just from the millions of American guys that come for sex tourism but also from our way of imperializing the world. Even though Brazilians like English and American entertainment, most will tell you without hesitation that they prefer British or European people more. I can see the disappointment on some girls' faces when I say *Eu sou Americano*. Fuck 'em.

A Brazilian girl asking where you're from is like an American girl asking you what you do—it doesn't mean she's interested. She needs to dig deeper than that before you can say she's into you.

I used to think that it was better to tell a girl you're staying for many months instead of say a week, but when you're somewhere for a short time you have a built-in urgent storyline and can get her in bed faster well before she flakes out. I used to lie and insinuate I'd stay a long time (or at least be vague about it), but now I don't bother. Since 99% of B girls you meet in the club would never consider a long-term relationship with you, there is very little advantage in saying you're staying if you're not looking for a long-term relationship yourself. Some girls like it that she can have sex with a guy who is going to disappear forever. Don't underestimate the value of semi-anonymous sex.

Definitely Go To Brazil If You're Blonde

Looks matter in Brazil, and they matter in a big way. If you have blonde hair, blue eyes, and an above-average appearance, you will have an easy ride. Girls will check you out, invite you to approach them by getting close to you, or just approach you outright.

I remember when my Danish roommate told me the story of how a girl approached him. He rebuffed her by saying he'd chat with her later, and then she approached him *again* by grabbing his arm tight, basically begging him to kiss her. That has never happened to me anywhere in the world, and most likely never will.

It's no surprise that my roommate was not big on approaching (until meeting me, anyway). With his good looks he was never hurting for poon that he had to dive into the trenches and work on his game. So what he did was wait for a girl to check him out before going over to play cigarette game, in addition to maintaining a profile on Brazil Cupid. That's all the game he really needed in Brazil.

But of course there's a big catch: I banged about the same quality as him (I like to think better), though he had me beat in quantity. It's true that I had to work harder by doing far more approaches than him, but by using tighter game, which in Brazil was approaching much more and not being needy, I could get women who were significantly better looking than I'm handsome, while he got girls on the same level as himself.

How do I feel about the extra work I had to put in?

Life sucks! It isn't fair! Why God, why?!

Honestly I'm fine with playing the hand that I was dealt, because I know there are a lot of guys in the world who have it worse off than myself (unless you're a quadriplegic or look like the Elephant Man, you're still in the game). At the end of the night when me and the Dane were talking about the girls we were banging, I realized the result is the same. If anything, by working harder I'm building a skillset that will stay with me long after our looks fade. The alternative, of crying about it and not getting laid at all, is simply unacceptable.

The Dane and I have become quite good friends. We have the type of bond where we can openly discuss our strengths and weaknesses, so one day he said to me, "I wish I had your game."

Without skipping a beat I replied, "I wish I had your looks!"

If he did have my game, he'd be unstoppable, but that will never happen because his results will always be good enough, while on the other hand I'm overcompensating for a youth of zero pussy. He doesn't have the ache like I do, that while much diminished is still bubbling underneath the surface. Thanks to game, uglier guys like myself can get girls just as hot, or hotter, than a guy who used to be a somewhat famous singer on MTV Europe. No lie.

Brazilian Gym Culture

A different side of Brazil that most gringos don't see is the gym. I don't consider myself a meathead, but I was turning a little soft and figured Rio would be a good place to work on my musculature.

First thing is the cost: gyms in Brazil are expensive. The first gym I looked at cost \$150 US a month, and it was almost \$200 if I wanted to use the pool. While it was the most beautiful gym I've seen in my life, with brand new equipment in spacious rooms and even computers with free internet, I opted for the budget \$100/month gym. The only major difference it had from a regular gym like Golds or Sport & Health was the LCD screens with satellite television attached to every treadmill.

Just like in the States, most gym-goers are guys, but in Brazil the guys are universally huge. 90% of them were gloriously large and ripped, even the one's in their 40s. So many *carioca* guys are in shape that showing off your muscular body on Ipanema beach will get you about as much attention as cruising Miami's South Beach with a BMW 3 series. I saw only one or two guys during my dozen or so gym visits that were smaller than me. My gut instinct is to think they are on steroids but then again Rio has hundreds of juice bars that have caloric shakes which can be supplemented with protein. It's also common to see GNC-like shops throughout the city. Creatine for all!

Most importantly let's talk about the girls. In the States you see a lot of young girls in the gym because of the popularity of female high school and college athletics, but in my Brazilian gym the average female was slightly over 30. But these were the hottest 30 and over women I've ever seen in my life, even if a fifth of them had fake breasts. Not only do they have the means

and motivation to look good, but they are working off the foundation of Brazilian genes which give them that legendary ass. If they had it, they definitely showed it.

The best part is that many women wore skin-tight lycra ensembles where you can make out the shape of their vaginas. Do you know the machine that works out the hamstrings, where you have to lay on your stomach and curl up your legs? Imagine the views that machine could offer a gringo pervert who looked at Brazilian women with epic asses wearing one-piece outfits that revealed everything. At my gym the calf machine offered very good views of those using the vagina machine. Right now my calves are the biggest they've ever been in my life.

There is more of a pick-up vibe in American gyms, where you see guys and girls chatting with each other for extended periods of time without working out. In my gym this was rare but I did try to feel out the vibe by fishing for looks and engaging in light bilingual conversation. It would happen where a girl asked me in Portuguese how many sets I had left or if she could work in. I would respond in English with something like, "You can work in with me," but almost every time she'd scatter off after smiling. In other cases I would ask a girl in English how many sets she had left. Instead of offering to let me work in, she would usually say she's almost done. Even though she'd maybe check me out later, I never got that invitation to converse, and no girl took the easy bait of asking "Where you from?" that was super common in the clubs. It could be the language barrier but my guess is there is less picking up in Brazilian gyms than American ones.

In conclusion, American gyms are good for being social and listening to T-Pain on your iPod. Argentine gyms are good for spying on the aerobics room where 95% of girls are hot. Brazilian gyms are good for looking at vaginas attached to showroom asses. Brazil wins.

Brazilian Girls In The United States

I chatted up a Brazilian girl at a coffee shop recently. She was a solid 6 I'd say, but unfortunately her English was flawless. Not only did she have a firm grasp of English idioms but her accent was minimal. She was just as much Brazilian as American, and with her mediocre appearance it wasn't at

all worth pursuing. She was going for a graduate degree in something like finance.

I have some bad news for guys trying to get their first Brazilian notch in the United States: Brazilian girls who live here are second-rate. They are more educated, more ambitious, less attractive, and less sensual. I'm starting to think that Brazilian girls who come to the U.S. do so because they can't physically compete in Brazil. They come to Washington D.C. for school instead of being a model or actress because working in an office building is all they got left in life.

I've dated a couple Brazilian girls here and while they were nice, I would have gotten something five times better if I went directly to the source, with five times less effort. It's scary how consistently mediocre the Brazilian girls here really are, and anyone who has met the rare hot Brazilian girl already knows how much attention she gets from horny American gringos.

I'm telling you this because I don't want you to generalize Brazilian girls from the ugly ones you meet here. You must go to Brazil to see how it's really like.

Hate Mail From A Brazilian Girl

I've chopped the following email I received because of its enormous length...

A friend has sent me the address to your blog. And I was very surprised to read the content of it. It is very sad to see that a well- educated men from a known developed country has such a small and limited view of the world. Or maybe he doesn't have, but he is definitely making a buck or two on that.

Don't you realize that some of your readers actually believe the things you say? It is people like you that make prejudice still exist. Instead of using your international experience and your ability to write to make a difference and help people be more culturally diverse, no you had to make a big joke about the countries you've visited.

In the past couple years I've been more careful here before hitting the

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publish button because a lot of guys depend on my information for not only picking up girls but where to take their vacations (I like to think the number of guys who've visited Cordoba because of me is in the hundreds). Sure I include a little theater in some of my writing, but when it comes to straightforward advice I keep it clear and honest.

Everything I've written about the countries I've visited has been based on my own careful observation and information from dozens of other guys whose brains I pick, preferably in person. While my job is to generalize, I resist doing it until I'm very certain that what I'm sharing will apply to most men. And the reports I get back show that my generalizations are almost always dead-on.

As a Brazilian girl myself, I can tell you that there is nothing more lovely than having to explain that Brazil is not about naked women, sex and soccer. It is SUCH an honor to explain that actually, I'm not a whore to every ignorant guy I meet along the way. By the way, I do hope that you are smart enough to get that I am being ironic here. It is sad and disgusting to know that there are still people that see Brazil in that way. There is more to Brazil than that. I am not from Rio, but I've been there many times to tell you that there is more to Rio than that.

I know that in my book *A Dead Bat In Paraguay* I painted a picture that Brazilian girls lean towards the easy side, but I made sure to explain that quality is the big unknown factor. While guys share tales of incredible sexual adventures in Brazil, they sometimes forget to include that they paid for it, or that the girls were beastly, or that they banged a former man. (Romanticizing about travel is not something that only travel writers do.) The stereotype of the easy Brazilian girl continues through the power of inertia and it's only during extended time here that I'm realizing Brazilian girls are definitely not easier than American girls. Sure once you bang them they're more sensual, loving, affectionate and all that good stuff, but getting there takes more work.

Thank you so much for creating a legion of ignorant jerks and maintaining the ones that have always been that way! Yay for American men who think that they are so much better than the rest of the man in the world that they can just fuck which ever girl in Brazil they'd like.

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I always advise guys to take time to learn the local language, which many of them do. The “ignorant jerks” you speak of not only spend more time in Brazil, contributing healthy amounts of money to the local economy, but they know more of the language and culture. As for fucking, last time I checked sex is a natural act that both women and men enjoy. Since every woman they fucked wanted to get fucked by them, it’s clear to me that I’m making the world a better place. I sleep very well at night as I consider myself doing God’s work.

I find that your blog on “Brazilian Girls” it’s quite wrong and poor in data proving whatever it is that you are saying. First of all, in case you haven’t noticed, Brazil is a country almost as big as the USA, and quite diverse. Even Rio de Janeiro is diverse as a city can be, as Manhattan is very different from Brooklyn. What you did was a poor generalization of your own experience, which let’s face it, it is probably fake. Which, frankly, I don’t give a damn about it, I just feel sorry for the girls who did end up going to bed with you. But I guess you often lie about your master piece blog and books. You may think that this is a big joke. But we are talking about prejudice here!

While Brazil is a huge country, most guys will spend lengthy amount of times in Rio, so it makes little sense to research how girls are like in dumps like Recife or Salvador where the talent is hurting. Plus there are very few tribes in Rio (Brazil’s Miami), as opposed to nearby São Paulo (Brazil’s New York). The culture is homogeneous and for the most part you only have a couple subgroups: the artists/bohemians, the preps, the meat-heads/cheerleaders, and the gangbangers. In New York you can have half a dozen different tribes in the same neighborhood, so it would be just about impossible to write an all-encompassing post called “How To Pick Up New York City Chicks.” The reason I can generalize about Rio and Brazilian girls is because there is so little variance.

To give you an example, I can tell, by my own experience living in the USA as an exchange student almost 10 years ago, that I’ve never seen so many pregnant teenagers, or teenage mothers, as my classmates in High School, and may I add that none of the people I knew from Brazil were even having sex at that time. Also I was often surprised when the girls

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would talk about doing blow jobs on the first date – which in Brazil, we just make out, and apparently that makes us the easy ones.

Do you think it's not a coincidence that the most bitter email I've gotten from a Brazilian girl happens to be one who lived in America for a lengthy amount of time? Again she's merely letting off steam and attacking the "Brazilian girls are easy" stereotype instead of my previous writings on it.

Have you ever pointed out the cultural differences? You've not mentioned once that there are all kinds of girls here. The same thing happens in the USA and in many other countries. And by the way, I would never dance in a club the way some American girls do – which is much more promiscuous than the way the cariocas from the favela dance.

An educated Brazilian girl in the North is very similar to one in the South if you take away factors like appearance and accent. If you've heard an average guy's story about picking up a Brazilian girl and dating her, you've heard them all: fast kiss, bit of work to bang, needy, wanted a relationship fast, did something crazy in a fit of jealous rage.

This Brazilian girl complains about grinding, but then she'll regularly tongue-down two or more guys a night like I commonly see in the clubs. I think exchanging saliva (and possible diseases) is a more intimate gesture than bonobo rubbing through multiple layers of clothing.

After you travel around the whole country and see that each state, and realize that even each city and town has their very own culture then you can attempt to make a few statements. And still, there is no way that you alone can make such a generalization.

I've been to the following states: Ceará, Rio Grande do Norte, Pernambuco, Bahia, Espírito Santo, Paraná, and Rio de Janeiro. Many Brazilians have told me that I've seen more of their country than themselves. I have a basic understanding of how each state is like and while there are differences like New York City and Washington D.C. are different, every Brazilian state is not a completely unique world like she is insinuating.

Even if you do a proper research with over 100 cases from each city and country you visit, which is enough for statistical data, maybe then you

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can say “some” “most” “out of the research x% ...”. But don’t go assuming and saying things which are absurd, especially things that most people don’t have access to the information. How would you like if someone went around and wrote about American girls, but just taking on city and trash talked them? I don’t know about you, but most Americans I know would not be flattered.

Most American guys I know are tired of American girls, so they would find it to be very amusing, as they have here in the past. They don’t have this blind pride when it comes to their country’s women. They can admit that hey, there are some big flaws here and I’m going to have an open mind to see what else is out there before I commit my lifeblood to any one girl.

Also, this is the part of the email where the girl outs herself to be an engineer or scientist of some sort. As someone who has worked in the science field, I can assure you that she is most likely a very homely women whose opinions should be taken with extreme hesitation.

I’m not saying that what you wrote doesn’t happen here in Brazil – I am well aware of how things are here, as I’ve traveled to most states in the country and have friends from all over the country, from different backgrounds and different social status. What I am saying is that the same thing happens in the USA and most other countries.

Do you even know what goes on in the country? Have you studied or learned about the social differences and why things are the way they are? Have you learned Portuguese? Have you learned how public education works in Brazil? How hard it is to have access to things in the country? It doesn’t sound like you have. It doesn’t seem like you even learn the Brazilian way of living. How hard it is to find work here, how people really have a hard time paying the bills, getting education, safety and so on! It looks like you are just an ignorant man who is making a joke for the fellow ignorant men out there. And that’s too bad.

I won’t even bother mentioning how sexist your blog is, because honestly it doesn’t look like you are looking for a girl with a brain. Which bad news for you, because looks go away, no hot girl will look hot after their 65.

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Paying the bills? Hot until 65? Alright I think I gave her enough space here. She obviously has a lot of pent up anger from how her country is viewed, but my response to that concern would be, “Why do you give a fuck?” If some random Australian complains about the United States, am I going to take the time to argue with him about why he may be wrong? I honestly couldn’t care less and it’s not because I have zero patriotism, but if someone comes at you with a negative opinion it’s going to be impossible to change that with reason and logic instead of more needed violence. In the end I get the last laugh anyway, because he’ll go home and watch American movies, listen to American music, and eat shitty American food, while the only thing I’ll continue to know about Australia is what I gleaned from the Crocodile Dundee movies and Outback Steakhouse.

In the end this email is a criticism on generalizations. I agree that there is a problem with generalizations as it does not apply 100% of the time, but they are absolutely essential in sharing information that others can use with a reasonable degree of certainty and consistency.

“Girls from Cordoba, Argentina are hot.”

“Colombian girls are flakey.”

“South American girls are needy.”

“American girls are crazy easy, and one-night stands are very common.”

“Brazilian girls have big asses.”

These statements will hold true at least 80% of the time, and it allows me to compare and contrast different cities and girls for those guys who are looking for something different. Without them then it would be impossible to properly advise guys where and how to spend their limited time on this Earth.

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How To Prepare For A Trip To Rio

I've received a lot of questions from guys who are going to Rio and want to have sex with a Brazilian girl. Keeping that in mind, here are some tips to achieve that goal.

Where To Stay?

The two main popular beaches are Ipanema and Copacabana. During the day Ipanema's beach will be packed with beautiful people while Copa's will be sparsely filled with families and random backpackers. During the night Ipanema's expensive restaurants will be bustling with patrons while Copa's shady streets will be more or less dead with the occasional vendor. Ipanema is rich and flashy while Copa is more rugged with a working class character.

If you are going for a short time, lodge in Ipanema, but if you are lucky enough to stay for more than a couple weeks then split your time up. Since most clubs won't be within walking distance from wherever you stay anyway, it's hard to make a regretful choice. Personally I liked Copa more because it was gentler on my budget. I took a cheap bus when I wanted to go to Ipanema's beach.



Christ Redeemer statue.

Hostel, Hotel, or Apartment?

If you have the money then stay in an apartment. Many hotels are cracking down on bringing back late-night guests, and you'll be disappointed to find out your expensive hotel won't let you bring a girl back when she's begging for sex at 3am in the morning. Here are some sites for apartment rentals:

- Craigslist (<http://rio.en.craigslist.org/>)
- EasyQuarto (<http://www.easyquarto.com.br/>)
- Zap Classifieds (<http://www.zap.com.br>)
- FlatHunters (<http://www.flathuntersrio.com/>)
- VRBO (<http://www.vrbo.com>)
- Blame It On Rio Travel (<http://www.blameitonrio4travel.com/>)
- Rio Apartment Rental (<http://www.rioapartmentrental.com/>)

If you stay at a hostel, all you need is a piece of paper in your jean pocket with the address of an hourly hotel. If you meet a girl who wants your sex, simply show a cab driver the address and take her to the hotel. I highly recommend the Mango Tree hostel which is clean and centrally located in Ipanema (<http://www.mangotreehostel.com>).

For more listings and reviews, visit the Hostel World web site at <http://www.hostelworld.com>.

How Much To Bring?

Brazil's currency, the *real* (pronounced hey-ow, believe it or not), is getting quite strong thanks to the weakening dollar. I wouldn't plan on spending less than \$100 a day to sight-see, eat occasionally at decent restaurants, go out drinking at clubs, sleep in a hostel, and buy souvenirs at markets instead of boutiques. Spending can get really out of hand if you don't watch it, more so than other South American countries. Yet if you tell a Brazilian that their country is twice as expensive as their neighbor Argentina, they will counter that their life is twice as good. Touché.

What To Study?

Pick up a copy of *How To Be A Carioca*, a fun book that exposes you to the culture and also acts as a phrase book and dictionary to teach you slang words that will amuse the locals.

If you're going to stay for a while and have money to blow, get *Rio For Partiers* (<http://rioforpartiers.com>). It's an alternative guide book that is a more current and edgy version of *How To Be A Carioca* with plenty of nightlife recommendations. It's a pretty short read but the information is helpful.

The last book I recommend is my game book *Bang* (<http://www.bangpickupguide.com>). The game I teach in it translates well for the many Brazilian girls who speak English (I wish I could say the same for Argentine girls).

How To Mentally Prepare?

The key to success and happiness in Rio is approaching during the daytime on the beach, on the street, or in the malls. Girls will be very receptive if you open asking for some sort of help like directions or the best place to get açaí. Then you can easily transition to normal game after that by asking if she's going out later.

The reason approaching during the daytime is so important is that Rio's nightlife is surprisingly not very good. For such a large population there is a limited amount of nightclubs and bars, unlike a city like Buenos Aires which has a club for every twenty people. You can't sit on your ass all day only to

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say you'll do something at night, because you might not find a good selection of girls when you do go out. Catch them during the day. Be a man about it and strike up conversation.



Bowl of açai.

What If You Fail?

When all else falls and you can't get laid to save your life and it's your last night in Rio, head on over to Help nightclub in Copa (any self-respecting taxi driver knows where it is), pay the \$20 or so cover charge to get in and bask in a sea of beautiful Brazilian prostitutes. I'm afraid I cannot give you a price estimate since I did not indulge in their services. I also hear there are happy ending massage parlors but I did not notice them while I was there.

Postscript: Help is now closed, but other more underground pay-for-play clubs still exist. Ask around.

Rio de Janeiro Day & Night Guide

Called "The Marvelous City" for good reason, Rio de Janeiro will be one of the most magical cities you visit in your lifetime. With picture-perfect scenery, excellent beaches, fun, beautiful people, and a temperate climate year round, you'll ask yourself why you didn't travel there sooner. Allow me to share some advice on what to do during both day and night.

Day

Everyone in Rio has a body, so if you are staying for a while why not hit the gym? I recommend Equipe1 in Copacabana (703 N.S. de Copacabana). Membership for one month is 175 reais (conversion to dollars), but you can also purchase weekly memberships. Hit the 6-8PM rush if you want to check out the opposite sex. Smaller gyms will be cheaper.

The beach in Copacabana is well past its prime. The current hotspot is Ipanema beach between the number 9 post and the big coconut tree (ask a local—he'll know what you are talking about). It's so packed that conversation with your neighbors is inevitable. Catch a bus between beaches by sticking out your arm and making a puppy dog face so the drivers stop for you.



Ipanema beach.

The Christ Redeemer statue offers nice views of the city but is very touristy, with everyone taking the same photo (hands outstretched in front of the statue). Sugar Loaf is nice but not impressive if you've already seen the Christ statue, which offers better venues of the city.

Head to the Uruguaiana metro station for the large outdoor market where you can buy anything from electronics to soccer jerseys.

Rio has four soccer teams, the most popular being Flamengo. Tickets are sold in tourist shops along main avenues. You can hop on the subway system to get to the stadium (Maracanã stop). It's safe enough to take your pocket digital camera, but you should leave your mammoth SLR at home. Bargain for soccer jerseys once inside the stadium.

You must try açai juice. Açai is an exotic berry grown in Brazil that Rio's hundreds of juice bars put in smoothie form (it sort of has the

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consistency of a slurpie). They say it has more antioxidants than pomegranate juice. Also recommend are the pineapple with mint juice (abacaxi com hortela), cashew juice (caju), strawberry with milk (morango com leite), maracujú (passion fruit), and melon (melao). If Rio gets one thing right, it's juice, and you may find yourself juicing up to three times a day. If you are a meathead trying to beef up, gulp down the energetic drinks with names like bomba, or ask them to put protein powder in the already caloric açaí. BigBi juice chains have the best açaí, but Bibi is also good.

The best pastries and cake in Rio can be found at The Bakers (Rua Santa Clara 86 in Copacabana or Rua Visconde de Pirajá 330 in Ipanema). You must try their folhado de queijo (cheese pastry). You'll find pleasant cafes along Rua Visconde de Pirajá in Ipanema. Cafeina is a nice coffeshop serving tasty sandwiches and desserts with locations through Rio.

My favorite restaurant is Delirio Tropical, which offers the healthiest food you can buy in South America with amazing salads and prepared dishes. It is located in Ipanema on Rua Garcia D'Ávila 48, among other locations.

On those rainy days head to Rio Sul mall, located on the right after you go through the long tunnel leaving Copacabana (almost any bus leaving Copacabana passes by it). The prices will not appeal to bargain shoppers, but the food court is half-decent for checking out cute girls.



Rio juice bar.

Night

Before I came to Rio, a *carioca* told me that there is only one club in Rio that she can tolerate. I brushed aside her comment, but turns out the nightlife

in Rio is not that great. There aren't that many clubs represented for a city population of 8 million people, and the ones that exist can be mediocre or empty. I must admit that it's possible I didn't explore well enough.

That said, here's a rundown of the clubs I visited.

Rio Scenarium (Rua do Lavradio 20, Lapa). This is a good club if you want to get an idea of what Brazilian samba is about. The music is great but the age of the crowd ranges from early twenties to late sixties. Still, some of the older women look good and it's fun to watch them vibrate their ass while samba dancing.

00 (Av Padre leonel Franca 240, Gavea). I walked in on a Thursday night and my first thought was, "Jesus christ what a fucking sausage fest!" It wasn't obvious at first, but I came on semi-gay night. The few girls there were all done up in expensive cocktail dresses and not very approachable. Other nights were much better, especially Saturday night. The girls are the hottest I've seen in Rio but they are also the snobbiest.

The venue itself is very nice, with a dim outdoor lounge and medium-sized dance floor inside. The music was spun by a competent DJ and the service was friendly. Drinks are tasty but pricey, and I wouldn't come here while on a tight budget.

Baronneti (Rua Barão da Torre 354, Ipanema). Just like most clubs, the scene depends on the night. For Baronneti I went on a Thursday night. There was quite a few young but cute girls (if you don't mind braces), but they seemed to be more concerned with hanging with their friends than hooking up.

I find the bigger the groups of girls, the less concerned they are with meeting a guy for the night. I'm not saying it's impossible, but it's harder. Ideally you want girls to be hanging in pairs or triplets. Otherwise a cockblock is possible.

The bouncers here played favorites with the velvet rope and the cover was a whopping \$30 if you weren't on the guestlist.

Emporio (Rua Maria Quiteria 37, Ipanema). I'm not a huge fan of this place because it's swarming with gringos, but it has the best turnover of any other bar. Every few minutes people are coming and going and if you're patient enough you will have opportunities to approach a few decent girls, who will likely speak English. This is a good bar if you don't speak any Portuguese.

Shennanigans (Rua Viconde de Piraja 112, Ipanema). Another gringo

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bar with even more blonde-haired guys. The girls here can be hit or miss. It's usually a sausage fest.

Lord Jim (Rua Paul Redfern 63, Ipanema). This is the smaller version of Shennanigans that has less people but a more fun atmosphere. If you can't pick up at Shennanigans then it will be much harder to do so here. When it's crowded they open the upstairs bar, and there's also live music on certain days.

Casa Da Matriz (Rua Henrique de Novais 107, Botafogo). This club is in Botafogo, a residential neighborhood. It has two main dance floors, one with Brazilian music and the other with more of an international sound. There are gringos but tons more Brazilians, and the house party vibe of the place makes it fun to hit on girls. I've had very good luck meeting girls here, and recommend this club to all my friends going to Rio, even though the quality is so-so. If this place isn't jumpin', try the Pista 3 club a block away.

Lapa Street Party (Weekends). This is the party of choice for cariocas who don't have a lot of money (i.e. you won't find rich people here). Cans of Skol beer and sausage snacks are sold cheap from street vendors. The attractiveness of girls hanging out on the street is very low so it will be in your best interests to find a bar or club nearby to dip into. Gringos get more attention here than other places, not just from girls but thieves as well. Be careful of homeless little kids who suddenly swarm you to pick your pockets (they identify targets based on jewelry and watches).

Praca Santos Dumont (Gavea). This is a square in a nice part of town that has two popular sit-down bars. Lot of people flow into the streets, giving it a Lapa without the fear of muggings. Girls are prettier and not as sloppy.

The best night spots in Rio are not obvious, but with some patience you will stumble on a place that has a decent number of girls to hit on.

Because there is no guarantee you will get something at night, definitely take advantage of the girls you see in the daytime, whether on the beach or in the juice bars. Don't be shy to talk to them because chances are they will love practicing their English on a gringo. It's better to go out at night with a date you set up from the day then head to a club alone that could be empty.



Band at Lord Jim Pub.

Overview Of Northern Brazil

Definitely Rio de Janeiro, maybe São Paulo and Florianopolis. If you come to Brazil chances are those are the cities you'll visit first. But how about after that? Besides Amazon jungle tours or a visit to Iguazu falls, it's not obvious where to go if you want to dig deeper into Brazil. So what I ended up doing was starting all the way up north in Fortaleza and in a month's time worked my way down to Rio (traveling about 1,700 miles by bus). Here's where I went...

Fortaleza

A large, plain city with several decent beaches to choose from. If you're on a budget then head to the sketchy Praia de Iracema beach, which has rooms starting at 55 R\$. Get off on Avenida Beira Mar facing the beach and bargain with the over dozen hotels clustered nearby. If you have more money to spend then head to upmarket Praia do Futuro a couple miles away.

The great thing about Fortaleza is that the nightlife is easy to find. Simply go to Dragão do Mar, an area of bars, nightclubs, and restaurants within walking distance of Iracema. From Thursday through Sunday you'll find something happening. Nearby Dragão do Mar is Mucuripe (Rua Travessa Maranguape, 108), a megaclub that has three different dance floors, including one that played decent house and American hip-hop when I went. The cover is 30 R\$ and the girls have attitude, but it's not bad for a visit.

Speaking of the girls, I've never seen so many husky women as I have in

Fortaleza. It's as if they're all spawn of football players, which is interesting because the men appeared normal. While the women tend to be overweight with hammy arms, it's their wide build which was most disturbing. This was the first city I visited after Rio, so the downgrade in attractiveness was shocking and took a bit away from the Brazilian woman mystique.

Natal

Cleaner and smaller than Fortaleza, Natal has earned its spot in guide-books as a city with tours around neighboring sand dunes and pretty beaches. The most common tour is the six-hour day trip up north to Genipabu Beach (60 R\$). I hear trips to southern beaches are also nice but beware that all these excursions are extremely touristy, and if you can find an agency that rents buggies and has a decent map you may want to consider doing it yourself.

Praia Ponta Negra is the quaint tourist beach with clothing shops, modern restaurants, and a nightlife center. I stayed in Pousada Recanto das Flores for 50 R\$ a night, a clean option located only one block away from the beach (<http://www.pousadarecantodasflores.com.br>). I didn't get to experience the nightlife but it's around Rua Bezzerá in Alto de Ponta Negra (beware of prostitutes). The girls were cuter than in Fortaleza.

Praia de Pipa

Further south you have Pipa, a beach village with laid-back hippie vibes. There are several nice beaches within walking distance of the center including Praia Madeiro, which is good for surfing (lessons and board rentals on the beach). On the main drag check out the restaurant with the big "Açaí" sign for great sandwiches and... açaí.

For nightlife there is usually something going on around Oz Music Bar starting late on Wednesday night, but on Thursday nights more people head to the beachfront in front of the reggae club. A block down from Oz (to the right towards the beach), there is a club with a hidden entrance that usually fills up on weekends. If you want to get laid here your best bet is to hit on the traveling gringas. They'll be obvious to spot and you can open them with something like, "I have a feeling you speak English."

The Brazilian girls that live in Pipa tend to be of the tattooed and dread-

locked variety, but since this is a tourist destination you'll get lot of well-maintained rich girls from cities nearby, though they're usually traveling with family or significant others.

I stayed in the modern Pousada Rivas for 50 R\$ a night (<http://www.pousadarivas.com.br>). It came with a ceiling fan but if you pay a bit more you can get air conditioning. It was the best Pousada I've stayed at, with a nice pool, friendly family vibe, and a huge breakfast buffet that came with a great selection of juices, fruits, breads, cakes, meats, cheeses, and other goodies. I think the buffet is worth a stay here alone.

I greatly enjoyed my time in Pipa and definitely recommend a visit. It's safe, offers good value, and is a refreshing break from the bigger cities.

Recife

Besides being known as one of the most dangerous cities in Brazil (and for that matter the Americas), it also has the most dangerous beach. Environmental damage over the past two decades has destroyed food and breeding grounds for bull sharks, and they've responded by coming closer to shore and attacking humans. The local government has pretty much given up on the problem and is trying to turn the state from a beach spot into a "cultural" destination. The only culture I saw in upmarket Boa Viagem was dozens of streetwalkers, especially on the weekend, though people tell me I should have gone to colonial Olinda where most dirty backpackers stay.

Your nightlife options are the expensive asshole clubs scattered around Boa Viagem like U.K., Audrey, and Nox, or the commoner clubs in old town like Downtown and Burburinho where the quality is poor. All leave much to be desired.

If you visit Recife, and I recommend against it, stay in Piratas Da Praia for a budget option (35 R\$/night, <http://www.piratasdapraia.com>) or Bamboo, a comfortable but cheesy hotel for old gringo guys (75 R\$/night, <http://www.bamboobar.net>). The latter allows you to bring guests back at no extra charge, but beware of the bar—all the girls that hang out there are professionals.

Salvador

What an overrated piece of shit city. It's literally one big favela that is

not worth more than two hours of your time. Leave your bags at the bus station, visit the historic center, and then get the hell out of town to a place that's not so dirty or dangerous. Or just watch the movie *Cidade Baixa*.

It's the only city in Brazil where I didn't feel safe walking around during the *day*. To give you an idea of how bad it is, at the hostel the clerk gave me a map and marked half of it as areas that I shouldn't go to, leaving just a few square blocks that I could explore without surely getting robbed. If you insist on staying here for more than a minute, lodge in Barra instead.

I can't wait to meet hippie gringos who tell me with a smug look on their face that they're going to Salvador to experience "a more authentic Carnival." I'll respond by saying, "Let me guess, you've never actually been to Salvador." You'll like this city if you love to romanticize about poverty and how starving little kids seem "so happy," a month before you go back to your first-world lifestyle. Asshole.

Ilhéus

A rustic city seven hours south of Salvador by bus, Ilhéus is often used by travelers as a waypoint to the beaches of Itacaré 90 minutes away, but I was beached-out by this point and just wanted to chop up my trip further South. Ilhéus does have a pleasant small-town feel and isn't bad for a couple days (reminds me of Tena in Ecuador a bit), but it won't offer you much in terms of beautiful women or sights. Ask for a seaside room at the Pousada Brisa do Mar (73 3231 2644 / Av 2 de Julho 136) for 50 R\$ a night. It's within walking distance of the center.

Other Northern cities I'd visit if I had the time and will...

Jericoacoara: Only two hours away from Fortaleza by bus and 4-wheel Jeep, Jericoacoara has a beautiful beach located in a fishing village, with good conditions for wind sports and surfing. It rivals Pipa in terms of hippie vibe.

João Pessoa: Along with a decent beach, I'm told this city has pumping nightlife on the weekends.

Maceio: Another choice for visiting nice beaches (see a pattern yet?). Nearby Praia do Gunga is supposedly the most beautiful beach in Brazil.

In conclusion, the north of Brazil has some nice beaches and decent value, but it's rougher and doesn't have Brazil's most beautiful women. For that you have to start in Minas Gerais or Espírito Santo, the two states north

of Rio, and work your way south. Unless you got money and time to blow and want to learn about Brazilian culture, I'd skip the north.

Vitória Travel Guide

This city was a pleasant surprise after waddling through the north of Brazil. A tip in the forum (<http://www.rooshvforum.com>) told me that it was a hotbed of Brazilian poon, so I decided to stop by for a night to check it out. I left ten days later.

The good: the female to male ratio here is extremely high and it was rare to be in a club with more guys than girls. The girls are beautiful and you can spend all night hitting on pretty ones without having to lower your standards (it's continued experiences like this which make it impossible for me to permanently live in an American city besides maybe New York or Miami). The city reminded me more of Cordoba, Argentina than anywhere else. Since Vitória is not a tourist destination, you'll likely be the only gringo in the club.

The bad: the girls are hard and snobby at the well-to-do clubs where attractiveness is highest. Out of six nights out I only got grimy on one, which for Brazil is not very good. The girls of Cordoba got far more excited at my gringo status than the girls here, and I'm nearly certain that Cordoba was in fact easier. Many girls here didn't give me a chance or indulge my bad Portuguese for more than a minute. It wasn't common to meet a girl who speaks English like I always do in Rio.

Another problem is there are no cheap accommodations—no pousadas or hostels. If you're stopping by for only a weekend than stay at the pricey Ibis Vitoria hotel (R\$125-155 a night, <http://www.accorhotels.com>), which is within walking distance of clubs in the posh Triangulo district. After a couple weeks of lodging in cheap pousadas the Ibis felt like a luxury penthouse.

If that's too expensive for you then you have to head to sketchy centro a couple miles away, within walking distance of favelas. There your best option is the Cannes Palace (<http://www.hotelcannes.com.br>), a clean hotel with wireless internet, air conditioning, and mini-fridge. It'll set you back R\$69 a night. If that's still too much, then try the run-down Hotel Avenida two blocks away from the Cannes (Av. Presidente Florentino Avidos 347,

tel. 27 3223 4317). It's R\$55 a night for their best rooms but you don't get air conditioning or a fridge.

The key to not breaking the bank here is to go to clubs before 11 for their "happy" specials. Let me explain how it works. If you get to the club late you pay something like a R\$40 or more for cover and then drinks on top of that, but if you get there early then you pay R\$50 for *consumação*, or consumption. This means your entire R\$50 contribution goes towards drinks, which equals about six caipirinhas or three Johnny Walker Blacks. It's almost like paying cover but drinking for free.

The most popular club in Triângulo is Casa ("Home"), which gets packed starting on Thursday night. Next door is Escritório ("Office"), a bar owned by the same guy (start drinking at the office then continue at home—get it?). Most girls here are absolutely brutal with their rejections, but I won't say it's impossible to pick up. The handful of clubs nearby all seem similar. On weekends the streets pack and form a little *bloco*, making for fun street game attempts.

My top club recommendation is São Firmino (Av. Nossa Senhora da Penha, 1297), half a mile away from the Triângulo. It's packed with girls that are slightly nicer than the ones in Triângulo but just as beautiful. This is where I got a little lucky, partially thanks to there being more girls than guys early on.

An alternative to Vitória is Belo Horizonte, the state capital of neighboring Minas Gerais. It's a larger version of Vitória but with nicer girls and more lodging options. I also hear good things coming out of Porto Alegre and Brasília, where being a gringo carries higher status than in Vitória and definitely Rio, which I believe is going through gringo fatigue.

I can't say Vitória is better than Cordoba or Rio because of the accommodation problem, but with clubs that consistently pack them in and an excess of beautiful (but difficult) women, it's worth your time if you don't mind spending a little bit of money, especially since it's only eight hours from Rio by bus. If you're conversational in Portuguese then this is a must-visit city, as you have a decent chance of pulling.

The Colonial Towns Of Minas Gerais

Minas Gerais is located in the northwest of Rio de Janeiro state, and

easily accessible by bus. Known for its cheese, pork, and women, I decided to have a little look before leaving Brazil. I visited four cities in two weeks.

Tiradentes

Tiradentes is a tiny colonial town named after a famous dentist freedom fighter (the name translates to “Tooth Puller” in English). It’s located about five hours by bus from Rio.

The town has a big tourist side so you’ll find a lot of cutesy antique, chocolate, and artisanal shops. There is a peaceful little river that snakes by the main square and a tiny coffee shop with only two tables. Street signs cannot be found. The colonial architecture, peacefulness, and safety made it seem more like I was in Europe than Brazil, so it’s no surprise that on weekends couples pour in for romantic walks down its stone-lined streets. There are also nearby hiking trails if you’re into that sort of thing.

There is absolutely nothing here for the single man, though it’s a nice break from city life. Come between Sunday through Wednesday for maximum isolation.

If you insist on talking to girls, find a club in the nearby city of São João del Rey. It’s only 30 minutes away by bus, but you’ll probably have to catch a cab back afterwards.

Where to stay? There are a couple dozen pousadas here and I can’t really recommend the one I stayed at due to its horrible foam mattresses. Bargain during weekdays and be sure to make a reservation if you come during the weekend.



Tiradentes street.

Ouro Preto

Four hours away from Tiradentes is Ouro Preto, another colonial town with more architectural goodness for your digital camera. There is a large university here so you have more options for girl watching, but I didn't see anything spectacular. Surprisingly there are tons of fat girls even though the city is incredibly hilly (it's possible that the fatties I witnessed were tourists).

The city reminds me a bit of Valparaiso, Chile, but smaller, prettier, and safer. On the downside it has very limited nightlife options and is extremely touristy. There is one club near the main square but it's full of college kids, and the bars are of the sit-down variety. Day trips can be made to other colonial towns nearby with Mariana being your best choice.

Where to stay? I stayed in the Pousada Sao Francisco de Paul (<http://www.pousadasaofranciscodepaula.com.br>), a hostel with rustic private rooms. It's not particularly good value but it's close to the bus station so you don't have to take a taxi.

Diamantina

A ways off in the northern part of the state, Diamantina is another colonial town that receives far less tourists than the others in Minas (except for its Carnival, which is supposedly the best in Brazil). Within ten minutes of arriving I knew it was a special place, and told the taxi driver upon leaving four days later that I'd like to grow old here with my Brazilian wife. It's safe with a small-town vibe, but during the day streets feel alive with animated people going about their business.

There aren't many girls but the ones that come out of hiding during the day can be very beautiful. Supposedly there is a university on top of some hill but I didn't bother to check it out because of my short stay. It's here that I realized how relative beauty is. Seeing a girl who's a 6 on the streets got my complete attention, though in Rio I wouldn't have noticed. That's actually a problem in cities: you're surrounded by so much beauty that you don't want to settle down until you get a bonafide hottie, yet in Diamantina I'd wife up the first 7 that was down. (Is city life constructed to make you less happy when it comes to finding mates?) If I lived in Diamantina and built roots, I'm confident I'd get something very decent.

There is not a whole lot to do here, so come if you want to relax, read, or

get some work done without other tourists around. The value here is very good, as food and lodging is the cheapest of the other colonial cities.

Where to stay? I highly recommend Pousada Dos Cristais (<http://www.pousadadoscristais.com.br>). For only 70 R\$ per night I stayed in a very large room with a balcony. The staff is very friendly and there are two cats.

These colonial towns are great to relax in when you want to get away from the dirty cities, but are horrible for talking to girls. Overall they're definitely worth a visit.

Belo Horizonte Nightlife Guide

The colonial towns were nice and pleasant but after ten days I was dying to flirt. I went to Belo Horizonte, the state capital. Even though you've probably never heard of it before, it's a huge city with over 5 million people (the third largest in Brazil). While costs are cheaper than Rio, you'll be spending that much more on taxis to get around if you plan on going out a lot at night.

Thursday Night

I went alone to Arcadium Bar (Rua Santa Rita Durão 645 in Savassi) in the popular Savassi area. They played forro, which is the Brazilian version of salsa with more of a country twist. I think the music is a bit annoying personally, but I didn't want to leave Brazil without trying it out once.

Turns out it's exactly like salsa. The girls go there to dance first and kiss second, so you see all these guys who are great forro dancers have their go with a girl until she thanks him and returns back to her friends. There was a lot less hooking up here than I would have expected for a Brazilian nightclub, but on the bright side guys rarely got turned down to dance. It's a safe place for men who are scared to approach.

I hung out with a group of three girls who taught me a few moves. One girl was into me but she was not very pretty. I talked to a couple others and while they were friendly, my reluctance to dance didn't help my cause. Overall the quality was not very good, just like you'd expect at a salsa club.

Friday Night

I met a German guy who had both game and a sense of humor (a first), and we took a 20 minute cab ride to Chalezinho (Al Serra 18, Nova Lima), a club that was recommended by a girl I met the night before (another good club option would have been Swingers Club located on Av. Raja Gabáglia 4811 in Santa Lúcia).

We arrived early to try and beat the crowd (11:15), but it was already mobbed. The line for guys was more like a blob. It seemed very hopeless but then I saw a hostess working the girls line with a clipboard.

I said, “Esta é a fila para gringos?” (Is this the line for gringos?)

She looked at me and smiled. “Where are you from?”

“United States!”

“I lived in Salt Lake City for a year.”

Her English was nice, her face even better, and after some small talk I asked her what my German friend and I should do to get in.

“Just hang on I’ll help you out.”

Five minutes later she signaled us to follow her and took us right to the front of the line, bypassing at least 100 guys (“Que isso!” they groaned). I thanked her and she said she’d be inside later, but unfortunately I never saw her again.

The girls were incredibly gorgeous (better than Vitoria, better than Rio, better than Colombia, and better than Córdoba). It was almost a dream to be in the same building with so many beautiful women, the best I’ve ever seen anywhere in South America. I swear you could smell the vagina. I was giddy with excitement and did a warm up approach that went fine until the girl asked me how long I was staying.

I find that if a Brazilian girl asks that before you’ve kissed her, and your answer isn’t “I live here,” she will disappear within two minutes about 80% of the time, like this girl did. I did another approach and talked to a 9, which by my standards is close to a 10, but she asked me the same question. Four more times I talked to girls who were digging me, touching me, but would all ditch when they found out I didn’t live in Belo Horizonte. My blonde haired, blue eyed German friend didn’t fare any better (blonde haired wingman in Brazil are like a canary in a coal mine for me—if they can’t pull then I’ll definitely have difficulties).

By 4am I gave up. Perhaps there was a slut in the room that would bang

me same night, but after nearly ten tries I didn't find her. I sat down on a bench and looked over to my right to see an average looking guy kissing what I'd say is my ideal type of girl. Six months of living in Brazil coalesced into that moment and I realized that I too can have that girl. All I had to do was permanently move to Brazil and learn Portuguese.

I'm not getting outpulled by Brazilian guys because they have better game or style than me (definitely not better style)—I'm getting outplayed because I don't live in Brazil. God knows how many girls I've "lost out" on because of that. These guys I see getting with pretty girls simply wouldn't be able to compete with a gringo who has the permanency, the language ability, and the hyperawareness to make fast game adjustments. By passing through a city for short stints, even staying for a couple months, it's guaranteed I will not get the most that I'm capable of. This is a downside of travel that gringos must accept. While you can get better quality than back at home, which I did in Rio, it will still be less than if you stayed permanently.

That said, a club like Chalezinho is where dreams are made. Get there before 10:30, take a couple hundred reals, get your Portuguese warmed up as English isn't too common, and have your brain rewired in a way that makes going to an American club something that sends you into terrible fits of depression. Even though I didn't get anything, it was one of my most memorable nights in Brazil.

Saturday Night

I went out this night a little pessimistic. Everything would go fine until they asked me that question, and then things would end. My only hope at getting laid was to find a slut, so in order to do that I would have to approach a lot.

The German and I went to the La Cancha sports bar first (Rua Pium-í 1122 in Sion). Oddly enough almost all the girls wore high heels (I'm not complaining), but they were sitting down in groups. I ran Swingers game on a hostess and told her to meet us at a club downtown. She said she had no friends, but that she would get off of work in ten minutes. The German and I waited outside, agreeing that we'd let her pick which one she wanted to hook up with.

At the club she picked the German. She was cute but nothing to cry over so I went to work on the girls there and by my third approach I found

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something better: an 18-year-old from Juiz de Fora, another Minas city that I hear has very good night action during the weekend. It took about ten minutes to get some kissy action from her, and then I looked over her to see the German making out with the hostess. All good, right? Well unfortunately for me my girl's brother was there, and he cockblocked me later as I was entering the groping stage of the seduction. I sort of understood.

We were at the club A Obra (Rua Rio Grande do Norte 1168 in Savassi), which is the Belo Horizonte version of Casa da Matriz in Rio. There were a lot of tattooed freaks with stretched earlobes. I knew I was in the right place because girls were asking me if I was in a band and a fattie walked up to me and stroked my shaggy hair. I had a couple more bites after the cockblock, but ran into the "So how long are you staying here" wall that was beginning to drive me crazy.

It turns out that this was the last night in South America where I'd go all out to score. In Argentina I've been unable to conjure up the will that was always with me in Brazil.

Bottom Line

They say the girls in Belo Horizonte are more traditional (i.e. harder), and while I can't confirm that because of my short stay, don't expect it to be easier than Rio. If you have several months to live in Brazil then I'd strongly consider staying here if you're not crazy about the beach, though understand the city is ugly with nothing special to do. Speaking Portuguese is important because many girls have no English ability. If I come back to Brazil, I plan on spending a lot of time either here, Vitoria, or Porto Alegre. God bless Rio, but I wouldn't be happiest there.

There are two Belo Horizonte Nightlife Guides: NaBalada (<http://www.nabaladabh.com.br>) and Guia BH (<http://guiabh.com.br>)

Lodging options include:

Chale Mineiro Hostel (\$): <http://chalemineirohostel.com.br>

Hotel Sao Bento (\$\$): <http://www.hotelsaobento.com.br>

Hotel Metropole (\$\$\$): <http://www.hotelmetropolebh.com.br>

Motel Papillon: an hourly motel for sex located at Rua Rio de Janeiro 639.

Is São Paulo Worth A Visit?

I hesitated going to São Paulo for a while because of all the bad things I kept hearing. The traffic is horrible, it's dirty, it's too big, it's too hard to know where to go, it's expensive, etc., but I'm the kind of guy that needs to check things out for himself. Since I was close I had to stop by and visit the largest city in the Americas after Mexico City.

The size is quite impressive. A city like New York is separated by all those dirty rivers, but São Paulo is just one huge concrete salad. I still can't get over it, and that alone is almost worth a visit.

You can't go wrong staying in the Vila Madalena area, which is reasonably close to a lot of popular clubs. The city is so big that cab rides at night can demolish your budget, so when it comes to lodging your main criteria should be how close you are to the nightlife (during the day you have the subway).

What I like about São Paulo over Rio is that you have your normal tribes, making it easy to fit in if you have a unique style. For example, there are many pseudo-rock clubs where I would do well at, but in Rio that was a lot harder to find because almost everywhere caters to the mainstream crowd. São Paulo has a ton of variety in types of clubs, bars, and restaurants for more specific tastes, while Rio is more of a one-size-fits-all type of place.

Unfortunately the girls are not as pretty as the ones in Rio. They're lazier with their appearance while lacking the *carioca* sexiness. In Rio girls refuse to go out without heels, but in São Paulo I saw more of that Argentine trend of going out with dirty Converse shoes. That's not to say that there aren't tons of beautiful girls in São Paulo, but per capita I saw a decrease in quality. Also for a big city, there are a surprising number of fatties walking around. I guess that puts a kink in the argument that people are skinnier in big cities because they have to walk so much.

A lot of Brazilians say that "São Paulo never sleeps," but that's not exactly true. In a city of almost 20 million people, there were two clubs listed on a popular nightlife guide (<http://www.obaoba.com.br/sao-paulo/agenda>) for Monday. Tuesday wasn't that much better. Until Thursday, you don't have many options besides some sit-down bars. This is not Las Vegas, and it's not New York either. On the bright side, girls are more curious about your gringo status and a surprising percentage speak English. For some guys it will be easier to pull here than Rio.

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I recommend you come for a weekend, not necessarily for the girls but just for the travel enjoyment. São Paulo is arguably the most important city in South America and it'll definitely keep you busy and interested for a few days. My Danish roommate fell in love with the place and I understand why—it's more progressive than Rio and simply has more to see.

Foz do Iguaçu

The view of the waterfalls is better from the Argentine side, but if you are coming into Brazil before a long bus journey to the east coast, it's not a bad idea to stop here for a day or two.

During the daytime all there's really to do is see the breathtaking waterfalls. Grab a bus to the falls (admission: ~\$13 US) from the bus station. Otherwise you can check out the restaurants and shops lining Av Brasil.



View from the Argentine side.

At night, Foz Star Restaurant is a nice Chinese restaurant two blocks up the hill from Hostel Bambu at the corner of Rua Edmundo de Barros and Rua Marechal Deodoro de Fonseca. Good luck understanding the menu. The nightlife here is supposed to be much better than Puerto Iguazu but I didn't get to stay for the weekend.

For reasonable lodging I recommend Hostel Bambu (Rua Edmundo de Barros 621, <http://www.hostelbambu.com>), which costs about 30 reals/night

Most Livable Country: Colombia, Brazil, or Argentina?

My master plan was to live in Colombia, Brazil, and Argentina for six months each, and then evaluate which was best to live in for extended periods of time. For my last trip I stayed in Colombia for six months, Brazil for five and a half months, and Argentina for one and a half months.

I left Brazil a little early because of when my monthly lease in Rio ended (I didn't have the will to mill around in hostels for two weeks).

Argentina was a different story. You know those medical experiments that end early because one condition far outperformed another? If I remember correctly they did this with an HIV study in Africa where they tested if circumcision led to lower infection rates. It proved to be such a strong benefit that they ended the experiment early to tell the uncut guys to immediately get cut. Well that's why I left Argentina so soon—the little data I had in my hands told me that it wasn't a place that would have brought me more happiness than Colombia or Brazil.

That said, here is my evaluation of what it's like to live in all three countries, along with my declaration of the best.

Law Enforcement

Colombia: While there is a police presence, you can go all day without seeing a single squad car. Sometimes you only see cops on dinky motorcycles that look like dirt bikes. There is no heavy hand of the law here.

Brazil: Maybe only a decade behind the U.S. in terms of the Big Brother factor. The police are heavily armed, well financed (from an equipment standpoint), and make frequent stops. There are speed cameras and sobriety checkpoints. You don't go long without seeing a cop car on the street. While the laws are more lax than in the U.S., Brazil is not a good place to openly fuck around. Even though Western media loves to portray favelas as lawless, police are generally on top of their shit outside of them.

Argentina: Police are positioned in street corners within rich areas of big cities. They don't seem particularly well-trained or competent, probably because the country has been spared from narco-wars. It's unlikely you'll be bothered here.

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Advantage: Argentina

Public Transportation

Colombia: Local buses are run by private companies. While cheap, the lines are confusing and the buses old and very uncomfortable. The routes are not always logical and transfers are commonly needed. Medellin's metro line though is clean, safe, and very reliable, but often crowded. The one good thing about the buses is that they come very frequently and you can flag them down anywhere along the route.

Brazil: Buses here are slow, lumbering beasts, the big versions you see in American cities. They come often and are reliable but you generally have to walk to a designated stop instead of being able to stick your hand out wherever you please. They aren't that cheap, starting at about 2.20 R\$ for a single trip.

Argentina: They have big buses like in Brazil but are almost impossible to use without insider knowledge because of nondescript signage. In Argentina you'll only see something like "H7," while in the other countries they'll be a placard detailing a dozen or so stops.

Advantage: Colombia

Supermarket Food

Colombia: It's hard to find lemons or lunch meats in the bird family. Most sell peanut butter at inflated rates. Boneless chicken breast is usually frozen.

Brazil: Doubly hard to find lemons, and even common vegetables like broccoli and zucchini can be MIA. Peanut butter is astronomically priced. Great selection of fruits, cheeses, and lunch meats. Boneless chicken breast is usually frozen.

Argentina: Lemons are everywhere! But limes are incredibly hard to find, as is peanut butter. Poor selection of cheese, lunch meat, and fruits, but excellent choice of wines. Boneless chicken breast is refrigerated and of good quality, though much more expensive than their famed red meat.

Advantage: Brazil

Restaurant Food

Colombia: Not much selection in local fare except for dirty diners, but you'll find many decent fusion restaurants in tourist centers, usually run by expats. I still don't know what typifies Colombian cuisine besides stews, arepas, and fried snacks.

Brazil: Beans, rice, and meat seem to be the Brazilian staple. Local restaurants have fixed plates that will serve bland but filling meals of rice, beans, potatoes, and meat. There is more of a food tradition with dishes like feijoada and moqueca, but convenience foods like pizza and fried bread snacks are beginning to fatten the population. Upmarket restaurants put interesting spins on typical foods.

Argentina: Great value for breakfast and lunch, especially the latter where for \$5 or \$6 you get a tasty three-course meal with beverage. While restaurant service here is the worst, you'll find far more creative fare with more European influence than in Brazil and Colombia. Argentina is also a better pick for the foodie who is impressed by plate presentation.

Advantage: Argentina

Women

Colombia: The hardest part of getting laid in Colombia is dealing with the language barrier (you won't meet too many girls who speak English), but if you're conversational in Spanish and approach during the day you shouldn't have too many issues banging cute girls. Flakiness will be your main problem.

Brazil: Brazil has proven to be a country of streaks for me and my gringo friends. You'll bang three girls in a couple weeks then get nothing for a while. Otherwise the country is very gringo friendly and you'll find tons of girls who speak English. The okay girls are quite easy to get in bed, but the cuter ones take more work. Towards the end of my time in Brazil I was getting sick of all the mediocre girls throwing themselves on me and having to seemingly rely on luck and the numbers game to get anywhere with the quality ones.

Argentina: These girls have a reputation for being difficult and I find that to be the case. Not only will you work your ass off to get laid, it won't be with one of the hotties that you went there for in the first place. My second

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trip to Argentina I gave up on the women and found myself a Brazilian girl.

Advantage: Brazil

Nightlife

Colombia: Tables and chairs are what you get. People prefer to sit down everywhere, even in clubs, but on the plus side nightlife is in concentrated zones so it's easy to stumble on a variety of places that have electronic, rock, pop, or local music. Bars are a total bust in meeting people. Clubs have decent value in terms of cover charges and drinks.

Brazil: Much more Western in that people mingle. While typical bars offer tables for socializing among friends, you can find bars where there is standing and movement. Some cities have nightlife centered in specific areas, but others like Rio can be quite spread out and hard to get around. Cover charges for the high-end clubs can be astronomical.

Argentina: It has the typical bars with tables, which people start going to around midnight, and then a progressive club scene with rotating DJs develops after 2am. The nightlife is agreeable for younger kids with energy to stay up all night and dance, but for older guys over 30 it can be quite annoying to go out so late to deal with girls who aren't even drinking anyway. A positive is that the value is very good, and you won't pay much for cover charges and drinks.

Advantage: Brazil

Coffee Shops

Colombia: There is a cafe culture with the Juan Valdez shops where you can sit with your latte and laptop for an hour or two. Ironically one of the best cafes I've been to in Medellin was the McCafe.

Brazil: Brazilians love their cafezinho (espresso shot), but they don't linger. Since all coffee shops have waiters, they don't expect you to sit down and write the next greatest American novel. For that you need to go to the mall and find a Starbucks, which is prohibitively expensive (10 R\$ for a caramel frapp).

Argentina: Hands down the best coffee shop scene. Big cities have tons of pleasant cafes with wireless internet and delicious sweets. There is a lingering culture here so feel free to camp out for a couple hours.

Advantage: Argentina

Safety

Colombia: Safer than I was led to believe. I never had issues walking around at night even in shady areas. It's a shame that the stereotype of the country being a warzone persists, but in a way this is good because it keeps out a lot of gringos who visit Costa Rica or Panama instead.

Brazil: Most dangerous of the three. While I've never been robbed in Brazil, I keep hearing stories that tell me my Brazilian-like appearance probably helped keep me safe (though don't think Brazilians don't get robbed). Brazil is very unforgiving for gringos who don't have a lot of travel experience, though the most common "robbery" is getting severely overcharged by a taxi driver. I have to dedicate more energy here to staying safe than I would like.

Argentina: I've never heard a gringo getting mugged here—only petty theft in bus stations. Many times in Cordoba it didn't feel like I was in South America at all.

Advantage: Argentina

Friendliness Of The Locals

Colombia: Very friendly. They are much more intrigued that you're a gringo and will always ask about where you're from and why you're in their country. They're almost thankful that you're visiting Colombia.

Brazil: It depends. I've met some incredibly rude and cold Brazilians, and I've met some who welcomed me into their home without even wondering if I could be an ax murderer or not. I would say Brazilian people are friendlier than Americans, but their friendliness is overhyped by quite a bit. A better term to describe them is warm—within a short time you'll feel quite at ease, like you've known them forever.

Argentina: Outside of clubs Argentines are friendlier than Brazilians, believe it or not. Even though Brazil has a more open culture to gringos, it seemed easier to make superficial friendships in Argentina with random people. I accumulated more phone numbers of both guys and girls one month in Argentina than six months in Brazil. A lot of guys though initially mistake the friendliness of Argentine women to be that they're easy. They

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learn eventually.

Advantage: Undecided

Taxis

Colombia: Taxi drivers are usually honest, and are great to practice Spanish with. All I had to do is ask “How are you today/tonight?” and we’d get into a long conversation. Towards the end of my time here I had pretty tight taxicab game, rarely getting ripped off.

Brazil: Taxis here are the worst. It’s very rare that a taxi driver, no matter how nice to me on the surface, will not try to scam me. I’ve had to argue with so many that I dreaded taking a Brazilian cab. I began taking buses everywhere instead, even late at night. While getting ripped off rarely means more than a \$5 difference, it was the principality of it.

Argentina: Mostly honest, though less friendly than the Colombians.

Advantage: Colombia

Music

Colombia: You got three main choices here: salsa, reggaeton, and vallenato, all of which are danceable, in addition to your normal house clubs. Plus you got Juanes, Colombia’s Michael Jackson, and Shakira, Colombia’s Shania Twain. Rock is also popular.

Brazil: Brazil has a very rich musical culture. Each state has their own flavor of music and you can live here for years until you know them all. From traditional samba to pagode and forro (I need more triangle!) to the newfangled tecno brega, music is an important part of how Brazilians connect with each other and pass the time, but most of the music is hard to dance to for the average gringo. Expensive clubs usually have Western music (fun fact: the song “Forever Young” is huge in Brazil).

Argentina: Reggaeton is slowly making its way here in addition to mainstays like cuarteto, cumbia, rock, and house. Argentines are pretty crazy about house music, but unfortunately they have very little idea how to dance to it.

Advantage: Colombia

Cell Phone Service

Colombia: Expensive and mostly reliable, though some text messages remain in the ether for hours until delivered. You have a lot of options on the street to make cheap calls from minuto celular vendors.

Brazil: Crazy expensive at more than 50 cents a minute if calling another cell phone from your own. Your only other option is Skype as they don't have phone vendors on the street like in Colombia. Text messages sometimes get temporarily lost here too.

Argentina: About the same as Colombia, but no minuto celular vendors.
Advantage: Colombia

Language Classes

Colombia: Group classes can be found at reasonable prices, from \$5-10 an hour.

Brazil: Expensive as balls. Prices starts at \$20 an hour for group classes if you include "enrollment" and "material" fees. I eventually found a private tutor for \$35 an hour that I used for two hours a week, but I couldn't help but feel raped. Everyone I met reminded me that I was indeed getting raped. Unfortunately Portuguese is harder to learn on your own because of a dearth of self-study materials.

Argentina: The cheapest, which is why so many gringos come here to study Spanish. You can find freelance private tutors starting at \$6 an hour.
Advantage: Argentina

Value

Colombia: Great value that is slowly diminishing as both the economy (and peso) get stronger.

Brazil: While I was in Brazil I felt like I was paying American prices. Besides grocery store food there is very little value to be found. It was rare that I felt like I was getting a good deal on something.

Argentina: Super great value that will only get better as the peso crashes and burns due to continued government incompetence. They say the Argentine government is so corrupt because their ancestors are Italian.

Advantage: Argentina

Vibe

Colombia: Colombia is full of good-natured, curious people who want to learn about foreigners while showing the best of what their culture has to offer. While Colombians don't go nuts like Brazilians, they're a sensual people who are fun to pass the time with. Edgy city life keeps you engaged and interested.

Brazil: Brazilians are constantly in celebratory moods, and it seems like there is always some type of street party or event that makes for a good excuse to start drinking early in the day. There are lots of nightlife choices and daytime activities, and the locals are always ready to party and meet others. The sexual atmosphere is very favorable to visitors of both sexes.

Argentina: You're not going to have much fun here unless you get into a social circle or have some sort of university class or job where you can make easy friends. Argentines are diehard conformists and always worried about what other people think of them, so there is not much in way of personal flair or spontaneous excitement. But once you get to know some cool people, you'll have a good time and maybe bang a cutie or two.

Advantage: Brazil

And The Winner Is...

There is no debate in my mind that the overall winner is Brazil. While it doesn't outperform Colombia and Argentina in all categories, and is also frighteningly expensive, it's the one place in South America that I must return to. It's also the best option for the single man. While Colombia is a fine choice as well, I think it's worth saving up your money for a Brazilian adventure that I guarantee will be the first of many.

While I've tried my best to explain Brazil's charm in previous writings, it's something you have to experience yourself to understand why fans like me love it so much. I remember something a man told me many years ago: "There are two types of men—those who haven't been to Brazil, and those who are trying to go back." Not a week goes by that I don't fantasize about what my third visit to the country will be like.

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Brazilian Women Understand How Attraction Works

When I arrived in Rio I stayed with a friend for a few days then moved to a hostel until I could find a suitable rental. There in my six bed dorm room was a 24-year-old girl from Mexico with a pretty face but a body I'd say was bordering on sloppy. She spoke fluent English and for all intents and purposes she was American.

Excited at the opportunity to game in English, I ran cool guy game until I was reasonably sure that I had her interest. Then I gathered my Portuguese books and said, "Cool well I'm going to study downstairs now." At first she pretended she didn't hear me and kept talking, but I cut her off and said that I really needed to catch up on my studies.

When you're gaming a girl in a bar or club, leaving on top is an ill-advised move. Simply stay put, build attraction, and go for the kiss. But when you're stuck with the girl for hours on end like in the hostel environment, you don't want to drag on conversations for too long if you're unable to immediately escalate when the iron gets hot. You must be scarce to keep things from going stale.

On our second meeting a few hours later she started asking me questions interview-style. I didn't answer directly to any of them, mentioning at one point that my job was operating a porn site, until she said, "Okay I'm curious now, stop lying to me." Then suddenly I felt the immediate urge to take a shower. I grabbed a towel, excused myself, and she said, "You're always leaving!" I was pleased that my technique was receiving positive feedback.

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After my shower and shave she invited me to join her with three other gringos at a nearby bar. I accepted. There we sat next to each and chatted for a short while, when I noticed the nails on her left hand. Two nails weren't colored, and the rest were a mixture of fading purple, teal, and green, while on the other hand they were faded red. It almost looked like a prank her friends pulled on her while she was asleep, and I believe it would have looked better if she simply had no nails. This bothered me and I asked her about it.

"Why are your nails different colors? Do you have a fungus?"

"Haha fungus, no. Actually today I bought some remover but didn't get a chance to do it."

"Well it looks bad," I said, matter-of-factly.

"You're mean!"

Two minutes later she begged me to travel with her the next day to a nearby island (Ilha Grande). I politely declined.

I was dressed in jeans, a t-shirt without any holes in it, and a pair of shoes. As already mentioned I had showered and shaved. She was wearing some cheap sandals bought in a handicraft market, a fraying jean skirt, and some 80s style top that didn't do it for me.

Two other gringos in the group were guys and they were wearing t-shirts, shorts, and flip flops. The remaining gringa girl looked like a farmer's wife with greasy face, frizzy hair, and some cheap dress ensemble that went down below her knees. Her footwear was also flip flops.

The Mexican girl is pushing me to drink but I'm still nursing my first beer. I know how to get some in this case: simply drink with her for a couple hours, wait for the lame gringos to drop out since they had to go hiking or somewhere the next day, and then make my move while pushing for a visit to a motel to just "relax" or "take a nap."

But I'm staring at this girl's nails, and I'm thinking, "This girl now wants me to put that full effort into banging her while she's looking like trash?" Her genetic appearance was agreeable, but because she didn't feature her best qualities all I could focus on were her negative ones. They were glaring, insulting me and questioning why I was even out with her.

Before Rio I had been traveling through points north for five weeks, enjoying the views of Brazilian women who are obsessed with their appearance. Even during the day, even to class, and even to the dive bar (called "dirty feet" bars here), they put care into how they look with no less

than crazy high heels, stylish outfits, makeup, luxuriously flowing hair, and a sensual walk that I really can't fault gringas for lacking. And these Brazilian women have been rewarded with my attempts to make sex with them. A Brazilian woman looks in the mirror and asks, "How can I make myself look even better?" A gringa does the same and says, "How can I show that I don't need a man?"

I can't respect myself if I try to fuck a girl who doesn't respect herself. I used to be able to, but I can't anymore. After one beer I threw away my chance at a Mexican flag by leaving.

Fast forward three days later. The memory of the Mexican girl is fading and I'm in my top bunk trying to get over a bad cold when a Brazilian girl checks in.

I thoroughly checked her out while she was bending over to store her things and deemed her nothing special. The Mexican girl had a better overall face and body, but of course the Brazilian had a better ass.

I found out later that night she doesn't speak any English, so I took it as an opportunity to practice my Portuguese. She was nice and allowed me to mangle her language while correcting my horrible pronunciation, and since so few gringos speak Portuguese I earned 1,000 bonus points for being able to communicate in her native tongue. During our conversation, I concluded that her appearance was homely but not ugly—she was simply a plain girl you'd see anywhere, not worth a second look if you caught sight of her on the street.

While we talked I noticed she had a peculiar stare. She'd squint her eyes ever so slightly and part her lips just a hair, a sensual look you'd expect during intimacy and not in a casual conversation. I like to think this was an unconscious gesture on her part and not something to "game" me, but then again at some point in her life she must've realized that it has an effect on real men.

She asked me if I was going out and I told her I was going to be a loser and stay in, as the next day I was meeting an old flame and wanted to be as vigorous as possible for the sex that would likely ensue. She then began to get ready, and like a caterpillar morphing into a butterfly, she literally transformed.

First she showered her body. Her hair stayed dry in it's already perfect state, long to the small of her back, soft and feathery like you'd see in a Pantene Pro-V shampoo commercial. After changing in a short black dress

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that came halfway up her thighs, she escaped to the bathroom with a brush and returned ten minutes later, suggesting that hair like hers is no trivial matter to maintain. I don't think she'll ever get an ugly bob cut like an American girl, who works forty hours a week pushing papers that contribute nothing to the progress of the world yet is too lazy to spend a few extra minutes a day on her hair.

She then got out her compact and began applying makeup. She put on a dark rouge to stand out against her olive skin, glossy lipstick to match, and thick eyeliner which made her eyes look twice as big. You can imagine what that did to her stare and it's here I noticed that my breathing picked up in speed. She slipped into five-inch heels that highlighted her freshly painted toenails, a bold orange color that matched her fingernails, so fresh in appearance it had to have been done just a day or two prior. I really have no idea how she could walk in those heels but she made it look effortless, like she practiced often starting from a young age. If they killed her feet I doubt she would let a man know.

(Speaking of heels, not once have I seen a Brazilian girl take off her heels and then put on sneakers for the bus or subway ride home after work. It's because they don't do things that purposefully make them look like an idiot. If you can't wear attractive footwear because they hurt your feet or are hard to walk in, then maybe you should get a stay-at-home job instead of embarrassing yourself in public. Either do it right or don't do it at all.)

She walked in and out of the dorm room to the bathroom, and the girl I witnessed earlier in the day was gone, replaced by this sexual creature I'd do all that I could to bang. I'd happily spend hours in the club with her, dancing, touching, and drinking for a chance to violate her body. I believe any man would. While her genetic appearance was only average, she has figured out that by maximizing her look she can gain the attentions of men like myself who resist chasing average women. It's true that my interest may not carry over after sex, but at least she has a chance at hooking a man, for a woman who can't even get sexual attention is already dead in the water. Tight game for men is words and a cocky attitude, while for women it's looks and a playful attitude. I don't know why this is so hard for Westerners to understand.

The Brazilian girl didn't leave right away—she had to wait for a friend who was staying in the bunk above hers to return. She sat down on her bed and then very slowly and deliberately started putting lotion on her long legs.

They did not have mosquito bites or mountain bike bruises and cuts like the gringas in the dorm next door. By now I've already run out of my good Portuguese and had nothing more to say, frustrating to a man who in English can talk to a wall for five hours nonstop without interruption.

She's stroking her legs and I'm catching this from the corner of my eye, rubbing my beard roughly at the torture I was witnessing. Then she does the inexplicable: she lays down on her bed while dangling her legs and feet (heels still on) over the bunk's wooden ledge. Her dress snaked down to the very top of her thigh where it meets with her body and only two more inches until her vagina would be in plain view. Her hair is splayed across the bed and she's inspecting her finger nails. It got too hot for me so I stopped out for a couple minutes to get some air. She left soon after.

The next day she looked average again but I saw her differently. Loose jeans covered her body, but I didn't forget the ass in the black skirt that bent over to retrieve feminine hygiene products from the locker. She had a plain t-shirt on, but I didn't forget the way her back curves into the meaty part of her hips. Her hair was up in a bun, but I could still pick apart its thickness and length. My attraction for her didn't decrease because I knew in a couple hours time she'd transform back to what aroused me.

Here's a business idea for a Brazilian woman out there: write a book called "Why Brazilian Women Get All The Men," in the spirit of "French Women Don't Get Fat." Teach Western girls to look their best at all times, to know how to maintain eye contact with a man, how to move, how to properly laugh at a man's jokes, and how to exercise the ass. An entire chapter must be dedicated to ass exercises. Teach them to forget about being witty or snarky or funny or "intelligent," as those things decrease attraction instead of increasing it. Teach them well so that when I go to an American bar, I don't see average girls with chipped nail polish, flip flops, masculine movements, and a generally sloppy appearance—I see a sexual creature that I want to get to know, possibly for more than one night.

My Dune Buggy Adventure In Pipa

Pipa is a resort beach town in between Natal and João Pessoa, up in the north of Brazil near it's shark-infested most eastern point. I planned to stay for only two nights but got sucked in because of the nice beaches, laid-back

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nightlife, and relatively cheap accommodations.

Before Pipa I was in Natal, a generic but safe city built around huge sand dunes. There I paid \$35 to take a tour of some northern beaches in a dune buggy along with two other Italian tourists. During the tour we stopped every 15 minutes at some tourist station (it's a trap!) where we had the opportunity to overpay for food and souvenirs with dozens of other tourists, mostly Brazilians vacationing inside their country.

The most irritating stop was in the middle of an enormous dune that offered impressive views of sand and ocean. Even though it was an inhabitable piece of land, there were three guys waiting right there on top of the sand mountain. One was selling snacks and the other two were selling photo-ops with their exotic animals, a bright green iguana and some sort of marsupial from the Congo. Tourists from buggies already parked paid a buck or two to have the poor creatures placed on their necks while photos were taken, screeching at the animals' movements on their bodies.

I had a feeling the dune buggy drivers were getting commissions for stopping at every single tourist trap. This was later confirmed at lunch time when we were taken to a restaurant in a ghost town and asked to pay \$20 for an all-you-can-eat buffet without any other options nearby. Turns out the drivers eat for free if they bring tourists, an ingenious business ploy by the owner.

I was unsatisfied with the tour. The fun seemed to be driving the buggy instead of riding in the passenger seat, so a week later in Pipa I jumped at the chance to rent one. It was a bit expensive at \$110 for the day, but for several days prior I ate cheese and bread sandwiches for dinner, drank cheap Skol beer instead of caipirinhas with Sagatiba, and sold my body on the street, all to cushion the blow to my budget.

My biggest fear was getting lost. The map from the agency was like one you'd get when entering an amusement park—definitely not drawn to scale. But turns out I didn't even need the map. In my buggy I followed the water and it took me down well-worn paths of buggies before me, alternating between sand, rock, and dirt. I was getting the hang of driving the beast and ready to tackle more challenging terrain to see what it was made of.

ROOSH'S BRAZIL COMPENDIUM



My dune buggy rental.

I passed a kitesurfing area and flew down the beach going what I guess to be about 40 mph. There was not a soul around and I enjoyed the isolation from tourists, vendors, and crippled 10-year-olds begging me for money. But then the beach got narrower until finally I was wedged between rock and ocean with a shallow pool of water about eight inches high blocking my path. I had a feeling I could blow through it but high tide seemed to be rolling in and I didn't want to take a chance.

I backtracked a couple miles and found what seemed to be an alternate sand road going up a steep hill. The sand was thick and unruly so I backed up a good ways to get a running start. I slammed on the gas and flew up the path for the first thirty or so yards, but the buggy abruptly came to a stop with the engine still screaming. I tried to reverse but it wouldn't move. For five minutes I sat there going forward, backward, forward, backward, forward, backward. I stepped out of the buggy and noticed that I dug the rear tires a third way into the sand, with the muffler literally resting on top of it. I was hopelessly stuck, in the middle of nowhere.

The first thing I thought of was the \$1,000 deposit that I authorized the agency to put on my credit card. I knew if I called them to say I fucked up and got the buggy stuck they'd want to charge me the whole thing or at least a big chunk of it.

I had a cell phone but the balance was \$1.50, enough only for a three-minute conversation. Even if the agency wouldn't eat my whole deposit, I had no idea how to direct them to where I was. *Hello yeah I'm by some beach, partway up some hill, near some birds feasting on a hippo carcass.* It would take multiple phone calls of several minutes length.

You really feel alive when the stakes are raised. I'm thinking about the

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\$1,000 while trying to figure out a solution at the same time. My instinct was to panic, but I'm a sensible man so I decided to use my brain.

After two minutes I started to panic and tried to push the buggy out myself. I got in front of it, grabbed onto the oily railing, and started pushing as hard as I could. Of course it didn't move.

If only I could push and hit the gas at the same time! I got in the buggy, punched it in reverse, then placed a big bottle of water on the gas as I removed my foot. I stepped out and with my left hand pushing the bottle down on the gas, I used my right arm and shoulder to try and push the machine. It still didn't move.



Beach view from the buggy.

I studied the buggy and figured that three or four guys could probably push it out. Then I came up with the idea to find the nearest town and hire a few idle teenagers to help me.

I got on the beach and started jogging. I was hoping there would soon be civilization with tow trucks, gas stations, and a McDonalds for a double cheeseburger snack. Finally after 30 minutes of running a small fishing village emerged in the distance.

I approached the town slowly to catch my breath, and noticed people on the beach staring at me like I was the Yeti emerging from a wintry forest. I saw a handful of guys lingering near the main square and started rehearsing what I would say to them in Portuguese... "My buggy is stuck... can you help me?... I can give you that paper money."

Before I had to say anything a buggy approached. It must've crossed the shallow water that I chickened out on earlier. I flagged him down and the first thing he said was, "Is that your buggy out there?" I nodded and he let

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out a chuckle. Then he told me to hop in, saying he'll help me get it out. For the rest of the day we'd communicate in Portuguese.

He introduced himself as Roberto. Turns out he drives around tourists like on the tour I took in Natal. We went into the village and stopped by his house first. There I met about eight or nine members of his extended family, and for most of them this was the first time they had ever met an American. Their house was spartan but comfortable, with multiple beds to a room and religious Jesus statues on every table. I answered their curious questions and they complimented my Portuguese, saying my accent is southern, from Rio or São Paulo. I assumed that the books I was learning from gave me the southern accent.

I told them I studied every day and they asked me why. Problem is I've never had a good answer to why I'm learning a language. I usually say, "I want to be a cultured person," but truth is I like the sense of accomplishment from having a conversation in a different tongue. Being able to communicate with people you're not "supposed" to communicate with is like having a superpower, and a good conversation motivates me to keep studying to better express myself for the next one.

The wife handed me a glass of cashew juice (about as tasty as it sounds) and I pretended it was the best juice I've ever had in my life. Even though I'm still deathly afraid of getting a digestive illness because of my last trip to South America, I didn't want to be ungrateful by asking if the juice was prepared in sanitary conditions.

Outside the house Roberto found two idle guys and the four of us hopped in his buggy. We took a back road across some private farmland and twenty minutes later arrived at the sight of my mistake. While the three of them lifted the rear of each side, I pushed sand underneath the tires as fast as I could. Then Roberto took some air out of them, got inside the buggy, told us to push with all our might, and out it came. It didn't take more than five minutes.

To add insult to injury, Roberto then effortlessly drove up the same hill I got stuck in. I asked him why I couldn't do that and he said, "It takes practice." I felt like an idiot, and imagined Roberto later telling all his friends about the gringo who got a dune buggy stuck in sand.

We went back to town and walked around the center to buy fish caught only minutes before. He paraded me to everyone he knew and I answered the same questions repeatedly like a parrot, getting fast enough that people

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thought I was near fluent in their language. This is where I mention that if you meet a Brazilian girl who has never met a gringo before, she will be very receptive.



Village fishmonger.

Roberto's wife fed me lunch and introduced me to the Dona, or matriarch of the family. I didn't ask how old she was but let's just say she has occasional dreams of the angel of death. She showed me her garden out back and how each plant treats a health condition. One plant was for heartburn, one was for impotence, and another was for eye problems. "You get the berry and then squeeze the juice right into your eye."

I said, "This is like a pharmacy!"

"Yes, a natural pharmacy." Then she gave me some random leaves to chew on which she said will help make me a more vigorous lover in bed. I snatched an extra handful when she wasn't looking.

I left not long after and got back without problems by taking the farmland route, remembering Roberto's advice to not let the tires spin too fast, among other tips. The things he told me was what you'd hear for driving in the snow.

Compared to the \$35 tour in Natal, the costs for my buggy adventure was quite a bit more: \$110 for buggy rental, \$30 for gas, \$15 for boat passages, \$8 for farm passages, \$18 for labor costs, and \$18 for Roberto's gas money. That's \$200, or about six times more than the tour.

The problem with tours is that nothing really good or really bad will happen. You get a controlled, pleasant experience where all you have to do is push the shutter button on your camera. If there's a problem then you simply sit and wait while your guide figures things out. Though I don't like

judging whether an experience was “worth it” or not based on how much it cost, this was one of the most interesting days I’ve had in South America. I experienced a tough problem, had to work my way out, and in the meantime connected with locals who weren’t already spoiled by gringos. There’s not a whole lot more I could’ve asked for besides a buggy blowjob (by a girl, not Roberto).

Unless there is a chance of something going wrong, it’s hard for me to get excited about doing it. I want to feel alive, and for that to happen there has to be some type of fear or anxiety in the back of my mind that things may not work out in my favor and that I may have to use everything I’m made of to succeed (or survive). This is why I’m not in the United States. It’s true that everything is harder down here, but the payoffs are that much sweeter.

The Cheap Bottle Of Champagne

Respect to you if you can steal my drink without me noticing. My mind must’ve been elsewhere to not give a damn about the product of my hard labor. But if I catch you stealing my drink, and you double down, then we have a problem.

There is a bar in Rio called Ovelha Negra (Black Sheep) that doesn’t sell beer, wine, or spirits—just champagne. It was embarrassing for my Danish roommate when we went the first time and he asked for Skol, a cheap Brazilian beer you can get for two *reals* on the street. He realized the type of establishment he was at and quickly adjusted, adopting more of a nouveau rich accent that would have the King of Denmark proud.

The bar has only one room in the shape of a long rectangle. There are little tables on one side and then a big table in the middle where most of the action happens. Starting at 6pm the place packs with the professional happy hour crowd. Almost everyone speaks English and \$1,000 jailbroken iPhones make regular appearances.

It can be challenging to pick up here because everyone is in large groups, but then again those guys with the girls are usually coworkers. Girls are looking to flirt, and Danish and I have done well enough that we’ve become regulars. The young bartender with the moppy haircut greets us with a thumbs up whenever we come in but I keep forgetting his name. I think it’s

Thiago.

It was so packed one night that we ordered two bottles to ride out until closing. A lot of people go to a place like this and get the second cheapest bottle of champagne, or at least something that's not the absolute cheapest, but we always get the cheapest (37 R\$). We don't know the difference between a champagne and sparkling cider and we're not going to pretend like we do. Is it making us burp? Are we feeling tipsy? Garçon this is great champagne!

My roommate likes to start his approaches with a cigarette angle. If we're outside he asks for a light and if we're inside he asks to bum a cigarette. He did this on one girl and she walked out with him to find smokes from a street vendor, leaving me with the bucket of two open champagne bottles. By now we had finished one and was about to get started on the other. As usual the bartender put a salt solution in our bucket, ensuring the second would be near freezing temperature when we were ready for it.

The bucket was on the communal table and I stood in front of it behind a high bar chair. To my right was a girl that looked cute from the back—I was working on getting facial confirmation—and to her right was an obviously drunk girl in a white dress. Sitting next to her was a guy petting her back, her boyfriend maybe, or at least trying to be for the night. Across the table were three more of their friends.

I'm standing there with my champagne glass, trying to act cool, when I see the drunk girl in the white dress reach over and grab the neck of our full bottle. Good thing I was watching it, I thought.

"No no no excuse me that's our bottle." I said it very loud, almost shouting, because I know how drunk people can be hard of hearing when it comes to things that hint at possibly limiting their alcohol intake. My face had not a hint of humor or generosity or kindness or anything to suggest I wasn't serious. I was a father scolding his little girl.

The bottle was now out of the bucket, dripping with icy water as it very slowly traveled past the girl next to me and directly in front of the girl in the white dress. It approached her glass. There was no time to think about specific actions. No time to devise a battle plan. The autopilot light in the cockpit burns bright orange and your belief system take over.

"Hey hey no, that's mine and I'm sorry but you can't have any."

From the side of her face I could see a quick frown, but she kept going. Her right hand began tilting the bottle towards her glass. She looked at me,

squinted her eyes, and then made the “just a little bit” sign with her left hand. She didn’t care what I said and was going to take whatever she wanted.

Slow motion. I’m moving. The weight of my body shifts to my left foot and then I take a big step with my right. I’m next to her friend now, touching the side of her body. My hand shoots like a rocket from my hip. It’s flying through the air across the table. I’m leaning. The back of my right shoulder hits the chin of the girl next to me. She scrunches her face and flinches backwards. White dress is beginning to pour with an entitled, upper-class smirk on her face. I make contact with the neck of the bottle. My hand muscles tighten. Death grip. My knuckles are white. I tilt it upwards. I’ve stopped breathing. Now I’m snatching and pulling. Pulling away. It’s raining champagne like New Years on my arm, on the drunk girl, on the girl who got sidearmed, on the guy who wants to get laid. Cheap champagne on the dark wood table, on professional work clothes. I’m pulling still, and bring it safely back to my side. I step back. Less than a second.

“WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU’RE DOING YOU DON’T JUST STEAL SOMEONE’S FUCKING BOTTLE LIKE THAT WITHOUT ASKING WHO THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU ARE I DON’T BELIEVE THIS SHIT!”

I’m flailing my left arm in the air like an excited monkey. My right hand is still squeezing on tight to the cheap bottle of champagne. My arm and hand is wet and cold. Then silence.

White dress is beginning to cry. Her five friends are staring at me with their mouths gaped open. Half of the bar is looking at me. I’m the bad guy, the arrogant, angry gringo who doesn’t know the capitals of European countries and comes to Brazil only to bang prostitutes and do cheap drugs.

Fuck you all I don’t care what you think.

All her friends gave me the “calm down” sign, apologizing. I pursed my lips and nodded my head up and down. I took a deep breath then put the champagne bottle back in the ice bucket.

I looked at her glass. Only a few drops made it in.

The Brazilian Movie Actress

A lot of people want to meet models, bang models, marry models, but that tells me they haven’t met models. They are boring and not even that

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much prettier than your average club rat once you remove the creative makeup and expensive clothing. Actresses on the other hand, while not having that “wow” factor when they’re done up, are smarter with better social skills, and they’re less likely to abuse drugs and have serious daddy issues. If you think about what an actress has to do in the course of her career, she has to be at least a little bubbly, interesting, and charming.

My last day in Brazil (São Paulo) I had a flight connection in Porto Alegre on my way to Córdoba, Argentina. The previous few nights I went out and talked to girls but it was so futile because they kept asking me how long I was staying in the country. Obviously my answer was unsatisfactory to them. For that reason I didn’t want to meet any more Brazilian girls.

I checked in my luggage and sat in front of the gate, two chairs next to a random girl wearing a fedora. I couldn’t see her face but didn’t care—I didn’t want to talk to anyone. It would be pointless.

I could’ve taken out my Spanish notecards, or listened to a couple Spanish podcasts on my shitty mp3 player, but I was tired from the previous night and in no mood to concentrate. I went out drinking with my former Danish roommate, who had moved to São Paulo weeks prior and was wrapping up his time in the country as well, racking up a couple more notches in the process.

I stared straight ahead at the gate when I felt eyes at me, kind of like when I feel a television is turned on in the next room. Very slowly I turned to my left and made eye contact with the girl. She held it for only half a second before snapping her head back down into some thick workbook, but I saw enough: she was stunning. Her face was as close to perfection as you can imagine, almost as if it was touched up by a photoshop artist. She had Brazilian tan skin, shoulder length black hair, and a handful of freckles behind a light coating of makeup that I wouldn’t have noticed had it not been for the fluorescent lighting. Her body was petite yet curvy, as I would find out later. My heart started beating faster and I forget that I was tired and I forgot that I wasn’t going to talk to any more Brazilian girls.

For as much as I travel it’s surprisingly rare how often I sit next to a pretty girl on a flight, long distance bus, or any sort of waiting area. The last time it happened was six months ago in Colombia when I was on my way out. I sat next to a girl from Bogotá on the commuter bus to the airport and continued the conversation at an airport café before finally saying goodbye. That girl was cute but this one was very different.

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What could I ask her... where's the bathroom? What does "desembarque" mean? Do they allow smoking on Brazilian flights? All awful.

"I like your hat..."

Her eyes flickered but she didn't turn her head.

"...I have one just like it."

She finally turned around and looked down, shaking her head while slightly pursing her lips, which in so many words told me she didn't understand English. So I said it in Portuguese, along with the rest of our conversation.

"Really?" she said.

"Yup it's in my house somewhere, I think..." No chance she picked up on the sarcasm. "I spoke in English because it looks like that's what you're studying."

"Yes I am but it's very basic. I just started taking classes."

"Well I happen to speak English very well. You can practice if you want. My Portuguese is pretty bad."

"No, no your Portuguese is very good. Where are you from?"

Even though I do value beauty, I've talked and slept with enough beautiful women in my life that it's no big deal. It doesn't show that I care that she's gorgeous. It's like I'm talking to my cousin, or a little old lady. In fact I show more eager body language when I'm talking to a little old lady because I want them to think I'm interested in what they have to say.

Two things usually happen, and I was braced for both. First, I was going to run out of "good" Portuguese, meaning all my interesting little quips and what not would be used up and then Awkward Silence City (Pop. 2) would tear me up inside. That usually takes about 10-30 minutes, depending on how talkative the girl is. Second, she was going to ask me how long I was staying in Brazil, and then a minute or two later the conversation would come to an end.

Neither happened. Not only did the gods give me a Portuguese power-up boost to keep talking (it was my final exam, I suppose), but she didn't mind that I was only in her country for a few more hours. It seemed like she genuinely wanted to get to know me.

Part of me wanted to know why. I think I'm an interesting guy, but here's a girl who can have her pick of whomever she wanted, and is engaging this gringo who is leaving the country. What can I offer her? Am I being insecure? How can this be explained?

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Sometimes it can't. Sometimes things that don't match up at all on paper have a life of its own when played out in the flesh. We had a connection, and even though I didn't understand what she was saying all the time, our conversation was moving and we were getting to know each other.

"So what do you do?" she asked.

"I'm a farmer. I have a farm in Belo Hor..." I'll admit it comes across a lot better in the bars. I could tell it was sounding stupid at that moment so I ejected.

"Just kidding I'm a writer."

"What kind of writer?"

"Right now travel writing. I'm writing a Colombia travel guide for men, like where guys can go out at night and things like that. I lived there for six months before coming to Brazil."

"Oh cool. Have you written anything else?"

"Yes, a memoir of my previous six month trip through South America. I went to Ecuador, Peru..." Strangely enough I never got around to telling her about my other book.

"What do you do?" I eventually asked.

"I'm an actress."

"Oh neat. I knew a couple actresses in Rio—they were always telling me about how tough the business is like. Are you a telenovela actress?"

"No, movie actress. I've been in three movies."

What you're supposed to do is pretend you're not impressed so she doesn't think her value is higher than yours. But when you see yourself as an equal to these types of women, which I believe I am, there's no need to pretend. You congratulate them on their success like you would a good friend on his new promotion at work.

She told me about the movies she stared in and I said, "Good for you that's very cool. I know it's not easy to get roles like that, especially in Brazil, which doesn't have the amount of acting opportunities as in the U.S. You have to write down the names of the movies so that I can watch them when I go back home. There's this company called Netflix and they always have rare foreign movies."

She wrote down the movie titles along with her email address.

"I put down my email address too, so we can keep in touch."

"Great, we can do a little language intercambio. You write in English and I'll write in Portuguese. Truthfully you're the only Brazilian I know who

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doesn't speak English. I think my Portuguese is weak because I would always speak English in Rio."

"No your Portuguese is incredible for only staying here four, five months."

"Thanks! Now I have a secret if you want to speak good English in two months."

"What is it?"

"Study only four hours a day."

"Four hours! I can't do that!"

"Just do one hour when you get up, two hours in the middle of the day, and one hour before you go to bed. It's easy!"

"That's too much."

"Alright I'll let you get by with only two hours. I'm sure you can do that."

The interaction was simple and light due to my limited ability to communicate. More than 80% of my game and humor was locked up in my head screaming to get out. Unfortunately it's not a simple matter of translating word for word, as at least a quarter of what I say in English is composed of slang, idioms, sarcasm, and cultural humor that's only funny to a Westerner.

Things started to change. For the first 30 minutes we mostly exchanged facts and basic stories, but those stories were getting more complex and frequent joking released more smiles and laughs. If we had been sitting closer I'm sure there'd be more touching as well, but the more I got to know her the more conflicted I felt. I have enough travel experience to know that I will never see her again, but then again I couldn't end it.

Of course it turned out that we were taking the same flight.

"I know a lot of Americans come here for sex tourism," I said, thinking about how this was a risky topic without any real upside. "So the stereotype about that is building and every time I meet a Brazilian girl I know it's in the back of her mind."

"Just like how there is a stereotype that Brazilian girls are easy and only care about sex."

"Exactly, thanks to those Carnival pictures from the sambadrome. I think speaking Portuguese has helped me get out of that though. I'm a special gringo!" I added, "When you have really rich countries, and then poor countries, that sort of thing is going to happen. It's a shame really."

"Wait they haven't called our flight yet." She got up to read the screen.

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“They changed the boarding gate.”

“If you didn’t check we would have kept talking and missed the flight,” I said, not realizing that that would have been the best possible outcome for me.

We walked to another gate and waited behind a crowd of people. She was holding her English workbook and I took a look at it. She completed exercises in the present tense, with pencil-written sentences like “I like the music” and “Where is the apple?” I asked her to say a few words in English to hear her accent, and it was as cute as I had imagined.

We had been talking for an hour and a half. My Portuguese was losing potency, but by now she was doing most of the speaking. I passed that crucial point where she became comfortable just talking to me about whatever was on her mind. In the moments I blanked she resumed the conversation with questions, observations. I took her talking as an opportunity to just stare into her eyes and imagine things that would never come to pass—just for fun, just to give me a little hope that one day everything is going to perfectly come together with the girl I want in the city I’m living in.

“You told me you’ve been to New York before,” I said.

“Yeah but only for a week. I really liked the city.”

“I think New York is the best city in the U.S. though honestly I haven’t been to a lot of American cities. I’ve been to more places in Brazil.”

“Wow that’s pretty strange.”

“I guess. But there I just don’t have the motivation. I know, say, Boston, is different than Washington D.C., but how much different? In the end I like doing things that are difficult, and going to another American city isn’t. There’s no struggle—it’s just sightseeing and going drinking, meeting people who are similar to ones I’ve already met. I want to learn a new language, a new culture, learn different ways of living. Something about it has to be hard, and Portuguese is definitely very hard.”

“Yes, it is. Did you take a class?”

“I had a tutor in Rio. I studied with her about 15 hours or so. But yeah one day you should come to D.C. We have very nice museums.”

“What else? How is it like living there?”

“Well it’s like Brasilia I guess. You have a lot of politicians and lawyers. It’s a serious city, alright for three days but you’d have more fun living in New York. Besides the museums and a couple cupcake shops there’s nothing else I can really recommend.”

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We had to hop on a bus to the boarding gate. I followed her in, finally getting a nice view of her body, and sat down next to her. She's talking and talking about all sorts of things, and unfortunately I was understanding less as she began speaking faster and using more slang. I would single out a word here or there for her to explain but I let a lot of it go because I didn't want to disturb the flow of the conversation. Instead I'd do my trick of matching her facial expression towards the end of what she saying so she believed I understood. "This wouldn't be a problem if we dated," I thought, "because at fours a day of Portuguese you'd get there in six weeks." Besides not living in her city, I'd admit to nothing else that would hinder a potential relationship.

I wanted to feel out her interest a bit more. She was talking to me, which was a good sign, but how interested was she? I can't yet say there were heavy flirtations.

On the bus I made sure not to touch her side while seated next to her. About two minutes in I felt her thigh slightly touching mine. With women there is no such thing as an accidental touch. To accentuate a later joke I touched the top of her knee with my hand for two or three seconds, just to do it. My feelings were mixed, a combination of the pleasure of spending time with her mixed with the emptiness of our inevitable separation, of going to a new country and starting all over again for the third time in a year.

At the time I felt that things were beginning for real, the bus came to a stop next to our airplane. We got out and waited in line on the stairs up to the door. It was a big plane so the odds we'd sit next to each other approached zero.

"What seat are you?" I asked.

"16E."

"I'm 16D!"

"Really?!"

I looked at her wide open eyes and felt bad for my joke. "No unfortunately not. I'm 6C." She didn't laugh, and I told myself I wasn't going to test her again.

The line took forever. We were exposed to the São Paulo air, which wasn't as polluted as so many others made it out to be. Maybe it's worse at the height of summer. She started talking again and I heard "something something something meu namorado something something." My boyfriend. Did I hear that right? Yes, I'm sure I did. My brain and ear complex is a scientific instrument that can pick out the word "boyfriend" is about a dozen

languages.

“If we don’t see each other again after the flight, make sure you email me.”

“I will.”

But of course I was going to wait for her after we landed. I just didn’t want to tell her that.

The flight was under two hours. I dozed in and out of a light sleep, thinking of her most of the time. When I went to the bathroom in front of the plane, I glanced back and saw her hat poking up in a window seat. She seemed to be reading her workbook. It’s happening a lot recently where I think, “She’s the prettiest girl I’ve ever talked to,” and I’m not sure if that really is the truth or if my memory is getting more faulty as I age, but at that moment she had the title. Of course I was going to Argentina and who knows who I’d meet there, but to know that my little tentacles were beginning to wrap around this one made me feel... good. I like to think I don’t need validation from women, but our completely innocent two hours together was validating me more than a third of the women I’ve had sex with. I know she’s just another human being, with her own issues, insecurities, and flaws, and that somewhere there is “a guy who is tired of fucking her,” but I wanted the clean shot to be that guy myself.

The plane landed and I walked out of the boarding tunnel and then made a right turn down the hallway and then a U-turn down the escalator. I waited next to a column. I wanted to see the surprise on her face when she caught sight of me after thinking I had left.

For being only nine rows back it seemed to take forever for her to come out. I played with my phone for a bit and then looked up and saw her coming down. We made eye contact and she let out a huge smile, and I smiled back.

“You waited,” she said.

“Yup only for you.”

Three minutes.

“So do you have someone here to pick you up?” I asked.

“No my dad was supposed to but he couldn’t. I will try to call him.”

“So I have to get my bags and check in again with another airline. TAM doesn’t go to Córdoba.”

“Do you have a lot of bags?”

“Only two but they’re insanely heavy. One is a backpack and I think it’s time to get a bag with wheels. But I feel like a strong man when I carry

everything on my back. So are these all your bags?" She had one little wheeled suitcase, a plastic bag with the name of a chocolate shop I've seen in Rio, a small handbag, and a duffel bag.

"Yeah this is it. I was only in São Paulo for three days."

"Mhmm four days for me."

"When does your flight leave?"

"In a little less than two hours."

"So you have to check in soon."

"Yes I guess so." We had taken slow steps from the escalator and stopped in the middle of the baggage claim hall. Another flight had just been let out and not far off was a large crowd waiting behind the arrivals glass.

Two minutes.

"It's a shame that we don't live in the same city." I said it as earnestly as I possibly could, so she could pick up on what I was really trying to tell her.

"Yes but we'll keep in touch."

"Yes but..." But you know this is it right? How long is our little email conversation gonna go for? One month if we're lucky. When am I coming back to Porto Alegre? In two years when you're married, with a kid? Right, we'll keep in touch.

"Yes we'll definitely keep in touch," I said. "And soon you'll write to me in English."

"But you have to keep writing in Portuguese to practice."

"I'll forget everything by then, though back in the States I know of a couple Brazilian stores. I can go there to say a few words, buy some açaí pulp and guarana syrup to make my own açaí like they do in Rio. I wonder if they have queijo minas too..."

Neither of us broke eye contact. For a second it felt like she was stuck and couldn't move. I heard the baggage belt begin turning and squeaking.

One minute.

"It was really nice meeting you," I leaned in and kissed her on the cheek.

"It's only one kiss right?"

"Yes, one," she said.

"But in Rio there's two. I heard in some parts of France there's four. That's a bit much maybe."

She just looked at me. I noticed my hand was gently holding onto the underside of her left arm, near her elbow. She didn't move it away.

"Well if I visit Porto Alegre one day you'll have to be my personal

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guide.”

“Of course! And if I visit Washington...”

“Of course.”

“Well I guess I have to get my bags now.”

“Yes go ahead. Make sure you email me!”

“I will in a couple days.”

“Okay then.”

“Goodbye.” I squeezed her arm and walked away. Twenty seconds later my mind seized with doubt and thoughts of what I could have done differently, but by the time I turned around she was gone.

Three days later I sat down to send her an email. She wrote her address in very bad handwriting and I couldn’t make out several characters. I tried a couple combinations, but they all got returned.

IV

CARNIVAL

Rio de Janeiro's 2008 Carnival

It's hard to find a list of Things To Do Before Your Die that doesn't include mention of Rio de Janeiro's Carnival. The biggest party in the world couldn't be in a better place. Rio is blessed with lush green rolling mountains and perfect beaches wide enough for concerts and New Year's Eve celebrations that hold up to one million people. Little islands dot any beach view and the subtropical climate make it a fine place to visit year round. But on to the party.

Carnival is a celebration before the first day of Lent, when Catholics fast and pray for forty days before Easter. It's about acting out all the behavior you need to abstain from until Easter, but I think these days it's increasingly hard to find Carnival participants who subscribe to this original purpose. At least in Rio, Carnival celebrations continue well into Lent. The official action gets going on the Saturday before Ash Wednesday (the first day of Lent) and ends on the following Tuesday. You'll know when it starts when people break out in random dance and song on buses and streets. Some Brazilians argue the year doesn't really start until after Carnival.

There are two parts to Carnival in Rio de Janeiro: the street block parties called blocos and the elaborate samba parade at the Sambodromo stadium. Both are required for the full Carnival experience.

Many Rio neighborhoods have their own blocos, whose schedules can be found in newspapers or tourist booklets. It's hard not to run into a bloco during Carnival if you just take a short stroll, but not all of them are created

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equal. If you attend blocos in Copacabana and Ipanema, where most tourists lodge, you'll see a lot of people, well, just like yourself. It helps to know locals from Rio who can tell you the best blocos to attend. Social networking sites such as Hospitality Club and Couch Surfing make it very easy to get in touch with a local that you wouldn't meet otherwise. With dozens of blocos per day even they have doubts about which ones to attend.

The first bloco I attended was at 9am on Saturday in Santa Teresa, an old bohemian neighborhood high on the hills with nice views of the city. A decorated street car filled with a costumed band appeared to the crowd of 100 or so people, then proceeded through the streets playing Carnival songs up to 90 years old. Everyone knew the lyrics, and sang and danced as they followed the streetcar. The crowd, mostly costumed, swelled into the hundreds.

After an hour the streetcar rested in a square where everyone chatted with friends and caught up on drinking. Dozens of vendors with styrofoam coolers sold \$1 cans of Skol beer and bags of frozen caipirinha's. Chefs with their barbeque grills on wheels sold larges sausages on sticks. If you come from a country with strict alcohol laws, this part of Carnival was most welcome. After you finish a can of Skol, simply throw it on the ground for the always-present can collectors. (If you couldn't put together a costume in time, simply grab a trash bag and your can collector costume is complete.) Eventually the streetcar started up again and the crowd sang and dance its way to where it all started. Tired at only 12PM, I was told there were several more blocos to attend.

The next bloco was in the Jardim Botânico (Botanical Garden) neighborhood. It was obvious I was in a younger, richer place with the beautiful people dressed up more like they are going to a beach club than a street party. Men with perfectly sculpted, hairless bodies roamed the crowd. You'll quickly notice the blocos represent the style of people who live in them. Blocos in the historic center would attract people of more average means (and unfortunately more pick-pocketers) while blocos in neighborhoods like Gavea had people pounding Red Bull and even champagne. Blocos in Botafogo were somewhere in between. Some blocos were led by bands and some by trucks stacked with powerful speakers. Some had a couple hundred people and some over 50,000. Some had a variety of songs and some only one song on loop for hours. The dozen or so blocos I attended were all a little different and it's fun to experiment until you find the bloco that suits

your partying style best. I can see the Brazilian magazine quiz now: Which bloco are you?

The blocos are fun but the most important part of Carnival is the samba parade. You will not witness a more amazing man-made event in your life, one that represents the height of human creativity, talent, and energy. It's not only essential to go but to get the best seats you can afford, to be able to see the dancers faces (and bodies) and details of the floats and costumes. Head to the Riotur tourist office for information or where to buy tickets at face value (decent seats start at \$70). You can go to the main parades on the Sunday and Monday of Carnival where samba schools compete against each other, or wait until the following Saturday for the championship parade where the winning teams are featured. I attended the latter, and while you will not hear complaints from any of the 50,000 people who attended, the best performances will always be by people who have something at stake.

The samba schools work eight months up to the parade. First, a theme is selected, one of many criteria evaluated by the judges (also are percussion, flow, song, costumes, and harmony). The school solicits for donors and volunteers while artists start designing floats and costumes. Then one song is crafted to be played during the school's procession down the Sambodromo, constructed just for Carnival. It takes hundreds of people and thousands of man hours for one 45-minute procession, broadcasted to 300 million people worldwide. For some Brazilians, Carnival is their career.

During the parade, each school has different wings of floats and costume participants. If there are dancers doing choreographed moves then they have been practicing, otherwise it's a regular Joe off the street who paid the price of the costume to be in the parade. Up to dozens of dancers on each float shake and dance, causing the float to bounce along with them. Somewhere in the middle are the percussionists and the half-dozen singers who belt out the school's song. Immediately following the school are the custodians cleaning up streamers and broken costume pieces. The timer is reset and the next school gets ready to begin. Starting at 10pm, six schools perform on main parade days, ending past 5am when the audience continues the party outside on the street. This is no Macy's Day Parade.

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Carnival parade at the Sambadrome.

The winner of the 2008 Carnival is Baixa Flor. Their performance was nice but they couldn't compete to the reception of Portela, who had a nature theme with fun, over-the-top animal costumes. There are crowd favorites and judge favorites, and like any rated competition they are usually not the same.

I'll admit that the Carnival marketing got me. I saw the pictures of half-naked women on floats and thought it had to be just about sex. It's more about singing and dancing. It's about letting go, acting silly, being creative, and enjoying a couple days off from work with friends and family. You see far less hooking up at a Carnival bloco then you would in a club on an average night, and even most Rio nightspots are empty during Carnival. Not only are people tired from the day's blocos, but they need to get up bright and early at 8am for the next day's events as well. Even in the absence of a twenty-four hour sex party, by the time you are bloco'd out with your new friends, and after your camera battery dies taking hundreds of pictures in the Sambodromo, your love for Rio and its people will be set. Future trips will be planned.

Rio's Carnival Is Incredibly Overrated

In *A Dead Bat In Paraguay* I wrote:

While packed in the procession dancing along with my friends, Skol beer in hand, I realized how much worse Carnival would be if I didn't know anyone. I wouldn't know which blocos to pick and there would no one to tell me what the Carnival songs meant. And I definitely wouldn't know that the cloudy white liquid in plastic bags shaped like condoms were

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caipirinhas. For foreigners who come alone, I don't see how Carnival can mean anything more than getting drunk with a strange crowd.

The main feature of Carnival is the street parties called blocos. It usually starts as a procession led by either a truck full of speakers or a band in a train car. Samba is the music of choice. They stick one song on repeat (if you're lucky they change it up after a dozen or so plays), and a crushing crowd follows the lead car. Then the car stops and everyone focuses on drinking and talking. That's Carnival.

The result is you go to a bloco, have a few beers, pretend you're having a great time to another culture's song and dance, and then go to another one. Carnival is basically drinking cheap booze with the mob, to music you don't know or understand.

The crowd is so thick that if you lose your friends you'll have problems finding them again. It's unbearably hot and sweaty bodies will be pressed against you like in a game of pickup street ball. While the actual blocos are free, you have to pay five times more for already crappy lodgings. Gringo gouging is common.



Makeshift public urinal.

As for the girls, most hang out in huge groups of friends, and at the blocos they run into even more friends. While you can pick up in a bloco, they are not designed for you to do so. Do you think a quality Brazilian girl celebrating her country's prime cultural event with a dozen friends wants to hook up with a gringo who doesn't speak Portuguese? Most of the hooking up happens within the social circle, so if you have no Brazilian friends you're at a huge disadvantage.

The clubs are mostly empty at night because everyone is so tired from

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drinking during the day. Therefore it's actually much harder to bang a Brazilian girl during Carnival than any other time. I'll be in Rio for my second Carnival and I'm already preparing for a week of no new poon or going out. I plan to get some writing done and it'll probably be my most productive week of the year.

In fact I have yet to meet someone who can explain to me why Carnival is worth it, but of course no one wants to say straight-up that it blows. But it does. Besides the colorful samba parade, which is great but only a few hours long, Carnival is a steaming piles of marketing bullshit designed to part you from your money. You won't get laid, you won't like the music, you won't like the crowds, and you definitely won't like the cheap booze. I really like Brazil, but I dread another Carnival.

New Year's Eve is more of the same but with a pretty fireworks display. Save your money.

V

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Hundreds of comments have been posted on my blog entries. Below are a few dozen that I think are most entertaining or helpful.

Beach Bum:

Us Brazilians have no problem in making out really quick. Jumping to the bedroom is another story, but if you talk to a girl and she talks back with a smile, you can safely move in for the kiss right then and there. Ah, to be in Brazil again... I never understood American women saying "I never kiss on the first date" — seriously? It's just kissing, who cares?

Anonymous:

I recently met a group of Brazilian girls who are studying abroad here. I have been seeing one of them for over a month. Every time she comes over, we have such a good time together. I noticed one thing...they are damn affectionate. When I went to dinner with her and her friends, she was constantly kissing me at the table. This is something that American girls simply do not do. Every American girl I have dated hated to show anything in public. This is definitely a plus with Brazilian girls.

International Playboy:

Roosh is right. I know it seems too good to be true, but it isn't. The third day I was in Brazil, not in Rio, but an hour outside of Sao Paulo, me and

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my Brazilian friend were out and he goes, “Hey, my friend thinks you are cute, you should go for her.” I go, “Alright, for sure, I will.” I had literally just met the girl when he said this. So I started talking to her, thinking I would have to spit a little game. After 5 minutes, my friend goes, “Why haven’t you kissed her yet?” I go, “Man, I just met her 5 minutes ago.” My friend goes, “No, here in Brazil, if a girl likes you, you don’t have to sit there and work on it, just go for the kiss.”

When I was in Rio, I was pretty drunk and definitely not on my A-game. This girl approached me, obviously attracted to me, and I started talking and talking, and she eventually got sick of me talking and went and hooked up with some other guy. I blew my chance because I was too slow. That was a bummer too because she would have been the cutest girl I banged in Brazil. Hooking up there is a lot faster because Brazilian men are very aggressive, so the girls are used to it. Plus, the Brazilian girls love gringos. The girls are easy, but still, they don’t come off as slutty. It’s really weird. Brazil is an amazing place for sure!

Brazilian Girl:

I am Brazilian, but I don’t live in Rio. I see that the author is specifically talking about Rio, which I have to say, most of the times is true. I’ve been there like a hundred times. They are easier there. Brazil is a huge country, with many states. If you go to another states I bet it wouldn’t be the same. 99% of the girls I’ve known in Brazil, do like to make out quickly. Brazilian people loooove kissing, and always do when they first meet. It’s just a kiss for them...so they don’t care.

Shane:

I have been to Rio several times and will return in April. Going to buy a house there. I love Brazilian women. It has nothing to do with being attractive or the fact I can kiss them within minutes of meeting them. Although I do enjoy this as I am not a shy guy. Brazilian women are passionate, feminine and in general seem to enjoy and appreciate life more than American women. I mostly hang out at higher end clubs Boox, Baronetti, Nuth, Nossa Semhora..however I find no matter what socio economic class a Brazilian girl comes from they generally are the same in terms of passion, femininity, and love of life. I would say probably the

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most fun I had was with a girl who grew up in a favela.

Beatrice:

People have a very primitive image about Brazil – Soccer, Carnaval, beaches and bitches. Brazilian girls in Brazil are not easy—we are raised with a long list of must do's and must not do's, and everything we do everyone else talks about it, so we need to be very careful about the way we act. No booty dancing, dressing cute and sexy but not as a slut, not getting in the car with someone we just met, never go to his house on a first date, and the list goes on and on. However kissing is very common, we love kissing (and here I must say – we are GOOD at it) and it's normal to kiss on the same day you meet the person (that doesn't mean we're a whore!). That's what we call "ficar" and as other people mentioned above, we are very affectionate, we like to kiss and hug, talk and have a good time, but sex is another story.

Erik:

What Roosh wrote is correct – it takes work, but Brazilian women are fantastic. However, I would place Sao Paulo on the top of anyone's list to visit in Brazil. I lived in Sao Paulo for two years, and also frequently went to Rio for weekend trips. While Sao Paulo has no beach, it is definitely more gringo friendly, as not many tourists go there. Plus, the nightlife is on par with New York, or even better. When I lived in Sao Paulo, I usually kept a pool of six women or so (whom I "dated"), and would rotate other in/out depending on my whim of the week

Ray:

I'm from Norway which makes me used to a culture where its "hard to accomplish a kiss with a girl, but the sex leads straight after", to an encounter with a brazilian girl where "kisses are nothing, more an expression of affection, where the sex doesn't follow." Pretty diverse dynamics.

At the moment I live in Australia, fantastic country with a huge diversity of cultures and people, and of course I managed to meet a brazilian girl, that obviously doesn't "like" me since we've just kissed. Man those cultural barriers.. But even though it's frustrating, I've decided that if I

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ever get married, it's going to be with a Brazilian because their "warmth" is amazing, but at the same time deceiving since from what I read is just a part of their culture, as of being warm and open.

Rael:

Brazilian girls would be perfect except for a one major flaw: they're insanely possessive & jealous. They become jealous of (definitely) any female friends, (probably) any male friends and (possibly) your pets. If your just pumping & dumping you might not notice. Try having an LTR with one & you'll find out quickly.

Brazilian girls assume their boyfriends will cheat. They expect the boyfriend to make up for the assumed infidelity by giving 100% of their attention to them when they are together. Anything short of this is considered disrespectful – i.e. looking at or talking to another woman while the B girl is in the same room is disrespectful. Most American men will simply find this impossible to deal with.

Kyle:

I live in Orange County, and there is this bar in Newport Beach where all these Brazilian expats hang out. I went there after my one month Rio extravaganza and found the girls to be prude and snobby. Brazilian girls that have assimilated into our American way of thinking are more stuck up and bitchier than your typical OC blonde chick. I tell my friends all the time – when I'm ready to settle down and marry, I'm going to Brazil and finding my wifey.

Happy Man:

There's nothing compared to Brazilian girls, both in attitude and beauty – and adding to it, most people only know about Rio. In Brazil, Rio would be 4 or 5 on the top 10 list of places where to find the most beautiful girls. The 3 states at the south are definitely the top ones, and Minas Gerais state (that does not even have beaches) would follow closely. You are probably right about Brazilian girls in US not being as hot as those in Brazil, but that is totally OK to me, since i do live in Brazil. Better try your luck with mexican girls.

Retired Backpacker:

I thought Salvador basically smelled like a huge urinal, but I had a great time visiting during Festival de Sao Joao. If you go I'd recommend going then, you get all the fun of Carnaval minus the whole getting robbed, groped or vomited on. Maceio is awesome. Also, as far as nice people, I actually think Sao Paulo is really underrated in terms of how nice and hospitable people are. In Rio people are definitely friendly, but they're more used to douchebros. Paulistas are kind of more curious and excited when they meet you.

Santana:

Some of the people who have posted above have correctly pointed out how there are many working girls in Fortaleza and Natal. Basically, anywhere in Brazil that attracts gringo tourists also attracts "garotas de programa." Many gringos go to Fortaleza, Natal and the North East and meet an incredibly friendly girl in a bar like the street of gringo bars in Fortaleza who they proceed to bang. She is working and you should accept this; as soon as you go home, she will be back at the bar looking for a new gringo.

You will also find that because of tourism of a sexually orientated nature by foreign guys in Brazil, that the locals will view you in a certain way, especially when you are out and about with your new friend. As a matter of fact, the middle class types in Fortaleza can be very cold and offhand in certain situations towards gringos. Just try your luck as a single gringo travelling on your own in a middle class club in Fortaleza if you don't believe this.

Remember, when it comes to socializing, Brazilians have a herd instinct. Without Portuguese, friends and local connections, you will find it very hard to meet any regular girls – however, if working girls are ok for you, they can be found in any tourist frequented establishments in Brazil.

Stone:

Brazil doesn't sound cheap at all. I wonder if you guys have explored

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Eastern Europe, and I don't mean Prague or Budapest, but more unconventional places like Bulgaria. Definitely cheaper, say \$30 for a decent hotel room at the beach, or \$60-100 for 4-5 star. \$5 club covers, \$2 beers, \$5 cocktails. Nice enough girls, many English, German, and Scandinavian tourists in the beach resorts in summertime. And if you don't get lucky, there's always the end-of-the-night option of \$50 hookers.

Flashman:

If you are looking for good pool logistics, Carnival blows. If you are looking for an extremely memorable good time of drinking, meeting random people, and partaking of a massive good times atmosphere, Carnival is great. Memories that will last are made of pool and good times, but they don't always occur together. It's sometimes okay to sacrifice optimum lay conditions for other things. But that's just my idea of life, I recognize its personal nature.

Anon:

Carnival in Salvador is just a huge procession of semi's rigged to blare unbearable Brazilian pop. The streets literally become a stream of urine and spilled beer. You can pay money to follow behind the semi's in slightly less crowded conditions, or you can pay to pile into a camarote, which is a shitty little pseudo-club in the path of the procession. All the museums, churches and capoeira schools close and the only readily available food is nauseating meat and beans fried in palm oil. The poor wander the street, picking up huge piles of aluminum cans from the beers discarded by rich Brazilians and gringos. Some of these mountains can reach 10 feet or more in height, and are a significant source of income for Salvador's largely unemployed population.

My most memorable moment on Salvador was escaping the press of humanity to chill on the beach for a few, only to see an "overweight" woman waddle into the ocean, pull aside her bikini and proceed to have explosive diarrhea into the sea.

On the cab ride back, the cabbie pretended to not understand the layout of the roadblocks and gave us the runaround until we ditched him and ran back to the hotel up an eerily quiet side street. Easily the least enjoyable

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part of my trip to Brazil.

Joe S:

Do you think the sheer amount of foreign chicks that come to America are doing so because they want to work even HARDER keeping up their appearance? Hell no! They come here because they've heard it was the land of the shmuck who will buy you drinks all night just because you're standing there looking pretty.

I was out last weekend and two broke ass, subpar Brazilian "foreign exchange students" were standing outside the club game planning on how they were going to get the most drinks for free. Once inside, there was no shortage of dudes lining up to accommodate their wishes.

Zictor:

The culture of "pegada" is everywhere around Brazil. But "pegada" doesn't translate as caveman game (not totally, at least). Pegada could be translated roughly as "the catch". Brazilian man can be classified into four types when it comes to approaching women:

-Machine guns: Constantly shooting and trying.

-Semi-Automatic Rifles: More controlled than the above. We consider them normal.

-Sniper rifles: Guys who almost never try, but when they do, they hit beautifully.

-Russian roulettes: only one bullet, most of the tries result in nothing. Shy, awkward, you know the type.

This definition isn't clear cut, people aren't fully in one type or another, but it gives a good general picture.

Now Brazil is a country with strong Catholic traditions and the mentality is usually very provincial. People live in closed groups and aren't very open to newcomers. This also means that if a girl sleeps with (or kisses, depending on a number of factors like age, environment, circumstances) too many guys, she gets a huge scarlet "S" around her neck. Everybody talks about it. Same goes for booty calls that aren't an "official" relation-

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ship.

This generated a seduction theory that me and my Brazilian friends from my exchange year abroad call the “zero-sum”. The aggressiveness of men generates resistance in women so they can cancel each other and achieve balance. It’s a type of “seduction Darwinism”, if you will. For Brazilian women, this means:

-If she likes a guy, she can’t show it too much, or she’ll be labeled as easy/slut.

-She starts to appreciate effort. So a guy might earn points by being persistent (which doesn’t always translate into enough points to close).

-If a guy is too slow, he is perceived as Beta.

For Brazilian men, this means basically that we aren’t always discouraged by rejection and hold on to minimal signals of interest. So we keep prospecting to see if there is more. Because of the longer time, there are also bigger chances of totally screwing up or simply being wrong.

In this context, the “pegada” culture is about competence. A guy who has “pegada” is a true Alpha, who comes without knocking on the door, but is nevertheless welcomed in. He is the guy who sees that the woman wants him with minimum signals on her part, and strikes at the right moment, sweeping her off her feet.

So, delivering the promised goods is essential to the culture. She will evaluate his performance making out to decide if she’ll sleep with him or not. It’s like anywhere else, but it doesn’t disrupt bang progression like Roosh says. Brazilians like to kiss, it comes easy to us. So the kiss happens earlier in the progression, but doesn’t break it. And if your pegada wasn’t good, she won’t sleep with you. You have to use the kiss to build up the tension. You have to show her you have more to offer, by actually giving her something.

French Connection:

If a girl is interested here, you’ll be getting major IOIs within 2 minutes. It’s happened quite a few times that people have come up to me asking if I want to meet their friend, who’s incidentally been giving me the look

way before.

The downside is that if she isn't into you from the start, changing that with game is really tricky. Like Roosh says, there doesn't seem to be a 'type' that most B girls will go for. What's interesting is that some will be quite strongly opposed to dating a gringo, while others will feel exactly the same way about Brazilian guys. Brazilian dudes, by the way, will bang pretty much anything that moves. Which is one of the reasons that some of the chicks here tend to avoid them like the plague.

What does seem to work here (at least more than at home), is non-verbal game. I mean things like eye-contact, posture, stance, body language, attitude. Obviously this should be a given wherever you go, but it's really worked well for me. Taking on a bit of a laid back, 'impress me' attitude differentiates you somewhat from most of the local guys here (who are not picky at all), which at least is something to start with. Perhaps I'm relying on this more than usual as my Portuguese is very basic, but going on Roosh's experiences, speaking it fluently doesn't necessarily help you either.

Tupac Chopra:

An American girl will fuck and suck like a porn star for an alpha, but if she has to settle with a beta, her pussy will dry up and she becomes a demanding ogre with no urge to get it on.

A B-girl will fuck and suck like a porn star with an alpha, but they get sick of being pumped and dumped. However, when they get into a relationship with a (relative) beta, their overwhelming sexuality and sensuality ensures that they *continue* sucking and fucking with as much abandon as they had with their alpha lovers. There isn't that vast chasm between alpha-beta behaviors that you often see in American girls. They like sex so much that sex with a beta to them is just about as enjoyable as sex with a knuckle-dragging Neanderthal.

Lief:

I want to dispel this myth that Brazilian girls even in Rio are easy to bang. Not true. The only reason you hear lots of crazy stories from Brazil

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is because prostitution is everywhere.

Do not go to Brazil and think for one second that girls are going to be all over you. They will not be eyeing you up and down.

I have a reasonable amount of game and I can pick up with greater ease in the U.S. When you go to Brazil it is actually harder.

I was only interested in hitting 7.5+ and I can tell you that Roosh is absolutely right – getting a high quality Brazilian girl is not easy. Game in the purest sense did not work for me. Even my mediocre Portuguese that I slaved over did not really help.

The only thing that I could think of that might increase my odds would be to learn to dance. It's physical in Brazil (in Rio) – not about game. I also remember having a laughable body compared to the guys on the beach – I'm not in bad shape.

Some of the suggestions here are from people with little experience over there – order more expensive champagne, cut your beard, \$100 t's etc.

My experience: high class girls are off limits unless you have local contacts. Quality girls are either open to gringos or not – and you'll know in 5 minutes.

European guys have a different vantage point because I think they are perceived as higher value than American guys in Brazil.

Lorenzo:

From personal experience in Brasil and even more so in Rio, I've had a better luck with day time gaming than in clubs. I'd advise you to get away from Copa and venture into Centro a bit, where a lot of white collar chicks work there. Go there during the day, especially lunch time and casually strike a conversation with some of them.

You'd be surprised at how much this would work. Try bookstores or even at the malls, the girls working there. Of course, lingo is a must for that. Dress nice and all the usual common sense stuff. Bottom line is diversify

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your approach venues and don't stick only to clubs/bars which are the not the easiest.

InternationalPlayboy:

My ex girl from Brazil went to Diamantina for Carnaval and she said it's awesome. She knows her shit as far as partying goes too, she was a promoter at Mais, one of the biggest nightclubs in South America. She also does some promotions for events in Diamantina, so I would assume there are also some other good times to go during the year. Another good colonial town is Leopoldina. People are very friendly and it didn't seem too bad as far as quality of women, though I was with locals so I had my foot in the door (My friends dad also owns the only night club in town). It's a really cool place to chill out for a week or two and the landscape is beautiful.

Juiz De Fora is also less than an hour away (But take a bus, the road from Leopoldina to Juiz De Fora is the worst road I've ever been on), which definitely has quality girls. I didn't get to spend as much time there as I would have liked to. Leopoldina is also very cheap. Not sure how much hotels run there though since I was staying with my friend. It's also known to have a lot of crazy people there as well. They have the highest suicide rate per capita of any city in Brazil, but the loonies won't give you much trouble, they are usually too busy talking to people who aren't there.

El Guapo:

Sao Paulo thoughts kinda touch on something else I've been thinking off lately: that there're two kinds of Brazil: the beachy, shallow kind which includes Rio, Vitoria, and the NE coastal areas, and the more urban, sophisticated side that includes Belo Horizonte, SP, possibly Brasilia, etc.

My three weeks in the latter side (after one year in Rio) proved to be very interesting from a gaming and making friends perspective.

Whereas I made a ton of carioca friends in Rio, I really do not foresee keeping in touch with any of them other than an occasional FB update.

While in BH, I felt I've made stronger connections.

I believe that looks matter huge in Rio, Vitoria, etc, but less so in the

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more inner areas.

Overall my biggest mistake (I feel that I'm repeating myself) was spending an overwhelming amount of time in Rio, and less so in BH and SP.

Alchemist:

Sao Paulo is definitely underrated. Yes, it's expensive, polluted and quite ugly, there's no beach and there aren't a lot of must-see things there, but there's just something about it I really liked.

I was there over the weekend so the nightlife I experienced was great and it's definitely less touristy than Rio which is an advantage. I also couldn't get over the sheer size of the place – standing on top of a building and seeing the skyscrapers going on for miles into the distance is amazing. Sampa is more “cultural” than Rio in terms of the variety of things to do and the food is first class.

Most people I spoke to didn't like Sampa though. I think it must be due to the sheer scale of the place – it takes some getting used to. I was lucky enough to meet some cool locals who I hung about with. I stayed in Vila Madelena as well which was good for nightlife.

Coronel Nascimento:

I've been in Belo Horizonte for 5 weeks and gotten a few bangs but definitely had to put more effort than I cared to. A good piece of advice if you are traveling is always have an easy “bang city” on the list. I'm going to Rio soon and though it is not the easiest place in the world to get flags it definitely will be for me when compared to Minas Gerais. When I return to Brazil I'm thinking of living a few months in Brasilia, Porto Alegre or Curitiba.

Derek Zoolander:

Well. I can tell you NOT to go to Fortaleza. It is by far the most rude and unfriendly I have ever had the displeasure to travel to.

The women that are worthwhile looking at are part of the developing middle class and the biggest bitches you could imagine. Rude and unfriendly to the max. We are talking ignoring you when you say hello,

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turning their back when you greet them and laughing at you when you try to say something in Portuguese.

Sao Paulo however is awesome. The women there are polite, educated and friendly. The exact opposite of crappy Fortaleza.

whew. I have been holding that little vent for quite a while. Thanks Roosh, i needed that.

If you enjoyed this book, I wanted to ask if you'd consider making a small donation of a couple dollars to allow me to continue publishing similar content for free via my blog. All donations receive a small bonus. Click the link below to learn about making a donation...

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I look forward to your comments about the Brazil Compendium. Either email me at roosh@rooshv.com or post a message on my forum sharing your experiences (<http://www.rooshvforum.com>). Thanks for the support!

