

The Best Of Roosh

Volume 1

Roosh V

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Printed in the United States of America.

Introduction

This compilation contains 90 of my favorite blog posts, published between August 2006 and January 2013, from a total of 1,742 that I've written. They best represent my ideas, my thoughts, and my interpretation of the world.

INTRODUCTION

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PRE-GAME

The 3 Principal Types Of Game

From my travels I've only identified three types of game that most men use.

1. Western Game. Used almost exclusively in the Anglosphere, this type of game is based on the alpha male model. It depends on the man being overconfident (bordering on arrogance), cocky, aloof, and possessing the ability to banter for hours in primarily a non-sexual way. It's also becoming more dependent on aesthetics. With so many choices in men, Western women now place appearance much higher on their laundry list of desired qualities than before. In ten years, the best game in America will probably be "approach with big muscles and cartoon overconfidence." Your appearance will matter more and you will have to come close to being the "perfect" man that women are being brainwashed to believing they are entitled to.

Countries where western game should be used: USA, Canada, Ireland, England, Australia

2. Eastern Game. One step into an eastern country like Ukraine will tell you that aesthetics plays very little part in attracting women. You will see the fattest, baldest men with beautiful women, and the reason is because stability and comfort are valued more than attraction and excitement. Confidence also doesn't play as strong a role. The best way to determine if an eastern woman will bang you or not is if she can answer in the affirmative to the following question: "Will my station improve by getting intimate with him?" This is not only through cash but also your professional and social connections, the quality of your apartment or car, and your interest in the same vacation spots as her (for future trips). Bonus points if you love sushi.

With these girls, sex is usually a logical act with many economical factors weighed, not a spur-of-the-moment decision based on attraction. The optimal game here is moving the interaction forward while casually displaying status or wealth, but not too much or you'll be taken for a ride. Since eastern game is essentially the opposite of western game, most American men who go to the Former Soviet Union end up banging girls who already love foreigners.

Countries where eastern game should be used: Former Soviet Union

3. World Game. This could also be called "neutral game," where you tread the middle between western and eastern game. You're confident but not too confident. You put effort into your appearance but not too much or else she'll think you're self-absorbed (or gay). You drop the good things you've done in life but not too early or she will think you're bragging. Like I've described in the past, it's simply being a confident beta. When you're in a new environment and are not sure which type of game you should run, this is your best bet. Start with world game and then lean western or eastern after you've collected some data that hint as to what would get you more mileage.

Countries where world game should be used: Scandinavia, Colombia, Central and Eastern Europe

The above three types of game are the primary colors of game. Going to a new country means you need to mix them in various amounts to come up with the optimum game for that location. For example, in Brazil I'd fill my paint bucket two-thirds with world game

and one-third with western game. In Poland I would use 90% world game and 10% eastern game. In America I'd hit the gym harder to pack on muscles that girls respond more favorably too while I'd slack off in Ukraine and make friends instead, knowing that big gains in the gym won't help me get laid as much as having a social circle.

Within our lifetimes, the game mix for any country will change. World game was once king in the United States, but as you know it has morphed into something entirely different due to obscene changes happening with the culture. And it will no doubt change again. Once you learn the three variants of game, which are essentially languages, you can easily hop back and forth to successfully sleep with girls whose cultures are completely alien to you. Instead of being locked into banging one type of woman in one place, you'll know how to make it work almost anywhere. You become, in other words, an international player.

The Game Balance

Be confident, but not arrogant.

Be a lovable jerk, but not an insufferable asshole.

Be charming, but don't go out of your way to please her.

Put in effort to make it work, but don't force it.

Be warm, but not needy.

Be funny, but not an entertainer.

Demand respect, but don't be angry.

Lead the conversation by being chatty, but let her talk too.

Seek quality, but be realistic.

Be polished, but don't come across as rehearsed.

Be persistent, but don't be desperate.

Learn from other guys, but be your own man.

When getting into the game you will be bouncing from one extreme to the other, usually from being overly nice to being an asshole, from being shy and quiet to talking for the sake of talking, but your results won't be highest until you tread the middle where you're both an empathetic human and a primal animal.

A comment I hear from guys who meet me in person is, “You’re a pretty nice guy.” From reading me you may think I’m a horrible monster, but truth is I’m a normal man. My default program is “friendly, nice guy,” but I have a huge drawer of game and social tools that I can use depending on the interaction and what I want from it. When you stay entrenched at the extremes, you use only one tool for everything, locking you into getting lower results than you’re capable of.

Going through the extremes is a part of the learning process, but understand that the best game is balanced. Having a default asshole game will not be as effective as having a default cocky/indifferent game that swings assholeish or nice depending on the girl you’re dealing with. Being a persistent motherfucker who approaches 50 girls a night and calls every girl 10 times before giving up will not be as effective as being more thoughtful about your approaches or walking away from interactions where the girl isn’t treating you well (which in turn boosts your self-worth to help with future girls).

It’s when I find myself at the extremes (being an asshole or forcing it) that I know I won’t be getting laid with a girl that I want. Game isn’t about displaying a caricature of yourself to the opposite sex, it’s about showing you’re a balanced, unique man who knows how to do two things: connect with her and then offer seamless logistics to have sex at the moment she wants it most.

Stop Being Needy

Not being needy is important because it shows girls you’re already getting what you need. Girls want sex from men who are already getting sex. Despite every girl’s protest to the contrary, the more partners you’ve had the better, because each vagina you’ve demolished acts as a seal of approval of your worthiness. What better way for a girl to screen out new dick by finding out many other girls lined up to take a ride on it?

The reason I know this is fact and not mere conjecture is the large number of girls I’ve banged who knew about my blog beforehand. If

you ask these girls a straight-forward question about sleeping with a guy who has had many partners, 100% would say they hate it, it's gross, the AIDS, etc., but yet they have done it with me, and I'm certain I'm not the only exception. Even girls who have found out about my blog after having sex end up returning for seconds. In fact it's a guarantee she'll come back, even flying internationally to do so, because now she experiences a self-esteem boost knowing that she's fucking a guy who is successful with women.

End conversations early. Cancel dates. Be late. Appear disinterested. Don't lean in. Stop trying to kiss her all the time. Don't tell her when you'll contact her. Don't say you've been in love. Don't talk longingly about your exes. Don't console her. Take days to call her back after first time sex. Don't ask for her opinions. Be insensitive.

All these behaviors show you're not needy, that you don't give a fuck. They convey to the girl that you can get away with doing these things because you're probably already banging and she better shape up if she wants her vagina to be demolished as well. There's no shortcut to this: you can't just tell a girl you've fucked a lot of girls and expect her to be turned on. Insinuate instead, and you'll be rewarded handsomely.

When you're in a foreign country and unable to communicate perfectly with words, or cultural differences make it hard to show value or humor, not being needy will be the cornerstone of your game.

Why You Don't Need To Understand Women

On a reader survey I conducted, a whopping 92% of readers want to see more "male/female observations, analysis, and commentary." Now that's a pretty broad category, including things like making fun of girls who wear flip flops, descriptions of where dating culture is headed, and what does it mean when a girl does something retarded. I wanted to address those who like the "analysis" part.

Like many guys, I have an analytical mind. I don't mind breaking things down into their component parts to understand them more fully. But just like how you don't need to tear apart a radio in order to use it, you don't need to understand women to fuck them. The more you

understand them the *harder* it is to fuck them, and the reason is because they are too complicated and variable.

Instead of thinking, “I want to learn more about them because I want to get good at fucking them,” try this instead: “I’m going to try a lot of different things until I find out what works to get good at fucking them.”

Do you see the difference? One is dependent on understanding them and the other is dependent on your effort. One leads to a road of mental masturbation and the other leads to a road of unprotected sex. I gauge a woman’s response to things I do, but I don’t make a conscious effort to determine the why of a woman’s actions or behavior. Who cares?

I said something wrong and I made the girl cry. I’m not sure why. But we ended up fucking anyway. Do I have to change anything? Nope. Everything is fine. Carry on.

I told a girl that I liked her on the first date, after she told me the same. We had rough sex that night. Did I do anything wrong? Nope. I got what I wanted. Grand.

I couldn’t care less about why a girl doesn’t like my opener or why she got offended when I said I wanted to cum on her face. But next time I will try a different opener or a different way of bringing up why I want to cum on her face. I will keep going, trying different strategies, until I have evidence from experience that something “works” or not. Besides looking at raw data from your attempts, trying to understand a woman takes you down a rabbit hole with little fruit and much dirt and mud. You may hate women after you’re through, and wonder why you put so much effort into them in the first place.

There are patterns that come up and I take note of them (mostly to share it for you guys), but that’s just for fun. You don’t need to understand women to get laid, but you do need to know what they like from a man of your personality, background, look, etc., which comes almost entirely from experience. In fact I think a girl likes it when you don’t care to understand them. You’re aloof and difficult, wrapped up in your own magical world of masculinity and pensiveness.

Guys Who Make A Lot Of Money But Still Don't Get Laid

I spoke to an old friend the other day and we talked about a couple guys we went to college with. I remembered Steve, one of our classmates.

"Hey Steve took me off Facebook for some reason," I said to my friend.

"Strange, he didn't say anything to me about you."

"Well since he's a cardiologist now maybe he took down his profile because too many patients were trying to add him. I read about that problem in a newspaper article."

"Hold on let me check." Thirty seconds later: "Yeah he took me off too."

"He probably deleted his profile."

"You know he's making serious cash now right?"

"How much?" I asked.

"Like half a million a year."

In college Steve got more play than me, hooking up with the occasional girl from class (since I was getting zero play that wasn't particularly difficult). He had a pretty cocky personality around other guys and even though he became much gentler around women, it was enough to get some attraction going.

After college he went to medical school and I went to work in the private sector. He got a girlfriend not long after that. While I'd peg his looks at about a 7, she was only a 4—a definite downgrade. My friend and I would talk about why he was going out with her. "Maybe she has a really great personality," I'd say, followed by obnoxious snorting laughter. We didn't understand why he was selling himself short, but agreed he'd probably step up after he was officially a doctor and making the big bucks.

Well, they're about to get married. I highly doubt a prenup will be signed. Talking about Steve made me do an evaluation of my life.

Cons: I have very few possessions. I don't make a lot of money. I don't have health insurance. Every day I push concerns about the future into the back of my mind.

Pros: Freedom, mobility, and foreign women.

If I was a doctor making half a million a year, I'd sleep with fewer women than I am now. It's possible I would land one really beautiful bride, but I currently desire variety, not monotony (while the act of banging doesn't make me a happier person, the conquest does). I'd have more comfort and stability in life, but that's what I want when I'm 51, not 31. If I worked 60 hours a week or more it'd be impossible to bang the girls that I have, along with doing just about everything that I have accomplished in my adult life so far.

Too many guys overestimate the benefits of a high paying job. What percentage of doctors do you think are pulling quality pussy? Surprisingly low, but if you want to land an ambitious yet plain Jewish or Indian girl with overbearing parents then it's a great profession to get into. Do you really think doctors or lawyers have the ability and energy to creep on the side with the girls that you're able to bang with game and free time? Truth is I know a ton doctors and not a single one is outpulling me, in either quality or quantity. I see pictures of their girlfriends on Facebook and I'm not impressed, especially considering their true cost per notch is more than \$100,000. Mine are in the low four digits.

If you're going to argue that a man's job is important, I'll agree with you if you're talking about fashion photographer, club owner, bartender, surfing instructor, and so on—the jobs that put him in contact with a large number of sexy women. But lawyer? Doctor? Investment banker? Corporate executive? Raise your hand if you know guys with those jobs that get zero pussy, or have to pay for a sponsorship agreement.

Game is the great equalizer, the savior of man. You can have a job where you're stuck in front of a laptop all day and still pull more and hotter than a guy making half a million a year. If I was making that much money and pussy wasn't raining from the sky, I'd feel disappointed and tricked to say the least. A twenty dollar game book and some practice would've gotten me much more.

Be That Guy

I want to share with you an epiphany I had years ago. I was trying to bang this girl and she was being very flakey and taking forever to get back to me. I asked my friend what I should do about it and we proceeded to go over my options after I told him everything that had transpired so far.

At the end I thought, “Is she doing this with her friends right now? Is she asking her friend how to get with me? Is she asking her friend how to get me to stop flaking?”

Of course not.

Even though she wasn’t treating me well, I was still chasing her. Even though she was barely encouraging me, I wanted her bad. It’s human nature.

If you eavesdrop on conversations with girls, you will hear them talk about guys that are flakes. Guys that don’t call. That put in the minimum amount of work. That don’t give much notice on dates and then cancel on them at the last minute. That fuck the girl and then make an excuse to leave within minutes. You think that guy is stressing over the girl? You think he’s asking his friends for help? No, he’s too busy working on other girls. He doesn’t care about any of them. He has no attachments. With no attachments he doesn’t do the pathetic, desperate, needy shit that 95% of other guys do.

I realized then that I had to BE THAT GUY, and not the guy who plots and tries and talks about what to do next. Because the moment you have to try is the moment you care, and the moment you care is the moment she has you, and all you’ll have is your hand, waiting for the phone to ring.

You Still Need Game To Bang Sluts

A lot of haters say the only girls I fuck are sluts, that getting them is not because of my game but because they fuck any guy. This is false. I’ve realized you *definitely* need game if you want to fuck a slut. Your

typical average guy is much less likely to fuck one than a “nice” girl who he may want to introduce to mom. Let me give you an example.

I visited a friend in Baltimore before I left for Iceland. We settled into a bar that was mostly dead, but I spotted a very cute white girl by the bathroom partying with a large group of friends. I approached her and we talked for a while until I invited her to join me and my friend.

She came to chat with us and things were going great, but when the bar closed her friends wanted to pull her away from me. I managed to befriend the group enough to weasel my way to an afterparty of sorts at another bar, though once outside on the street there was a moment where me and my friend were pretty much ditched. She turned her back to settle some silly drama with her friends and didn’t look back to see if I was still there.

Four of her friends dropped out, leaving her, another girl, and a guy. They started walking to the second bar. My friend and I followed. There definitely was not a “Come on Roosh let’s go” green light from the girl, but I’ve long since learned that it’s my job to create the bang even when she’s doing everything to make it seem like it’s not going to happen. We arrived at the bar and she didn’t seem at all excited to see me. I ignored her indifference and made small talk about the new bar we were at.

Then the shit testing begin. “You just want to fuck me, don’t you?” she said. She asked if I thought I was going to get laid and why I didn’t just immediately leave. I responded coolly, saying that I didn’t want to have sex with her and that I was just having a drink with my buddy while trying to make new friends.

“So why are you sitting right next to me?” she asked.

“Do you want me to get up? I can move somewhere else if that’s what you want.” She rolled her eyes while I remained seated.

For 15 minutes she only chatted with her two friends, who I overheard talking about wanting to go home. My next move may be a surprise: I bought everyone a round, including my girl, who basically just told me to fuck off. It’s very hard for someone to turn down a drink, and I was hoping the round would keep everyone in the bar for as long as it took her to warm back up to me. I find that guys are very

appreciative when you buy them a drink, so I was hoping that the guy would get on my team after buying him a crappy American beer.

My girl was very unappreciative of the drink, but I made it seem like I didn't care if she wanted it or not, that I'm having a good time with my friend and felt like continuing the night with more alcohol. If she was disrespecting me I would have run asshole game, but I suspected she was putting me through some sort of gauntlet and that her attitude was a way to see if I was truly committed to the bang. I determined that nonchalance was the best card to play, almost like I was a half-retard who couldn't hear the things she was saying. It was working because halfway through the drink she gave me a one second kiss on the lips, adding, "I'm not kissing you again!"

"That's fine, I'm not expecting anything," I said. "I'm enjoying my drink."

Her guy friend started to take a liking towards me. The turning point was when he welcomed me to crash on his couch. I graciously accepted his offer, lying about how I'd need a couple of hours to sober up before driving home. We all started heading towards his house. My friend went home alone to jerk off.

I was trailing behind them and for what seemed like eternity she never looked back, as if she didn't care I was there or not. I held the line, got to the front door, and welcomed myself into the house. The guy went to the bedroom with his girl while I lingered in the kitchen. My girl came up to me, said, "You can lay on my bed, but we're not having sex."

"That's fine," I said.

Once I got into her room there was zero resistance. All the testing was gone. After sex she turned into—dare I say—a sweet girl. The whole thing took about three hours from start to finish.

This girl was the same age as me so I'm pretty sure she's approaching triple digits in terms of male partners, especially since she mentioned dating men in "rock bands." Regardless of her high number, there is no way that your average guy without game could've pulled her that night. It has taken me a long time to master everything to make that bang happen, from the approach, to the weaseling, to passing her shit tests, to befriending the potential cockblockers, and to completing the

final step to seal the deal. The average guy would have just gotten her number and missed out on the three ejaculations I was able to unleash on her petite body.

If you think of an American slut as an *attractive* girl who goes out, drinks, and bangs a lot, you absolutely need game in order to get her. Without game it'd be a miracle for you to even get to the five-minute mark. Because she gets so many guys approaching her, she is able to select from the cream of the crop—the guys who make her feel the strongest attraction. I'm not going to kid myself and say I accomplished something by fucking her, but I was at the end of a long line of men who got her in the sack using game comparable to mine.

If you want a non-whore, your best bet is to approach during the daytime. There I've met girls who never go out, rarely drink, and are probably in the single digits when it comes to bangs. While they may make good relationship material, their sexual and flirting skills can be awkwardly low. It's ironic that the more sexual experience I gain, the more I prefer sluts who match that experience and have the most know-how on how to please me from my very first thrust. I'll be honest and say that the Baltimore ho gave me a lot of sexual satisfaction, while the last nice girl I banged, who didn't drink at all and had limited sexual experience, was not half as enjoyable.

While sluts fuck 10 times more guys than non-whores, their slut calling card gets them approached by 100 times more guys. Since she has near unlimited options on who to fuck, *you must have game* to get selected. How often do you hear of your shy, nice guy friend fucking club sluts whose phones are constantly blowing up due to other dudes? It never happens. If you want to fuck sluts you need to bring the game.

Death Of The Natural

Thirty years ago, your mother would have given vague answers when describing why she became attracted to your father. He would then have given even vaguer answers when describing how he got your mom. They would speak through rosy and determinist glasses about how their love was a foregone conclusion or “meant to be.” Back then,

human psychology wasn't developed to the point where either could dive into the micro of their seduction like we can today.

For the last girl I banged, I can give you a list of keys to the bang that enabled me to put my penis inside her, most of which didn't involve luck or fate or butterflies in the stomach. I saw my target, approached her with a ruthlessly optimized process, and then extracted her using logistical tricks I've honed over the years. It has happened where girls signal interest before I strike, but most of the time I'm making bangs happen that wouldn't have proceeded "naturally."

A lot of game denialists say that you're not actually using game when banging girls, that the girl already likes you. "You get laid in spite of your game, not because of it." Thirty years ago, I would have absolutely believed this to be true. If your mother didn't get initial attention from your father, she would try again using various social or professional connections to get on his radar. If he revealed a strange habit on the first date, she would consult with her hens to figure out how to change it. If his income was low, she would encourage him to take on extra training that would ensure a more stable future.

Today, your mother would not have married your father. If he hesitated to make a move, she would have had dozens of other guys knocking on her door. If he showed a weird quirk on the first date, she would call him creepy to her friends and not respond to his text messages. If he accidentally called her with his jeans, she would think he's a needy loser. If he was broke with no immediate sign of earning dough, she would indulge in affections from wealthier men on the side. Sadly, game denialists are living in the past when they think that all that is needed for sex to occur is a natural attraction between two people. Today, a natural attraction just gets your foot in the door. *It gives you three minutes.* If you fuck up then she moves onto the next guy who is more competent at making her vagina drip.

At the absolute minimum, today's man must not make game mistakes. He doesn't have to possess the tightest conversation or weasel game, but he must know what turns on women. He doesn't have to be alpha, but he can't show beta traits. He doesn't need the best text messaging game, but he can't reply faster than she does. Denialists can reminisce about the past all they want, but to be sexually successful

in today's world, you need to know more psychology than Freud did in his time and at least a basic understanding of game theory.

The truth is that natural players are a dying breed. Going with the flow and just being alpha isn't enough to out-pull a serious student of the game who brings in various academic and empirical schools of thought into his quest to get laid. This is why it's so common for a natural to retire before he's 30—he's simply unable to compete long-term with guys who are more committed, have more game tools, and have mastered keeping their pipeline full while putting in the least amount of energy. And with hypergamy raging at rates we've never seen, the natural's decision to hang it up with his cute girlfriend serves as absolutely no guarantee she won't stray. He'll need game for the relationship, too.

We're arriving at the point of American society where nothing but moderate to serious study in the game can allow you to get *and* keep a quality woman. If you insist on being a game denialist in America, prepare yourself for a lonely existence.

Two Things That Tight Game Comes Down To

A lot of the game advice you read encompass a wide range of actions and behaviors, including body language, tonality, humor, grooming, storytelling, touching, attitude, teasing, and so on. There are dozens of topics and these days you can find blogs exclusively to something specific like style or cooking. That's because game is like sports—it can be discussed without end to infinity. The cat has definitely been let out of the bag and I'm confident that demand for game knowledge will be strong until the end of time.

That said, most things you learn about game are really teaching you two things:

- 1. Being interesting**
- 2. Being cool**

That's tight game right there. I can easily argue that other things compose tight game like persistence and the logistical know-how to get a girl inside a bedroom, but they are not absolutely essential.

Being interesting is simply being able to arouse a woman's interest. This comes from telling good stories to teasing, to dancing well or making her laugh. A year ago a man told me that all you needed to do to get laid was to give a girl "good chat." The problem is most guys can't have interesting conversations. They can't show their positive traits in an intriguing way. They have no experiences to talk about. Their lifestyle is nothing to be emulated or desired.

Being cool is more about not doing awkward things. This begins with the elimination of weird mannerisms and body language problems and ends with having a presence that other people are simply drawn into it. This is a lot more difficult to teach. I can easily tell a guy to not lean in or have a feminine posture, but that's only half of it. The other half will gradually come as his confidence goes up and he starts banging a lot of women. It simply falls into place.

If you are interesting and cool then you're a man who has a quality woman or fucks a lot of girls. If you're only interesting than you're the stereotypical herb who lands a homely Peace Corp girl. If you're only cool then you'll get trashy skanks or club rats (not necessarily a bad thing).

If pretty girls are not regularly attracted to you then you're not interesting and/or cool. Maybe to your guy friends you are, but to the female race you are not and therefore you will not be rewarded with pussy. Learning game is nothing but an indirect but necessary means to being interesting and cool. When you read a new line or routine, you're just mimicking the act of being interesting or cool.

Anger Is An Aphrodisiac To Women

A lot of things that used to get me upset or angry in the past rarely does now, whether it's bad traffic, getting sick, facing unexpected expenses, scabies, or the like. Life experience has taught me that any unpleasantness will pass shortly with only a small chance of permanent harm.

But not with everything. In fact my temper has gotten much worse in one area: with women I've had sex with. I blow my top and lose my

cool at the smallest slight, calling them out without hesitation and making them cry with no remorse. It's getting to the point where I leave almost every girl I date in a heap of tears. What's going on?

In Brazil I was dating a girl who I made tentative plans with to hang out on a weekend night. I texted her at around 5pm to set a time, but I didn't get a response until three hours later. She said she was sleeping and asked what time we were going out. I wrote back, "I made other plans, I'm not going to wait for you all night." She called me immediately after, and asked what was wrong.

"Nothing is wrong but you're playing games, and I don't have time for that. I made plans with a friend." I accused her of lying, that she wasn't really sleeping. She started crying and said how she put aside other plans to see me. She kept repeating, "Why are you doing this to me?" At that point I thought maybe she really was sleeping, backed down, and told her I'd contact her later.

At 1am, after a few drinks with the Dane, I sent her a text and we met up at a bar for a couple drinks. Then we went back to her place and had mind-blowing sex.

I thought of other cases like that and realized why my temper was getting worse with women: **they were rewarding me for it.** Subconsciously, my brain refused to tone down the anger because it was getting them more attached to me while improving my sex life. A girl will never say that she wants a man with the temper of a grizzly bear because that would force them to admit they're wired to be illogical and irrational. Instead they lie to themselves until guys like me figure out their buttons and reap the benefits by being that bear.

I almost never show anger with girls I haven't had sex with. Before sex anger is a huge turn-off, but after sex it's an aphrodisiac. For instance, if a girl you just met cancels a first date with you, and you bitch her out, she'll laugh and then delete your number from her phone. But if you've been smashing it for a couple months, and then you call her out on a flake, her instinct will be to make a big deal out of it first, fulfilling her need for drama, and then try to smooth things out afterwards.

A Buddhist-like approach to dealing with women doesn't pay off for short-term relationships because things won't get on your terms. If

you want your needs to be met, you must be the boss and speak your mind immediately and with impunity. If you think about how she wronged you hours after the fact, then you missed a chance to show that you're a man. While no woman will say they want a guy who makes them cry and feel like shit during heated moments, it is exactly what *all* of them want. Don't listen to what women say, just take a look at who they fuck (me).

It has never happened that I showed my angry side to a girl and she walked. Not once. And we're talking about girls from different countries and socioeconomic backgrounds. It's hardwired into their brain to want a man who shows anger in measured doses at slot-machine jackpot frequency. While I definitely don't recommend you use anger as a "move," I advise you not to hold back. If you're being disrespected or slighted then you need to let her know as soon as it happens. Your dick will thank you later.

Everything I Know About Women

I was sitting in a coffee shop when a young man came up to me. "Are you Roosh?" he asked.

"Yes I'm Roosh."

"I want to be good with women. Please teach me everything you know."

I said, "Before I teach you everything I know, I want you to prove to me that you will commit to my teachings. Go on the internet, find a couple pickup lines, and approach 100 women. Then come back and tell me how it went."

One month later he came back.

"Roosh I did the 100 approaches. Some of them went okay but I usually ran out of things to say. I didn't get laid. So I'm ready now for you to teach me everything you know."

"Before I teach you everything I know, I want you to go read 30 books. They can be about anything. Then come back to me and tell me which books you read."

He came back six months later. He told me about the books he read and the interesting things he learned from them. He showed me his new e-reader and mentioned how reading has become somewhat of an addiction for him.

“Okay Roosh I did the 100 approaches and read the books. Now can you teach me everything you know?”

I said, “I will be more than happy to, but you don’t look healthy. Your body is soft. Go read Starting Strength, follow the program to the letter, and come back to me in 3 months.”

When he came back again, his walk had more bounce and his muscles were bigger. I noticed he also got a new haircut.

“Okay Roosh I did the 100 approaches, read the books, and can now deadlift 250 pounds. I feel more confident. But can you just teach me everything you know about picking up women?”

I said, “Sure thing. But first I want you to do all three levels of the Pimsleur language program in Spanish. Then I want you to go to Colombia for two weeks to practice the language.”

“Jesus Christ Roosh! How is that going to help me with women?”

“You want me to teach you everything I know about women, right?” I said.

“Yes I do, but it will take a long time to learn Spanish and save the money for a trip. I just want to learn how to get laid like you. I mean, I don’t even know where Colombia is.”

“Just do what I tell you to do, and I will teach you everything I know.”

He came back nine months later and greeted me in decent Spanish. He told me a lot of fun stories about Colombia, including how he had a little fling with Maria, a girl he met while asking for directions in Medellin. “When I was in Colombia I heard a lot of guys hyping up Brazil, so I started learning Portuguese. It’s not so hard because the languages are similar. But anyways I still want you to teach me everything you know about women.”

“You got it. But there’s just one last thing I want you to do. Do 100 more approaches. Then I promise you that when you come back, I will teach you everything that I know.”

Three months later he came back to the coffee shop. Behind him was a pretty girl.

“Hey Roosh this is Rebecca. I met her in the grocery store and we’ve been going out for two months.” When she stepped out to make a phone call, he said, “Roosh you’ve been very helpful to me. I’ve grown a lot in the past couple years and can barely recognize myself in the mirror, but I’m finally ready for you to teach me everything you know about...”

Suddenly he stopped and stared at me. A smile formed on his face. He gave me a strong handshake and then left with his girl. I never saw him again.

2

APPROACHING

The Secret To Getting Laid

Women are a fickle bunch. One minute they want to fuck you, the next minute they won't bother to return your calls. Placing your bets on one girl is a poor strategy because the conversion rate to sex is extremely low.

The temptation for some guys is to sit back and take occasional shots at the girls they especially want. So a guy has no prospects, gets one, fails with her, and then goes back to having no prospects. This strategy has two consequences: his game remains in a state of rustiness and he gets overly excited at the prospects that do come his way. With no harem to keep his cock golden and ego elevated, he devotes all his mental energy into one girl at a time. Bad, needy game leaks out as a result.

If you want to have sex with one girl, you must do X number of approaches, get Y numbers, go on Z dates, and so on, where Z is less than Y is less than X. A certain number of attempts equals one lay, and

that number will always be greater than one, sometimes significantly so. Tell me how many fresh prospects are in your phone and where your game is at and I'll tell you how many notches you'll get in the next month.

One reason for this is because lays are the product of momentum, not one-shot deals. It's similar to surfing. A surfer waits for hours for that nice wave, resigned every now and then to catch a dud. But he definitely doesn't enter the water and catch a big one right away. If he wants to catch ten good waves he allots several hours in the water. If you want to bang one quality girl, you must approach a ton of girls.

"But Roosh, what's the purpose of game if I have to deal with a lot of girls who are not my first choice?"

When you first get in the game your prospects will be mediocre or ghastly. Only the ghastly ones will come through. Then after some time a mediocre girl will open her legs for you. Your prospects gradually improve until some really cute girls enter your pool. Even hot girls if your game is tight. You bang a quality girl every now and then, one that you entered the game for, but your prospect pool will never consist entirely of hot girls. Years into the game you may still service the occasional thickie. I don't care how hot that guy's girl is, but it's a certainty he has banged trolls in his day, and may occasionally continue to do so to keep the beast tamed.

The secret to getting laid is old fashioned hard work. Get your ass out in the field, approach in large numbers, get experience, build momentum, and it's almost impossible not to lay a variety of women. Reading blogs or books is fine to learn from the experience of other men, but unless you do the actual work yourself you will *never* be good. You'll be the business professor who can talk about theory all day but has never actually run a business in his life, while college dropouts are running billion-dollar companies.

How To Deal With Crippling Approach Anxiety

A couple months ago I had a debilitating hypochondria attack that lasted a week. I thought I was going to die of a rare disease. I wrote

about a previous attack in *A Dead Bat In Paraguay*, where I described moments of terror in between obsessive checking of symptoms and health sites. In both cases I couldn't stop negative health thoughts from entering my head, even though I knew they were unreasonable. An above-average intelligence offered me no immunity and probably made me even more susceptible.

During this recent attack my sister said, "Why don't you read a book about it."

"A book?" I replied.

"Yeah you know—words and paper."

I went to Amazon and read reviews on several. I eventually settled on *The Worry Cure* by Robet Leahy. It's definitely a self-help book and I felt hesitant to begin reading. Several weeks passed before I cracked it open.

The book takes a cognitive approach at addressing the anxiety problem. It says that the way you think is flawed, and the only way to get rid of phobias, anxiety, or other mental issues is to change your belief system. Replace the faulty beliefs with the correct ones, and voila, the desired change should result.

I learned a couple of things from the book about my problem...

1. Obsessive checking on the internet and seeking reassurance from family or friends that I wasn't going to die soon only had a temporary benefit, and kept the attack going.

2. It's impossible to be 100% certain of your health status. No reasonable person is an expert on every little symptom and disease.

3. During an attack, I was overestimating my risk of having something serious. I only read about the deadliest outcomes that were most improbable.

4. Death can be delayed, never denied. One day you will get sick with something that millions of other people have been through. You will adapt and life will go on (hopefully). You must accept that you are mortal.

You may be able to see how these statements can be spun around on other sources of anxiety. Let's apply them to social anxiety for guys who are too scared to approach:

1. Obsessive preparation and reading of pickup advice in an attempt to gain control of future approaches, which doesn't reduce the anxiety when it's actually time to approach.

2. It's impossible to be 100% certain that a girl won't reject you. No man is everything to every girl.

3. When you are about to approach a girl, you overestimate the chance of getting rejected outright. You imagine the worst possible outcome.

4. Rejection can be delayed, never denied. Millions of men get rejected every day. You will get over it and life will go on. You must accept that most girls don't want to be with you.

One thing I liked about the book is that it doesn't only detail health anxiety, but other areas as well (work, relationships, money, and social interactions). Second to approach anxiety, relationship anxiety in the form of jealousy and a fear of getting dumped is a popular topic of guys who email me. They are unreasonably scared of losing their girl, doing things that, ironically, are more likely to push those girls away.

The book offers two mental techniques to reduce anxiety.

Practice your fear. For 20 minutes a day, repeat the feared thought in your head (i.e. "I probably have cancer" or "The next girl I talk to will reject me"). Make the thought intense, vivid and full of doom. What happens is you begin to accept the negative outcome and get bored of it. I know this works because it's a strategy I've shared to help guys approach girls, but something I didn't use when it came to health. (The funny thing about anxiety is that it can be crippling in one area but completely absent in another. A successful businessman can make important presentations in front of dozens of people but can't approach a girl if his life depended on it. We use different strategies for different things.)

Test your predictions. Look back to when you had anxiety about something in the past. Did it turn out to be true? How correct were you? Obviously I've been wrong every time I had a hypochondria attack. I'm batting 0%, so there is no reason to believe any future attack unless a doctor properly diagnoses me. Even guys with approach anxiety have had prior interactions with girls. How did those go? Were rejections as awful as you thought? Or was the rejection rather benign?

Realize there is a difference between run-of-the-mill nervousness and genuine approach anxiety. It's very normal if you hesitate before approaches or notice your heart picking up in speed. It's okay if you chicken out every now and then because in the end you're not a robot. Even I get a little nervous if I haven't approached in a while or if I'm in a new environment. In these cases I don't think you need to read this book.

But if the thought of approaching fills you with dread and you've gone out several times without doing what you've intended to do, in spite of how much you've prepared yourself or how much encouragement your wingman was giving you, then I think this book will help. If you follow its solutions you'll notice a difference in about a month.

The Best Motivator That Gets You Approaching Girls

All self-improvement books or websites have the same tip that they try to pass on to you: "Visualize success! Visualize the positive outcome and one day it will happen!" When it comes to girls this is not an optimal strategy—in fact it is detrimental to motivation.

The biggest problem guys have with game is the approach. They simply don't do enough of them to get good, quitting well before they've achieved any amount of competent skill. They pause and hesitate and wuss out, and getting some of them to do one approach while sober takes more energy than the actual act of sex that the approach would hopefully entail.

Instead, when you want to approach a girl, it's better to visualize failure, embarrassment, and pain. Imagine that everyone within earshot will laugh about you, take your picture, and go home on the internet to write about you on their crappy blogs. When you visualize the negative, not only do you accept the rejection (because odds are you will be rejected), but you face and *accept* your fears. Only by embracing suffering can you tame the fear. You go through the process of desensitization, which is what separates weekend pick-up warriors from the guys who can do this every day.

About 30 seconds into the approach, your heart rate will calm and you'll forget why you were so scared in the first place. The hardest part is out of the way, and now you'll do everything in your power to making that conversation last, to making her laugh, to showing your best qualities in a short amount of time.

The more I visualize failure, the more successful I am, because not only do I approach much more but I'm more relaxed, more calm, more accepting of whatever bad comes my way, especially in those tough situations with a large audience watching (e.g. day game).

The worst-case scenario, which will only happen to you a handful of times, is really not that bad at all. It will end as quickly as it begun, and life will continue, and no one will care.

Approaching Should Be The Foundation Of Your Game

As your game improves you'll have to approach less girls for better quality, but you'll still be approaching quite a few girls. It comes down to basic demographics.

Let's say it's Saturday night and we're at a crowded bar where there are 10 cute women. How many of them are in relationship that they're happy in? Three. How many of them have fuck buddies? Two. How many of them are in a bad mood for whatever reason and don't feel like getting to know a new guy? One.

That means if you approached all ten women, only four would be open to your attempt without bias. Now I'm not saying that the other girls can't be banged, but the odds are much lower. That means that every approach you do in that bar for the rest of the night has a higher chance of failure than success, and we're not even accounting for your game, appearance, or status. Before you open your mouth you're already climbing the mountain.

If your game is tight, on this night you'll have to do about three or four approaches before getting at least a number, which is a guarantee of nothing. If you're a beginner, it's likely you'll approach all ten and walk away empty handed, and either have to lower your standards and hit on uglier girls for the rest of the night or go to a different bar.

The point of game is being a good option to girls who are open to having sex with someone new. But since so many girls are not open to a new guy (unless that new guy happens to be spectacular), you'll have to approach that much more just to find a willing audience member. This is one reason why when I go out solo I have a plan to approach ten girls, which ensures I will talk to at least a few girls who are open to a new guy. If I talk to ten and I get no bites at all, it means that I'm not even creating interest in girls who probably want to have sex somewhat soon. Either I have to change my game plan or find a new club with a different vibe.

I know that approaching can be a drag. If we compared it to work, it'd be like having to punch in a set amount of hours a week while some other guy is making passive income from rental properties. Pussy rains from the sky for him, without much effort, while you work your ass off. But approaching works and it's one thing that every guy can do until he finds a niche or gimmick. I do it even when I don't have to in order to stay sharp, because of how quickly game can rust due to inactivity.

If you're in your 30's and you haven't approached 1,000 girls yet, then you're not even close to realizing your potential. I'm pretty sure I've done that many by now, and I have the results that justify it. I have a feeling I'll be approaching until I'm a very old man. And I'm fine with that.

7 Signs You Should Approach A Girl

A big part of game that isn't often discussed is picking the right targets. Any man can approach two dozen girls a night, but such indiscriminate carpet bombing is likely to tire the man out before he finds a girl who wants to openly receive his game. I believe as much effort should go into picking the right target as knowing how to approach them, because better prospects mean you need a less tight game to get sex. Do you want to cold call people who would never be interested in your product or do you want to call those who filled out a web page requesting more information? Hopefully the latter.

There are seven things I look for on deciding which girl to approach when I have many options in front of me:

1. Is she making slow or fast movements? You want a girl to be planted and mostly still. Girls who are walking back and forth or acting hyper do not have the attention span to meaningfully get to know someone new.

2. Is she holding hands with her friend? If at any point I catch a girl holding hands with her friend as she wanders through the bar, I will not approach her, even later when she breaks the embrace. A girl holding hands shows that she's in one-for-all-and-all-for-one mode, meaning she will not allow herself to be isolated. Approaching her *while* she's holding hands is close to a guaranteed blow-out.

3. Does she loosen her stone face when you make incidental eye contact with her? If you make eye contact with a girl and she maintains a rigid expression without curling up her lips or lifting her cheeks, she will not be receptive if you approach. A girl who is receptive will soften her facial expression, not harden it. Even though that Polish girl stared at me for five seconds, her face remained hard without any visible changes, which is why I wasn't surprised when she proceeded to be rude upon my approach. Unfortunately, many girls like to pretend they are interested just to harshly reject any guy who approaches them.

4. Does she seem more committed to drinking than dancing? While it's okay for a girl to hop on the dance floor for a few songs, if she's there for what seems like hours, that means she's sober, and sober girls in bars or clubs are the least open to meeting someone new. Another sign she's not open is if she orders drinks like water or soda early in the night. It's possible to have a one-night stand with a sober girl, but a few drinks in her makes it easier, as you already know. Talking to girls who are overly focused on dancing means you'll walk away from the interaction with no more than a number that'll likely go nowhere. I look for girls who are drinking and making only short forays onto the dance floor, not camping out there all night long.

5. Does it appear that she doesn't care for being with her friends? If that's the case she will often break eye contact with them to look at the crowd. Single women who are interested in meeting men look around as much as you do. If it appears that she's so enthralled in

her social circle bubble that the dozens of people surrounding her are invisible, there is no point to approach.

6. Is she in a group of more than three people? I find that three is the magic number. If she's in a group with only one or two other girls, your approach not only has a high chance of success but a low probability of getting cockblocked. In larger groups, the dynamic changes to where she tries to align herself with the group's previously agreed-upon personality. She's no longer herself, but a slimy leg of a big anti-social octopus. She will be colder (even though she may be single) and let her friends levy an immediate cockblock strike upon your person.

7. Is she getting chummy with the bartenders or bouncers? If she's a regular who gives cheek kisses to all the staff, that means she thinks she has status in that particular venue, and we all know what having perceived status will do to her attitude. A girl who is a popular regular will think she's a mini-celebrity and act accordingly when you approach her. (If a girl makes conversation with the bar manager or owner then that means she considers you, a mere bar patron, to be wholly unworthy of sex.) On the other hand, if she's a regular you see often who doesn't care about knowing the staff, she will be more receptive.

The ideal girl to approach in a bar will be with one other girl she's not holding hands with. She's actively drinking alcohol and not too crazy about dancing. The conversation with her friend has long pauses that she uses as an opportunity to look around, eventually making eye contact with you. She slightly curls up the ends of her lips when that happens. She doesn't seem to know anyone else in the bar. If you approach this girl with even weak game, she'll still give you a couple minutes of conversation.

Even though a large club on Saturday night may have 100 women, less than 5% exhibit all signs on the above list, but you can maybe say the same for over 50% of the girls in the small neighborhood bar. A lot of guys think the absolute number of females in a venue correlates to their chance of getting laid, but it can be quite the opposite where larger venues with the most women are actually the hardest to succeed in.

I used to force myself to do 10 approaches a night, but now I rarely get to that number before something happens because I know how to

“cold call” those girls who already want to meet men. I gamed hard for a long time, but now I can game smart. I just look for the signs.

Never Let A Girl Reject You Twice

How many times has one of the following happened to you:

Scenario 1: You approach a girl in a bar, talk for a minute, and then she abruptly ends the conversation first. You gracefully move on, but then a few minutes later she’s giving you obvious stares, maybe even positioning herself close to you. It seems like she changed her mind and wants to talk to you again. You reapproach her and she rejects you immediately.

Scenario 2: A girl you like is dancing in the club. You do a dance approach. She rejects you. Then two minutes later you see her grinding the stripper pole. She’s giving you deep eye contact while licking the pole and making her booty clap. You glance behind you to see if she’s staring at another guy, but she’s indeed looking right at you. You approach her again. She frowns, tells you to go to hell, then calls the bouncer, who kicks you out in a rough manner.

Why does a guy go out? To get laid. Why does a girl go out? To get validated and maybe get laid. There is no better way for a girl to be validated than to create some mini-drama where the same guy is jumping through hoops to get at her after she already rejected him. *I’m so hot and desirable that that man over there keeps approaching me. I’m going to update my Facebook status about how clueless men are.*

Even though she’s not interested, she will encourage the hell out of you just to get you to keep trying, all so that she can receive a big validation boost (something she will never admit to wanting). It’s your job as a man not to give her that boost unless your dick will also be boosted by penetrating one of her holes.

If she ends the conversation first on her own volition, meaning there was no cockblock or fire in the bar, it’s 100% over. I don’t care how close she stands next to you or if she accidentally touches you. I don’t care how many brief stares she gives you. If she ends the conversation

saying she'll come back, but doesn't, it's over. If her friend enters the conversation and she doesn't make an attempt to include you, it's over.

On the other hand, if she ends the conversation but then walks back up to you to reinitiate contact, or she waves and smiles at you from across the bar, feel free to resume the chat. Other than that, any attempt on your part to restart something that she so eagerly killed would be providing her with validation at the expense of your sex goal.

You're not a bus that comes every 10 minutes. You're not the 7-11 that stays open 24 hours a day. You're the once in a millennia asteroid that lands in Siberia and kills a lot of small animals. If she happens to miss that then she will die before having the chance to experience it again. She has one opportunity with you and that's the opportunity that you create with your approach. If she does not explore that opportunity with her most capable social being, then she can fuck off.

The Rabid Wolf Mentality

The longest cold streak I've ever had since studying game was in 2003 when I didn't get laid in six months. During that spell I remember only getting a decent blowjob from a chubby card-carrying feminist on her period (I tried to fuck her anyway but she wouldn't let me). Looking back I think, "How the hell did I not get laid for six months?" I had my own place, my own car, and plenty of disposable income. I definitely wasn't ill with any debilitating diseases.

Back then my game was much weaker. I focused exclusively on clubs and settled for phone numbers, a recipe for incessant flaking. My one-night stand game was based on luck and hope instead of strategy. I didn't have a killer instinct where a bang was more important than the process of kissing or dating. I had a style that didn't match my look or personality. It took quite a while to correct all these issues.

Since then my tolerance for not getting laid has become extremely low. For the first week after a new bang I show some symptoms of golden cock syndrome ("Whatever, I just got laid with this new chick—I'm staying in tonight"), but by the second week I feel like I'm definitely in the throes of a cold streak. I start approaching during the

day to bulk up my prospect pipeline and add one more drinking night during the week if need be. By the third week it feels like I haven't gotten laid in forever. I may even say "I got to get laid" to friends. And shortly thereafter it happens almost like magic—my dick penetrates a fresh vagina.

While a lot of keyboard jockeys like to say that it's better to be an asexual being who doesn't desire sex because it would be "desperate" or some other nonsense, the real world is quite different. If you want to fuck a lot of girls, *you have to want to fuck a lot of girls*. Otherwise you'll get only the occasional foolsmate bang that will be the envy of no one.

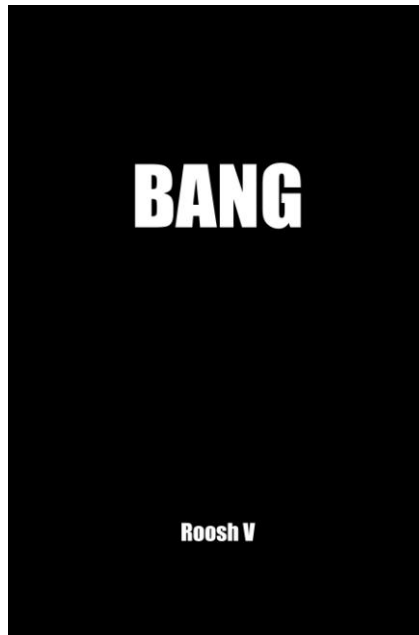
"Roosh if only you could have this week three mentality every single week, you'd bang tons more girls a year!"

Every guy has a **danger zone time** where lack of pussy forces him out the door to hunt like a rabid wolf. It used to be several months for me, but now it's a couple weeks. For some guys it's a whole year. It's different for every guy based on the sex frequency he has become accustomed to. This is a reason why guys who always got laid continue to always get laid. They simply can't get used to not getting ass, so their inner beast motivates them to find ways to keep the poon supply coming.

Sometimes I read emails or blog posts by guys who whine about how hard it is to go out alone, or how uncomfortable it is to approach during the day. Their danger zone time is so large that there is no urgency for them. They can go several more months of sitting on their hands. If they were used to getting laid frequently they wouldn't be chickening out on things that guys like me do all the time.

Once you attain an active sex life, it'd be too painful to go back. While a lot of veteran gamesmen settle down and get a girlfriend, I've never seen one regress to not getting laid. If you want to go sexless after getting it regularly for an extended period of time then you might as well get married so you at least have someone to clean the house and cook for you. Sure I get laid more now because my game is tighter, but a big part of it is that I can't stand not getting laid. I'm almost always hungry, which creates the desire to approach and put in the necessary number of attempts until sex happens. When you want it bad enough

and you have the tools that made it happen so many times before, it keeps happening. For some men, failure becomes impossible.



If you like what you're reading so far, I think you'll like my most popular book, [Bang](#), about how to meet women and have sex with them. Here are just a few things it contains...

- The 8 essential beliefs of the alpha male
- The 5 critical components of the "vibe," an optimal attitude women find most attractive
- Detailed text messaging strategy that shows you word-for-word how to get dates in the shortest amount of time possible (no need to make voice calls)
- "Four key moves" to the kiss that are so natural and easy to pull off that the girl won't even recognize them as moves
- A comprehensive dating strategy so you bang her no later than the third date
- 7 detailed steps to taking off her clothes

[Click here to learn more.](#)

3

GAME

The 9 Immutable Laws Of Pickup

1. If you find yourself having to ask for advice on how to get a particular girl, you won't get her.

I noticed that with almost every girl I asked a friend's advice for, I didn't eventually bang the girl. When you are prepared to ask advice on how to deal with a particular girl, what you're doing is valuing her, and that's the fastest way to not bang her. Some of the emails I get are mini-books where the guy painfully details the situation he's suffering and then asks for help. I already know the situation isn't going to turn out in his favor. The reason he's asking is because he already lost the upper hand by making a ton of mistakes.

To improve your game what you should do instead is ask for advice *after the fact*. Do the best you can then after you fail ask a buddy what he would have done differently. Learn from your mistakes once you've given your all, because if you find yourself needing to ask advice during the seduction, I'm sorry but you've already lost her. Take a big step back and go meet another girl instead.

Play the game with what you have learned from the past. Don't be a

pussy and give blow-by-blow details to your buddy hoping it will somehow help you.

2. If a girl hasn't had sex in a month, she will be 10 times easier than if she had sex in the past week.

I don't want to kill myself when it comes to getting laid. I paid my dues when I was learning and now I just want to put the minimal amount of effort in getting quality girls.

It's rare that the hottest girl will be the most horny—she always has a steady supply of dick that she can access. Banging her depends just as much on luck and timing than actual game. Try your hand with her every now and then, but keep in mind that screening for horniness is just as important as personality and beauty. If the girl you're dealing with has gotten laid recently, there will be no sense of urgency and the iron will be too cool for you to get inside her pants quickly.

For example, say I met an 8 in a popular nightclub. She has suitors all around her and every ten minutes she glances at her cell phone to read a text message from one who is badly trying to fuck her. She just got laid two nights ago by one of her ex's. The next day I meet a 7 in a coffee shop, a talkative girl who didn't break eye contact with me in the hour that we chatted. She showed more interest. Who should I put more energy into?

In reality you'll have energy for both girls so you'll call them up the same day, but what will happen is the 7 will accept and the 8 will say maybe. The point is you won't be doing your dick any favors by only chasing girls who have a lot of options and get laid regularly. Horniness is an important dimension to screen for to get your notch count up into stratospheric heights.

3. You're not going to be good unless you reach a point where you feel that pick-up is a job.

One night you have to be knee-deep in another sausage fest surrounded by girls with attitude and think, "God, not this shit again." Like any other skill, pickup has a wall that must be smashed through if you want to get to any level of consistency. Understand: there is nothing fun about getting rejected by tons of women, but that's the only way to improve. Just suck it up and keep going.

4. The opener is the least impactful part of the pickup.

I've gotten laid with the most ridiculous openers known to man, ones that are grammatically incorrect and void of depth, meaning, or feeling. Most of my regular openers are downright boring and nothing that would bat an eyelash to a man who is learning how to get laid, but I understand that the opener doesn't get me laid—it only serves as an icebreaker. Human beings are electrons floating in their own orbits, and openers simply contain enough energy to cause a collision. You want to go from being a nobody in her world to someone who exists and has a presence.

That's great if you have a solid opener, but the last thing you should do is hesitate because of a lack of one. The real value lies in what you follow up with, which will begin to introduce her to your personality and vibe, two important things that get you in her pants.

5. The men you surround yourself with do more to predict your future results than your knowledge of game.

There are quotes I've read that go something like "Show me a man's friends and I'll show you his character," and "Show me a man's friends and I'll show you his future." Same goes for game. For a variety of reasons (someone to talk to about game, someone who gets you in the right mood, someone whose success motivates you, etc.), having a man that is achieving or wants to achieve the same goals as you are will do more to help you than mere knowledge.

I have received tons of emails of guys who got into the game and complain that their friends are questioning their new lifestyle choices, that they hesitate to approach because their friend isn't into it. I tell them to go out alone. Game is already hard enough to master, but now you have to get judged by your "friend" as well? This prevents you from action and leads to a low notch count.

6. You will get flaked on until you die.

Expecting the girl to do anything—whether it's returning your call or showing up on a date—guarantees disappointment. Understand that girls are flake machines, and will continue to do so until the end of time. As long as human beings have the ability to change their mind about something, girls will change their mind on you. While there are things you can do to reduce this, you will never eliminate it completely.

The guys who are doing it wrong only work on one girl at a time.

Since odds are that the girl will flake, they will have to “start over” after each attempt, never building that crucial momentum which is important in getting laid. When I’m ready for a new notch, I go into a sort of “on” mode, approaching like crazy, getting a handful of numbers, and then working on all of them at the same time.

If I get 10 numbers this month and only bang one, did I fail? I think not—twelve notches a year adds up pretty quickly. Now say I got one number, worked on it for a couple weeks, and then got another number, and worked on that for a couple weeks, and I did this ten times until I get that one lay. That’s five months for the bang because I kept going all-in on each girl. Because of the flakey nature of girls, you must multitask and have many pots simmering on the stove at once.

7. Pickup difficulty is relative and depends on venue selection.

Ugly girls and hot girls are easy to pick up if there are other *hotter* girls around, but things get dramatically harder when those hotter girls disappear. And that’s just from the perspective of the girls. If we account for your unique personality and look, things continue to change. How come I can’t get laid in Georgetown, but I go to U Street and pull regularly? Because the girls that go to those places are different, and different girls will perceive me differently.

I have discovered places within cities that my success rate is more than ten times higher. *In the same city*. If you don’t know which places you do better in then I guarantee you’re seeing a lot less success than you could somewhere else with the exact same game. As much work should go into venue selection as actually learning how to game girls.

8. You will go home empty-handed if you pass on the sure thing.

If one night you have both a sure thing and a “maybe” with another girl, always go for the sure thing. It’s never happened in the history of the world that a man got something after skipping on the sure thing, partly because the mere act of skipping on the sure thing for some other girl means you’re overvaluing the better girl. Bad game will leak out as a result.

Don’t worry, they’ll another be another opportunity to upgrade next time, but on this night, go ahead and get your dick wet. As a man who has lost count of how many times I skipped over the sure-thing and got nothing, trust me when I say that the other girl won’t put out. You’ll get

a number at most. This partially goes against my philosophy that you should pick the girl and not let her pick you, but when guaranteed sex is at play, it's okay to put that aside.

9. The more you work, the more you'll get.

Fuck all those people who say you shouldn't work for it, that you should just sit back and be cool and let things happen. They're just rationalizing their paltry results. If they were right then there wouldn't be large readerships for blogs like mine and a market for dozens of game books and seminars. Doing nothing except praying and wishing and feeling sorry for yourself doesn't work. Getting a good job or condo or being intelligent is not enough.

Knowledge is power and applying that knowledge leads to real-world success. And when I mean work I don't mean reading or studying but getting out in the field and interacting with girls. If you don't believe me, start a spreadsheet of how many girls you talk to each week and what you end up getting out of that. Do it for a while and you'll see that the more girls you approach, the more results you get.

5 Reasons Your Game Sucks

This list contains what I believe are the most common problems that guys have after being in the game for about a year.

1. You're still too needy. While you've made quite a bit of headway with accepting rejection, you're still hoping that girls will like you, respond to your text messages, and not flake. For every new girl you meet, you care more about her than she does about you, and I guarantee you she can feel that. You'll have to be more "cold," fighting the early stages of attachment to her before she shows affection first.

2. You're not approaching enough. Your approaches are spaced so far apart that your progress is slower than it should be. You still wait for perfect moments and make fancy excuses on why you shouldn't do the tough approaches. Sometimes you sit on your hands waiting for a Christmas miracle, expecting not to put in hard work to get what you want. One day you will get to the point where you don't have to work

as hard to get laid, but you're not there yet, so you must keep approaching in high numbers.

3. You use alcohol as a crutch. You think you're putting out tight game when you drink heavily, but your boys don't have the heart to tell you that you're not. You're still counting on a few drinks to loosen you up, meaning you're missing not only approaches that could've taken place early in the night but day approaches as well. If I told you that alcohol would be banned from the world and you respond by freaking out, you're depending on it more than you should.

4. You're still putting pussy on the pedestal. Even though you're well aware that you shouldn't put pussy on the pedestal, you still fantasize about having a dream girl to snuggle with on those cold winter nights. You think many of your problems in life will be solved if you can forge a magical connection with that cute girl-next-door. You hope that one day you could end all this game business and just "be yourself," whatever that means. This ensures that you overvalue every girl you meet and put out bad game as a result. The more worthless you think of the female species and the less you fantasize about your dream girl, the more likely you will find *and* successfully game her. The fantasy you should have to get your ideal girl should be choking and butt-fucking her, not having a romantic walk with her on a beautiful beach underneath a full moon.

5. Your appearance has not yet reached its potential. You've been lazy about optimizing your look. That's nice that you've recently bought a new belt with a large buckle, but for the most part you look the same as you did two years ago. Are you absolutely sure that your current look will get you the best responses for the types of venues that you usually approach women in? Are you sure you've lost the extra pounds that would help make women consider your body "athletic" instead of "average?" It takes methodical experimentation with different hair, clothing, and muscle combinations to discover the appearance that gets you laid the most.

The solutions that will take your game to the next level are building your confidence to lofty heights, devaluing pussy, making the law of averages your god, and experimenting until there's nothing left to

experiment with. Until then you will only see average returns from your game investment.

How To Pick Up Girls For Real

I can't tell you how important not giving a shit is. I never met a successful player who cared. The only problem is it's hard to fake.

Never, ever covet another guy's girl. You have no idea what he had to go through to get or not get what he's getting.

If you don't have a method to screen girls, you're wasting your time.

They are always more interesting and beautiful before sex. Fantasizing about her before sex will do you no good.

Ice cream dates are cute and sometimes fun, but if you're going for speed, always get drinks. Just one drink increases the chance of getting laid by at least 50%. Alcohol is sex fuel, whether you like it or not.

Approaching is just one way to get laid, but the one where all you need is the clothes on your back. Always keep your eyes and ears open.

If you can't close, you're an entertainer.

You're not living up to your potential. If you are not approaching at least ten girls a week, you never will.

There's a girl you like in the bar. What's your line? If you don't have one then get one.

Don't go out if you're in a bad mood. You're wasting your time and the girl's.

You should never compliment a girl, until that time your brain tells you that complimenting her will get you in her pants faster. It may take a while for that to happen.

The better you get, the less new notches you get. Your rolodex becomes huge. Sex on demand is all it's cracked up to be.

If you want average, plain girls, then fit in and go along with current trends.

You should be able to talk for hours without stopping. If a crowd wouldn't form, you're not interesting. There's ways to become interesting, but it's probably not by what you're doing now.

You don't need a car, a job, a place, or money to fuck above-average girls. I'm fascinated that some girls have a type that can be described as unemployed but interesting bum.

If there is a possibility you are meeting up with a chick, take two condoms. If not, take one. If you leave your house and forgot a condom, turn back.

There is something you need to fix if there is a girl you are very attracted to but your feet don't start moving in her direction.

There has to be a moment in the interaction where you think you might lose her, and vice versa. Not caring if things go wrong is attractive.

It's easier to peel a banana from the bottom than the top.

You have up to a week before you things will go stale. After that it's probably done.

If you see a guy with a hot girl, it wouldn't hurt to watch him for a couple seconds. You may notice something.

Be like the soap opera. Master the art of drama and girls will keep tuning in.

Anger is either a huge turn-off or strong aphrodisiac, depending on when and how you show it.

Some girls decide within 3 seconds if she wants to have sex with you. And it's not only based on your looks. Your stories, experiences, and attitude are broadcasted (or not) as you move through the world.

You must have standards. They can be low but there has be situations where you say, "No I'm not doing it." In the long run being selective rewards you with more.

You don't have to dance if you don't want to, but it sure makes things move a lot faster.

I generally don't take pictures of girls I like before I get them. I think it sends the wrong message.

Once a girl gives up hope that you will get into a relationship with her, she'll let you fuck her without having to put in any effort.

You're only as good as your last approach.

Some nights girls throw themselves at you, while other nights you can't get a beast to give you eye contact. Not everything can be logically explained. Consistency is the hardest part of game.

It's a pretty good sign when a girl asks you to take her number, but it doesn't mean you're guaranteed to get anything. There are no guarantees in game, and you'll be surprised at the girls who do come through.

Always let a girl ask you for your name first.

Your goal should always be at least a make-out, and never the number.

Being a risk-taker or adventurer seems to make up for lack of money or status.

If I'm lazy I like to wait for girls to give me eye contact before approaching. I usually go home empty handed when I'm lazy.

Her friends absolutely hate you, and will do everything in their power, during and after the approach, to make sure you don't get it in. Having a cool wingman can help.

If a girl likes you and isn't sure why, she'll rationalize all sorts of amusing bullshit.

Your game will never stop changing. I remember when I used to grind on girls and dance more than I talked, when I used to pick up girls in clubs and fail miserably in bars. When your game changes, so should your venue selection, or your results will go down.

Don't jerk off before you go out.

The less educated she is, the more direct you can be. The more educated you are, the harder it is to believe that game works.

I don't know if I give girls orgasms or not because I never ask. The more I care, the less likely there will be a repeat.

You should have a staple of quick one-liners that make most girls laugh. If you don't have tested material then you're just going by luck.

It's easier to approach when you are the exotic one. If you look around and all the guys look like you, you might want to try somewhere else.

Some women don't know how to flirt, so when they insult you or give you advice they are trying to show affection. It's up to you whether you find that acceptable.

Witty girls who like the back-and-forth banter get old really fast. Sexy and feminine girls never get old.

You'll bounce back if you care enough.

You may naturally evolve to the point where the more interest you show in a girl, the more she likes you, even though before she'd run away.

Sometimes the best way to get into a girl's place is to say nothing and just follow her in.

You should have a plan for the most frequent situations, whether it's approaching, comebacks to common questions, asking girls on dates, getting into the bedroom, and so on. Already know what you're going to do before it happens.

If you're running out of things to say, either hang out with a player or read a book.

It's a myth to think of a certain girl as "end game." You just age, get tired, and pick one.

There will be some really bad days, where nothing seems to go right and you forget things you've mastered before. It's okay to beat yourself up about it every now and then.

No guy gets their dream girl, unfortunately. How can she be your dream if you can get her?

How To Choose The Best Prospects For Fast Sex

This Saturday night I'm not going out to practice my game, build my skills, make a girl laugh, entertain her friends, or have a good time. I'm going out to fuck. Everything I do after the moment I leave my door will be to find a girl who is open to having sex with me that same night. During the day I'm content with phone numbers, but at night I intend to go all the way, even on weeknights. Anything less than that is a complete, utter failure.

There are two things that need to be in place for me to fuck same night: the right game and the right prospects. The right game on the wrong prospect will lead to rejection. The wrong game on the right prospect will also lead to rejection. It's when you have both that sex will happen. I already got the right game for girls in America and a handful of other countries, so getting laid for me is now entirely dependent on finding the right prospects.

To maintain a high one-night stand conversion rate (one for every three or four times going out), I remain hyperaware of my fuck funnel. The word funnel comes from web marketing. Here's a definition:

A 'funnel' is a series of pages through which a visitor must pass before reaching the goal conversion. The name comes from a graph of visitors who reach each page—the first page counts the most visitors, and each successive page shows less visitors as they drop off before reaching the final goal.

Your fuck funnel is the series of steps you take from the approach all the way to sex. Most girls will drop out as they go through your funnel by losing interest, declaring they have a boyfriend, flaking out, throwing up, or a multitude of other reasons that prevent sex. This means that for every one girl you fuck, you have to approach a lot of girls. This is the basic law of averages, where no man fucks every girl he interacts with (even serial rapists have a failure rate).

Most guys allow the girl to remove herself from his funnel. For example, a guy will talk to a girl for two hours in the club and then have the girl disappear to the bathroom. Or maybe he will kiss her at the bar, be content with it, then not get a response when he texts her a couple days later. In either situation, a whole night is wasted.

Now imagine that you can predict when a certain girl will allow her ugly girlfriend to cockblock. Or you can predict if a girl is flakey when it comes to going on dates. Or you predict that a girl is not interested in one-night stands. What happens? Well, if you like fast casual sex like I do, *you drop her from your funnel*. This means that you walk away from the interaction at an early stage well before she does, all for the goal of saving your time to focus on another girl that will be a better prospect. My goal is to get laid every night I go out, something that can only be reached by passing on girls who are not good prospects.

How do you know when to walk away from an interaction? How do you know when a girl is not a good candidate? First, you'll need at least twenty notches of experience from cold approaches. You will then pick out the patterns of how those twenty girls responded to your game. If you meet a girl who responds in an opposite way from the pattern, stop

talking to her. In essence, you're testing her to see if she responds in a way that other girls you've fucked have responded.

Let me give you two examples from my foreign fuck funnel. When I'm abroad, all girls ask me the same types of questions, which I have scripted answers for. I have found out that girls who want to fuck me the same night tend to give eerily similar responses to my stock answers. This is how I know whether I will fuck her soon or not. If she gives me a response that strays from the optimum, I politely wind down the conversation and find another girl.

Example 1. A girl asks me what I'm doing in her country. My stock response is "Sex and drugs." If she laughs or says something like "And rock and roll?" then it's possible she may fuck me that night. If she doesn't even smile and says, "No, really, what are you doing here," or gets clearly offended, then she will not fuck me within the timeframe that I desire. Because this question comes within the first five minutes of every approach, it's a reliable way to quickly eliminate bad prospects before I invest a lot of time.

Example 2. About 30 minutes into an approach, well after touching has commenced and I'm getting close to the kiss, I ask her if she's getting drunk. She'll say no and then I respond, "Well then how about I buy you ten shots of vodka and then take advantage of you?" She'll laugh at this and say she doesn't want ten shots of vodka. Then I joke, "How about I put a drug in your drink?" I mime the act of drugging her drink. If the girl stiffens up and says, "No drugs you rapist!" then she will not fuck me that night. If a girl laughs, and then soon leaves her drink unattended in my presence, I guarantee you I'm fucking her. It has happened to me countless times where I hit her with my drug joke and she asks me to watch her drink while she goes to the bathroom. Think about that for a second: she's leaving her drink unattended with a guy who just joked about raping her. Guess what she wants to do in the not-so-distant future?

With the use of several other tests, I will know within 30 minutes and with 75% certainty if I will get the one-night stand or not. Compare this to my past, where it was common to waste over two hours on a chick to only get a number and not even a kiss. Today that simply

doesn't happen because I have my funnel tests that I stick to regardless of how pretty or interesting she is.

Even if you read *Bang* frontwards and backwards, my game will not be identical to yours. What you must do instead is identify the responses that girls *you've* fucked gave to your early lines and routines. Unless you have a sample size of twenty bangs this will be hard to do, but if you're a beginner you can create newbie funnels that deal with getting numbers or kisses instead of one-night stands. For example, what pattern of responses did the last twenty girls who threw you digits give to your beginner game? The only thing you have to keep in mind is to make sure your tests are all executed within the first thirty minutes, the longest amount of time you should waste on any girl.

The hardest part of a good prospect strategy is walking away from a girl who is warm to you but not giving good funnel responses. Players are so used to pressing on until a girl walks away from them that it's almost foreign to walk away first, but truth is approaching ten girls a night is easy. Plowing is easy. Walking away from a girl who your history dictates is not a good prospect takes guts. Yet this is what you must do. It stings when a pretty girl takes offense to one of my tests in an otherwise solid interaction, but I have the history of all my bangs at my back, reminding me that I'm making the right decision. Continuing to talk to a girl who fails your test is the same as putting her on a pedestal, meaning you definitely won't fuck her. The irony is that more that I walk away, the more girls I fuck.

Study your previous bangs, identify a handful of tests to sprinkle in your early game, and then follow them to make one-night stands as common as getting numbers or kisses was for you in the recent past. A sign you're doing it right is when all your bangs start to look like copies of each other, as if you've cracked the code and developed a template that works powerfully well for your game and personality at your current location.

World Game

The hardest part of going to a new country is figuring out the optimum game that works on local women. Sometimes you can figure it out quickly, but even with full-time residence you need at least one month to nail something down, and that's assuming you have strong observational skills.

But how about if you're going to a country for only one week and don't know where to start? Chances are you'll use what you know: American game. This is all fine and good because you can still convert using basic American game, but it's not your best option.

What I want to share is a skeletal game that you should use in South America and Eastern Europe. There's a lot of variance in countries within these two regions so you'll have to hack at it further to see higher results, but this world game will get you a lot farther than basic American game.

1. Relax your rules on buying things for girls. If you're having a great conversation with a girl and she's showing interest, you're free to buy her a drink assuming she didn't demand it. She will not think you are a weak man or assume that you're in love with her like an American girl would. You could also take a girl out to an inexpensive dinner instead of only doing bar dates if that makes feel you more comfortable. Buying small things for girls in other countries often gives you faster access to her pussy. You have to be smart about it though: if a Brazilian girl in the club is acting aloof and interrupting the conversation to keep looking at her phone, don't buy her shit. Buying a drink is a reward for the pleasant interaction you're having, not a way to build her interest. It's the foreign way of saying, "I like you, do you like me?"

2a. Adopt a more classic style. Don't go out and buy new clothing, but pack the more generic items that would work anywhere. The two looks I rock is black v-neck and jeans or collared shirt with skinny tie. It doesn't matter where I go—these two will not be objectionable to women. If you're going to stay in a place for a long time, you can play a niche angle because you'll have time to do it (and find it), but in a short time frame you should go for mainstream appeal. Understand that

many foreign countries don't have as many niches and scenes as in America. In Kharkov, Ukraine there really is just one niche in the club: mainstream. If you roll up with baggy pants and a baseball cap, you may not be well-received (you probably won't even be allowed to get into the club).

2b. Drop the hipster look. While you will find a hipster scene in most countries you go to, especially in Scandinavia, they are generally smaller than in America and don't have the most desirable women. What I've found is that ugly women who can't compete tend to fall back in hipsterdom just so they can get some attention from local men. To appeal to more women, tighten your look a bit to appear more clean-cut. I reduce the shag levels on my hair and also crop my beard close enough so that bits of food will not get stuck in it.

3. Don't be reluctant to harvest numbers. One-night stands abroad are more rare because logistics will be against you. A lot of girls you'll meet may *never* have had one and probably don't want to start now unless she's insanely into you or drunk. It's better to get three numbers in the club from interested girls and plan to meet in a couple days than focus on one girl all night and just get cockblocked in the end. This is going to be your toughest issue while gaming abroad and the hardest to advise you on what to do. Unless the girl is feeling you strongly, you should get a number and go find another girl. A more advanced technique that awaits you is simultaneously working on multiple girls in the club in staggered time.

4. Drop all cockiness and teasing. Absolutely do not bring out these two devices unless the girl is bringing them to the table first, which in that case means she's Americanized and therefore not a worthy target. Understand that in America you have to do these things to get a girl to be attracted to you, but with foreign girls it's more about your look, vibe, and logistics. Of course you should be as interesting as possible since it doesn't matter how good looking you are if you're a bore who has nothing to talk about, but you don't need to bust her balls to win her affections. I'm amazed at how just "showing up" can be enough. A lot of foreign girls are genuinely attracted to your normal presence even when you're not actively gaming them.

6. Be careful with your humor. One thing I like about Americans is their sarcastic and witty sense of humor, but this will likely not be received well on foreign women because they are not raised on Simpsons, Friends, Seinfeld, and Will Ferrell movies. Humor is actually not an important quality that foreign women seek out in men. I'm not saying don't be funny, but they tend to like obvious "ha ha" humor instead of sharp humor that references something obscure. You'll generally know what kind of humor to use when she tries to crack jokes with you. Just mimic her style.

7. You must day game. American nightlife offers the absolute best logistics for meeting the opposite sex. It gets significantly worse everywhere else you go. Either the girls go out in mixed set groups, they like to sit at tables instead of lingering by the bar, or they prefer mega-clubs that are painfully loud. If you only stick to night game, you'll severely limit both the quantity and quality that you can get. In Kharkov, there are only five major clubs even though the city population has around 1 million people. Compare that to the dozens of clubs in Washington DC, which if you don't count the suburbs has a smaller population (about 500,000 people). Every city has a place where girls are easy to meet, whether it's a trendy coffee shop, grocery store, university library, or what have you, and from day one you need to walk around and find where that place is.

8. Don't be scared to escalate the encounter. When you're gaming in a new country, and you're insecure about what to do, you lose a lot of your edge as you put extra attention into soaking in your new environment instead of getting laid. You also will suspect, usually rightfully so, that girls are not as easy as American sluts. Even though this is the case, foreign girls don't punish you for escalation. If you get rejected going for the one-night stand but she likes you, she will still come out on a date. If anything, staying aggressive is a great way to screen out wishy-washy girls who have orbiters or boyfriends.

9. Drop all anger. In the States, you will probably be amped up during a night out because of dealing with girls who have attitude. You can harness this anger into a cocky vibe that snags the next girl. But when abroad, anger will lead to a vibe that the girls don't like. I wouldn't even bother calling out a foreign cockblocker because it will

just take you away from having the optimum softer attitude. Let things slide.

10. It's less about being alpha or beta than being confident. Most foreign girls want a confident nice guy. This means you are more chivalrous and polite. It's okay to smile, it's okay to send emoticons in text messages, and it's okay to be yourself as long as you're not needy. Since you still want to have a dash of edge in you, the best way to explain the vibe you want is to be a gentleman who makes the occasional rape or sexist joke. Political correctness has not hit many parts of the world.

11. Compliment (and cuddle). In America you are severely punished for complimenting a girl. She thinks you're a weak man who is falling in love with her (like when buying her a drink). If you're in a work setting, you may lose your job if she deems your compliment about her attire to be "sexual harassment." It's a different story outside of America. Girls warmly receive compliments because it's part of the "I like you, do you like me?" game that is a natural progression to intimacy.

If you're like me, you probably have no idea how to compliment a woman after banging American sluts for so long. The three easiest compliments you can give which will yield a lot of mileage are: (1) "You have nice eyes," (2) "You have a nice smile," and (3) "I feel really comfortable talking to you." If you're American, you are trained to think these are cheesy or generic, but good lord have they helped me gain access to many a foreign vagina. A good time to compliment is about the same time you buy the first drink.

The easiest way to sum up world game is "horny nice guy." You're horny because you approach and escalate, and you're nice because you treat girls well and are not arrogant. With this vibe you will do much better than hitting foreign girls with American game, which is highly specialized to apply to entitled cunts whose pussies only get wet when they are treated like a trash can. If you use American game on a feminine girl with good family roots and a heart of gold, she will think you are strange and crazy. Game as you know it is really a Western invention for use on women who no longer use biology or the pursuit

of happiness to select mates. World game is nothing more than being a good man who isn't a pushover.

Sniper Game

When a guy first starts studying game, he's essentially a Xerox machine, mindlessly copying moves and lines without having a clear understanding of their utility. Within a short amount of time, as he gets comfortable with not only the how but the why of game, his personality, experience, and tastes start to mold those initial teachings into his own game style.

In my game books (*Bang & Day Bang*), I have the average reader in mind. I want the game there to be generic enough that most men will be comfortable using it, but at the same time it should be effective. I've omitted a lot of things I do that would not help the average reader, but some of you are curious as to how I currently operate. In this post I want to share my night game formula to help guys who are trying to find their own style.

For a few months in my youth I became addicted to Counterstrike, a game where your team has to kill everyone on the other team. The weaponry you choose should depend on how best to kill your opponent in the chosen battlefield. A machine gun or pistol is best for close combat while a rifle allows you to camp behind an object and snipe from afar. Other players hated sniping so much that many matches had a "no sniping" rule. They didn't think it was fair to be attacked by someone who had superior reconnaissance or tactical skill.

Today I run sniper game, where I process a lot of information in a particular venue to land an easy kill before I run out of ammunition (energy). My goal is to do no more than 3 or 4 approaches before landing a solid prospect. Here's what I do...

1. Careful venue selection. This isn't just picking a bar versus a club, but the right *type* of bar or club. If you think back to where you've pulled the most girls, that venue has a lot of qualities which, for whatever reason, helped your success. This can range from the loudness of music, lighting, dance floor size, crowd personality, and

bar layout. I find that venue selection is more important than the ratio of males to females. I can more easily pick up in a sausage fest of my favorite venue than a poor logistical venue that has a better ratio of girls.

2. Careful spot selection. Once you find your favorite type of venue, the next step is to find the best spot within that venue. If you like dancing approaches, your spot may be somewhere on the dance floor. If you like talking approaches, it will be near the bar, but where near the bar? There are always a couple spots that people seem to congregate around. Maybe it's a choke point or where the bartender gives more attention to customers. It's the spot where if you freeze into a statue all night, you'll have at least five golden opportunities. When I go to a new venue, I give a new spot about one hour to prove itself to me.

3. Reconnaissance of the females. After settling into my spot, I observe the women. On any given night, there will be two or three that I really want, and maybe five others that I'd bang. All are fair game for an approach, as I won't pass on a bangable girl for a shot at a "dream" girl.

I carefully study each girl. How many people is she with? Is she drinking? Does she seem more interested in dancing or talking? Is she looking around the room? Does she have a ring on her finger? How is she responding to guys who approach her? Is she moving in a sexual way that suggests she wants male attention? Is she more engaged with her friend(s) than the crowd? Is she making eye contact with me? From this study I guess which girl or two would be most open to having sex with me on that night. I keep a stalker eye on them (using my peripheral vision, of course).

4. Wait for opportunities with good candidates. While alone, I wait in my spot for the handful of girls I've identified as good prospects to come within reach. I tap her on the shoulder and say my line. I do not engage her friend or group. I can interact with her friend a bit later, but in the beginning I want to see if she is willing to have a 1-on-1 conversation. If not, then either she doesn't like me, has a boyfriend, or wants to spend time with her friend. Depending on the venue, it may take some time for these approaches to go down.

In the past I'd spray my machine gun all over the place, approaching any reasonable chick, but my close ratio was quite low because I wasn't evaluating the prospects beforehand. By carefully picking targets and approaching them casually in my sphere, I work less but get more.

Now there is nothing wrong with walking up to the girl you want to approach when she is standing at the other side of the bar, but my success rate is far higher if I wait for her to come to my house. In America, where guys approach like mad, you do not have this privilege and will have to be more proactive, but in Eastern Europe I can wait a while for a girl I've noticed to come to me, safe in the knowledge that not only will other guys not approach her, but if they do their game will be amateur hour. On the nights where my spot is not magnetically drawing the girls I want, I slither to her area like a snake to do the approach, but only after my spot has failed to show results. I do not overvalue any one girl in the club—whichever girl comes to my house first will get the goods. In effect, I reward those who either consciously or unconsciously want to stand near me.

5. Screen your candidate. I establish a fun conversation and then grind her through my fuck funnel to see what exactly she wants (i.e. if she's DTF). Within 30 minutes I'll have a good idea if she wants to make friends, kiss, go out on a date, or fuck. If I think we don't want the same thing, I wind down the conversation and excuse myself. If we do want the same thing, game on.

6. Run standard game. My favorite type of venue in Eastern Europe is the small club that almost feels like a bar. I find dancing to be important with Eastern European women so I cycle through dancing and talking throughout the night. Sort of like how you may take a girl to two different venues on a date, each cycle of dance and chat distorts how long she feels that she knows me. Within 60-90 minutes, I will go for the kiss on the dance floor assuming everything is running smoothly. After another hour or two, I will try for the venue change to another bar or my apartment. The only two variables in this entire process is if there are girls hot enough that motivate me to snipe and if they are feeling my vibe.

Here are things I DON'T do...

I never sit down. Sitting down is like putting on a pair of handcuffs. Not only does it make you lazy and tired, it limits your range of motion when a girl comes within your sphere.

I do not engage in group chats. I will be friendly for 30-60 seconds with her friend, but I will not start a side conversation by asking that friend personal questions. Girls who insist on you getting to know her friends are not serious about getting to know you. This is common with young girls.

I do not do dance approaches. I find that dancing is a poor way to screen out girls. I can dance for 30 minutes but at the end of that not know how she is like and what her intentions are. I need to communicate with words to establish if the prospect is solid enough. I want the bang, not a number.

I do not talk to male patrons or ugly girls to warm up. I only talk to the bartender and girls I'm attracted to. My warm-up occurs before I enter the club when I watch an episode of Seinfeld. Making random friends with guys is a great way to get your ass cockblocked later on, especially if the guy doesn't know how to approach as well as you do.

I do not run around the venue approaching every girl in sight. Other girls will see this and be reluctant to indulge in your approach later on. The only exception is when last call has arrived, I have no solid prospects, and the club is dying out. Then I approach at will any girl within sight, running around like a monkey to do so (monkey game?).

Sniper game is for guys who don't like to dance much, prefer to talk, have generally low amounts of nightlife energy, and prefer to roll solo. It's something I've gradually settled into over the years because it suits my personality best. With enough years in the game, your style will evolve to the point where you can actually name it. Until then, you still have some time until you optimize it enough to reach your true night game potential.

Contrary Game

Doing the opposite of what every other guy does could be all you need to build attraction with women, even if it doesn't necessarily hit her genetic buttons of wanting an alpha male. In other words, if every guy on the block is an alpha, and you show up with a couple beta flourishes, it may work better than the default alpha game that she's used to (and perhaps bored with).

Of course we don't live in an alpha society, so contrary game in the United States is actually the correct alpha game you're supposed to run. Here are some specific examples where doing the opposite of every other beta helps you get more sex.

1. Every guy *used* to call girls. Contrary game a few years ago would've been texting instead of calling, displaying a level of aloofness that would've likely been rewarded. Perhaps in ten years when every guy is texting, some type of calling game may see a bump in results.

2. Every guy texts a girl the same night upon meeting to say, "It was nice meeting you." Contrary game dictates you wait at least two days before making first contact, avoiding Monday since that's when a girl's phone is blowing up from all the guys she met over the weekend.

3. Every guy is eager to add girls to Facebook. Contrary game is saying you don't have Facebook, even if you do.

4. Every guy takes girls out to dinner for a first date. Contrary game is taking her to a basic bar and feeding her cheap rail liquor or American beer.

5. Every guy wears either a striped or plaid shirt. His chest is shorn. Contrary game would be to wear just about anything else, maybe even a blouse, and announce your bountiful chest hair to the world. In fact, chest hair crawling up to the neck sees tremendous results for yours truly. (Speaking of style, note that hipsters are simply running contrary game to mainstream America. But as they become mainstream themselves, what will the contrarian look be then?)

6. Every guy asks for a number. Contrary game is refusing to ask, or asking for the date and letting her work on exchanging contact info.

7. Every guy hypes up his job. Even if his job is boring, he'll try to give it a cute title so the girl doesn't think he's a cubicle monkey.

Contrary game is refusing to say what you do in a serious way, even if you really have an interesting job. When every guy is going out of their way to impress a girl, trying to present yourself as a bum makes the pussy wetter.

8. Every guy tries to come up with interesting things to say on the date. Contrary game is not saying anything and blankly staring off into space.

If you don't know what "every other guy" is doing, then it will not be possible for you to run contrary game. Luckily for me, I'm plugged into the hivemind of Western game culture, but since you're not me what you can do is simply ask the girls you take out on dates. Here are two questions that will most likely lead to interesting conversations:

(1) "How do you usually meet guys? Flag football? Ultimate frisbee?" I love asking this question for research purposes and I'm surprised when girls say "I don't know." Then I ask, "Well if you are feeling lonely and need the intimacy of a strong man, what do you do? Where do you go?" And these girls then have to think about it. With all that high-octane relationship advice available in Cosmo, most girls have absolutely no plan for meeting guys. They don't even have a go-to spot where the chances of meeting a guy are higher, and honestly believe they shouldn't have to lift a finger to meet someone.

Now if you ask a Brazilian girl these questions, she'll say, "I wear my short skirt and smile at cute guys." Common sense, you'd think, but obviously it's not for American girls. The culture has trained them that meeting someone is completely out of their control, and they should just focus on work instead so they can get a 4% raise this year instead of last year's 3%.

(2) "What kind of dates do you go on? I was thinking of taking you to this burger joint I know of. They have this thing called the dollar menu. You can get anything you want—all on me." You already know the answer to this question: dinner dates. Boring and expensive dinner dates. Once in a while she tells me about some activity like hiking, but understand that 99% of guys over the age of 25 take girls to restaurants. Do you know how lubricated the pussy will get if you take her to a dive bar that smells like vomit?

Now let's say you're a Russian in Russia. You know the game is super-alpha there, but how about if you tone down the alphaness in a couple areas and run some contrary game to what the Russian men are doing. You'll be so novel from your game alone that I'm confident you'll see better conversion percentages.

If you don't know any alphas to model your game after, just study the betas (they're in plentiful supply), and then do the opposite. That alone will get you halfway there.

Make Her Come To You

A somewhat recent phenomenon is trying to meet up with a girl via text messaging while you're already out. Before everyone had a cell phone, it was dates or nothing. Whoever you went out with, that was your crew for the night. Arranging to meet someone at the club was dangerous (you may never find them), so you'd start at someone's apartment or a nearby bar until the crew was assembled. Even when cell phones became popular, the unplanned meetup was uncommon. For example, I don't remember ever deciding at midnight to call a girl to find out where she was. Not only would it have been terribly needy, but it's all too easy for girls to not answer their phone, and you already know what a pain it is to have a conversation when you're somewhere loud.

But then text messaging became popular, and everything changed. You've probably used one of these messages to start the meetup process:

"Going out tonight?"

"What are you getting into tonight?"

"Where you headed tonight?"

She responds and then back and forth you go until your messages take a stronger tone of urgency upon realizing you're in a bar with tons of cock and no hope for a same-night pull. Regardless, **do not leave your spot to meet up with a girl. She must come to you.** I don't care how lame the bar you're at is or how much you like the girl or how sincere she seems in wanting to see you, but you must never relinquish

home field advantage by going to where she is. It's a guaranteed trap, even if you've already fucked her a couple times.

I've seen it too often where a guy chases a girl to the bar or club only to see that he wasn't the only one texting her. He then has to compete for the girl with other guys like he would any other random girl he just approached. Two other common results include getting inadvertently cockblocked by the drunk birthday friend who needs babysitting or getting purposely cockblocked by the fat, disgusting friend.

Understand that texting at night allows girls to fulfill two of their major needs—drama and validation. There is nothing more a girl wants than testing how much a guy likes her by telling him to come to a place where she already has guys on her. It strokes her ego while making her feel desired, almost like a celebrity, and the drama that is sure to ensue is fodder she craves for conversation with her friends the next day—“Oh my god remember when Steve came as I was dancing with Tim? I forgot they knew each other from college hehe!!!”

The revolting part is that girls will go to quite an extreme to set a trap that snags even experienced players. One recent example involved my friend. A girl he met at a bar asked him to come with her and her girlfriend to a shitty bar in another part of town. My friend knew that she probably had some guy waiting for her there so he declined. The girl then started making out with him and *stroking his cock* through his jeans to show that she's not playing games and really likes him. This sold my friend (sold me as well since I told him it was probably safe to go), and he hopped in a cab with the two girls. Needless to say but she did have another guy waiting for her, and used my friend to make that guy jealous. I felt just as burned as my buddy did, especially since I didn't see it coming.

You must defend your home base like a lioness defends her cubs. You own it, and the minute you give it up for some girl who's texting you, you're going to regret it. If she's serious about fucking you, she'll drag her stupid friend to the bar you're at for at least one drink. Otherwise she's with a large group where other suitors or cockblockers will make it almost impossible to advance the seduction.

A good rule of thumb is this: if you don't get the hookup with her that night, who is put in a more uncomfortable situation? If a girl comes to your bar, and gives you attitude, do you have to make any changes? Nope—you're in your spot and can do what you normally do while telling her to fuck off. But if you go to a cheesy club to meet her, and she is dancing with some guy, who will be the one having regrets? Not her, that's for sure.

Either set a proper one-on-one date or make her come to you. You will be severely punished when you run around for a chick, without fail.

Make Her Think Something Is Wrong

In *Bang* I wrote that you want to put a girl in a state of insecurity where she's thinking of her faults instead of your own. You want her to be self-conscious that she's lacking in a quality that either you want or that other girls have. Here are four ways to implement that strategy:

1. Make her think you're bored with her conversation or story. Look around the room when she's rambling on about nonsense. Let out an uninspired "That's nice" when she was expecting a stronger reaction. Tight game here is pretending you don't hear a lot of what she says.

2. Make her think she's not good-looking enough. When you're with her in a night venue, point out a girl hotter than her and ask, "What do you think of that girl?" She will give her answer and then ask you if you think she's hot. Poorly evade the question by hesitating for a few seconds and then saying something like, "Her high-heels are nice." Tight game here is having a roaming eye on exceptionally beautiful women.

3. Make her think you're going to flake or stand her up. Take a long time to confirm dates, almost as if it was an afterthought. Then show up 15 minutes late, enough so that she texts you asking where you are. You're doing it right if she's visibly annoyed by the time you arrive. Tight game here is being forgetful, busy, or putting her last in a list of things you need to do.

4. Make her think you only want to use her for sex. Repeatedly take her to the same bar venues. Insist on “movie” nights. Gently shoot down her suggestions to do something different like a day hike or a wine festival outing. Tight game here is not wanting to be seen too much with her in public.

I didn’t invent the rules of human nature. I didn’t declare that instilling insecurity in another person is the optimal way to keep their interest in you at a high level, but that’s the reality. If you like a girl, you have to do things that show you don’t like her while at the same time escalating the encounter by touching, kissing, and venue changing to your bedroom. While some of these suggestions can be relaxed on more sensual foreign women, with American girls you have to be cold and heartless in order to get the most amount of sex.

Anxiety creates attraction. The more anxiety you create in a woman, the more she will lower her guard enough so that your game will be well-received. It forces her to question her value instead of yours. In any casual relationship, one person is creating anxiety while the other person is receiving it. If you’re not the one creating it, then it’s not her that’s getting gamed.

One Bitch On Your Nuts Is Worth More Than Two Lookin’

A big mistake that guys make is trying to upgrade from a girl they haven’t fucked yet. What happens is they approach a girl, get in good with her, and then suddenly notice a bunch of hotter girls checking them out, maybe even coming in close with the hope that they can intrude on the conversation. Sometimes it gets even more extreme, like what happened to me one night in Copenhagen.

I approached a blonde sitting next to me. She was just okay, a 6.5, but for Copenhagen that’s quite decent. She also had a shockingly large, round ass, and I’m not exaggerating when I say I got an instant boner after putting my hand on it. Since she passed my boner test with flying colors, I was ready to call upon my troops to do everything possible to make it happen.

Over the next two hours, not one, not two, not three, but *four* other girls approached me without any fear or hesitation. I was stunned by their aggressiveness. Now I'll admit I was looking good that night, but having a decent blonde on your nuts in the middle of a crowded bar didn't hurt. Most other dudes were drunk, looking sloppy with ill-fitting clothing, and roaming around like hyenas, making me a good catch for the heterosexual women of the bar.

The first girl who approached was an American of lesser quality than the blonde. I was nice to her, but ended the conversation after only a minute. Poor girl probably hadn't been laid in a while.

The second girl was from Finland, at least one point higher in attractiveness. The urge to upgrade was strong. She talked to me and the blonde, asking, "So are you two dating? How did you meet?" I kept things vague, joking that we were friends from high school. I asked her how to say "ménage à trois" in Finnish, hinting that she may have a chance, but then she tried to position herself so that the blonde wouldn't be included in the conversation. I didn't allow it, and told her to have a nice night.

The third girl was from Ireland, of equal quality to the blonde. She also asked if we were "dating" and was much more aggressive in trying to dominate the conversation. Within two minutes I told her to have a nice night.

The fourth girl was from Iceland, a petite thing on the same level as the blonde. She actually knew an Iclander that I know (that's Iceland for you), and we talked about how Icelanders hook up. She gave me this smile that I remember from Iceland means, "I want to have sex with you," but I cut off the conversation and told her that maybe I'd see her around.

In each case I talked to the girls only long enough to make the blonde a little jealous, all while keeping my hand placed on her ass to let her know she was my ho for the night and I wasn't trying to upgrade.

Do you want to know what would have happened if I ditched the blonde and went for any of those girls? Nothing. I wouldn't have gotten laid, because the act of ditching your main bitch for another girl causes your value to drop. The main reason those girls wanted me in the first

place (being with the blonde) would disappear, they'd re-evaluate their attraction for me, and odds are I'd get a make-out at most. If you go for the upgrade, you might as well just hand your balls to the new girl and beg her not to screw up your decision.

I told myself that even if the blonde doesn't end up fucking me, I'm still doing the proper move. In poker if you do the statistically correct move but still lose the hand, it doesn't mean you did anything wrong. In the long-run doing that move would still give you an advantage and higher winnings. I completely accepted that it would be the blonde or nothing, so I eliminated any sexual thoughts about those other four girls.

The blonde came through. Having all those girls come up to me made her want me even more, and there was no resistance in putting her pussy in a sarcophagus.

Technically, you can *always* upgrade. There's always going to be a girl cuter than the one you are with, but you have to remind yourself that you are attracted to her, which is the reason why you approached her in the first place. Therefore it would be pure beta weakness to get tempted by sweeter fruit before first sealing the deal with what you got. Commit to the bang until you succeed or get thwarted, never aborting midway through, no matter how much love another slut is giving you.

If you're with a girl you've already fucked, it's fine to get a number on the sly, but before the bang you'd be an idiot not to go for the girl you already invested in. If you think of getting laid as an obstacle course, don't fall for the old trick of getting distracted from your mission by girls just trying to play games and cockblock your shit. Guys who change their mind every fifteen minutes depending on what the bar mob is giving them don't get laid. Only closers who remain focused get laid.

One Night Can Change Everything

My second visit to Rio didn't start off so well. I couldn't find an apartment, I had trouble making friends, and I got dumped by a girl that I wanted to develop a relationship with. I was struggling with Portu-

guese and not making headway with the new night venues I was experimenting with.

I hit bottom on New Year's Eve. What should have been a magical celebration on Copacabana beach was lonely and depressing. I talked to one girl for two minutes. I couldn't even drown my sorrows because the vendors ran out of beer, so I went home after the fireworks and slept. All the things that made Rio magical during my first visit was gone, and I had to confront the reality that it was time to start from scratch.

I didn't want to go out on New Year's Day, let alone talk to another human being. I just wanted to stay home in my favela shack and reminisce about Colombia and the nice pussy I was banging there before I left. But I knew that absolutely nothing would happen if I stayed home, so I cleaned myself up and went out to the same bar where I was successful a couple years prior.

I bombed. I couldn't make headway with any girl and by the time I got to ten approaches I wanted to kill myself. I couldn't believe that things had so quickly turned against me, and wondered if this was the same city I remembered. Was I completely wrong about singing its praises? Should I not have told other guys that Brazil was a magical paradise? It was so bad that I started considering a trip to Argentina.

I paid my bar tab and was on the way out when I saw a cute girl who looked like she was Middle Eastern. At that moment I can't stress how much I didn't want to approach her. I didn't think there was a point because of all the failures that preceded it, but something told me to just say a few words then get the fuck out of there. I asked her if she was Brazilian and she answered that she was, but that her father was from Lebanon. We got into a conversation and when I joked if she liked "hairy men," she said yes. She also liked Americans, having lived in the States for several months.

I didn't bang her that night. I weaseled my way into her room but couldn't even get off one article of clothing. The bang happened on the next date and we ended up dating for about a month, which when you're abroad feels like forever. During that time I connected with my Danish roommate, pursued my nightlife niche, made solid progress with my Portuguese, and settled into a pleasant work and exercise

routine. Most importantly, a little tide of girls began rolling in. That Brazilian girl was day zero of four months of happiness in Brazil that made me forget about the Colombian girls I was messing with. She was the beginning of a memorable period of my life that made me hate Argentina for the month I ended up staying there afterwards.

No matter how bad things get, all it takes is one girl, one night, to get you back on track. I don't care how many rejections you've sustained beforehand, or how many dozens of girls have recently flaked on you, but that one special meeting, which you cannot predict, will pick you up and give you the confidence you need to keep getting more and better. If life is full of peaks and valleys and you're in a deep slump, it's just a matter of time until you get out of it, yet it's not enough to merely go out. You can't sit quietly in the dark corner of the bar for two hours and think you'll be thrown a bone. You must work hard, consistency and continually, approaching and persisting every night to your maximum capability until your head hits your pillow.

I understand that I have to put in the work to get the rewards. I don't go out for "just a drink"—I stay out until either I hook up, I'm exhausted, or there are literally no women on the streets. I've lost count how many times I pulled when all hope was lost, when no previous girl was digging me, when any average man would have long since given up, and when I already mentally selected the porn clip I would be masturbating to. If I didn't talk to that Brazilian girl after I had already decided I was finished, my time in Rio would've been much different. If I didn't always persist like a machine until my head hits the pillow, my life would be different.

You're walking home after a brutal night out where you can't even hold your head high, but then you see a girl walking in the opposite direction. Approach her with everything you got. She may change everything. This night may change everything.

The Dark Side Of Game

Sleeping with a ton of women has some mental consequences that aren't usually talked about. Here are four things that I have noticed:

Inability to view women as equal human beings. My default opinion of any girl I meet is “worthless dirty whore until proven otherwise.” When so many girls have opened their legs up for me so quickly and easily, it’s hard for me to respect them (and their opinions or ideas) like I would a family member or close friend. I think this is leaking out into other areas of life as someone pointed out to me that I seem to read books written only by men.

Decreasing ability to sympathize and empathize with the female condition. Because I learned early on that talking to a girl about her problems or issues is the fastest way *out* of her pants, it’s become habit for me to simply nod or say “That sucks” when a girl has a genuine problem, even one that I can help solve. I have no desire to help a girl out with her life, and I don’t care if she falls flat on her face.

Decreasing patience to work things out. I don’t give a girl more than one chance to act “right” because it’s so easy to find a new slut at the bar. My ability to stay in a long-term relationship, putting up with its natural ups and downs, is evaporating as I adopt the mentality of a dictator, with my bitch the subservient who must attend to my needs without making any errors. Over the years my temper has greatly shortened.

Decreasing view of sex as a beautiful act of love. Sex is a mechanical means for me to relieve the pressure building up in my ball sack and nothing more, one small step above jerking off with my tight-gripped hand. I do not feel any closer to a girl when I pump her, and most of the time I respect her less because my opinion of her as a worthless dirty slut who probably likes being choked was proven correct.

The only way to reverse these consequences is to step out of the game completely and go through a massive cold streak that makes me value a woman again, to see her as something important that I need. Since I don’t see this happening, the odds that I will meet a new girl who I genuinely care for and maybe even love will low. And I’m fine with that, for now.

The Future Of Game

Like a doctor who takes a two-week seminar to refresh his skills, players must keep learning to keep their game as effective as possible. Always be approaching and always be experimenting. While the main principles of game will not change, the arena in which it's played will. Different environments will cause different responses, and we must always look for improved counterattacks. That said, here's where I see game going in the next twenty years.

Hot Girls Under 30 Will Be Impossible To Lock Down. Populations will continue to get fatter, decreasing the attractiveness of the species. The few remaining girls who aren't obese will have a never-ending line of suitors at the door (not only betas but alphas as well). This puts her closer to living the *Sex and the City* dream. She will jump ship at the slightest trouble in a relationship, whereas before she might have been willing to work it out. To see this phenomenon in action today, look at any beautiful girl between ages 19-23. Locking her up for more than a couple months is nothing short of extraordinary. In the future that age range will expand into the upper 20s and maybe even lower 30s. All beautiful women will be the most advanced and cuntish of players, and all that game will be able to do is squeeze in a couple bangs until she moves on to the next one.

Flaking Will Reach Epidemic Proportions. Western culture is teaching youth to glance upon the field and carefully analyze all available options before making a decision, or simply not make a decision at all. Therefore dates scheduled more than a day in advance will be rare. There will be no concept of keeping your word, being honorable, showing up, or acting respectful. Everyone will be looking out for their own. Whereas for night game in the past you had to make out with a girl to decrease the chances she'll flake, today you have to fuck her. That's right—to get a first date you have to already have had the one-night stand with her. This is the only way I've found that decreases flaking to an acceptable level in even today's climate. If I only made out with the girl, or god forbid didn't even kiss her, the odds I will see her again are far from assured. The dirty truth of game is how often flaking occurs, and it will happen at such a frustrating level that

I'm certain more men will turn into homosexuals or resort to sex dolls because of it. This feature alone will cut the game careers short of many men who simply can't handle the frustration and rejection. You'll have to really want it to succeed.

The Definition Of Monogamy Will Loosen. You know how some people call themselves flex-vegetarians, meaning they are meat-eaters but like to pretend they are vegetarians? Beautiful women will have flex-monogamous relationships. In relationships they will cheat and stray regularly, as our culture will by then have perfectly taught youth the art of rationalization. "You don't have to accept your current situation!" "Do what you like!" "You're a unique snowflake!" "You don't deserve to be uncomfortable!" She'll cheat with strange men without a condom and not feel any remorse, and if you dump her she won't care because she'll do the same with the next guy in line (there will be several).

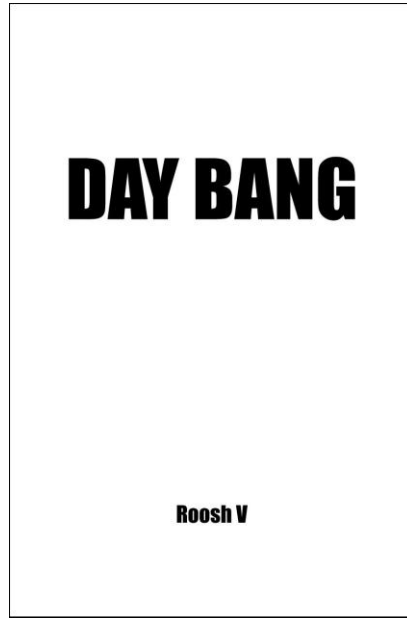
Game Plus Fame Will Be More Important Than Anything. It doesn't have to be national fame, but you must be known for something. Your reputation must precede you. You must have a YouTube channel with millions of views. You must be a proprietor of a hipster butcher shop. You must be a popular writer, artist, or musician. You must be nightclub promoter or DJ. You must be a competitive skateboarder. You must be the notorious editor of a cupcake newsletter. In a culture where a million people are "famous," you'll have to work your ass off for scraps if you're not. Nurture your own style and niche and then leverage that to get pussy.

Game will always have its use, but **game plus fame** will be the qualities that tomorrow's Casanova possess. Otherwise you'll be approaching all day and night to fuck a 6 who stops calling you after a couple bangs. You must have the complete package to get the hottest girls, with game being only the first ability of a multi-level game warrior. Guys without game will simply not get laid, not even with ugly girls.

The main factors driving the change is feminism and the uglification of the species. If you want to fuck average girls, game alone will get you there, but it will be increasingly difficult to fuck and keep attractive women since their numbers will be too low. Game

and *something else* will be needed. The climate of the future will make it tough for a handsome man with a nice, middle-class job to land a pretty girl. Of course it will happen, as those girls will settle down eventually in their 30s, but the majority of men will not be successful at it. This future is inevitable unless the obesity epidemic peaks within the next five years and feminism is eradicated.

It will take quite some time for every country in the world to be infected with the Western disease. Therefore the beta men who didn't resort to homosexuality or sex dolls will dabble in mail order brides to fulfill their evolutionary destiny. Want to be a millionaire? Get in one of these industries: gay marriage planning, sex doll importing/exporting, international matchmaking, or manufacturing of special ambulances with cranes to hoist fat people. God bless America.



If you are interested in meeting girls during the day, check out [Day Bang](#). It teaches you how to pick up women solely during the day, primarily in a coffee shop, clothing store, bookstore, grocery store, subway, or on the street. Here are just a couple of things you'll learn:

- How to approach women in over a dozen common daytime venues
- A detailed breakdown of how to use the "elderly opener," an easy style of approach that reliably starts conversations with women
- How to take the interesting things you've done and morph them into bait hooks that gets the girl intrigued
- The optimal day game mindset that leads to the most amount of success
- Ways to open up a conversation on a girl who isn't giving you much to work with

My two game books complement each other: Day Bang helps you get more prospects while Bang gives you the best middle and late game to sleep with them. [Click here to learn more about Day Bang.](#)

4

DATING

Never Cancel Plans With A Girl For Another Girl

I hope you understand the reasoning behind working on multiple girls simultaneously. Girls are flaky, impulsive creatures and a plan of working on one girl at a time is a plan for guaranteed frustration and bitterness. But if you have several pots simmering on the stove, what happens is you will develop favorites. The girl you met in the coffee shop is prettier than the other two you're talking to, so you call her first to make plans.

Something that always happens to me is I make plans with my second or third choice and then the first choice suddenly comes through. I already had a date with a girl on Thursday but first choice girl can only hang out on Thursday as well. So I'd cancel on the other girl to squeeze first choice into the mix. Guess what would happen?

First choice would wind up canceling and I'd be stuck with my hand on Thursday night. It's like *she knew* that I valued her and canceled plans with someone else just for her.

My Danish roommate had a solid date for Friday night with a girl he met on the internet. His old fuck buddy called him, apparently

horny, and asked if he wanted to hang out on Friday. The internet girl wasn't a lock for sex, but the fuck buddy was, so he cancelled the original plans in order to get laid. Well, the fuck buddy cancelled and he was stuck without any girls for the night.

These situations aren't coincidences. When you confirm plans with a girl by cancelling on another, the first choice can *feel* that you're pressed for her. I'm guessing that it's due to your willingness to make short term plans along with an excited and eager tone in your voice when you find out she wants to see you. These two things subconsciously clue her in that she needs to wave her upper hand and flake.

Don't underestimate the power of saying "no" to a desirable woman. Too often you will feel that you need to get her out ASAP or else you might "lose her," but in that case you definitely need to pull back because she's going to sense it. If she's as quality as you think she is then she has seen it all from other guys who think just like you.

Now can you guess what I'm going to suggest next? **DON'T CANCEL ANY TYPE OF PLAN FOR ANY GIRL, PERIOD.**

Are you hanging out with a buddy on Tuesday night for drinks but a girl wants to go out that night? Unfortunately you're busy and maybe some other time. Are you planning on working out at the gym late at night when a girl wants to see you? You're busy. Are you taking your mom out to a Turkish bistro for some bonding time on the night the hottest girl you've ever met in your life wants to go out? Busy. If a guy tells me, "Hey let's plan for Friday but if Stacy calls me back then maybe some other time," I know Stacy isn't going to call back and Friday is a lock. He's valuing her too much, and top-tier girls don't respond to that.

Stick to your schedule and be resistant to moving things around. Put your friends, family, hobbies, and responsive girls in the calendar first, and then whatever days are left you can toss out to the stragglers. It's no surprise that they have a strong appreciation for men who are busy with their own lives.

I Hope She Flakes

Flaking is a real problem in modern dating. You make plans with a girl, get excited about the prospect of intimacy, and then she sends you a text message cancellation containing a lame excuse. Maybe her best friend called her with a better plan. Maybe some guy she has a crush on finally came through. Or maybe she's just feeling lazy and rather catch up on her reality television shows. Whatever the excuse, it will come down to one reason: your value wasn't high enough.

She didn't feel that she would miss out by not going on a date with you. There was no pain within her core in canceling. This is why if a girl flakes on you once, especially for the first date, it's almost impossible to turn things around, because she has already acted out on the belief that you are not worth her time.

Flakes in my early days would burn. I'd sit there, twiddling my thumbs at home, asking myself, "Now what should I do?" I had no other plan. I'd be disappointed and my confidence would take a hit. Then, as the years went on, I began to assume the flake and have a backup plan ready to go. This made flakes less disconcerting but still, they were not a pleasure to experience. Fast forward to today and I don't mind if girls flake at all. In fact, more than half the time I wish they would flake. The reason?

I'm too busy.

I have so many things to do that my schedule is always packed. Every night before I go to bed I fill my next day's to-do list full of tasks that will keep me busy for the entire day. Dates with girls disturb my work flow and set me back as much as half a day. While I do enjoy dates and want to have sex with girls, I also place great importance in completing my day's work. What naturally happened was that on the day of dates I began to think, "Man, I hope she flakes so I can get all my work done."

I noticed something interesting when the thought of "I hope she flakes" pops into my head: **the girl never flakes.**

Let me give you the opposite example. I meet a gorgeous girl who in my mind I refer to as dreamy. I'm enamored by her and can't wait until we make love. We set a date and I clear my schedule

to accommodate her. What odds would you peg for the flake? I can tell you: at least 50%.

Am I saying that girls can read your mind when it comes to how you value them? No, but I am saying that your thoughts about a girl transmute into words and body language that signal your value. That signal is perfectly interpreted by her, probably unconsciously, to determine whether or not she should proceed on a date with you. When you're a busy man with things going on, you act in a different way than a man who has a lot of free time and really wants to be with a girl.

You can say "I hope she flakes" all day until your face turns blue, but the girl will still flake unless it's a statement that's congruent with reality. You can even create make-work in the hopes that you can convince yourself that you want her to flake, but this won't do it either. The only way to make it work is if you value several other things in life above women.

If women are the most important thing in your life, and you chase them daily, you will surely get laid, but you will get flaked on. You have to play the numbers game to its mathematical conclusion. On the other hand, if women are not the most important thing in your life, you will get flaked on much less. Both cases get similar results in the form of bangs, but the latter man will get flaked on less because of the "you're not that valuable to me" signal that women positively respond to.

I'll be honest and say that I got more notches when women were number one in my life, but my rejection rate was high. I had to put up with a lot of disrespect I had to go out several times a week. I had to always be "on." It was a job. Now that women are slipping down from the number one spot and I put less work into chasing them, my quantity is going down, but I have no shortage of dates from girls I meet in my daily routine. If anything, I'm going on too many dates, and it's starting to interfere with my work. This afternoon I have a date with a girl I met in the bookstore, and even though she's cute, deep down I hope she flakes.

7 Signs That A Number Won't Lead To A Date

Whenever Monday rolls around and I have a few new numbers to play with of girls I met at night, I make a prediction before contacting her whether I'll get the first date or not. Doing this for several years has allowed me to pick out behaviors a girl does *before* giving the number that hints towards if another meeting is going to happen.

1. Did she ask for your number or Facebook before you asked first? You'd think it'd be a good sign if she asks for your contact information first, especially early in the interaction, but it's actually a sign that she doesn't want to see you again. If she asks you for Facebook, she's merely building a circle of admirers that will click the Like button when she posts whiny status updates or carefully selected photos. While it's a good sign when a girl offers you her number at the end of the interaction, it's not good if she randomly asks for yours.

2. Did she make an attempt to separate from her friends? If your entire conversation was overheard by her friends and she declined your invitation to either dance or join you at the bar to order a drink, she won't see you again. If you're dancing with her and she insists on remaining in her friend circle while she gives your cock a half-assed grind, you're not getting her out. If a girl doesn't show you her "true self," which only comes with she's away from her friends, she was never serious about getting to know you.

3. Did she go out on a limb? She can do this by either resuming the conversation after an awkward pause or trying to seek you out after excusing herself to the bathroom. If the interaction would have ended had you not put 100% of the effort in maintaining it, she's not going to see you again.

4. Did she tentatively agree to plans? If you got her number without hinting what you want to do with her (e.g. have a drink), you're much more likely to get strung along in text messaging hell. If you didn't pre-sell her the idea of hanging out, and she didn't enthusiastically agree, a meeting is much less likely to occur.

5. Did you both remain in the same venue after the number was exchanged? If you get her number and she merely goes to a different part of the bar, maybe even flirting with other guys, you just had a

weak interaction. The number should only be exchanged when absolutely necessary, when the forces of nature will separate you and the only way you'll ever see her again is if you get her contact information.

6. Did the first break in the conversation come under the 10 minute mark? There are a lot of things in a night venue that can cause a pause in the conversation, like her phone making noises or her friend cockblocking you. If you're able to maintain a non-interrupted conversation for those first 10 minutes, the chances of seeing her are drastically higher than if your chat is broken up into little chunks.

7. Did you kiss her? There's a lot of debate over whether kissing a girl increases the chance of seeing her again, but let me ask you the following question: if a girl gave her number to ten guys over the weekend, and she was at a similar level of sobriety for each, is she more likely to remember the guys she kissed or didn't? My experience shows a small but clear edge in getting girls out again that I kissed. If you didn't at least come close to getting the kiss, the chance you will see her again is less than 10%.

During the day it's a lot easier to tell if a number will lead to a date or not. Simply multiple the number of personal questions she asks you by the length of conversation in minutes. Anything over 100 means at least a 50% chance of seeing her again, which are great odds. While time is not necessarily a good correlator to seeing a girl again from night approaches, it is during the day.

I'm pretty down on numbers from night approaches. While I get them and will continue to get them, so many girls are willing to fuck the same night that getting one implies failure. As long as you get them because you've tried escalating as far as you can, and you don't become excited over only digits, go ahead and play the numbers game to grind out bangs from regular dating.

Warning Signs A Girl Isn't Worth A Relationship

In the past I've shared warning signs when a girl will "disappoint" you in some way. I've discovered some other more serious infractions based on the way she interacts with you.

While my warning signs aren't tests, they say a lot about the worthiness of a girl for long-term relationships. If a girl does any of these, dump her.

1. Changing your music without first asking for permission. The first thing I do when get a girl over to my shack is put on some music. Depending on the mood I'm trying to set, I'll go with something like Passion Pit, The Weeknd, or Vanessa da Mata. As I'm making drinks, if she goes to the laptop, cuts off my music, then pulls up some whack-ass shit on YouTube, she's only getting fucked that night and never again. Even though she wants to play "this one song," I cut her crap off and put mine back on. I say, "If you wanted to listen to your music you should've invited me to your place."

2. Giving you unsolicited advice. I don't care if I have the most obvious problem in the world that can be solved with baking soda, but if I don't ask you for help or at least show I'm open to receiving help, then shut the fuck up. You're not my mom and you're not someone who has more life experience than me, so spare me your harebrained ideas for solving a man's real problems.

3. Saying "you should." There is absolutely no reason for a girl to tell a man "you should..." ever. It insinuates that not only are you currently doing something wrong, but that she knows more than you, which is extremely unlikely. She is free to say, "Have you thought of..." or "What do you think about..." but the moment she brings out the word "should," a synonym of "must," I know she's an arrogant cunt who thinks she knows more than she really does. The only things I should or must do are pay my taxes and die.

4. Not apologizing when she texts or takes a call in your presence. If I'm on a first or second date with a girl, and she starts reading texts, sending texts, or actually taking a call without excusing herself first, she will never see me again. Even the most conceited bitches will let off an "Excuse me I have to take this real quick." Otherwise she

doesn't deserve another meeting with you, even if she puts out and is okay in bed. If you let a girl disrespect you like this then you don't deserve to get laid.

5. Asking you to postpone your orgasm so she can gain more pleasure. If you're about to bust your nut and a girl does tells you "No" or "Wait," she's an inconsiderate slut who is now causing you direct harm. A man's nut is sacred, and for her to impede that should be criminal. I'm serious. One time a girl postponed my nut and then I lost it completely. I couldn't get it back and I was left with minor groin pain. I never contacted her again.

6. Not urging you to continue pumping even if it's starting to hurt her. I'll tell you what love is: when a girl begs you to keep going even though you know she already came, even though she's drying up, and even though you know it's causing her pain. If she tells you to stop the millisecond after she gets her nut, without you getting yours, I want you to tell her that the point of having sex with women is so a man doesn't have to use his hand, and that she has performed below the hand. That's why we do all this shit to fuck women—to get our nut. If she can't do that for us, then she's useless as a woman.

Let go of girls who show arrogance, disrespect, or selfishness. Depending on the severity of her offense she may still be worth one fuck, but other than that you're a chump if you continue seeing girls who display these anti-feminine traits. The sad truth is that most of this list was developed in Scandinavia, where my hand was much more enjoyable than most of the girls I ended up in bed with.

How To Cheat On Your Girlfriend Without Getting Caught

Over the past year I've been much more open to getting into a relationship with a girl I like, but unfortunately I can't tame the dog inside me that wants to fuck a new girl every other week. So my current game strategy is to get a girl-next-door type who isn't a club rat and treats me well and then return the favor by taking her out, pleasuring her, and caring for her when she has the sniffles. During that time I lie and creep on the side with random girls.

Obviously I don't think cheating on a girlfriend is morally wrong, but I do think it's wrong to bang your girl without a condom and then creep without one because you're exposing her to diseases that could create an uncomfortable situation. But besides that I feel very little guilt when I cheat because my main girl will never know. I keep it locked down so tightly that it would take a black swan event to get me. The result is I get to fulfill my perverse needs while having something stable with a girl that I care for. That's win-win... unless she finds out. Here's what I do to make sure that doesn't happen:

1. Get started on the right foot. Do not get into that pattern where you must talk on the phone every day. To accomplish this you'll have to state that you need your "space" early in the relationship, that you don't want it to get into that friendly boring zone where you're talking about what time you woke up and what you had for lunch. She'll honor your request but slip and send frequent text messages, which is fine—it's easy to creep with another girl when all you gotta do is send texts.

Also, if you want to actually have the ability to cheat, you need time not only to meet other girls but to take them out on dates. This means you want to get into no more than a twice-a-week date pattern with your girl, one date on the weekday and one on the weekend. Resist her efforts to see you more by saying, again, you need space and are the loner type that feels smothered easily.

2. Don't give her access to your phone or computer. This is how 90% of guys get caught cheating. They left their phone laying around, unlocked, and the girl finds incriminating text messages. It's easy to brush off female numbers in your phone as old, but not a text message stamped yesterday where you confirmed fresh plans. Either delete the text messages manually before you see her or lock your keypad. Fail to do either and you will get busted eventually, guaranteed. Girls are savvy with cell phones and only need sixty seconds to sift through your messages or call history.

I've caught two girls messing around with my phone. Once I went to go wash my cock after sex and came back with my phone on the floor instead of the nightstand. I guess she panicked when she heard I was finished with washing my cock and threw it on the floor. The other time I spent the night at this Brazilian girl's house and woke up in the

morning with all my clothes gone. I walked around her place dazed and naked, wondering if I just got robbed, and found her sitting on the bathroom toilet going through all my shit.

For your computer, log off your email account when you know she's coming over and then launch a different browser that you never use. While it would take time for her to sift through emails if you slip to the bathroom, girls go straight to the Sent folder to gather evidence. I'm certain that the female species plays dumb with gadgets and computers on purpose so that we leave our things laying around. Also lock down anything else that could get you in trouble, like Skype (call history) and the secret game blog you operate.

3. Don't create a lasting impression with her friends. While some guys will argue that a way to win a girl is through her friends, I only find that to be the case with very young girls around college age, because once she's in her mid-20's she doesn't seek as much approval from her friends as before. If you're meeting her friends for the first time then show up in an outfit you never wear and also a slightly different hair or beard configuration. You don't need to wear a disguise but appear a little differently.

The reason is that her friends are spies and when you're creeping they may spot you and then immediately rat you out. By looking different and not making an impression, the goal here is they don't recognize you when you're creeping. It also offers a layer of plausible deniability because you can say that you were experimenting with a new look when you met them and they probably confused you for someone else. Furiously deny it was you that they witnessed making out with another girl. You have no other choice but to deny it, no matter how obvious it was you.

4. Do not mix dating venues. You want to have two parallel sets of venues to minimize cross contamination. If you take your girlfriend to the same bar as your creep girls, a bartender or regular may accidentally out you, or tip her off while you're in the bathroom. We all know those don't-date-him girls whose life mission it is to warn other women of cheating men.

5. Don't frequent her regular spots. This doesn't need to be said but there is an exception: when one of her spots is a place you can get laid like a champ.

In Rio there is a club where I have a 33% bang rate. This means every three times I've went, I banged a girl. There's no way I'm going to stop going to a place like that, but the success I had at this club could easily lead to my doom.

Here's how I have avoided problems: I'd go without telling my girl and for the first hour I'd be diligent about scanning the room for her or her friends. As the night went on, and the chances of her coming was reduced, I'd ramp up my game and start touching girls and going for kisses. If I know my girl likes going to the place at 1am and it's 2:30am and there's no sign of her, I can get sloppy without any fear. Of course I always scan, a pretty paranoid way to run game, but that's what it takes to not get caught cheating.

6. Pick a friend who will be your go-to excuse for why you can't hang out with her. It's best she has met the friend but I've invented guys out of thin air as well. Be consistent and have him be the excuse whenever you didn't want to hang with her. Examples:

"Friday I'm hanging out with Steve but how about Saturday?"

"Steve wants to go to sushi on Tuesday night to talk about some girl problems so let's do movie night on Wednesday."

"Sorry I didn't answer. I actually hung out with Steve in this lame club and didn't hear the phone ring."

Never allow her to join you with Steve, explaining that he doesn't like being the third wheel. Add that you need bro time to do some male bonding, talk trash, and just be men.

What's going to happen is she will develop a deep hatred for Steve because she thinks he's keeping you away from her. That's not a bad thing because Steve will be the channel for her hate. Feel free to milk this by making it seem like Steve has an influence over you since he's "cool" and "fun." Many of my friends in DC would use me as their Steve and I can tell you that a dozen girls still hate my guts because of it.

7. Be mindful of when you blow your load. If your girl expects a gallon of cum on her face when you bang, and then this one time

there's a trickle because you just got done banging another girl, warning signs are going to go off in her head. Therefore regulate your horniness and sperm quantity. If you know it takes two days to recharge after a lengthy sex episode, allow that much time before banging a mistress and then your girl. This is why when it comes to the weekend I always try to put my girl on Friday. If I bang another girl on Friday then I will show up in her bedroom on Saturday already sated and she will pick up on it.

8. Try to bang your mistress at their place. You don't want her to leave something behind like a bobby pin, unique perfume scent, earrings, or blood. Also realize that a girl can tell the difference between a strand of her hair and one that is only 5% different. If you have to bang a mistress in your place then commit yourself to a CSI-like clean sweep afterwards. Do not get lazy at this step. View your room from many different angles, get on your knees, and go sniffing around everywhere. Flush used condoms down the toilet and put the wrappers deep in the kitchen trash can.

9. Construct and rehearse your alibi. Anticipate what questions your girl is going to ask and have simple, quick answers to them. For example say you went out on a Thursday night after telling your girl you'd stay in. You met a girl in the club who bit the hell out of your neck in the heat of passion. You brought her home and she turned out to be a flooder. The sheets were destroyed.

Let's focus on each aspect of this situation. If she asks why you didn't answer the phone or call her back, say you wanted to stay in but Steve called and begged you to go out because he's trying to bang this girl. Unfortunately she had an ugly friend, so for most of the night you had to talk to her. The club was so loud that you didn't see the call and by the time you noticed it was too late to call back.

Secondly, the scratch on the back of your neck happened when you were in the kitchen. You left a cabinet door open and when you reached down to pick something up off the floor, you come back up right under it and caught your neck. Of course you will wear a collared shirt to cover it up and prevent her discovery, but if you never wear collared shirts around her then she will be even more suspicious if she catches the scratch. If you have a sister and can borrow her makeup this may

also be a good play, or just go to the nearest department store's cosmetic counter. I'm not joking.

Third problem is the sheets. In America you can do a wash and dry load quickly, but in countries without a dryer it has to hang for quite a while. If she insists on coming in during the late afternoon before it dries, say how mad you are at the maid for dicking around and always coming in on the wrong days.

You've closed the gaps. Otherwise it would be a very damaging situation. While subconsciously she will know something is going on and be moody and testy, consciously she will accept your airtight alibi and things can proceed as normal.

10. Don't let guilt change your routine. After a successful creep you'll probably feel guilty for cheating on such a nice girl. You'll then feel compelled to make a surprise phone call, be more affectionate or loving, or even buy her something small like a chocolate truffle or rose. Resist this urge and proceed with your normal routine because girls can sense when you're doing something out of the ordinary. She'll know that you are trying to relieve your guilt, and while she may not automatically assume it's from cheating, she'll know you did something wrong.

When you get good at cheating, you also get good at identifying cheating in girls along with the precursors of cheating, like when she meets another guy that she's attracted to. In due time you'll be able to piece together storylines. For example let's take a look at this hypothetical situation:

Friday: Your Brazilian girl texts you from a party, says there are "a lot of gringos." Stays there late.

Saturday: You send her a text at 6pm but she waits three hours before replying that she was "sleeping."

Following Friday: She says she'll be busy Saturday, but doesn't say with whom. Even though it's easier to say "I'm going out with Jessica," some girls have trouble lying.

Saturday night: She says she is free.

Likely Story: She met a gringo on the first Friday and he asked her to a coffee date or drink early Saturday evening. There he told her to keep the following Saturday free but eventually flaked on her. This

means she's actively looking for better. Either you step up and offer more of her core needs (without being needy about it, of course), or you can say fuck it, get a couple more bangs, and move onto another girl.

Besides concrete evidence like a text message, email, or hair clip, your girl will never have 100% solid proof against you. By being an accomplished liar, avoiding sloppy moves, and covering holes that develop, it becomes very close to impossible for her to catch you. All this so you can have your cake and eat it too. I think it's a good way for a man to live, but if your ass gets caught don't blame me.

The Rise Of The Mini Relationship

When *Bang* first came out, a lot of guys told me they were buying it in order to get a girlfriend. They saw game as a short term adjustment in order to land the girl they wanted for eventual marriage. Their main complaint of the book was that it didn't have enough relationship advice.

Fast forward to today and I don't get nearly as many emails from guys expressing their desire for girlfriends or marriage. In the past, game used to be seen as a means to an end, but I see a shift where now game *is* the end. Many guys just want to fuck a lot of women for an extended period of time. They seek more to imitate rock stars than stable family men.

The main reason for this shift is that there is little incentive for men to choose monogamy, which used to be a requirement for regular sex. Now, women are volunteering to be in harems. Players only need to send a terse text message with improper grammar to get women to come over for sex.

It's actually less energy intensive to maintain a harem of two or three girls than a real relationship with one girl who expects much more from a boyfriend than—as one American girl put it to me—a “consistent hookup.” Compare that to my experience in Ukraine, where acquiring pussy was labor intensive and one-night stands were tough. I quickly got into a relationship, not because I was retiring from the game, but to maintain the consistent sex frequency I desired. I made a

decision based on local market forces that had nothing to do with any change in my character or goals.

Feminism has done an amazing job of turning pussy into a commodity, not unlike internet bandwidth. I remember it used to cost me \$10 per gigabyte over ten years ago to host a web site, but now it's just a few cents. If a company today offered a hosting plan at 2002 prices, they would go out of business. Today you have women pricing their pussy at 1960 levels when the current market value—in the form of a man's cost per notch—is approaching \$0. Too many girls are giving it away for free because it has become free.

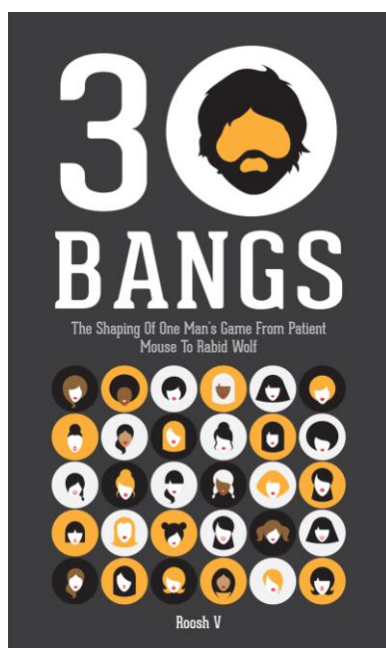
The market has a strange way of setting the correct price and then dictating efficient behavior for all participants, which in today's terms come in the form of men avoiding relationships in favor of casual, no-effort sex. Those who artificially inflate the value of pussy (beta males and white knights) will unfortunately not be able to obtain it at true value pricing. They are the losers who purchase garbage IPO stock at the peak after Goldman Sachs already cashed in its profit.

You'll find real men increasingly use women for sex and light companionship for short time periods, between one to six months. When the cost of renting (of being the consistent hookup) becomes too high, and the woman demands that the man purchase her pussy in the form of a commitment, he will discard her and enter another mini-relationship. The player will only purchase the pussy when renting becomes too difficult, like happened to me in Ukraine, but even that was self-limiting as over time I became more knowledgeable of the local market.

The guy who overpays via marriage thinks that the inflated payment more than compensates for his need to have children or not to be alone, but since his purchase is a downpayment for what is a depreciating asset, he will find it necessary to move very large sums of money, in the form of his time and labor, into maintaining the initial purchase that can't possibly hold its value. It's not unlike buying a house at the top of a bubble.

Relationships have more to do with economics than love. If the price of your current pussy fluctuates out of your favor, turn in your rental to get a different pussy that gives more value. Have fun with

your current pussy: go on a little trip with her, snuggle with her after stretching her out, let her cook for you, and then when maintenance costs rise, toss her aside for a newer model. America today is a renters market. As a matter of fact, I see a lot of used models in good condition coming onto the showroom floor right now.



To understand how game techniques are applied, check out [30 Bangs](#), which details how I had sex with 30 different women. The book shows by example so that you can duplicate the behaviors, moves, and lines that led to my success. Short stories include:

- The Raw Dog. A girl who introduced me to the wonderful world of condomless sex.
- The Giraffe. My first Latina bang that eventually sent me packing to South America for more.
- The Artist. My first weasel bang that taught me what it really takes to have one-night stands.
- The Freckles. A bang where all I needed to do was show up
- The Train. A gangbang attempt that didn't quite make it for every-one involved.

[Click here to learn more about 30 Bangs.](#)

5

SEX

It Doesn't Matter If She Orgasms Or Not

I used to try to last as long as possible in bed. I wanted to make sure the girl got hers before I got mine, and the reason I did that was because I thought she would be more attracted to me and want to see me again.

My former brand of condom made it very hard for me to ejaculate. I'd be pumping away for more than twenty minutes until she just got tired and then I would lay in bed with a heavy set of balls. Sometimes she'd finish me off with her mouth but sometimes not, and I remember times I had to go home and jerk off after having sex. It was humiliating.

Eventually I found out about thin condoms and blasting was no longer a problem, but I had to think of baseball or organic chemistry so I could at least hit the respectable 12 minute mark. I knew how to hold my orgasm by squeezing my pelvic muscles and would do that if I thought I didn't last long enough, even though it would eventually result in a pitiful orgasm.

Gradually I just stopped caring, and soon everything I did in bed was for my pleasure only. The only reason I'd delay orgasm is to make mine better, and I pretended I didn't hear her the first time she told me to drill slower or not to go so deep. I did whatever I wanted because I came to value my orgasm as sacred, and her pleasure as second to mine.

Do you want to guess what happened?

Nothing. Nothing happened. Girls didn't want to fuck me more, they didn't want to fuck me less. Not caring about their sexual pleasure had no effect on repeat calls and repeat sex.

For guys all that matters is the end, but for girls it's the process. As long as she gets into it and can say, "I'm getting fucked good and this feels great," then you've done your job. Sure if you make her orgasm on demand you'll definitely hear from her again, but it's not necessary and just too complicated to worry about. Keep in mind some girls barely know how to make themselves orgasm.

Every now and then I get a feeling that I gave a girl an orgasm, but I can never be sure because I don't ask.

American Girls Don't Use Condoms Anymore

I'm shocked at the behavior of American women when it comes to condom use. Middle class white girls are, hands down, the dirtiest, filthiest type of girl I've been with. Most of them only care about using condoms for the first instance of sex, and a sizable percentage don't even care if you use one at all for that first time, whether or not it's a one-night stand where she has only known you for a couple hours.

Raise your hand if you're scared of AIDS.

I don't see many hands out there. The only people scared these days are OCD freaks who can't get laid, because it's just not on the radar anymore. It's a way they can rationalize their sexless existence. I even sense that a lot of people have accepted they'll contract HPV at some point in their lives. Girls have told me in sweet embrace that I probably have it, but are willing to bang without a condom anyway.

If I was as dirty as them, I could probably have raw dog sex with 95% of all white girls, regardless of socioeconomic background. I only have met one girl that was super serious about using condoms, but I eventually fucked her without a condom, too, so actually I change that to 100%. I could bang every white girl who lives in the United States without a condom if I desired, within three dates. I'm not kidding. I could do most of them raw dog on the same night. Here's how to do it...

1. For the first time appear really studious about using condoms. Tell her "I like to be safe" and "I'm very careful."

2. Ask her if she's been tested a few minutes after the first bang. Say, "I'm not trying to get anything." This makes her think you're extra cautious. She'll ask if you've been tested. Say "Yes." Don't worry, she won't ask when you were tested, how many girls you fucked raw since you were tested, and what you were actually tested for. Even if you've never been tested, you can say "Not recently, but I'm 99% sure I don't have anything," and that'll be just fine for her.

3. When gearing up for the second act of sex, just diddle her vagina with your dick and stuff it in. If she objects, get a condom and then, halfway through the act, say, "I'm going to take it off for a minute." She won't object.

I've had several girls try to insert my naked cock inside them while chanting a barely audible "Get a condom." It's like the pussy has a mind of her own, acting as a master for the miscellaneous matter attached to it.

At first I thought I was just sleeping with the sluttiest of sluts, but I looked at their middle class background (sometimes upper class), and their circle of seemingly normal friends, and realized that it wasn't the type of girl but the culture that she was raised in. We're simply not educating people on how to have safe sex anymore. It's the 21st century and Americans are sometimes being taught abstinence instead of how to put on condoms like in Brazil or most European countries. Even the act of distributing free condoms in high school is controversy enough to make the news, complete with an obligatory interview with a fat-ankled woman screeching, "We shouldn't be in the business of encouraging sex!"

I'll tell you when I should've been scared straight. Years ago I was dating this girl for a while and did it raw dog one time. She wasn't on the pill so it was the exception, but in that moment of weakness I ravaged her with my snake and came all over her chest like a champion. I wasn't too concerned with my slip.

On a later date she told me "I **love** sex." She really stressed the *love*—I mean she bellowed it through the bar so that other people could hear. Girls who love sex can't go long without it, so some prying on my part revealed that she fucks quite a bit. In order words, I was on the tail end of a cock bender so legendary that it's a miracle her vagina offered any resistance at all upon penetration. Then the anxiety kicked in and I began daily examinations of my cock for any irregularities, which continued for a while, but my anxiety didn't subside. A couple weeks afterwards I asked her why she let me have sex with her without using a condom.

"I trust my instincts," she said.

"What exactly does that mean?" I asked.

"Well, do you have anything?"

"No. Well, I'm 99% sure I don't."

"Okay then. So then my instinct was right."

"Oh god."

There are women whose "instinct" told them that having raw dog sex with me was safe! Me! A guy who basically fucks women for a living. I ended up having a mild panic attack, but eventually that went away and I continued to have the "occasional" slip.

Girls are supposedly the more intuitive of our species, but if so many feel right about fucking me without a condom, then I must conclude that they don't know shit. They're all dirty little sluts who truly disgust me with their sex habits. I don't care if she's a lawyer, government worker, or environmentalist—if she lives in a metropolitan city and fucked you by the third date, she's a bucket of disease and you'd be a moron not to bag it up. A man deserves the STDs he gets.

The Secret To Fast Sex

When you learn the game from scratch, you can't help but codify every part of your game and try to make a guess on what is helping you and what is not. You analyze your look, your opening lines, your routines, the method to getting a girl's number, and so on. Once you start getting laid regularly, all those parts merge into one big blob, resulting in an overall style that fits you and your personality. You concentrate on the whole, but at the same time you take the parts for granted. The problem is that a couple of those parts are absolutely essential, and when you remove them, you no longer get laid.

I began to get sloppy on my city research in the past couple months of my first European trip. For Zagreb, Croatia I ended up renting an apartment for one month in a quiet suburb. I made this huge commitment without knowing a few things:

1. The suburb was far away from day game action. My neighborhood had no central square or busy supermarket.

2. The club I lived near had girls, but isolation was impossible because groups of them would go there by sharing a ride (since it's so far). I could only get numbers and kisses.

3. It was hard to get girls to meet me in my suburb for dates, so I had to trek via public transportation to the center to meet them for drinks. There was no chance of venue changing to my apartment unless it was a weekend. I calculated I'd have to put girls on a three date program due to my location, something I wasn't willing to do.

It didn't help that I arrived in the middle of July, when the only place you'd consistently find people is in the center square in the afternoon, a time I'd either be asleep or typing away on my laptop.

What happened during that month was I didn't fuck a Croatian girl. Not one. I got two dozen numbers, many kisses, an occasional date that I was reluctant to go on because of my bad logistics, but no Croatian flag. I wasn't even close. This was right after I made a post saying *How To Get A Flag In 5 Days* (see Travel chapter). I felt humbled, that god had read that post as soon as I published it and decided to make me feel like an idiot.

During that month I did find a bar in the center where I was able to drag out a girl on three separate occasions, something I couldn't do in the club closer to my apartment. I invited all three to my place for a drink once I got them outside. They asked where I lived and when I told them where (about a 20 minute cab ride away), they all scrunched their nose and said it was "too far." I tried everything to get them to come, even saying I'd pay for their cab ride back, but it didn't work. I'm sure I would have banged at least two out of those three if I had rented an apartment in the center. Instead, I had to get their number and accept the built-in 50% flake rate that comes from dating. I half-assed the prospects and failed. I was literally getting a 0% bang return on my investment.

It doesn't matter how often you approach, how tight your game is, or how succulent your kisses are, but if your logistics are fucked, you're not getting laid. You get to date instead. If you have to take a taxi from the spot you're meeting girls, you're getting one-night stands infrequently enough that they will seem like a major event for you. If you can't say "down the street" when a girl asks where you live, you better hope your phone has enough battery power when you're forced to get her number. Not only is logistics the biggest indicator of whether you'll get a one-night stand or not, but it alone is the best attractant for girls who want fast anonymous sex.

If you fuck up the logistics like I did in my first month, I hope you have the patience for marathon texting and conversation in boring venues where girls know they have the upper hand since your penis hasn't yet been inside them. Looking back upon my first 20 months in Europe, drum-tight logistics was the most consistent variable in me getting fast sex, and forgetting that made for a frustrating month in a place that shouldn't have been that hard.

In my first 31 days in a Zagreb suburb, I banged zero Croatian girls. When I moved to the center, I banged two within 38 hours. Sometimes you have to fail to make you remember what made you successful in the first place.

6

LIFE

My Rules Of Life

1. No matter how far down the wrong road you've traveled, always turn back.

People hate to lose time “invested” in a task they have miscalculated on. Time is the most scarce resource of life, yet it's taken for granted by those who are too proud to admit they made a mistake.

Not too long ago, I chased a girl I shouldn't have. The warning signs were there from the start, but I ignored them because I was seduced with the idea of sleeping with her. By date five, I went so far in the wrong direction that turning back seemed like the harder route to take. I couldn't just let go of all the money, time, and emotional energy I put in. The easy decision is to coast and let the mistake ride out, but it's always the wrong decision. You must cut your losses.

There is nothing wrong with making a mistake, but you make things worse by staying blind to your own error. Don't bother trying to fix a situation you should have avoided in the first place.

2. Comfort is dangerous.

Unless you are of old age and already a scholar of the world, your main focus should be growth. If you are comfortable with what you are

doing, there is a good chance you are not stretching yourself to the limits of your ability.

The director of my old department had a habit of putting up motivational quotes during his presentations. I had a favorite: “There is no growth in the comfort zone, and no comfort in the growth zone.” You get drawn into comfort and habit because it offers you stability and peace of mind, but at the same time this decreases your motivation to take risks and learn other things. Unless you are ready to die, choose growth.

3. You learn the most when things go wrong.

It’s hard to learn about yourself if everything goes right: there is no need for introspection or analysis. But when things go wrong, your body is put through stress and your mind is called up to perform. You are forced to break things down to come up with solutions, trying things you’ve never tried. This is the only time you really grow as a person.

In my field of work, Murphy’s Law is the rule. Things always go wrong, and for hours I can be staring at a graph or piece of equipment, dissecting the problem to its component parts only to put it back together again. But when things go right, my day is pretty uneventful—I’m a zombie that just goes through the motions. Solve problems, learn from them, and then put that experience in your toolbox when you encounter something similar in the future. Because you will.

4. Always stand up for yourself.

Don’t take bullshit from anyone, whether it be from your boss, lover, or friend. No one in this world is more important than you are.

I have been disrespected by flakey women countless times. I accepted the disrespect because I thought it was normal to take a little bit of abuse to get something I wanted. But I no longer believe that. If you have a belief that it’s okay to be treated negatively, it will keep happening. Don’t let people flake, rag on you, or put you down. These are things that are not normal, things that will only lower your mood. Don’t be a pushover, don’t be afraid to stand up for yourself, and don’t be afraid of confrontation.

5. Know when to move on.

After you've hit the point of diminishing return, the energy you put in is much less than what you get out, whether it be from jobs, relationships, friendships, or hobbies. Don't wait until things get stale—by then you've waited too long.

I used to go to clubs and watch how bartenders worked. The more I watched them, the more I wanted to be one. I was convinced that I would make an excellent bartender. I took a week off from work to go to bartending school and eventually got a job at a popular hotel bar. The first couple months were incredible—I was meeting people, learning the trade, and having a good time. But the initial rush hid things that I did not like, such as incompetent management, cheap or rude customers, drama-loving coworkers, and odd hours. By month nine I decided that my experience was complete. I quit and regained my weekend leisure time. Things that you really wanted to do one month or one year ago may not be worth it for you today.

6. Respect your health and body by exercising and eating right.

There is no reason to treat yourself like a science experiment, wondering what will happen to your body after decades of neglect or abuse.

You only have one life to live. Exercise and good nutrition are proven to prolong that life and make it more vibrant with less suffering. So what's your excuse? It's a poor bet to let your body atrophy because you wanted to sit on the couch and eat a bag of potato chips. The most unfortunate thing that could happen to you is to get a disease or sickness that could have been prevented by doing something your body would have very much appreciated.

7. Have a project.

Always be working towards a near-term goal. It's nice to have one large purpose in life, but pick some smaller goals that you can accomplish in a few years or less: buying a house, learning a second language, running a marathon, eliminating credit card debt (through simpler living), traveling the world, etc. The project should be your passion for a period of time.

In Venezuela I hiked up to some cabin so a Frenchman could take me on a horseback riding tour through the Andes mountains. He spoke good English so we had the opportunity to talk during breaks, where he told me his life story though his "projects," short goals he had that

would usually lead to something else. The project that led him to the Venezuela was the desire to build a boat from scratch. When a hurricane washed ashore, his boat was destroyed and he wound up in a strange city where he met his future wife. He asked me point-blank what my project was and I did not have an answer.

Instead of aimlessly floating through life, waiting until something happens to you, pick something interesting that you like and drive towards it. Even if it doesn't lead you anywhere, the journey is sure to teach you a bit about life.

8. Don't nag, complain, or whine.

No one wants to hear it, and it makes you look like a miserable person. Negative energy is contagious—bad people and bad events always follow.

I had a colleague who did not hit the genetic lottery. She was short, stumpy, and unattractive. She did not hide the fact that she had trouble meeting men. While she could only do little to control her physical appearance, she could control how she acts around others. She could be lively, sexy, thoughtful, positive, funny. But she was not. She chose to be constantly negative, complaining about everything and talking about how bad life was. It was impossible to be around her, and I won't be surprised if you tell me she has amassed a fine collection of cats by now.

Remember: your energy is tied into your future. If you are constantly negative, you are blocking yourself from enjoying positive experiences.

9. Be like water, flowing effortlessly through your environment.

A weak person is easily affected by the daily problems of life. Instead of fighting things that are sure to come up, adapt to them and solve them rationally. Things won't always go your way.

"It is not the strongest of the species that survive, nor the most intelligent, but the one most responsive to change." -Charles Darwin.

Welcome to the human condition. Like housing prices or stocks, there will be peaks and valleys in your life that you probably cannot control. Car breaks down. Job layoff. Disfiguring acne breakout. Crime victim. Broken heart. You could attempt to buffer yourself from these negative events, but it will limit your personal freedom and options in

life. Instead, accept that there will be both good and bad—how you react to both determines your character and resilience as a person. You can panic like most people when confronted with a tough challenge, or you can sit down and visualize what it would be like to get out of the mess you’re in. Figure out the next step you should take to solve it.

Time will go by, and the negative experience will soon be a distant memory.

10. Treat money as a means to an end.

Money should not be your final goal. There may be comfort in a pile of cash but there is little lasting happiness. Instead, treat money as a means to providing you with experiences that have meaning and pleasure.

There are two things you could do with your money: accumulate material possessions or pursue life experiences. Can you guess which one makes you more happy? If it’s so obvious, why do people dedicate a large chunk of their waking hours every week in jobs that have long ago satisfied basic needs such as food, shelter, clothing, and leisure? When you live in a country whose government is funded through debt and whose economic health is judged through “consumer” spending, it’s not hard to see how one has to be deprogrammed from falling into the automatic habit of spending money on objects. That money is better spent finding things you love that give you fulfillment.

11. Read.

A million books and a million different perspectives. Until you’re able to learn from first-hand experience, learn from the experience of others. Absorb their ideas and see how they fit into your view of the world.

One of the best uses of your time is spent reading non-fiction, which has the knowledge, information, and analysis that helps define the world we live in. Think of a bookstore or library as a collection of brains from all the scholars of the history of the world, who have taken the time to write and teach what they know. I can spend a lifetime traveling the world ten times over but not notice things that others have already written down.

12. Have no expectations.

When you enter situations with expectations, you limit your behavior and thinking. Having an idealized outcome in your mind beforehand closes yourself off to new experiences.

Once I met a girl who warned me several times that I wasn't going to get anywhere. She assumed I wanted to be somewhere else other than the present, that what I was doing now was not what I really wanted to do. As long as you are getting the most out of the current moment, what happens next should not be the dominant thought in your mind. We already see the world through a filter, and expecting things to happen in the future distorts that filter even more.

What did happen next with her was something totally different from what I'm used to, something that I would have closed myself off to if I had the usual in mind. Having expectations put you into a linear and rigid mode of thinking, blinding you towards different outcomes.

13. Be picky when choosing friends.

It's our friendships that create the spontaneous happiness in our lives, experienced most with people who match our personality. By spending time with the right people, we eliminate the drama that comes from more superficial friendships.

On any given night, there are only three guys I can call to go out with; guys who I trust and who I know I'm capable of having the most amount of fun with. For people who collect friends like trading cards, I wonder if they have taken a look at the hidden cost to maintaining those friends: misunderstandings, gossip, backstabbing, fights. These things are headaches and make life less enjoyable. Think of friendships as the foundation of your life, the constant that gets you through the long, stressful days. You don't want that built on shaky ground.

14. Rehearse.

It is not a good idea to experiment in critical situations. Practice when it doesn't matter so that you are prepared for the real deal. If you can't get real-world practice, at least run the situation in your head.

My plane departed Merida, Venezuela at 6:30 in the morning. I had to be at the airport an hour before, at a time where I wasn't sure if I could easily get a taxi. Only 1.5 miles away, I figured a good back-up plan was to walk to the airport, but I wasn't going to risk taking this walk without practice, especially since the streets are narrow and

dangerous. The day before departure I took my time walking and found the safest route to the airport, memorizing key landmarks and noting potential danger spots. When it was time to leave, I couldn't find a taxi and executed what I already rehearsed. My route was well-lighted and I got there in one piece without getting lost.

Instead of leaving things to chance, do what you can to lessen the likelihood of failure, or even worse, disaster.

My Philosophy On Life

Easy come. If you're experiencing a period of joy or pleasure, either with a situation or a person, cherish it because it will not last. Nothing lasts.

Gray. You're not only happy or only unhappy but happy about some things and unhappy about others. The worst question in the world is "Are you happy?" Happiness is more like a thermostat, and throughout your life it will be stubbornly constant, moving only if you change how you think about the events that happen to you. If everyone experiences the same things, heartbreak and illness, money problems and aging, the main thing that differs us is how we think.

Decisions. The difference between a good life and "bad luck" are the choices you make. Seemingly intelligent people make poor choices that eventually lead to bad outcomes. Getting in that car after too much to drink, standing down when you should stand up, letting life idle by in front of a television set, abusing your body with poor health choices, not living within your means, having unprotected sex with a stranger. These are the things we do without daily conscious thought but nonetheless increase the risk for problems down the road.

Today. It doesn't matter what happened yesterday. It's done, finished, and no amount of reflection or regret will change that. Act today instead. Constant, focused action on the present helps fix the past. It sets your future.

Rare. If you find someone with character, don't let that person go. The world is full people who will sell out their beliefs, their words, their country, and their fellow man for money or power. You have

government agents spying on their neighbor because they want a steady job. You have doctors who put their name on research papers for a drug that's as bad as the disease. You have the pastor with the extra marital affairs, the environmentalist who owns a car, the family values conservative who flirts with little boys, the lawyer who suppresses free speech for his big money client, the libertarian who takes government assistance, and the mayor who helps his friends before his voters. The only way I can sleep at night is if my words and my thoughts match how I live my life. Without character you're a fraud.

Empty. No one will complete you or make you better or happier than you can make yourself. This is true for many reasons, but the biggest is if someone else was much better or happier than you, they wouldn't waste their time on you. Everything that is needed to become fulfilled and self-actualized is only found within you. The faster you realize that the sooner you'll stop waiting for someone else to do a job you can do for yourself.

Extra credit. You need a project, something beyond your normal job or habits, that pushes you to do and learn things you've never done before, something that has a journey with a concrete beginning and a not so concrete end. And when time comes for you to move on to something else, when you're sitting around for weeks or months with that empty feeling of accomplishing nothing beyond mere survival, a new project comes into your mind and off you go again. A meaningful life is a series of projects.

UFO's. If you haven't experienced it first-hand then you can't be sure, regardless of the authority. It's not true unless you see it, touch it, feel it, and taste it, until it's confirmed beyond a reasonable doubt. There's theoretical knowledge and there's applied knowledge. But don't take my word for it.

Should, must, have. You don't have to do anything but die. There are no rules in life. Anyone who pushes rules onto you is suffocating by theirs. No one said you have to work for megacorp on the exact same days and same hours as everyone else. Think about this concept we have called "rush hour." Twice a day most of the population drags themselves to work and then back home again. Who said it had to be that way? Who said you have to have to own a house and car and

barbecue grill in order to be a complete person? Who said you had to work hard most of your life to save money until you can barely bend over to tie your shoes? Who said you had to act and talk and look like everyone else? If you can't answer why you are doing everything you are doing then you're living by someone else's rules, not your own.

Late. The most important thing in life is time. Besides basic survival with food, shelter, and clothing, it's the only thing you should fear losing. While many people are lucky enough to live long lives, you may not. I'm not a gambling man—I'm not going to assume I will live to 76.3 years of age. Time is a savings account, and you're drawing on it with soulless endeavors and draining relationships. You will die before you are ready, and there is no praying or hoping or wishing that will get back the time you did not spend wisely.

Garbage in. Everyone wants to get something for nothing. Quick cash with scratch tickets, quick weight loss with pills, a big house with a self-destructing loan, Hollywood style love, talentless fame. People want the sweet things without having to taste the bitter. I don't know if the things I do in life are right or not, but if it's really hard to do and I curse it every night before I go to bed, wishing life was easier, then it's a safe bet I'll have a rich payoff. If it's easy then it's not worth doing.

Everyone Is Hoping You'll Fail

Beta males are hoping. White knights are hoping. Feminists are hoping. Believe it or not, some of your friends and family members are hoping. They want you to fail because your success is their failure. It reminds them of their laziness, their poor work ethic. I'm sorry to tell you that they all want you to fail. Their subtle jabs and withholding of encouragement are aimed to keep you in an inferior station. No one wants to see someone rise at faster speed than themselves.

There is no point in telling other people your goals. They will talk you out of it or give you bad advice. There is no point trying to convince others of your world view. They will plant seeds of doubts that prevent you from action and seeing the truth. The minute you go just slightly higher than you have been, they will try to sabotage you.

They are the worrymongers, fearmongers, scaremongers, shame-mongers, guilt-trippers, trolls, and haters. Ignore them. Feeding them brings you down to their level, which is exactly what they want.

You're completely on your own. You don't need help from anyone. If you can't reach your goals without the validation and support of other human beings, the bulk of whom I promise are against you, then you don't deserve to succeed.

What Is Your Project?

Five years ago I went on a short horseback tour in the Venezuelan Andes, led by a Frenchman who landed in Caracas fifteen years before. He lived with his wife and daughter on a horse ranch on the outskirts of Merida, making a small side income by giving occasional tours to gringos like myself.

He never planned on settling in Venezuela. It started when he was rehabilitating a boat that doubled as his home while docked somewhere in the Caribbean. "It was my project," he said to me. "Several hours a day I worked on that boat." One day he learned that a hurricane was approaching the islands. To save his boat he decided to go out to sea, as far southwest as he could. Unfortunately the hurricane was not forecasted correctly, and he ended up getting caught on the storm's edge. His boat sustained heavy damage and he was forced to make landfall in Venezuela.

He sold his boat for scrap and moved to a Caracas slum. Thanks to his knowledge of French he picked up Spanish quickly. He found odd jobs here and there and eventually met his future Venezuelan wife. They resettled in Merida where he bought a small piece of land upon which he built his ranching business. A look at his dozen horses, workshop, large house, and gun collection made it clear to me that he did well for himself.

After he finished his story, he looked at me and asked, "What is your project?"

"My project?"

"Yes, your project. What are you working on?"

I had a blog at that time, but was that a project? To me it seemed more like a way to procrastinate from doing work reports. “I just started the outline to a book I want to write,” I said.

“So you’re going to write a book?”

I hesitated. Before that moment I had only *thought* about writing the book, jotting down ideas on napkins here or there, but had never fully committed.

I looked at the Frenchman and said, “Yes, I’m going to write a book.” Apparently all it took was verbalizing the goal to get my brain to commit to it, and *Bang* was released a year and a half after that.

Chances are if you’re reading this, all your basic needs are met. You have food, shelter, clothing, and hopefully women as well. Maybe you want more money, but it’s safe to assume you have enough to get by and are in no danger of starving to death. There probably isn’t much telling you to go above and beyond your current situation. No one to motivate you to learn a new skill, no one to push you to take a risk with something that has no obvious opportunity for monetary gain. Besides what you’re assigned at work or school, you’re not required to do anything else but spend your free time watching television, reading magazines, or playing video games. That’s not a bad existence, and a billion men living in the slums of the world would kill for it, but it’s not good enough for one reason: there is no growth. You will be the same man that you are now in ten years time—grayer, but no wiser.

For you to grow, there has to be something in your life that is difficult and challenging. There has to be a goal where the chance of failure is very possible, and it has to be hard enough where you’ll be required to call upon forces within you that you didn’t know existed. There has to be a point where you wonder to yourself, “Maybe I can’t do it—maybe I’m doing all this for nothing.” If you don’t day dream about quitting, about going back to what you used to do, then you picked something that wasn’t hard enough.

If it is hard enough, the mere act of attempting to accomplish your goal will make you a better man. Success is not at all required—it serves as the cherry on top. The journey itself will be its own reward, and you’ll look back to how far you’ve come. And how much wisdom you’ve gained. I cannot predict what benefits will come from taking on

a difficult task. It really could be one of a hundred things, most of which you would have never expected. But it will come.

So, what is your project?

50 Things I Learned Last Year

Most of your game will carry over to other countries, but sometimes you have to completely reinvent the wheel or do the exact opposite of what you're used to.

There's no guarantee you'll be happy in a country no matter how much due diligence and research you did. Don't travel unless you're ready to take the good with the bad.

Don't underestimate how much local guys will hate you for being successful with their women. Watch your back when rolling solo.

There is a point where having additional money, without fame or status, will not at all help you fuck more or better women. That amount is much less than you think.

Too much success drives you away from what made you successful in the first place.

There are no regrets if you failed after listening to your gut.

Fucking pussy gets old, but fucking young pussy never does.

Success is less great if you don't have anyone to share it with.

Everything they say about European winters is true.

When you've been with enough fast women, it becomes impossible to wait for pussy. During the time you'd be waiting you can fuck something else just as good, if not better.

Life is much easier when you assume that every girl will flake on you all of the time.

There are organized movements in Western nations to eradicate gender, particularly masculinity. Losing this war will make it all but impossible for you to find a feminine woman who wants to serve your needs.

The happiness you experience from success cannot be bottled up to appreciate another day. You need to constantly seek out more success

that is even better than your last. If you cannot top an achievement, you have peaked.

Having an apartment near your favorite bar or club dramatically increases your notch count.

Some countries are not worth figuring out. If it doesn't work after you gave it your best shot, move on.

The more happiness you find outside of your country, the more hate and criticism you will get from those who still live in it. They will do everything in their power to make you come back and suffer with them.

If you're feeling depressed or lonely in a foreign city, go out for a one hour walk in the center. Something will happen.

Don't dismiss eye contact from women; it's the primary way they show interest. Your response to eye contact from a pretty woman should be instant, like a reflex.

The biggest way that men self-sabotage themselves is overdrinking. It's worse than being best friends with a cockblocker.

Foreign women are almost just as bad about not using condoms as American women.

The layout of a nightlife venue is just as important as the ratio of girls to guys. I can pick up better in a sausage fest with a favorable floor plan than a gigantic mega club with more girls.

It's hard to find good clothes in many foreign countries. You're eternally stuck with H&M and Zara.

Tourist apartments are always cheaper than hotels, but they are more comfortable and don't make you seem like a sex tourist. I see no advantage with staying in hotels.

As much as you hate your country, you will defend it if it's criticized by a foreigner.

If you're going to wear a suit, it will be much better received if you wear it in a venue where there are no other guys in suits.

You can't go back to what used to make you happy. You have to find new happiness.

You should learn the local language, even for a short stay. It improves your experiences and scores points with the girls.

If you're going away for a while, write a diary for one month before your departure. If you ever get homesick on the road, read that diary. If

that doesn't cause you to stop being homesick, you're probably not meant to live abroad.

The low point of an expat's year is Christmas. Buy good food and presents for yourself to dull the depression.

Women highly value honesty from a man, as long as it doesn't involve positive feelings you have for her.

Baking soda is amazing (see below).

Fear is man's greatest enemy. I don't ask anyone for advice with something that involves risk because they will try to talk me out of it.

The best city in the world can suck in the off-season. Not only do you have to know where to go, but when.

It's better to overpack than underpack.

The first thing you should do when you get into a city is buy a small bottle of vodka to arm your afterparty move.

Foreign girls like silences. Don't be so eager to fill them.

If a book doesn't excite you, isn't teaching you anything you don't already know, or doesn't fascinate you, stop reading and find one that does. Finishing a crappy book is like dating a girl you don't like.

There are many first world countries in Eastern Europe where the cost of living is half that of the United States. You don't need to live in Peru or Thailand to see considerable savings.

Polish and Russian are excruciatingly hard to learn for English speakers.

Your haters increase in direct proportion to your influence.

Life will throw you problems that you can't immediately solve, or solve at all.

Feminists have successfully brainwashed men into thinking they'll become unattractive to all women if they choose to remain bachelors. Truth is that a man's best pussy-getting years starts at 30.

Some guys say they grew out of the game. Then you see his unattractive girlfriend and realize he never got good at it.

The only game that will always work, no matter where you are, is the numbers game.

It's better for a girl to look at you and laugh than for her to look at you and offer no response at all.

Reading books is the most powerful thing you can do to gain the experience of life without experiencing life. I've learned more from reading last year than I have from four years in college.

You adapt to little increases to your happiness each year. The dream life you envisioned for yourself ten years ago will be seen as normal when you finally get it.

No one is looking out for your interests 100% of the time, not even your family. You're always on your own.

Your brain is capable of so much more if you clear it of distractions. Learning is a form of meditation.

There's a reason why foreign guys don't travel to the United States to get laid.

How Baking Soda Changed My Life

Since my mid 20s I've struggled with armpit odor. I've tried several solutions:

1. Trimming my armpit hair. I've read that the odor comes from bacteria on the hair, but taking it off only marginally helped.

2. Aluminum based deodorants. I sweat so profusely that the aluminum barely puts a dent on the river-like flow.

3. Deodorant stones. Two applications a day definitely helped, but the odor stubbornly remained.

4. Direct application of 70-90% isopropyl alcohol. I got this idea from working in a laboratory where we used alcohol as a sterilizer. If I washed my armpits twice a day and sprayed afterwards, the smell was greatly reduced, but it was too labor intensive.

I normally shower at night so thankfully I don't put out an odor during my night-time approach sessions, but by the following afternoon I reek. Sometimes I'm lucky to have 6-8 solid hours of smelling okay until the odor returns.

One day I was searching through natural remedies for a sinus infection on a site called Earth Clinic. I browsed around the ailments page and noticed body odor. Their top solution was baking soda. I figured it'd be worth a try.

I went to the grocery store (I was in Copenhagen at the time), and paid \$1.50 for a small container. That night I showered, dipped two wet fingers in the baking soda, and rubbed it into my pits. I figured that it would take a few days to see a noticeable effect, like was the case with the deodorant stone.

The next afternoon I stuck my nose under each arm and couldn't pick out a smell. Later that night, a full 24 hours after initial application (at a time when I would be a biohazard), there was absolutely no odor. For the two months I've been putting baking soda in my pits I've forgotten how it's like to have odor. *I repeat, I am no longer odorous.*

For a minute I wondered if my armpit odor was a key to my sexual success. Was my odor releasing arousing pheromones in the environment? Would I get laid less if I smelled nice? This has not turned out to be the case. I'm ready to conclude that body odor is not an attractant, and if it's something that chips at your confidence like it did to mine, you'd be best served getting rid of it.

For many years I stuck with commercial chemicals that didn't work and merely masked the odor, so I'm amazed that such a common household product has the potential to wipe out the world's body odor problem (other guys on my forum also can't believe it works). I'm so excited at this development that I've become a baking soda evangelist. I'll tell anyone who wants to listen how to be odor-free and proud.

Is It Foolhardy To Pursue Happiness?

Imagine that I want to earn one million dollars or sleep with 500 girls. I can look at my bank account when it says one million dollars or know in my head when I get to 500 girls, because they are objective numbers that can be tracked. But how do you know when you've arrived at happiness? How do you maintain the happiness that you think you've found? As I get older, I'm starting to discover that happiness can often beget unhappiness.

Let's pretend that your idea of happiness is living on a beach, not having to work, and reading books all day. You spend ten years getting

rich to realize this dream. You fly off to the beach, turn off your cell phone, and start reading a queue of many wonderful books.

For the first month you are incredibly happy. You feel the best that you ever have in your life.

By the second month you're still happy, but you're getting a little tired of reading. You start to feel lonely and wish you had some beautiful female companionship.

By the sixth month, you're sick of books and the beach. You decide that the key to happiness is actually living in an exciting city with great coffee shops where you can approach women.

You move to the city, bang a lot of girls, and think to yourself, "Now *this* is happiness. The beach was too boring." Then six months later you're tired of women and wish again for the quiet isolation that the beach and books gave you. Back and forth you go, like a pendulum between two things that are both able to make you happy.

Built into our search for happiness is a poison pill that guarantees unhappiness. This is because humans have the strong ability to adapt. We simply get used to our environment. Painful environments stop giving us pain after a while and happy environments stop giving us happiness after a while. In the latter case, you can spend your whole life chasing happiness, get it, and then see yourself getting unhappier. Therefore having a goal in life to "be happy" will just about guarantee unhappiness. You will do the things that make you happy only to quickly adapt to them and feel like you have to start searching again. You're no different than a hamster running in a wheel.

I'm a perfect example of this problem. When I was young, I believed that getting laid would make me happy. I was incredibly happy when I first started notching my belt, but with each new girl, I got less happiness from doing it.

Then I thought not having an oppressive corporate job would make me happy. I worked really hard on my writing so I didn't have to work anymore. The first few months of not working was amazing. I loved waking up past noon and not having any responsibilities. But now I don't even remember what it was like not to work. Today I find it hard to believe that my old job made me that unhappy.

Then I thought moving out of Washington DC would make me happy. Traveling around the world and making love with many foreign women has definitely made me happy, but even that's getting a bit old. After traveling to over 20 countries in a relatively short period of time, part of me doesn't even want to travel anymore. There's no doubt that DC is horrible, but it has some positives in the form of friends and family that I can't get anywhere else.

I can say that I'm definitely more content today with my own business, my ability to travel, and my efforts in dating feminine women. It's something I wouldn't trade for what I had before, but on a happiness scale from 1 to 10 I'm only maybe 1 or 1.5 points higher now than just a few years ago. Still, I can't fight the ache inside me that wants to continue trying to find the next source of happiness, the next crack hit, even though I know I will adapt to whatever new positive environment I find myself in.

I often wonder if humans can improve their happiness much more than 25%. That's still a significant amount, but it's not enough to completely change your existence. You will always be bound by the limits of the human condition and the chemicals in your brain that get used to the positive stimuli it receives.

So what's the solution? Should you just forget about happiness altogether and accept any miserable situation you find yourself in? I believe you should do three things:

- 1. Understand that happiness is something you adapt to.** Chase your dreams and try to achieve your ideal as long as you know you will get used to that ideal. You will hit a point where your dream doesn't make you as happy as when you first started living it.

- 2. Find happiness today.** If you're not capable of enjoying whatever situation you're facing now, no matter how crappy, nothing will make you happy. Enjoy the nice coffee shop near your house that stays open late, the library you're able to read free books at, or the local music scene you're able to frequent. If the little things don't give you happiness, then the big things won't either.

- 3. Tweak your life in small ways before focusing on the big.** If most of your unhappiness is coming from the neighborhood you're

living in or your roommate, try finding a new apartment before you decide to up and move to another city entirely.

If you don't like the American women you're dating, learn salsa and try to meet some Latina women before deciding a month long trip through South America that you can't yet afford.

If you hate your job and can't stand the work, look for another job in your field before indulging in some rash business idea you read on the internet.

If you're lonely because you don't have any friends, look for new hobbies in your city before you book an around-the-world trip where you'll probably be even more lonely.

There's nothing wrong with moving to a new city, going to South America for a month, starting an internet business, and so on, but when it comes to happiness, it's worth going for small changes first that give you an idea how you'll deal with a big change. I knew that I'd like South American women because of the ones I interacted with in the States. I knew that writing full-time would be fun because I was already doing it part-time. Let the tweaks you make tell you if it's worth taking that big step. Base your actions on thought-out plans, not impulses, or you may find yourself even less happy than before.

Whereas not long ago my idea of happiness was hitting on girls in a cheesy club, today it's putting in one hour of language study and three hours of writing. I know that in a couple years there can be something completely different that makes me happy, and that's okay, because happiness is not permanent and is not something that I can hold onto. As long as I wake up tomorrow and do what I like doing, I can't ask for much more.

It's Better To Have Guts Than Brains

Over ten years ago I remember reading the story of a man from the South who decided to go into the vending business. He started by walking into a grocery store and asking if he could put in a machine selling candy. In exchange he would share a cut of the sales. They said yes. He cold-called all the stores in his area, installing dozens of

machines. No employees were needed to do the job so his days were spent moving machines around and filling them with product by using an old pickup truck. By his second or third year he was grossing over a million dollars. He made more money than he thought he could ever earn.

I had just graduated from college when I read that story. The university culture was still on my mind, having been taught by a bunch of teaching assistants who were working on their science PHD's. I had looked into the job market and knew that they wouldn't make a lot of money for a long time, if at all. They were going to spend hundreds of hours working in the school laboratory, writing papers, grading papers, polishing their resume, and going on interviews to get a job that, as the pharmaceutical contraction in the late 2000s showed, was not at all secure. I wondered who would win in life, the TA's or the vending machine guy.

It's Saturday night and Chad is sitting home in front of his neatly organized workstation. He has recently uploaded several photos of himself on OK Cupid in nice clothes with a bright white smile. His profile shows he's a well-balanced men with a professional job and various hobbies. He also mentions how he volunteers at the homeless shelter because he's certain that good women are attracted to good men. On paper, he realizes that he's close to the ideal man, with a balanced sense of humor and well-read mind. He carefully sends polite messages that are crafted based on the girl's profile. He spends extra time on a few of these opening messages so they come out just right. He waits, patiently, for the girls to respond, but very few do.

It's Saturday night and Steve is getting home late from the gym. The chat he had with Tiny about what kind of protein powder is best for muscles remains on his mind. He takes a shower, eats some chicken breast, and puts on a shirt that is one size too small before heading out to meet his boys at the bar. Once there, he starts pounding shots. He looks at a girl and says, "I like your ass." She gives him a nasty look and turns away. He orders another shot and uses the same line again. Still nothing. His friends laugh every time he fails, but he doesn't care. Finally, on the eleventh attempt, the girl doesn't immediately leave. He pulls her in close and starts grinding on her like he was in college all

over again. He buys a round of shots to butter her up. Steve says, "Let's go for a walk." He takes her behind the club and fucks her next to the dumpster without a condom. If Steve bothered to ask what the girl did for a living, he would have learned that she works for a non-profit helping feed homeless kids in Central America.

Neither Steve or the Southern businessman has much in the way of brains. No intellectual would voluntarily spend time with them over Chad or the PHD students. They are looked down upon by upper society and are never commended. On the other hand, the Chads of the world are praised even though they have a fatal flaw: they act less than they think. The PHD students are ultimately scared of taking a business risk, preferring to stay sheltered in their higher education cocoon. Chad is scared of approaching women and rather play it safe from behind his computer. They may eventually get what they want, but not to the degree of the businessmen and Steves of the world who, with far less knowledge, skill, and intellect, are getting more out of life. On one end you have smart and safe while on the other you have simple and bold. One leads to comfort while the other leads to results.

You will never be completely ready to tackle a new challenge. There never will be a perfect moment, and just wondering if there is one means you're probably too smart for your own good. The secret is taking the leap instead of thinking about how it should be done.

Men Need To Be Inspired

To be inspired by a girl means you will push until your fate is sealed, not by being desperate but by using the best game you know and have trained for.

Several years ago it didn't take much for me to chase a girl: if I was horny and she was alright-looking then I'd go for it. But once the insecurity of not having banged enough girls fades after a desired notch count is achieved, it takes more than her just having a working vagina. This is true for most men.

Something she lacks may prevent me from approaching or putting in an honest effort. Maybe it's a bad vibe or the way she carries herself

(or doesn't). Maybe it's having a couple extra pounds around her mid-section that wouldn't be present if she cared about her appearance. Compare that to girls who have the looks *and* the vibe. There is "something about her" and so I'm inspired to put forth everything I know about girls and game to get her into bed. I will not give up until I get her or get rejected. Most of the time I won't get the girl, but sometimes I do.

Inspiration breeds desire, persistence, and effort. Why is this important? Because those are the things you need to get the best women. And when you are inspired there is a genuineness that comes out that wouldn't if you were just faking it long enough to get your dick wet.

In Cordoba, Argentina my digestive system was at its worst. Looking back I don't know how I dealt with those symptoms and still managed to go out three times a week, pound Quilmes beer, and hit on as many girls as I did. I was so motivated because I really wanted those girls. There was so much inspiration in an average club that I squeezed my ass cheeks, blamed any gas I passed on my wingman, and dealt with it. It was rough going until the end but I learned more about beautiful girls in that one month than I did in the previous year.

The biggest problem with the Washington DC area is there is little inspiration. There is always something very wrong with the girls; maybe she is fun but frumpy, hot but status and attention-obsessed, or cute but so try-hard witty it feels like you are talking to a comedian. I go through the motions just to keep my game in shape, like a body-builder would during winter months. In DC I'm lazy while in Argentina I stepped up beyond what I knew I was capable of. I went to clubs alone in Argentina, something I would never in DC.

So that's the problem with DC, and probably most American cities. The reason so many girls are complaining about guys barely putting in effort and playing the field, about texting instead of calling and not wanting to take them out, is because the guys are simply not inspired. Inspire a man and you will get the best of him. Otherwise he won't give a shit.

Your Duty As A Man

There is one spot in the bar that has your best odds for sleeping with a high number of quality girls. The way that that spot's strengths and weaknesses combine with your strengths and weaknesses create a special zone where your game will be more effective than any other spot. It is your duty as a man to find out which spot that is and commit the time to reaping the rewards that it contains.

There is one bar in the city you're in which has your best odds for sleeping with a high number of quality girls. The way that your vibe combines with the bar's vibe creates a powerful force where girls are drawn into you through a mechanism that you don't understand. It is your duty as a man to find out which bar that is and commit the time to reaping the rewards that it contains.

There is one city in your country which has your best odds for sleeping with a high number of quality girls. Maybe it's something in that city's water supply, but girls there love your look and attitude so much that they regularly approach you outright. It is your duty as a man to find out which city that is and commit the time there to reaping the rewards that it contains.

There is one country in the world that has your best odds for sleeping with a high number of quality girls. Something about your unique foreign aura causes girls to get on you so hard that you wonder if they're confusing you for someone famous. It is your duty as a man to find out which country that is and commit the time there to reaping the rewards that it contains.

Within a country there is a city that has a bar that contains a spot where you will be in disbelief at how easy it is to consistently get quality women, regardless of how many flaws you think you have. On this 3 foot by 3 foot patch of space you're an unstoppable rebel force, though for the guy standing next to you the patch does absolutely nothing because it's not *his* patch. It is your duty as a man to find out where that little patch of Earth is and reap the rewards that it contains.

Destruction Of The Ego

Four men got together in a little townhouse. It wasn't to play poker or watch a football game. It also wasn't to masturbate. No, it was for something entirely different.

They were all in their early 20s and friends since childhood, having spent thousands of cumulative hours together. Everyone knew everyone else's strengths and weaknesses, and each friend has seen at least one other have sex with a girl. Many times they've gotten each other out of tight binds, from drunken fights to incidents with the police. Their friendship reminds me a little of *Fight Club*.

Lately they've been disappointed with their sexual results because they're not getting with the women they desire. They prowl the bars and the clubs, but consistency eludes them. It was time for drastic measures. It was time to do something they suspected would be necessary to get to the next level. No more coddling, no more "good job bro you'll get it next time." They were all ready for changes.

Janus was the first to speak.

"Steve, when you talk to a girl you blink way too much. You also jerk your neck back and forth. Your mannerisms are distracting and makes you look like a retard."

Something inside Steve burned. He didn't realize that he blinked a lot. He stewed for a minute, then looked to the man next to him and said, "Rolf, you come across as a predator. You're touching girls on their ass right off the bat, and even though girls like your look, that pushes them away. Don't just start grabbing their bits—we're not in college anymore."

Rolf liked being "aggressive"—that was his style—but he had to come to terms that it wasn't seeing the same results as before. He pursed his lips and looked at Bruno. "Bruno, you laugh at your own lame jokes. If the girl isn't laughing, you shouldn't either. Watch some more comedies or something, but it's better not to say anything than say lame shit."

Bruno loved his own jokes. In fact he was tinkering with the idea of working on a comedy book. He couldn't believe Rolf thought that was

his main problem with women. He took a deep breath and looked to Janus.

“Janus, your style sucks. You’re wearing the same shit I did five years ago. It just looks off. Plus you’re fat. If you want to get with hot girls you need to lose at least 20 pounds. There’s no excuse for that.”

Then there was silence. Every man in that room was seething. They couldn’t even look at each other. Five minutes passed until Janus spoke.

“Rolf you need to stop shaving your chest and waxing your eyebrows. Girls have asked me if you’re a fag.” Rolf didn’t flinch. If you looked close enough you could pick up a barely perceptible head nod.

Then Rolf looked at Steve. “You’re too obsessed with phone numbers. You have a billion phone numbers but only have gotten laid once in the past six months. No more numbers man!”

Then something interesting happened: Steve took out a piece of paper and pen and started taking notes.

“Bruno if you’re going to wear those tight shirts you should bulk up a little.”

“Janus you don’t look good with short hair because your head is too big. Have you thought about growing it out?”

“Rolf you look better when you wear black. Your pastel shirts make you look pale and small.”

“Steve your body odor can be overwhelming. Have you tried baking soda?”

“Bruno brush your teeth before you go out.”

It went on like this for one hour. They shared things they’ve known forever but didn’t have the heart to tell each other. All their egos were now ripped out from their chest and placed in the middle of the circle. The session stung initially, but soon they were hungry for more suggestions—all because they wanted more for themselves. It took a painful meeting to admit that they weren’t perfect human beings and needed to make serious changes. Each one now had a plan and immediately begun to work on it.

Steve saw an eye doctor and had fake conversations with himself in the mirror to catch his twitching. He went to the supermarket and bought a box of baking soda.

Rolf toned down his aggressiveness, focused more on humor, and upgraded his wardrobe after finding a style consultant on Craigslist.

Bruno bought a couple comedy manuals and watched every episode of *Seinfeld* twice (after spending two weeks downloading the entire series to his computer). He started hitting the gym three times a week along with brushing and flossing right before he went out.

Janus learned how to cook healthy food and lost much more than twenty pounds. He grew out his hair and beard, which started to get him compliments.

Fast forward one year later, and sadly they only saw each other once or twice a month. They were each so busy with multiple women that their main way of communicating was forwarding around pictures of the girls they were fucking.

The irony of what success did to their friendships was not lost on them.

One Piece Of Advice

Due to a glitch in the time-space continuum, Older Roosh happened upon Younger Roosh in a coffee shop. This is the conversation they had.

Younger Roosh: I just came back from Italy and it was amazing!

Older Roosh: Italy. What was the date again?

YR: November 2005.

OR: That's right. So tell me about your trip. It's vague in my mind.

YR: I was there for one week and went to Rome, Venice, Bologna, Siena, and Pompeii. I took over 600 photos and saw so many incredible things, but what I liked most of all was the freedom. For that one week I didn't have to answer to anyone. I set my own schedule and did whatever I wanted.

OR: So the trip was a positive experience?

YR: Definitely! I'm already planning on going to Venezuela next month. I hear the girls in South America are very sexy.

OR: How's your Spanish?

YR: It's coming along. I'm studying one hour a day. Do you know Spanish?

OR: Yes, I—or I guess we—become quite competent at it. You will also learn Portuguese, Russian, and Polish.

YR: Wait, what year are you from?

OR: 2012. I'm you in seven years.

YR: There's nothing about your appearance that suggests something catastrophic happened. So I take it that things worked out. What happens?

OR: In a little less than two years, you will quit your job and never return. You will travel through South America for six months and then live there for a year. Afterwards you will live in Europe for two years. You will write about all your experiences and publish over ten books. Your first one will be called *Bang*. You will earn a living from this. You will sleep with more girls than you could possibly imagine, in multiple languages, from over twenty countries, including a handful of virgins. You will become respected by your peers and be featured in the media in ten countries.

YR: Holy shit! Dude, are you fucking with me?

OR: No, I am not fucking with you.

YR: Tell me how I can do all of this! I will write it all down.

OR: Don't be silly, it's already in you. You will accomplish all of this on your own without having to consciously do a thing.

YR: But there has to be a secret or something. There has to be some advice you can give me.

OR: My reluctance to give you the wisdom I've learned in the past seven years will not prevent you from becoming who you will become.

YR: So I just have to keep doing what I'm doing?

OR: Yes. The one week trip you made to Italy has opened your mind to travel. Venezuela will open your mind to foreign languages. You will read many books that influence you further. You will be molded and trained by your experiences to become me, all without deliberate thought on your part.

YR: Well then, this is easy.

OR: In the mental sense, yes. But you will work very hard to get here.

YR: Oh, I don't mind working.

OR: I know.

YR: Are you sure this is not a trick? Being able to travel the world and not have to work a corporate job are dreams of mine.

OR: This is not a trick. All your dreams will come true, even ones you haven't yet thought of.

YR: Yes! This is like winning the lottery! God, I can't wait to be you. I can only imagine how happy you must be right now.

OR: I am no happier than you are.

YR: What?

OR: I have the same happiness level as you have right now.

YR: Bullshit! You said all those good things happened and you're not happier?

OR: Your environment doesn't change your borne temperament. It provides little boosts to your happiness level, but it always falls back to where it was at the start. Changing your belief system can definitely affect the thermostat of your temperament, but only by a small amount. Do you still use your lunch break to go to the bookstore?

YR: Yes, I do.

OR: The way you feel at noon tomorrow, reading a book or magazine you plucked from the shelf, with a reluctance to return to work, is exactly how I will feel tomorrow afternoon when I read a book at the coffee shop with a reluctance to write.

YR: But you don't have to work in the office. You don't have to follow orders from people.

OR: This is true. Setting my own hours and waking up at noon contents me greatly.

YR: So there you have it. You're happier than me.

OR: But you have something I don't.

YR: Well, what is it?

OR: Hope.

YR: Hope? Who cares about hope!

OR: The best way to get through today is having the thought that tomorrow could be better. I no longer have hope because I have achieved my dream life. I'll wake up tomorrow and know that it's going to be difficult to achieve more than what I have now, that there is

nothing else I want or need or desire. Let me ask you something. During your job, while you're sorting data in Excel, attending meetings, or inoculating fermentation tanks in the laboratory, what do you think about?

YR: First on the work at hand. I don't want to make mistakes or else I will get a bad performance review. Then my mind drifts into things I rather be doing, places I rather be in.

OR: And how does it feel to fantasize of those places?

YR: It makes me happy that things will improve. It gives me, as you say, hope.

OR: I'm sure you smile as you think about the many countries you will one day visit. I wish I could smile with such fantasies, but my imagination has not given me new dreams fast enough to replace the ones I've completed. While my job is better than yours, you have something I don't, and this is why our happiness levels are the same.

YR: But you get to write for a living. Over ten books! I can do that forever!

OR: Can you? Releasing a book will soon become like doing yet another experiment in the laboratory. You will hate proofreading and formatting a book like you hate making Excel graphs now. I won't lie that when you release your first book, you will feel like you climbed Everest. It will truly be one of the happiest moments of your life. The second book will give you a similar feeling. I will release my fourteenth book soon and it's just an afterthought. It will be mechanical like the job you're doing right now. There's no celebration or pride from it.

YR: But I just can't see that.

OR: Which is why you will write so many books! And why you will sleep with so many women and visit so many countries.

YR: As long as I can sleep with a lot of women, I'll be fine.

OR: Let me give you a short anecdote. Right now you take a shower every day, but there will be times in South America where a shower is unavailable. You will stink, your hair will be oily, and your skin will feel tacky. Then you will finally have access to a shower, and the moment that that hot water hits your head, you will feel pure bliss. Your eyes will close and you will let the water run down your body for ten minutes before you even want to move. The soap you lather on your

skin will almost feel electric. And then you will take a shower the next day but it won't give you even 1% of that feeling.

YR: So are you telling me that I shouldn't shower often?

OR: Interpret it as you may.

YR: But wait, if having your own business and determining your own hours isn't making you happier than me, you **MUST** be feeling great to bang all those feminine foreign women. I can't wait to sleep with some Venezuelan girls.

OR: Right now you have no idea how to sleep with a foreign woman. You failed in Italy and you will fail again in Venezuela (sorry). It will take you a couple years of hard work to get good at it, enough to where you can teach other men.

YR: Damn, that sucks. I already worked so hard in America to get where I'm at and now you're telling me I have to start all over?

OR: Such is life.

YR: I'm going to be unhappy until I figure it out.

OR: Quite the opposite. You will be an eager conqueror, madly slashing through an unknown jungle with a machete, trying to find the gold or silver or indigenous slaves that you think will help create your wealth and harem.

YR: So I will be happiest and most content when I'm struggling?

OR: Without struggle, there is no man.

YR: But how about when getting laid gets easy? That must bring a lot of happiness than having to struggle for women. God, I wish there was a sort of paradise of easy sex.

OR: Let's think about what sex is. It's great when you're doing it, but when it's over you're back to where you were with no obvious advancement to your character. It's entertainment, similar to watching an action movie, a nice distraction to the banality of life, but the time between the sex does more for you than the actual sex. I speak four foreign languages at one level or another because of wanting sex. That sex is long gone, the memories of which are buried deep in my brain, but I still can speak those languages. This applies to other personal qualities as well. I'm sure you notice how my muscles are bigger than yours and how my beard is more properly trimmed.

YR: I don't know. I find it hard to believe that you don't care about being able to sleep with so many women.

OR: I get more out of a book.

YR: A book?

OR: Yes. The sex act stops giving me value once my orgasm is complete, but the lessons from a good book will stay with me forever and help me accomplish other goals.

YR: So you're becoming a monk or something?

OR: The sex urge remains strong, but humans become desensitized to repetition. The amount of work you put to get one sex act today will seem unreasonably laborious in seven years. You will perform elaborate feats of self-deception to keep you active in chasing women, sort of like how an aging football player who can't give up the game becomes a coach.

YR: What are the acts of deception? Frankly, I don't believe how I won't be chasing women until I die. I'm in this for life.

OR: It's best you discover it on your own.

YR: I see. At first when you told me all the cool things I'd accomplish, I felt great, but now you're making me nervous.

OR: My apologies.

YR: So you must have other cool hobbies if you're not chasing tail all the time. What do you fill your days with?

OR: I write, read, study a foreign language, and socialize. Lately I've been keen on taking long walks.

YR: You don't hunt for women?

OR: I still do, but it's more casual. An approach here or an approach there on girls who catch my eye and don't immediately remind me of someone I have slept with in the past.

YR: That sounds so... boring. I don't want to do that.

OR: We are both doing what makes us happy in this present moment, and we both have the same levels of happiness.

YR: I don't know what to think.

OR: Think nothing. Just listen to the voice inside you. He will push you to do certain things and you will succeed and fail. You will feel pain and you will feel pleasure. You will cease doing certain behaviors

and then commence with others. You will live a life to the best of your ability.

YR: Look, at least give me some advice. It doesn't have to be anything specific. You're speaking in platitudes that I can't really apply.

OR: Okay, I can give you one piece of advice.

YR: Go ahead.

OR: Everything good that happens to you is bad, and everything bad that happens to you is good.

YR: Huh?

OR: You don't have to accept your brain's first interpretation of the things that happen to you. You can frame them in any way you wish to stay undisturbed by the randomness of life, because if good things make you happy and bad things make you sad, you will forever be a slave to things that you cannot control.

YR: I'm not sure I understand.

OR: One day it will make sense to you, and when it does you will be at peace with yourself, no matter what country you're in, no matter how many notches you have, and no matter what your income is.

YR: I'll take your word for it.

OR: Oh and Younger Roosh, one more thing before I leave. Whatever you use for deodorant, dump it in the trash. Use baking soda instead.

Just Keep Going

Nothing seems to go right. You've been out eight times the past month and have only gotten two numbers. Neither girl called you back. You don't remember the last time you kissed a girl, fucked a girl. It seems like none of them want to have anything to do with you, and you don't know what you're doing wrong. You're lonely and dying for any sort of female companionship. You think maybe it's not in you to be good with women. You're not good looking enough, funny enough, rich enough, witty enough. Every other guy is better than you, and you wonder if you're ever going to get laid again. You can't even look at

couples holding hands in public anymore without feeling depressed. It's Friday night, and you don't even have a friend to go out with.

Take a shower, put on your clothes, hit the bar, and just keep going.

Months ago you started a new business, but it's not doing so well. It's bleeding cash and you're living with your parents, barely surviving. The business refuses to pop. You already sold your car and your main mode of transportation is the bike you had in college over ten years ago. In the rare chance you make it out at night you have no choice but to steal the occasional drink or two because you can't afford your own. You see other guys your age with fancy cars and clothes, and feel ashamed that you have to watch every dollar and cook ramen noodles five times a week. A friend hands you a beaten-up book on sales, one of your biggest business weaknesses.

Crack open the book, take notes, write out a plan, and just keep going.

For a year you planned out this grand voyage around the world, but you've been dealt hardship and illness. Stupid problems happen one after the other. It seems like you're bedridden half the time and the love you thought you had for experiencing exotic places has been replaced by constant thoughts of returning home. You're unable to communicate with the natives and are having trouble making friends. Cultural differences are greater than you had imagined and you're tired of being ripped off by everyone who sees you as nothing more than a wallet. Everyone back at home seems to be having a better time than you, and now you have doubts about your decision. But you know how lucky you are for being able to do what you're doing, and a fellow traveler told you about a city somewhat nearby that has the things you're looking for.

Pack your bags, go to the train station, and just keep going.

Until you think you're putting your life in danger, just keep going. Until you have proved to yourself that you are stronger than everyone else who has attempted what you're attempting, just keep going. Until your being is completely shattered and you're on the verge of an emotional breakdown, just keep going. Until you've reached your absolute physical, human limit, until you've squeezed every drop of value out of the fruit you're chasing, and until you are certain without a

single doubt in the universe that absolutely nothing positive or worthy can come from what you're doing, just keep going.

Do not stop. Just keep going.

7

AMERICA

42 Things Wrong With American Women

1. They're fat.
2. They're constantly glued to their phone.
3. They cut their hair short.
4. They're more impressed by a crappy DJ than a doctor who saves lives.
5. They think being funny and witty is a quality that men love.
6. They listen to magazines like Cosmo when it comes to pleasing men.
7. They don't know how to cook.
8. They wear flip-flops even when they're not at the beach, pool, or in their house.
9. They have condoms in their drawers because they expect to have random sex with strange men.
10. They cannot dance. They also do not know how to sing or play basic musical instruments.

11. They idolize drug addicted celebrities, mimicking their brain-dead behaviors.
12. They acquire pets instead of putting effort into landing a quality man.
13. They don't know how to be sexy.
14. They have standards way beyond their level of attractiveness.
15. They think having a good job means they're a good catch.
16. They wear pajamas in public.
17. They like *Eat Pray Love*, *Twilight*, and *The Secret*.
18. Their idea of fulfilling travel is going to the beach or France.
19. They have too many trashy tattoos.
20. They are proud to date multiple guys at the same time, as if they were men.
21. They are not close to their family, and would rather die than take care of aging parents.
22. They say filthy things in bed when you hardly know them.
23. They cockblock regularly.
24. They make lame excuses for not putting effort into their appearance.
25. They obsess about the environment above what is reasonable, even though they pollute more than 90% of people in the world.
26. They always lie by saying, "I've never done this before."
27. They confuse being a challenge with being whiny and annoying.
28. They are acne prone.
29. They watch way too much TV.
30. On their way home from work, they put on dirty sneakers that don't match their outfit.
31. They only dress up for special occasions like a friend's birthday, Presidential inauguration, or a *Sex and the City* movie premiere.
32. They like to age their skin prematurely through frequent tanning.
33. They insist on eating pizza or otherwise fattening food after a night of binge drinking.
34. They're obsessed with cupcakes.
35. They care more about maintaining their career than a good home.

- 36. They rarely wear high heels.
- 37. They think dining out and eating food slathered with butter and salt makes them cultured.
- 38. They don't speak a foreign language.
- 39. They are uncomfortable in their own skin.
- 40. They like Ikea furniture.
- 41. They have the intellectual curiosity of a dung beetle.
- 42. They go on and on about the stupidest shit.

A Conversation About What's Wrong With America

My roommate from Denmark was locked out of his room the other day and waited in the kitchen for the landlord to deliver a spare key. I cooked dinner in the meanwhile and we got to talking. At some point he asked me, "Why are you here?"

"Everyone keeps asking me that and I wish I had a quick, powerful answer, but it comes down to two things: wanting to explore, something I think most men want to do, and wanting to get away from the American way of life. I really can't say which one motivates me more to be here.

"In America you go to college, which you're told is supposed to be the most fun years of life, and then you get a job taking orders from some pencil dick in this grand mission to chase money and accumulate stuff. I don't need stuff—all I need in life is a laptop and good speakers. I'll be happy anywhere because it'll keep me busy. I can write, read, listen to music, stay in touch with friends and family... I don't need more than that. Now I date girls young enough who think that type of lifestyle is 'cool,' but if I ever want to have a family someday I'll probably have to make some changes.

"I don't want to work 40 hours a week doing the same thing to be insulted with a 3% raise and a pat on the head every year. I don't want to count down the days to the weekend where I punish my liver because my week was so lifeless. I don't want to wait until Saturday to take a book to a coffee shop and lose track of time. In college they should sit you down on your first day and say: 'Ladies and gentleman, your

mission in life is to make the days of the week irrelevant.’ What day is today? I don’t know. Days of the week are bar and club names for me now, places I know are good. Sunday: Casa Rosa. Wednesday: Casa da Matriz. Thursday: Democrática. Saturday: Rio Scenarium. I feel like I’ve made it because I don’t care what day it is.

“Americans are lazy but they’re not. When it comes to money they’ll work like mules. You’ll never see someone put in as many hours as an American, kiss ass like an American. They’ll do anything to make that extra dollar to get a plasma television or dine in some frou-frou restaurant that got a good review by some idiot on the internet. They’ll grin and take it in the ass when the boss asks them to stay in on Saturday morning a month before performance reviews are due. They will work and barely complain when you tell them they can’t take a long vacation. Hell, even if you give them a lot of time off they wouldn’t know what to do with it. They’ll take a trip to the Caribbean or some pre-programmed cruise to be trapped with a bunch of whales, one handshake away from projectile diarrhea.

“When it comes to anything else, Americans don’t want to lift a finger. I mean look at health care. Americans think it’s pills and MRIs. Why aren’t many people connecting the dots between the American diet and health care? Americans eat like pigs, look like pigs, get sick with diabetes, heart disease, god knows what else, and then complain that health care is too expensive. Their lifestyle makes it expensive. Exercising four times a week is my health care. Eating vegetables, cooking all my meals, avoiding junk food, drugs, stress—that’s my health care. I probably spend more hours a week on my health than on making money. Americans don’t cook or take care of themselves because they’re too tired from making money. They want to pop pills with side effects to keep eating ‘comfort’ food and sit on their asses. After putting in a tough eight hours or more with the man that’s all they have the energy to do.

“And the women... ‘I don’t need a man. I’m independent. I don’t need a man, I got my own money, my own job. I don’t need a man.’ The result is that an American girl thinks it’s weakness to show a man how much she needs him. I don’t know if you had a corporate job in Denmark, but dating an American woman is like dealing with cowork-

ers. They're very careful with what they say. Every laugh is meticulously orchestrated—she must've laugh too hard now or you may believe she thinks you're funny. Every word's use was analyzed and judged—she mustn't show too much interest because that's weakness. 'Shit I just showed too much interest I have to be cold now—let me make fun of him about something.' I'm lucky I've spent enough time down here to know that that simply isn't real. That's not how women, as in women of the human race, really are. Those American girls are basically programmed to be more distant than their nature. And they wonder why they're so unhappy. Nature is a powerful thing, and you'll always lose when you go against it.

"The other night I went out with a Brazilian girl. Very cute girl, a few years younger than me. It was our second date and we went out to some gringo bar and after our first drink she looks at me and says, 'If you were leaving back to America right now, I'd come with you. I'd take a chance and do it.' Other Brazilian girls have done and said similar 'weak' things, and Colombian girls as well. And that's real, because the nature of a woman is she *needs* a man. These girls here understand that. They don't hide it, and I don't punish them for it. A girl that knows she needs a man, that that's the point of her existence, will treat men very well. She'll pleasure him, make him happy, hold onto him a little tighter at night. You think an American girl will ever say something like that? If I tell an American girl some of the things that the girls down here have said to me, she'll be shocked, 'But but that goes against the book! They're showing too much interest! They're showing weakness!'

"You remember that American girl I brought back a couple weeks ago? Okay I know I'm in Brazil and fucking an American girl looks bad, but truth is American girls have become perfectly designed for easy, meaningless sex. It's like one step above jerking off... no emotions, just business—like getting with a prostitute. It takes just three hours to get them in bed, and you're fucking her for the first time and she says cunt this, cock that, like she's in a porno movie, because she watches that too. I just met the bitch and she's moaning that she likes how much I'm beating her pussy up! Look that's fun, like how jerking off with your left hand is fun, but it's not normal. A normal girl

will be quiet the first time, will be self-conscious, will wonder if she's pleasing you properly or not.

"The Western culture has broken the women. A girl wakes up and she's 30 and has no man and no hope for a man, yet she already passed on several who didn't give her the tinglies or butterflies in her stomach or whatever the fuck term she uses. Because of course the culture gave them this sense of entitlement as well, to think that with mediocre looks and ten extra pounds they can get a hot stud like they see in the magazines in line at the grocery store. And then they get old and have to compete with younger and prettier girls. They can't win. They won't. So what do they do? They throw themselves on young guys who still value older women as 'experienced' and 'mature.' But those guys age and get a clue, and then you see the woman going on 40, working hard at the gym, desperately trying to fight the sag, bragging that she fucked this college guy. What a miserable existence.

"My parents aren't American but in the end I'm a product of that culture and it takes a lot of time and effort to fight the programming—to do what nature intended you to do. Unfortunately I think I'll always be tethered to America. My family is there and I can't even talk to my mom on the phone without her guiltting me into coming back and taking care of her, even though she doesn't need taken care of. I don't know... I'm going to go back and the first month is going to be great with my family, and my friends, and then after that they'll be nothing for me. I don't fit in there, and I don't exactly fit in anywhere else either. What am I going to do in the States—get an American girlfriend? Get a 9-5 job? Fuck that. I don't know what I'm going to do."

The United States Of Broken Women

Not until I was back in the U.S. for five months did I go on a date with an American girl I hadn't already slept with. My game up to that point was only one-night stands and late-night meetups, and while it was serving me well, I was essentially porking the same girl over and over again.

This new girl I took out was a little different—classy and elegant with superb body posture developed from years playing the piano. I initially approached her at a coffee shop and we connected on various levels: we both have traveled extensively, we both speak Spanish, and we both hate D.C. The first date would be judged as a success by most people, with kissing at around the two-hour mark and enough gas left in the tank to keep it going for far longer.

I have a bad habit when I kiss a new girl without sleeping with her. For the first night I think about her. I imagine how the relationship would pan out along with all the nice little moments we'll have, until I snap out of it the next day. But with this girl, my brain wouldn't go along with my cheesy routine. I struggled to conjure up any sort of future scene between me and her even though we matched quite well on paper. I started to think of the reason why.

If I showed up looking nice on a date with a Brazilian girl, she'd compliment my appearance. An American girl would ask if I was a "hipster," or make some otherwise neutral comment similar to one a random elderly lady might give in a grocery store line. Do I need a girl to make a positive comment about my appearance? No.

If I was having a great time with a Colombian girl, she'd touch my thigh and say she was enjoying her time with me. When an American is having a great time, she'll tell a convoluted story about how her friend is dating some guy she met on the internet. It's my responsibility to flesh out some underlying metaphor that is supposed to represent her feelings for me. Do I need a girl to make a statement telling me she's enjoying my company? No.

If a Puerto Rican girl likes me, she'd invite me to her home to bake a dish from her country that she suspects I might like. An American girl will offer me her Chipotle leftovers or make me a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, untoasted. Do I need a girl to cook delicious food for me? No. I don't need a girl to do anything but spread her legs, but these optional things hit the provider buttons of my brain, telling me that I can put more effort and investment into the girl. They tell me to take a short break from the game and enjoy at least a little bit of time with this new person.

Two days after the date with the American girl, I was out, prowling harder than ever. While she kissed me with enthusiasm and let me begin to make explorations of her petite body, the interaction had the same staleness I've become numb to. There was nothing about it that instilled any type of hope or feeling that my happiness would increase if I spent more time with her.

The best analogy I can give you is that we were colleagues trying to hide an affair from everyone in the office. It didn't matter that we were in the dark corner of the bar or isolated in a car, but it's as if people she knew were watching and judging her, and she was not allowed to say pleasant things or initiate a touch that could be considered "strong interest." And forget about displays of natural human vulnerability—that's simply not allowed.

There wasn't a scrap of feeling or emotion, and any opening up on my part by making positive but non-needy comments about our interaction would be severely punished with her not returning my texts or calls. Opening up to a Colombian, Brazilian, or Puerto Rican girl would be rewarded with reciprocation and a further deepening of the relationship.

The connection I get from one month with a Brazilian girl is the same connection I can get from spending one year with an American. The former starts calling me "baby" by the second date, something I started to do but actively repress for American girls. I'm two different men—one cold and unaffectionate to get some cheap fucks that tide me over until I'm rewarded for being a passionate, confident man to a grounded woman who knows how to be happy in a relationship.

I've dated too many American girls like the one I'm describing to you, so many "coworkers" who wanted to stay professional. (The only time that mask comes off is when I penetrate her—then she adopts a completely different persona that is best described as porn satire.) One reason I have tolerated this behavior recently is I was only interacting with them for a short time until getting to sex. And most of that time was under the influence. Prolonging the process with semi-serious dating reminded me of how challenging it is to accept this masculinity and lack of warmth, especially when you've discovered that it's not real, that women are really not like this. Believe me when I say I'm not

angry, bitter, or sad—I'm only disappointed that the women of my birth country have been destroyed through the work of intellectual man-haters. Or is it the fault of suits in power who go along with the anti-man nonsense to lock up the female vote? All I know is that winning the lottery is only marginally harder than finding an American woman who can serve her man like in the not-so-distant past.

Read this profile and tell me if it was written by a man or woman:

I'm an ironically-self-proclaimed "bright young thing" in Washington DC, by way of the midwest. I currently work as a researcher/analyst/Intelligence and Reconnaissance Ninja for a social media PR agency, where I anxiously await the DotCom Bust 2.0. I also frequently find myself on the fringes of the DC libertarian movement, having begun my life here as an intern for the free-market think tank mafia. My favorite pastimes include brunch, blogging, sharpening my wit, terrifying people with my charm, self-parody, and digesting the absurdities of the world around me. And in case you were curious, I'm much sweeter in real life.

If you told me this was written by a man, I'd raised my left eyebrow (the only one I can raise independently) at the "much sweeter in real life" statement, but I wouldn't be particularly shocked. It has the hallmark style of a guy trying to be witty and smart to impress whomever might read it—with the intention of sparking interest in a girl who desires someone with a stable job. Well it's in fact written by a woman, a term I have no choice but to use loosely these days. After taking several hours and a dozen drafts to get it just right, I guarantee you "she" congratulated herself for coming up with such a *powerful!* and *impactful!* description of who she is. While I have no doubt that sexless dweebs are lining up to shower her with attention, her profile is what I think about when I want to get rid of a persistent boner, or when I want to last longer in the sack while I'm fucking a girl.

I won't neglect to mention the flip side of the detached, professional woman, because I just met her a couple weeks ago—a young lipstick feminist educated in an expensive university. She was sexy but had the bad habit of biting my lip, and not the sensual nibble that increases pleasure, but a sting that caused me to instinctively pull my head back.

“Don’t bite my lip like that,” I said the first time it happened. “Oh come on,” she replied. It was my fault I didn’t enjoy the bite, even though it felt like the prick of a novacain needle before getting a cavity filled. She did it again. *I’m serious don’t bite my lip!* She was insulted. How dare I question her chops of passion.

She calmed down for a couple hours, but then it came again much harder than before. You might as well have taken a binder clip meant for a stack of papers and put it on my lip to pinch off a piece of flesh. I flipped out and the interaction terminated. I’m certain she went home to complain about me to her friends: “What a loser I met tonight! When am I going to find a real man who can handle me!”

During the five days it took for the little scab to slough off my lip, I wondered where I could score some of the testosterone she must be injecting so I, too, can adopt a take-no-prisoners attitude that she was taught will get her what she wants out of life. In reality the testosterone is not injected directly into her skin—it’s absorbed by her brain through the culture, which is rewarding young girls when they display go-getting aggressiveness that men used to possess. At the same time it punishes the easy-going, compliant qualities that are necessary to maintain fulfilling relationships and sane households. Even basic human traits like charm and flirtatiousness are like abstract paintings in America, nebulous constructs that no one wants to figure out or work on.

I thought back to the Colombian girl who was too *meloso* (affectionate) after just a couple weeks of dating. Not used to this behavior, I sternly told her to tone it down. I still remember her response—it was the same as a newborn kitten adjusting to earthly light: scared and confused. What a heartless monster she must’ve saw me as. Thing is *I was* a monster. They say acceptance is the first step, and with each foreign woman I date, I come closer to being a man that I would’ve never been had I not peeked around the corner into the “bad” neighborhood that all the cool kids seem to be sneaking out of.

Grab a random man off an American street. Take away the penis, broad shoulders, and body hair. Add breasts, a crotch hole stingy with its lubrication, and a tendency for inane chatter that is insignificant to all forms of life two minutes after it’s uttered. You have an American

woman. I'm not attempting to be funny: I sincerely cannot *feel* the difference between the men and women of this country once you take away the clothing and hair. Men look and act like fags while women act like men of yesterday, all to make a lot of money in an office park that contains a Starbucks. If you draw a venn diagram of both genders the circles might as well completely overlap. My expectations with women here are so low that going out with one is like spending time with my 7-year-old brother: as long as she doesn't piss her pants and embarrass me in public, the date was a great success.

The man who doesn't mind American women is cold and disconnected himself, hopelessly confused about his masculinity and his place in the world. I'd be an easy cheap shot for me to say "they deserve each other," but the truth is *no one else wants them*. If a Brazilian man couldn't fuck an American girl, he wouldn't spend a minute with her on a beach in Rio while educating her about his culture. If a Russian girl couldn't get a greencard from an American man, she'd rather put up with the alcoholics dying off like flies in her own country than swallow her pride and post a dating profile on the internet.

An American man mating with his own kind reminds of when I saw two stray dogs having sex on a South American beach. The male had a little bicycle tire stuck around his neck which was attached to a long rope that trailed behind him (put there by some teenager I imagine), while the female was a nasty little thing infested with boils that finally let the male mount her next to a heap of trash. Locals and tourists were laughing at the scene, rushing to grab their cameras to take pictures. The dogs finished their business oblivious to the mocking.

One day later and the tire and rope was still attached to the male. I'm certain he died with it. The American man is not as helpless—he is free to remove the tire and rope, but decades of brainwashing have led him to believe that a goddamn tire around his neck is the way things should be and that there is no alternative. Like the feral dog, he will fade into oblivion unaware that people are laughing at him when he copulates with the man-beast he calls a woman, or worse, a wife.

It's tough for me to admit that people from my country *turn off* others. Our culture of money and flash is universally admired, but the ignorant, fat, and lost populace that make up 99% of this country is

wholly revolting to those who accept what it means to be human. The less American women I date and the more steps I take back from what it means to be American, the more I feel like a real person.

Western Culture Poisons Women

Are you familiar with twin studies that are supposed to determine how much of our personality is influenced by genetics versus the environment? Well I have my own twin study going on in Poland, where I observe girls who have lived in America and Britain with those who have not. The differences are striking. It confirms to me that it's no accident Western women possess so many horrible qualities.

A few weeks ago I met a tall Polish girl who lived in America for two years. She tried to make fun of me for being alone in the club, when she was, in fact, alone herself. She smiled while busting my balls, as if she was getting enjoyment out of it. I hadn't had to come up with insult retorts in quite a while, so it took me time to deploy my counter-attacks. They were guided in by GPS satellites, beautifully destroying their target. Her face turned sour and she looked like she was about to cry.

I remember the Lithuanian girl I approached in the grocery store. She lived in Britain for five years. Since it was a day approach, I gave her no cockiness, yet when I asked her to repeat her difficult name a few minutes after she first said it, she said, "Really? You can't remember my name?" Her attitude was flippant, ready to punish me for trying to build rapport with her.

I remember another Polish girl who lived in Britain for one year. She was the coldest one yet, telling me to "Shut up and listen" while going on about how she's tired of one-night stands and is finally ready to land a guy (sucker) for a relationship. She questioned everything I said, had no humor about her, and told me she doesn't wear heels because "they hurt." Even though she wanted to continue talking to me, I cut the interaction short.

I've interacted with several dozen Eastern European women by now (mostly Polish) and these are the only three times that I was left with a

bad taste in my mouth when a cockblock was not involved. While not all my interactions with Polish women result in beautiful lovemaking, it's very rare that I'm wondering to myself why she had to act in a rude manner when I wasn't disrespecting her. Therefore it's easy for me to conclude that **Western cultures cause direct negative harm to a woman's feminine vibe and allure**. Here are eight things that happen:

1. She loses the ability to flirt with a man without busting his balls or insulting him.

2. She does everything in her power to withhold interest, even when it's clear that sex is on the agenda. She takes "play hard to get" to an inhuman extreme.

3. She looks for every opportunity possible to turn a man's banal utterances into an opportunity to debate him on his beliefs or behavior.

4. She uses conversation as a means to her entertainment, instead of a means to getting to know a man more deeply.

5. She becomes more lazy about her appearance by gaining weight, wearing flats and flip flops instead of heels, and cutting her hair short into strange lesbian stylings.

6. She goes out of her way to brag about her accomplishments as if she was a man while doing her best to ignore your more lofty achievements.

7. She becomes obsessed with her cell phone, playing with it incessantly and using it as a substitute for social interaction. In the process she loses the ability to enjoy the present moment.

8. She becomes a status whore more concerned about your job, who you know, and what you own instead of the experiences you've had.

Western culture is a like a disease on the female human. I don't know the exact epidemiology of infection, or what sorts of experiences cause such devastating damage, but stepping foot inside the borders of America or Britain for more than three months will cause the female victim to become infected with the Western virus. For every year she spends in the West, she must live for ten years in a culture where feminism and unbridled capitalism have not yet corrupted society in order to rid herself of the disease. Unfortunately, by the time all traces of virus are undetectable in her bloodstream, she will be old and

craggily, no longer suitable or capable of mating. Western culture essentially renders them sterile.

To give you an idea of how far gone Western women are, I recently read an article titled “My first-date dress works every time.” It’s a story about a horse-faced woman who has determined that her success in getting call-backs from men is due to wearing a reasonably attractive dress. The article states: “Men respond better to ‘feminine’ clothing items, such as dresses and skirts, than they do to pants, according to professional matchmaker Rachel Greenwald, author of ‘Have Him at Hello.’”

American women are so clueless about how to act like women that they have to re-learn common sense from “professionals” who teach them (for money) that men like skirts more than pants. I’m guessing these experts also moonlight in teaching others that the sun will rise tomorrow.

The best analogy I can make to this pathetic state of affairs is the human race losing agriculture, the ability to grow their own food. In a panic they collect experts from around the world who slowly figure out that seeds go into the soil, that the soil needs water (not Brawndo), and that the substance growing out of the soil can be harvested as food. Sadly, Western women are rapidly losing the knowledge and ability to be women.

For men there are only two courses of action. The first is to adopt an “ignorance is bliss” attitude where you only date Western women, never realizing that you’re injecting your seed into a diseased body. You can go to sleep thinking you just ate filet mignon when in fact it was ground beef patties treated with ammonia. Close your eyes and pretend.

The second option is to get a taste of feminine women abroad, specifically in South America, Eastern Europe, or Southeast Asia. Your palate will explode with sensations and tastes it has never experienced before, leading you to curse yourself for not sampling it sooner. Yes, you will have a couple years of unhappiness when you’re still stuck with Western women while your Brazilian long-distance girlfriend begs you to return, but you will gradually complete the necessary actions to ensure that you never have to date a contaminated woman again.

I implore you to act on the second option by going straight to the farm for the freshest, tastiest food possible. Otherwise you are stuck with a glorified McDonald's dollar menu, which is exactly what Western women have become: mass-produced dreck that you consume only when you're drunk and nowhere else is open. You deserve better.

7 Ways Feminism Is Destroying American Women

1. Makes women think that all they have to do to succeed in life is show up. Today's woman thinks she deserves the fruits of life just because she's a woman, that since her gender was "oppressed" for so long it's time to receive reparations through generous societal benefits and advantages in education at the expense of men who weren't even alive during the supposed period of inequality. The result is a woman who is viciously entitled when it comes to receiving good grades, jobs, or relationships. When she fails at gaining these three, she does not blame herself, but both men and her feminine condition.

2. Makes her proud to be ugly. Go into any middle-of-the-road bar in a major city and what do you see? Overweight women with short hair, loose clothing, and flip-flops. Feminism has taught women that it's okay for them to look like they just rolled out of bed and that any attempt to look "feminine" will make men desire them for their looks instead of their intellectual and philosophical brains. Evolution laughs. Men are attracted to beauty, and always will be. Next thing you know, American women will appear in public wearing pajamas.

3. Makes them argumentative, uppity, and difficult. Feminism has taught women to "speak your mind," a euphemism for "bitch about everything." They can let nothing rest that they even mildly disagree with, and rather start World War III about some insignificant matter than simply biting their tongue and changing the topic.

4. Makes them dependent on global corporations for lifestyle guidance. The feminist message has been co-opted by companies that aim to sell women more crap. Of course corporations love "equality" and having women in the workforce, because they can move more products and increase their profits. Modern day feminists like Naomi

Wolf and Jessica Valenti, who try so hard to empower women, get their income from media and publishing companies that are part of global corporations which also put out a neverending shit stream of dubious dieting and exercise books. The main form of empowerment for women today is for them to spend their disposable income on the goods of multinational firms.

5. Makes it exceedingly hard for her to find a life partner that is equal or above to her level. Feminism has given women more money while taking away their biological need to have a family. Because a woman finds it naturally difficult to marry a man of lower means than herself, she simply remains single until death, with nothing but her cats to keep her company when she takes her last breath. Pushing faux equality has created a generation of impoverished men who make unsuitable husbands. Women are making more cash, men have more limited work options, and marriage is on the decline, threatening the very fabric of society. Great job, feminism.

6. Makes her overvalue alpha males, causing her to be pumped and dumped by dozens of suitors. The majority of American men have been brainwashed by the feminist message, making them the most pussified specimen the world has ever seen. The contrast this creates with the minority of alpha men remaining results in a perverse Pareto law where small amounts of men are sexually monopolizing a majority of the women. What will end up happening is that beta males will completely withdraw from the marriage market and into a world of interactive porn and video games. The powers-that-be won't care as long as the Mexicans are still reproducing and H1B visas are granted to every Indian and Chinese person that applies.

7. Makes them unfit mothers who don't know how to take care of a household. Have you ever dated an American woman who knows how to cook a meal that doesn't involve frozen ingredients? If she can't cook for you, how is she going to cook for your child? She won't: the corporations will feed your son with their genetically modified foodstuff while she's busy posting his pictures on Facebook in between nonsensical updates of how women make less than men for the same work. I hope your income is high enough that you can hire a maid or

nanny, because American women have no skills or ability to properly raise another human being.

When society eventually does collapse because of feminism, I want to be there to hear the excuses that feminists offer for the decline, especially since they got absolutely everything they wanted. For them to have to face the failings of their utopia vision, to have men simply be unwilling to reproduce, will be similar to the fall of Russian Communism in 1989: unexpected and containing a transition period full of hardship, but with a whole lot of reason to celebrate for those of us who suffered under oppressive rule. I hope I'm alive when it all comes crashing down.

The Secret To Landing A Man

Feminist culture has done a good job robbing American women of natural feminine traits. All that's left are empty shells of human androgyny that is begging to be filled by so-called female dating experts who were unsuccessful in landing a man themselves. Cosmo, self-help books, and Jezebel are eagerly filling the hole, creating women who are unattractive and painful to talk to.

If you want to boil it down to one sentence, here's what they are teaching young women today: "Just do what guys do to you!"

Want to attract a guy? Talk about your awesome office job!

Want to get him more interested? Be witty and funny!

Want to make him wonder about you? Neg him!

And as much as they made fun of *The Game* when it came out, they are now taking a whole chapter out of its playbook by negging guys so regularly that it's becoming the main way American women "flirt."

Women think, "Some guy used this on me once and I fucked him, so it must work!" They honestly think that men and women are the same, so that game must be interchangeable. It's just a matter of time until they learn how to pee standing up.

The even bigger mindfuck is that a lot of guys out there have been tricked to think that he's happier with a woman who has a good job, is witty, and busts his balls. But that's another topic altogether.

Here is the secret to landing and keeping a man:

1. Spend most of your free time into improving your appearance.

2. Lower your standards.

Any possible problem a girl has with a guy is because she's not hot enough for him. It's as simple as that. I don't care how mentally incapacitated a woman is, but if a man feels that she is much hotter than him, that she is "out of his league," he will pursue her with everything he's got and want to wife her up. If a Russian 9 wanted to date you but didn't speak any English, I bet you'd speak your first Russian sentence in a week. Any possible complaints a guy has about a girl's personality or character magically evaporates if he sees her as hot.

When a man asks a question about how to get a girl, he already lost her. When a woman asks a questions about how to get a guy, she's not hot enough. Any further questions?

Okay I see there are some hands raised in the hamster audience...

"But I really like this guy and he doesn't like me."

You're not hot enough. Spend more time into improving your appearance and then lower your standards.

"I want a hot guy like my girlfriend has."

You're not hot enough. Spend more time into improving your appearance and then lower your standards.

"I work with this guy named Trevor. I give him a lot of signals but he doesn't ask me out. What's the deal?"

You're not hot enough. Spend more time into improving your appearance and then lower your standards.

"Guys only want to have sex with me. What do I have to do to get into a relationship?"

You're not hot enough. Spend more time into improving your appearance and then lower your standards.

If you're a girl and have to think about "game" at any point in trying to get a guy, that means you are not hot enough for him and are aiming way too high. Otherwise he'd be chasing you with absolutely no effort on your part. Correct girl game is improving your appearance and lowering your standards.

What this means is that you will have to get a man who is less handsome than you are pretty. This is how it works in most of the world. You do not deserve a hot man because there is a 99.8% chance you are nowhere near hot (or even pretty, no matter what your friends say). You should be lucky that there is a man out there somewhere, ugly or not, who is willing to put up with your bullshit and neuroses. Take whatever you can get, and I'm not joking. Otherwise start building your cat colony.

Women in industrial Ukraine are very sharp with their appearance. I swear that a 5 can make herself look like an 8 in the club, yet she's with a 4 guy. They maximize their appearance and get someone who is *still* under their attractiveness level. You better believe that 4 guy is happy to land what sometimes appears to be an 8, meaning he will not stray or be aloof with her. The woman doesn't need any game to keep him, because once all that makeup and hair is done, she's a model to him. He worships her.

In America, you got 6 rating girls who look like 5s with their flip flops and short hair trying to snag an 8 guy. No amount of Cosmo reading or "girl game" is going to solve this problem. Hell, you can **win the fucking lottery** and still an 8 guy is not going to want to put up with your mediocre ass. Get a 4 guy, wrap him around your finger, and be thankful you don't have to buy any more cats.

As you can see, the problem of finding a man has nothing to do with game or there not being "good men" left in the world. The problem is that women have grown up in a fantasy culture that teaches them that they can get a man more handsome than they are pretty, something that has not regularly happened in the course of human history.

To all the future cat ladies reading me: simply improve your appearance, aim low, and you'll never again have to worry about game or keeping a man. You know you did well when your dude is ugly enough that everyone thinks the only way he got you was because he has a big dick.

It's Your Fault That American Women Are Winning

Several months ago I announced the peak of feminism. Now I realize why the idea for that post came to me: they got everything they wanted. They make more money than us. They're calling the shots in the mating game (keeping guys like me in business). They put no effort into their appearance. They refuse to be feminine. They are painful to talk to, mere vessels for the bonehead mainstream media. They don't provide any additional value to a man that he can't provide himself. And you've let this happen.

When was the last time you put an Americunt in her place? When was the last time you called out a cockblocker? When was the last time you made fun of her sloppy dress? When was the last time you demanded a woman cook you a proper meal? When was the last time you told her to fuck off with her offensive, masculine attitude? You haven't done anything, and neither have millions of American men before you. You complain but continue to take abuse, and now she's after your job. She's after your livelihood. She's going to boss you around at work and she's going to make the rules in the house, and if you don't like it she's going to call the authorities. You thought she would stop at equality? She wants it all, and she's gonna get it, because all you're going to do is cry about it to your friends while swigging back a artisanal microbrew.

I know you rather have women be the target of my rage while you sit there and laugh at however many funny comments I manage to shit out onto my laptop, but if you're not prepared to look in the mirror and ask what you're doing to make this country's women a better species, you deserve nothing but the coldest, most monotone, most asexual Gap-wearing she-man beast who rather watch an episode of a brain-dead fashion reality show with a box of reduced-fat Wheat Thins than suck the life out of your dick.

A couple years ago I had an arrogant thought: "With some of these American girls I'm fucking, I think I should be compensated, either with drinks or cash payment." I started to believe that American girls were getting more value out of getting fucked by me than I was by fucking them. I tried to put the thought aside but it only intensified with

time, finally hitting a crescendo when an attractive but unstable girl traveled to a foreign country to receive my creamy load on a dirty bus. She stalked me in front of grocery stores thereafter, crying and begging me for more dick. Her obsession proved that she was getting a lot more out of the “relationship” than I was.

The only acceptable duty for the female human is to take care of the cock and the casa. Anything else is superfluous and detrimental to the process of life. In exchange, the man provides for her so she’s not required to work. That’s how it has worked for hundreds of thousands of years, but now we’re supposed to believe that the last 50 years is progress. To me it looks like de-evolution, one that we all have let happen. The most humiliating thing I can think of is having a female boss at work—being *ordered* by a woman like a dog. And I bet you think that’s okay, just the normal state of affairs. I rather be homeless than let a super-sized Hobbit with ankles the size of my neck tell me to follow up with Stan in accounting.

Go against nature and you’ll feel its fury, as childless cougars prowling clubs on the weekends can tell you. It’s inevitable that men will reclaim the throne once again, but due to your unassertiveness, it might not happen until long after you’re dead.

You Can’t Get Laid In The United States

A common criticism I see is the following: “You can’t get laid in the United States so you go to third world countries to fuck poor women.” It’s an easy insult that serves a strong purpose for the two groups that primarily use it, women and beta males.

For women, it allows them to believe that they are still beautiful princesses who don’t have to lose weight, adjust their attitude, grow their hair, or put on a pair of high heels. It’s much easier to call guys like me “losers,” to believe that no desirable man would ever step foot inside Brazil or Poland to meet women, than it is to look in the mirror and be disappointed with what they see.

For beta males and white knights, the insult allows them to deny the fact that other men are pulling quality women while they’re getting

nothing but turd droppings from butch feminists. They want to believe that a man who's a love tourist only gets uneducated, diseased women who have AIDS and large vaginal sores. It's much easier for him to fire off the insult than to tighten his game, stop playing video games, stop pedestalizing masculine women, and undertake the challenge of world travel where English may not be the dominant language.

There is no snappy retort when someone uses the insult because it comes from two deeply held beliefs of self-preservation:

1. **"I don't have to change or improve myself to get what I want."**

2. **"If someone doesn't like me, it's never my fault."**

Most love tourists do it not because they can't get laid in America, but because they want to lay *better*. An American man with tight game can leverage that into getting with foreign women who I guarantee will increase his happiness. Yet as I've said before, how you'll do abroad is based on how well you do at home. All the guys who think that it's a cakewalk to get laid with beautiful women in places like Colombia and Argentina have obviously never stepped more than a couple feet away from their masturbation station. It can be easy only after hard work and time, but not right as you get off the plane.

How about the guy with severe appearance deformities, negative game, and a psychiatric disorder who decides to hit Thailand in order to sleep with a dozen prostitutes? Should we shame him for such a trip?

We shouldn't. If it makes him happy, and he's able to leverage his American dollars to get abroad what he can't get at home, he should fuck all the prostitutes he can handle. Explain to me how it's smart for any society to prevent millions of sexually frustrated men from getting their biological needs met. For feminists to deny fucking these "losers" and then shame them at the same time for paying prostitutes is nothing short of cruel. If these men committed mass suicide, not a single feminist tear would be shed.

I have any analogy for why guys like me hit the road in search of their own little slice of happiness. Let's say that the town you live in has only two bars called **Cunfest Bar** and **Poonani Paradise Bar**. It's Friday night and you get separate text messages from friends who are at each bar. Here's what the text messages say...

Friend number one: “I’m at Cuntfest Bar and it sucks. There are six dudes for every girl, and the girls are hideous and overweight. Their attitude blows.”

Friend number two: “I’m at Poonani Paradise Bar. There are four girls for every guy. The girls are feminine, beautiful, affectionate, and a pleasure to talk to. Most are wearing short skirts and 4-inch heels.”

American women and their beta-male apologists would have you believe that you’re a creep and a douche bag for going to Poonani Paradise Bar. Their argument is that you should “man up” by going to Cuntfest Bar, which is close to how I see America.

By going to Poonani Paradise Bar and refusing to put up with bad behavior, obesity, and so on, you have declared war on American women. You are now the enemy. They will begin to use all sorts of weaponry to make you feel ashamed for going to Poonani Paradise Bar, because they know that the less people who believe in Cuntfest Bar, the less power they have. **Anything you do that increases your ability to be sexually successful while decreasing your dependence on dating American women will result in them trying to isolate and disparage you.** The quickest way to enrage an American girl or her beta male orbiter is to state that you don’t need American pussy.

Imagine for a second if every man in the United States not only knew about Poonani Paradise Bar but also the means to go *and stay there*. What would happen? Withdrawal of penis from the American dating market. The most valuable and sharpest men would abstain from relationships with American women, who would gradually lose their power and have to make adjustments. While I don’t think this will happen in my lifetime, women are only willing to make changes when the number of men trying to fuck them decrease. To keep the line of desperate men long and obedient, they will do all they can to spread the word that Cuntfest Bar is the only acceptable bar for men to drink at.

Their growing problem, however, is that too many men have been to Poonani Paradise Bar, also known as the “third world” (a tag given for any country not in predominately white North America or Western Europe). These guys are now starting to tell their friends. They’re

going on forums and writing positive reviews praising Poonani Paradise Bar:

“5 stars for thin girls”

“Fell in love, will visit again”

“A++++ says my dick”

Women can continue to call me and my brothers-in-arms losers and creeps for going to the “third world,” but we still won’t accept their obese and sloppy appearance, we still won’t put up with their shitty attitudes, we still won’t marry them, and we still won’t give up the prime of our lives to be with them. If being happier means being outcast by low-quality women who don’t even act like women, then so be it. South America, Southeast Asia, and Eastern Europe, here we come.

The Decline Of American Women

I got a short email the other week that contained a link to Youtube for the The Archies song “Sugar Sugar Candy Girl.” I was ready to watch it for a few seconds before moving on, but I became mesmerized at what I saw. I viewed it not just once but two additional times, and every couple of days since. Here it is...

Pretty but not plastic, flirtatious but not easy, wholesome but not prudish, feminine but not artificial, serious but not angry, energetic but not grating, natural but not boring, thin and curvy and provocative without tattoos, stretched ear lobes, and shaved haircuts.

Nostalgia for the past is rejection of the present. It’s a sign you’re unable to cope with change and the inevitability of progress, for nothing in the world static. It’s very possible that had we all lived in 1969, we would have ached for another era, but I can unequivocally state that I would be happier if I had access to the women in the music video. I can also state that you would also have been happier. No *50 Shades* obsessed slut can begin to compete with a woman who can give an abundance of value besides the hole between her legs.

I say this knowing that women from the past were not easy. I know I could not have banged them on the same night. I know that I would

have had to invest in them and to reason with their parents to approve of me. These are things that I would—then or now—eagerly do in order to have quality that is simply becoming too hard to find in the country that America has become. It's a strange thing, if you think about it, that if today is the easiest time to have sex, why are men still discontent? Why isn't sex on demand with fuck buddies making us happy? Why do we complain about sluts, iPhones, Facebook, and the like, tools which have no doubt increased our notch count? Why is there a nagging feeling in the back our mind that *something isn't right*?

The reason is because quantity of sex is only one factor in constituting the happiness of a man, and it's not a very strong one. Considering that you are awake for over 100 hours a week, how much of that is actually ideal to be spent engaged in sex thrusting? Even if it was a super-human ten hours a week, quantity without accompanying quality pleases a man far less than quality without quantity. I've had sex with many feminine women in Eastern Europe, and I can assure you that sleeping with just one of them surpasses sleeping with ten American or Scandinavian sluts who let me smash within the second hour of meeting them.

Quantity will never trump quality, and quality is simply what we lack today in America. We have easier women who are women in genetics only, who can't even compare with what has awed me in a grainy music video. The women of America today are not feminine, pleasing, sensual, or even interesting, no matter how many marketing and women's studies classes they've taken. They are vaginas, existing solely for an alcohol-fueled pump that is wholly separate from emotion or human feeling. The sad part is that multitudes of men today are clawing at *each other*, cockblocking each other, putting their own gender on the chopping block and white knighting against their neighbor for a mere chance at the beasts that our culture has produced. We've sold out our own kind for a new type of woman that is shamefully clueless on how to please men.

What do we gain in intimacy with the modern American woman? What benefit is added to our character for learning how to jump through hoops for surreal porn sex with a girl who has been brainwashed to believe that women should no longer act like women and

that *you* are the enemy? Choking her and calling her a slut in bed is no different than entertaining yourself with an action movie that is not even worth a second viewing, and every time you do so, thinking that making her gag on your cock is what makes you content, you have unwittingly plugged yourself into the feminist matrix. You strengthen their cause as you dehumanize sex and make it meaningless and insignificant, well removed from its biological and bonding purposes. I must admit that I have done more than my share in helping feminism by increasing the dating options of average girls as I send hordes of men to approach them in the bar and club. Am I not the ultimate traitor to my gender if the result of my work raises the collective ego of low quality women, making them all feel like they're the princess of the ball? Am I not making it harder for a man of average station to get his slice of the pie?

If today is the best time for women in terms of having freedom to do whatever they want while simultaneously controlling the behavior of men via misandric protests and laws, then it can't also be the best time for men, for gender balance is a zero sum game where the gains of one is the decline of the other. No, the best time for men, in terms of fulfillment with women, has long since passed, and all we can do today—in fact, what we are forced to do today—is to go against our nature and be aloof players and approach robots in order to get sexual intercourse, a very basic feature of human life since time eternal, in between grinding away our lives in front of glowing computer screens and smartphones as we make our masters proud, hoping to feel just 1% of the masculinity that men of the past felt.

When I watched that music video, I initially felt happiness that there was a time in America where women were my ideal, but then I felt sadness for everything it has lost, for everything that we will never get back again, and it all makes complete sense why I've rejected my own country. It makes sense why I've spent so much time in South America and Eastern Europe, especially the latter, where women of that video can still be found right in the supermarket, the cafe, the town square, the bookstore, the nightclub, and the shopping mall just a quarter mile away from where I write this, and my sadness moves away from my own bizarre fate to those men who aren't that different from

me, still stuck in America, suffering gladly because of ignorance and manipulation. I hope they realize what I've realized and have the ability to choose as I have, and one day when they're on an airplane flying from their homeland, they can look down through the clouds and say *God Bless America* for the greatness it has achieved in its short existence, yet accept what I've long since accepted, that America was one great for men, but no more.

8

CULTURE

Until You Try To Bang A Girl

A lot of girls act skeptical when I tell them stories about the dating behavior of their kind. With a tone that insinuates I'm exaggerating or even lying, I get responses like, "I don't know where you are meeting these girls" or "I don't know any girl who does that." There is no possible way that girls are as bad as I make them up to be, they say, and I must be only going after the really fucked-up ones.

The thing is, until you try to bang a girl, you will never know her true nature. Your college girlfriend who you've shared millions of tears with? You two are actually strangers. That girlfriend you've known since grade school? You might as well have just met on the street.

You do not know a female unless you push the emotional buttons that come with trying to enter her vagina. Her true nature is not talking about fashion or having pillow fights in silk pajamas—it's how she acts when she is being romantically pursued by a real man. If you have not tried to have sex with her then you're only experiencing the tail end of the coin. This is why so many girls think their kind is reasonable and normal, when in fact they are capable of downright cruel behavior.

The Three Components Of Female Beauty

I used to think beauty was beauty, and a girl either had it or not. I was describing the **genetic** quality of a woman's beauty—her face, hair, and body type. Assuming a girl doesn't overdo it with the Haagen Dazs, she will score high on innate beauty if a psychologist measures her face for symmetry and proportion.

I spent a lot of time in Argentina, a place where genetic beauty was very high, but wasn't too crazy about the women. One big reason was because they were lacking in two other components that make up true beauty, which are needed to predict how hard a man will chase for sex.

The first is **femininity**, and describes her appearance. Is she wearing high heels and makeup? Or is she wearing dirty Converse shoes and a cheap summer dress? Are her clothes snug, revealing her curves? Or does she look sloppy with baggy jeans? Is her hair long? Or did she cut it because she was too lazy to maintain it? While a girl can't change genetics, she has complete control over how feminine she appears.

Recently I went with my mother to visit her female doctor. Judging by the graduation date from the diploma hanging on her wall, the doctor was in her late 30's, but looked to be almost the same age as my mom. Her hair was completely gray (she doesn't dye it), she had no makeup on, and dressed like a menopausal woman. She moved like an old man. Someone who interacts with dozens of people a day was ugly in just about every way except for her intelligence, and has absolutely no pride in how she presents herself to the world. Unfortunately Western cultures are trending towards punishing women for appearing too feminine in the fear that they might be perceived as weak, dependent, and "girly." At the same time men are punished for being too masculine, resulting in an androgynous archetype that both sexes overlap with (in America it's common for some straight guys to be confused as gay, and some straight girls to be confused as dykes).

The final component is **sexuality**. It's all the behaviors a woman does, consciously or not, that announces to other men her fertility and ability in the bedroom. It's how she walks, how she looks at you, how she dances, and the minute changes she makes to her mouth while listening to you. It's the things that make a man bite his lip and vow to

do anything to get her. It's the overall vibe that makes her a sexual animal and worth killing for (in prehistoric time, anyway). In my opinion this is the most important component of beauty because it takes the longest to get bored of. You can take for granted a girl's pretty face and painted toenails in a week or two, but the magic at which she gets your dick rock hard can last for years.

To put things in perspective, let's compare the three components with four different cultures: America, Colombia, Argentina, and Brazil. Each has scores that range from 0 (lowest) to 10 (highest).

	America	Colombia	Argentina	Brazil
Genetic beauty	5	8	8	7
Femininity	2	6	5	8
Sexuality	2	6	3	9
Total Score	9	20	16	24

Even with my overly generous rating of Americans, they are still half the women of Colombians and Argentines, and a third of the Brazilians. While Brazilian women are on average not the prettiest in South America, they blow away their counterparts in the other categories. When American women look like men (I predict this will happen in 50 years), a sound option for American guys will be to move to Brazil working on some oil rig or as an Amazonian logger.

Having a girl with high genetic beauty and femininity is nice because your conquest is constantly validated with others staring at her, but this gets old after a short while. If you're going for long-term happiness and pleasure then she needs to have a high sexuality score. If you're in a country where sexuality is punished, or the women simply don't have the knowledge or capacity to be sexual, then I think you already know what you have to do.

You Did This To Me

You made me learn game. You made it very clear that being nice, chivalrous, and patient was not the way to have sex with you. You let me know that being your friend, listening to your problems, and supporting you through hard times would only result in me getting to hear you fuck other guys. You pushed me to approach a million women to improve my ability to get laid.

You made me a selfish asshole. You rewarded me with sex when I treated you poorly. Your pussy got wetter the less I respected you. You made me go against my kind nature by being more cocky and arrogant.

You made me emotionally cold. You punished me any time I told you my feelings. You lost interest in me whenever I showed you basic affection before you gave me affection first. You showed me that the less I concerned myself with your well-being, the more you did what I wanted.

You made me go for shallow one-night stands. You wouldn't return my call even though we had what you admitted was a great conversation. You would flake and disappear for no obvious reason, making me feel like a piece of shit. You made me view sex as a numbers game where I treat you as nothing more than a "prospect" towards my sexual needs, an entry in my cell phone that represented possible sex, not a human being I wanted to build something with. You gave me no choice but to speed up all interactions at caveman speed so I could at least get a nut.

You made me leave America. Your entitled attitude become unbearable and your appearance disgusting. You have lost what it means to be a woman and what it takes to make a man happy. You have so little value to give yet you still expect Prince Charming to one day sweep you off your feet. You are a corrupted and damaged female, and have tried your damndest to bring me down to your level.

The more game I learned and the more women I approached, the more sex I got. The more I worried about my needs and the more I treated you like crap, the more you went out of your way to please me. The colder I was to you, the more likely you'd want to be with me. The

faster I went for sex, the less you flaked on me. The more time I spent away from America, the happier I became.

You made me hate feminism. You made me forget about marriage. You made me a voice for men who have gone through the same struggles as I have. The interactions I have with a woman tomorrow is entirely due to your influence and how you've treated me the past fifteen years. Who I am stems from your responses to my attempts at fulfilling my biological urge of sleeping with you. You've shaped my game and views towards women every time you rejected me and every time you opened your legs. You made me who I am, and every day you create one thousand men who are just like me.

Women Who Become Bitter And Jaded

Why do people harden as they age? Why do they become bitter and jaded? The simple answer is to avoid pain. By forming a rigid shell, a person can avoid experiencing the same pain they've felt in the past.

Imagine that a girl falls in love with a football jock in college. She fucks him on the first date, thinking that he liked her. Afterwards she contacts him to say what a great time she had. He doesn't respond, and ignores her when they cross paths in public. The next time she has a wild night with a man, she will be hesitant to compliment him or express her gratitude. She'll pretend that she's not at all that interested in him in the first place.

Now imagine that a guy meets a girl in a bar. They have an amazing four-hour conversation where it turns out that they share a lot of things in common. To prepare for the first date, he researches restaurants on the internet, hoping that his selection will provide the perfect environment to create a magical spark. On the day of the date, after reservations have been made and his outfit selected, she cancels with a lame excuse and disappears. Five years later, he considers all women in bars and clubs to be sluts.

Rejections in dating cause both men and women to change. They begin to withhold displays of emotion, compassion, or interest. This is especially severe in women, who are emotional by nature. You can

argue that a man not being emotional or sensual is just a man being a man, but a woman doing the same turns her autistic. A man's coping mechanism to rejection causes him to be more masculine, but a woman's coping mechanism to rejection *also* causes her to be more masculine, a trait that decreases her ability to make men happy. Other negative qualities also take hold in her...

- She is slower to open in any conversation
- She distrusts men
- She is less willing to put work in new relationships
- She cares less if men think she's beautiful or not
- She unnaturally restrains her natural interest in men
- She learns how to make a "bitch face" while in public, a frown that makes it seem as if she's constantly smelling something bad

What women don't understand is that by trying to avoid pain, they also eliminate the pleasure that precludes that pain, those positive feelings that are part of any budding love affair. By tossing the baby out with the bath water, all that's left is a watered down version of both extremes: relationships engulfed in mediocrity, indifference, and vague disappointment.

While guys do this as well, it's to a lesser degree. Women grown in the wild go from being 100% sensual to 10% sensual after five years of Western-style dating. Men go from being 30% sensual to 10%. In essence, men are going half retard while women are going full retard. I can't say I've even gone half retard, even with the billions of rejections I have faced from women in my life. I don't fantasize about a girl when I'm not in her presence, but when she's in front of me I dive into the experience fully.

I encountered a fork in the road when I was around 25, four years after I started learning game. One side said "Bitterness (low pain and pleasure)" while the other said "Keeping it real (pain and pleasure)." I took the latter path. I leave myself open with no shield because I want to experience emotional pleasure, one of the best things about being human. Unfortunately, unless the woman I'm with has the same mindset, no emotional connection will result, with the ensuing relationship remaining purely sexual, satisfactory but not spectacular. In a

modern world where everyone is ready to withdraw into their turtle shell at the slightest hint of pain, finding emotional connection is becoming increasingly difficult, and maybe even futile.

How It Feels Like To Be A Hot Girl

I reprised my costume as Jesus for Halloween. With my hair 8-inches longer than last time and my beard bushier with almost a month of extra growth, the resemblance I had to Christ was eerie.

It started the second I stepped foot on the subway.

“Holy shit, it’s Jesus!”

“Jesus Christ!!”

“Look, that nigga Jesus!!”

A Muslim-looking man wanted to have his picture taken with me. I gave a serious look, like Jesus would, and made sure my large-print bible was in the frame of the photo.

On the Metro car a girl dressed up as a devil asked to take a picture with me as well. All the way down the car a group of teenage girls yelled my name (Jesus) and then rushed up to take photos with their camera phones. A girl dressed up as a referee, blowing her whistle loudly every two minutes, was next to ask for a picture. She was rather petite and I wrapped my arm around her so we’d be nice and close for the photo. Sober guys next to me gave me their respect with nods of approval.

On my walk to the bar I heard five cars honk their horns at me. Guys hung halfway out the window yelling Jesus. I’d raise my arm to recognize their efforts. A group of white people partying on a patio gave me a round of applause, and I blessed them with a hand motion that I practiced earlier in front of the mirror.

About a dozen or so photos were taken of me in the bar. I believe at one point a line developed. A girl I didn’t know bought me a beer, but didn’t want to talk. She just went to the bar, got my drink, and then left back to her friends. Countless Jews walked up to me, apologizing. The only time I was upstaged was when this guy showed up in a robot

costume with yellow lights and 80's music blaring from his box head. He did breakdance moves and a crowd formed around him. I cried foul.

The attention got old pretty quicklu. I was just a cheap gimmick judged by my appearance and nothing else. People lost interest in talking to me if I stepped out of character.

At the next bar I gave off forced smiles with each Jesus yell. A group who wanted my photo made a demand that I pose with a thumbs-up sign. I declined. They kept demanding and I kept saying no. They made negative remarks out of earshot. Eventually I barely looked when drunk people came up to me with "JESUS." I was much more receptive with calmer approaches like "Hey man I really like your costume. Is your hair real?"

Approaches fell into two categories: those that increased the likelihood of a conversation developing and those that decreased it. The parallel to game here was obvious to me.

I hesitated going home because I knew I'd have to walk through a sea of drunk people. The gauntlet. The attention from cars and walking drunks was relentless. I wished I could take the costume off, or that I at least had a rubber band to put my hair back to be less Jesus-like. I kept my head down and avoided eye contact so I wouldn't encourage anyone, but I still got a lot of "Hey come here!" shouts. When I didn't do what people wanted they got annoyed. "Jesus is drunk," they'd say.

On the subway ride back I fell asleep, but people still tried to get my attention. "Hey look it's Jesus. He's sleeping."

There is such a thing as too much attention, especially when the attention is identical. You get numb to it, and only respond to something original or different.

It's Okay To Be A Beta Male

From reading my blog and others, it's easy to conclude that male behavior is either white or black. If you're beta then you're a virgin who will never get laid. If you're alpha then women want you to cum inside them on a Colombian bus.

It's more accurate to say that alpha-beta qualities fit on a line, with a multitude of traits determining if you *lean* alpha or *lean* beta.

I still have many beta traits. Off the top of my head:

1. I get sentimental easily, making short relationships more important in my mind than they really are.

2. I can be overly affectionate, both verbally and physically, which usually turns off Western women.

3. I don't let girls pay (as long as I have money), even if they have a decent job.

4. I'm willing to travel long distances to have sex with a woman that I like.

These are qualities that I'm no longer working on eliminating because I've learned that they do not hurt my chances with women who are my type. While being overly affectionate may cost me with an American girl, it does not with Colombian, Brazilian, and Polish women, who are overly affectionate themselves. If I want to sleep with American women, I consciously make changes to my "problem" traits to ensure I still get laid.

I've learned that it's okay for a man to have many beta traits as long as his behavior does not stem from insecurity. If he's beta because he longs for assurances and acceptance, he will have a problem getting women no matter what, but if his beta traits are quirks of his nature that make him have a "soft heart," then he will not be punished as severely.

The beta who gets laid does things with women because that's who he is and that's what he wants to do with his women. The beta who doesn't get laid does things because he's trying to win her over or overcompensate for his insecurities. It's not the behavior but the intent behind it that gets interpreted and judged by women. They can feel the difference between a man who says he likes her because he enjoys her company or the man who says that because he's hoping she will like him back.

If you're a hopelessly sentimental beta, there are three traits you must have if you want to be sexually successful in a Western country:

- 1. Confidence.** You must have a high opinion of yourself. This is built from success in sports, weight training, or fucking. It also comes from completing ambitious projects.

2. Approach Skill. You must have enough interactions with the opposite sex to meet a girl who is buying what you're selling (your personality or look). I don't care how confident you are, but you're not going to get laid if you don't meet enough women.

3. Sexual Persistence. You can't wait all day for a girl to make it be known that she wants to have sex with you. You must make it happen by constantly escalating in the face of her token resistance.

After mastering these traits you can throw in other things like style, proper venue selection, tighter game, coolness and so on to become a more valuable man that gets frequently chosen for sex. But then again I wonder if any man who has confidence, approach skill, and sexual persistence can still be classified as "beta." Either way, it's very rare for the most alpha of alphas not to have at least a beta trait or two simmering underneath their armor.

When I'm in America I actively repress my beta urges, and it's not hard because of the antagonistic feelings I have with the women I meet there, but in a place like Poland I let beta Roosh run wild and free to be rewarded with more sex than ever. It's an amazing thing to sincerely compliment a woman, kiss her with passion, and divulge your manly feelings for her to receive mind-blowing sex and her desire to get into a relationship with you. In America that simply does not happen.

It comes down to identifying the beta traits you have and finding out if they are costing you sex or not. If they are, can you work on changing or minimizing them? Do you *want* to change or minimize them? If not then either you have to accept less sex or move to a place where those traits are wanted, such as South America or Eastern Europe. Minimize or move—pick one.

Not All Women Of The World Want An Alpha Male

If you only interact with women in the United States, particularly the big cities, it's easy to conclude that most of them want an alpha male. They want an outspoken, masculine, and cocky peacock that treats them poorly and plays hard to get. They don't want an agreeable nice guy who gives them compliments and shows eagerness in wanting

to take them out. Only by displaying alpha traits did I get laid as I came of age in Washington DC. Before I started traveling in my late 20s, I didn't even think that women of the world would want their men any other way.

My game softened while I was in South America, but not too much. While I could be more affectionate and caring, the women of Brazil, for example, loved men who pursued them aggressively. The women of Colombia, used to dating mini drug lords, wanted ambitious men who weren't shy about displaying their means. They seemed to want a 33% beta and 66% alpha man, a mix that didn't clash with my prior held beliefs. It's only when I got to Europe that my alpha male model of seeing the world started to collapse.

In Iceland, I noticed that the women didn't care if you were alpha, just that you were good-looking and had a private room. In Denmark, I had to become a silent uber beta just to get laid. The more beta I was, the more Danish girls I fucked.

In Poland, I killed it by being a horny beta male. While I did approach and wasn't shy about escalating, I complimented Polish women freely. I bought them drinks and even the occasional dinner, treating them like a girlfriend even if they weren't. I wasn't cocky and rarely teased them. I didn't do anything to manually build attraction. I was just my talkative self and they were fine with that. The more soft and Drake-like I was, the more I was rewarded with their attention and affections.

I want to give additional clarification of what I mean by "beta." I wasn't supplicant and I didn't hold their purse while they went to the bathroom, but I wasn't an asshole either. I wasn't needy, I didn't contact them often, I didn't want to see them more than twice a week, and I didn't buy them presents or flowers, but I didn't play hard to get. I led the interaction, but I considered their suggestions and needs into account, such as asking them where they wanted to go or what type of food they wanted to eat. I did my best to increase their happiness, but I also expected something in return for what I gave them. I wouldn't disagree with you if you said that my preceding definition of beta is "lesser alpha," but for the sake of contrast let's call it beta.

There was no thought in my head that said to run alpha game on Polish girls, simply because they were so sweet and compliant. It wouldn't have made sense. They showed up on time for dates, didn't play games, didn't argue with me just for the sake of arguing, didn't stare at their phones every five minutes, and didn't try to make me jealous by flirting with other men. Even in long-term relationships it doesn't appear you need to run "relationship game" to keep their attraction level high. It's true that I did use game to get the bang, but it was soft compared to what I run on American women.

The alpha model that you know well, that you use to bang American girls, is a temporary aberration in male-female dynamics, a preference that arises when a culture becomes sick and the functioning of normal relationships—and therefore society—breaks down. Alpha preference is not universal and not the way things have always been (all those psychological studies done today that suggest the preference are being done on American and British women, not Polish or Estonian). While your father may be an alpha, he has no clue what alpha means, because there was no need in his time to actively become anything but a provider. If you think back to the times when women wanted ultra alphas, it was only when life was brutally short and resources scarce, but as long as there were stable tribes, beta providers were preferred. Providing *was* alpha.

As much as I want to blame feminism for causing women to have a predominant alpha preference, the women of Scandinavia are hopelessly drowning in feminist propaganda but do not prefer alpha males. Besides the occasional experimentation with a bad boy, they prefer subservient betas. A dominant alpha preference is present in only a handful of countries, most of them English-speaking. Even in South America, a place where alphas can do quite well, you'd be shocked at how many sniveling betas you see with beautiful young women.

I'm slowly coming to the conclusion that something is wrong with a culture if the women explicitly prefer alpha males. It makes illogical sense from a biological and humanitarian standpoint that a woman would go after men who will not provide or take care of them. Consider that women in America are mindlessly rushing to be used as cum buckets, which is being further encouraged by the media and Holly-

wood that makes fun of beta men for being boring, dopey, or unromantic.

To find out if a mating behavior is wrong or not, just use the sister test. Would you want your sister riding the carousel? Would you want her being subjected to what you do to bang American women? Or would you want her playing hard to get in order to find a good man who wants to take care of her forever? A society is healthy if the way you want your sister treated is the normal and prevalent behavior. This is the case in Scandinavia, Poland, and the Baltics, but we don't have that in America, a place where women openly despise and mock nice guys. The irony is that my sister knows I treat American girls like disposable razors while at the same time understanding that I must do so in order to get laid, as if I have no other choice.

The broken American system has given rise to sexual jackals like myself who take advantage of the current environment, but understand that a broken culture is not needed to have an exciting sex life. My time in Poland was sexually just as fun, only less porn-like. My mood was more balanced, my interactions with women were more pleasant, and my overall stress level was low. It now seems almost perverse to me that I had to act hard and hyper-masculine to fuck girls, that I had to be a caricature of an action movie character instead of simply being positive, easy-going, and engaging. But that's the American culture we have today. If you live in the United States, learn to be ridiculously alpha or move somewhere else.

Today Is Day Zero In The Destruction Of Man

From this day forward it will only get worse. The march of Western civilization will spoil and ruin everything that can make man naturally happy. Countries that are ruined will continue to degrade. Other countries that are still capable of allowing men to enjoy life will only worsen. Consider today as the start of a race where forces you cannot control will work to strip away anything good and human.

Technology and globalization will make man more idle, unable to find meaning of his place in the world. He will have no need to work

the earth or understand nature. He will be in front of computers all day and televisions at night. Entertainment and shiny tablets will be shoved down his throat, making him complacent, dumb, anxious, and entitled. Man is being turned into obsessive-compulsive victims who are nothing more than glorified pushers of smartphone buttons, unable to live without the constant distraction of beeps, noises, and moving images.

The elite will own your mind and body. They see you as nothing but a little machine to generate their wealth, and they will suck you dry until there is nothing left but bone and dust. The 20th century workers revolution was just a speed bump in their march to dominate you. Full employment and an ever increasing standard of living will not be realized. The unemployed masses will only swell. You will be living from check to check, on the brink of starvation, if that's not already happening to you now.

The West will continue their destruction of the human male until society itself collapses. No longer are there incentives for you to reproduce in a Western country, and doing so could lead to your ruin and even imprisonment. The future is a minority of men ruling over the proletariat, not for the purpose of human good but for controlling power. Orwell's boot is above all of our heads, ready to stomp down.

Women will become more masculine until the word "woman" no longer has any meaning. They are losing the ability to act like women and maintain a household at a pace faster than even I could have imagined. The end game is an Androgynous World Order like what they have in Scandinavia, where there is no "girl" or "boy," and any behavior that one gender can do is also acceptable by the other. Criticism against gender and race is not allowed. Conformity in thought must be maintained at all times.

Countries go through a cycle on their path towards male destruction:

1. Alpha Man Paradise. These are corrupt societies where a successful man can set up his own little harem, not unlike those of ancient Aztec or Chinese civilizations. Average men are resigned to picking up scraps. Example countries: Russia, Iran.

2. Good Man Environment. A country where men are still respected by both government and women (Poland, Colombia).

3. Man Destruction Pending. These countries have been injected with the destruction virus. Advancement to the final stage is possible within our lifetimes (Brazil, Spain, Germany).

4. Men Being Actively Destroyed. Wholly inhospitable environments for men. Rampant false-rape charges and financial rape in divorce court. Being a man is already a crime or soon will be (United States, England, Australia, Scandinavia).

Japan is a great example of end game where men simply cease to reproduce, resigning themselves to sex dolls and comics. In 100 years, all Japan will be known for is producing strange pornography.

It pains me to put Brazil in category three, but my eyes don't lie. I was surprised at the *progresso* Brazil was making between my trips there, spaced only within two years. While Rio and Sao Paulo will give you five times more happiness than Chicago or Washington DC, it's becoming increasingly less so. Even in Poland, the amount of smartphone and corresponding bitch face of women using them increased within only six months once T Mobile opened up shop there. For countries in a state of man decline, it will be necessary to visit their second or even third-tier cities where the ills of "progress" have not yet influenced the populace. For those men yet to be born, the only way for them to experience the feminine women that love tourists like me currently take for granted will be to step inside luddite towns with populations under 25,000 people.

I look into the future for guys like us and all I see is darkness. It's not getting better anywhere. There is no place where women are becoming more feminine, where worker power over industry is increasing, or where people put aside technology to interact more with their fellow man. This means we have no choice but to become flexible and location independent, moving from one pile of rubble to the next, trying to squeeze out the remaining happiness that the world is capable of giving us. Baby boomer men have lived in what was perhaps the best time to have been a man on earth, where they could marry a real woman and build a family while working a stable job, all in the same city. That's over, and it will never improve. Loot while you can.

I'm Ready To Man Up

I've been doing a lot of thinking lately. I'm still here in Poland, pretending to be Peter Pan, having purely sexual relationships in a life void of responsibility where no one counts on me and no one expects anything of me. There is no reason to wake up before noon. I spend my days writing, reading, drinking, and chasing pussy. I have so much free time that I decided to learn Polish, one of the hardest languages in the world, just for the hell of it. I feel that there should be something more to life, even if it means taking on what may initially seem like a burden.

I'm convinced that the solution is to grow up and do what society expects of me, to be a man as defined by my middle-class peers.

I will man up and fly to Washington DC. I will fix my resume, make up some amazing bullshit for the four-year gap in professional employment, and become a microbiologist again. Hopefully I won't have a mean boss, and hopefully the HR gals like me enough so I don't get the axe in the first round of corporate restructuring.

Once stably employed, I will man up by looking for a modest condominium in the suburbs, taking on a mortgage that is not too crushing. The mortgage will give me a respectability that my self-published fuck guides never could. Hopefully the value of my condo doesn't decline, the condo association nazis don't complain about my music, and no major repairs will be needed that force me to eat ramen for an extended period of time.

To get around in the suburbs, I will man up by purchasing an environmentally friendly automobile, preferably a Toyota Prius. I will finance it. I will have to budget carefully since gas, insurance, and maintenance adds up. Hopefully I don't get into a catastrophic accident.

I will man up and enroll in a part-time graduate program by borrowing the tuition (I can get my dad to co-sign the loan since he likes it when I go to school). If I really move my ass, I can have a fresh degree in four years, which will really impress my boss and set me up for a 4.5% annual raise instead of the usual 3%. My debt load should now keep me quite busy and anxious for the next 30 years.

I will man up and find a wife on eHarmony. She'll be my age, a handsome woman tired of being pumped and dumped, with a masculine

sensibility that South American and Eastern European women don't have. She will drastically shorten her hair six months after the wedding, and in spite of my disapproval, she will gain one pound a month until finally exploding like a whale for our first of two kids. She'll never make the effort to lose the pregnancy weight, no matter how many subtle gym membership gifts I get her for Valentine's Day, Mother's Day, her birthday, and Christmas. She will lose interest in having sex with me. The most humiliating moment of my life will be when she tells me to pump her hand while she reads a woman's magazine. I will feel unattractive and unloved.

Once the kids are in middle school, my wife will initiate divorce proceedings because "the feeling" is no longer there. The feeling was no longer there for me either, but I was willing to make it work for our children. Nonetheless, I will man up and let her take the property, the cars, and the kids. I will pay her steep child support payments that leave me on the edge of poverty. My kids will be brainwashed against me, and hate me for the rest of their lives. I'll hate them too, but if I stop paying child support I will be sent to prison. With little fatherly influence in their lives, my son will become a little bitch and my daughter a slut who loses her virginity at the age of 14.

I will not give up on life. I will work even harder and make wise investments until my kids are 18 and the burden of child support payments are lifted. Once eligible for social security at the age of 67, I will take my modest nest egg to a modern country with a cheap standard of living, maybe Poland. Once there, no one will count on me and no one will expect anything of me. There will no reason to wake up before noon. I'll spend my days writing, reading, drinking, and purchasing pussy. I will have so much free time that I'll decide to learn Polish, one of the hardest languages in the world, just for the hell of it. Yes, I'm ready to man up.

Female Empowerment Is Slavery

Here's a bedroom conversation I had with an empowered woman...

Woman: "Do you want to get married?"

Me: “I’m not ready to get married, but I am ready to hold on—at least temporarily—to the good girls I meet. When I’m older I think I want to be with one great woman and occasionally cheat on the side to keep things fresh. This is how they do it in South America. The guy provides for the family while the wife turns a blind eye. I know you think that’s unacceptable, but I believe being able to cheat, without openly disrespecting my wife, is a way to ensure a marriage’s long-term success.”

Woman: “That’s what my grandfather did to my grandmother. She actually knew the girls he was sponsoring, but she didn’t have any options. This is why it’s better these days. Women have options.”

Me: “What do you mean by options?”

Woman: “I don’t have to be enslaved by my husband.”

Me: “So instead of being enslaved by your husband, a man who is not perfect but provides for you and loves you, you want to be enslaved by the corporation you work for? You want to depend on a company that can fire you at will, that values profits above everything else, and that would commemorate your death with a three-line email mentioning how you were a pleasant and obedient worker? How important can your job—excuse me—your *career* really be if they can find your replacement in the time it takes to post an ad on Craigslist? It sounds like you’re trading loyalty of the most important man in your life for a faceless entity that has little stake in your happiness as a woman. I rather depend on my spouse for bread and shelter than a board of directors who identifies me as an expendable entry on an accounting spreadsheet instead of a human being with wants and dreams.”

Woman: “But you would want your wife to stay at home and do nothing with her life?”

Me: “How long does it take to cook three healthy meals and keep the home clean? Not more than four hours. If she is awake for 16 hours a day, and spends four hours of quality time with me, that means she has eight hours to do whatever she wants, at least until the kids start rolling in. She can pursue her hobbies and passions, go to the gym, read books, and enjoy her leisure time. As long as it doesn’t come at the expense of maintaining the home, and she does her best to please me, she is free to do what she wants.”

Woman: “But I want to accomplish something. I don’t want to be just a housewife.”

Me: “Pushing papers in an office is accomplishing something? Let’s be real, no woman is going to win a Nobel Prize with her work as a human resource associate, middle manager, or government bureaucrat. If you owned your own business or ran a charity that fed starving kids, I’d agree that you were accomplishing something, but spending all your days in meetings, dealing with dumb office politics, and being a standard-issue wage slave sounds a lot less fulfilling than being able to pursue your interests while satisfying a man who takes good care of you.”

Woman: “But if I don’t have a job and my husband has an affair, I’ll be helpless. I want to have a backup plan in case he neglects me.”

Me: “So you’re going to marry someone with the expectation of failure? If you already have divorce in the back of your head before you walk down the aisle then I guarantee it won’t work. It’s having the need for options and a way out that ensures the marriage will fail. It’s only when both parties are unconditionally committed to the marriage that it has a chance of success. You don’t think the man has stake in the marriage when he knows that his wife’s survival solely depends on him? You’d have to make a horrible decision to marry a man who is willing to put you on the street. In that case it’s as much your mistake as it is his failure as a husband. It’s having too many options and too many outs that has made marriage a joke that it is today. Either you depend on each other for everything or do what everyone else does and form a business partnership that can be severed with two lawyers over afternoon coffee. It takes serious commitment and sacrifice to make it work, something that people don’t do as long as they have their call-this-law-firm-in-case-of-emergency Plan B.”

Woman: “You want to force your wife to stay home?”

Me: “I don’t know any woman who would rather put up with rush hour traffic and a job that doesn’t move humanity forward than stay home and raise a good family. You’re telling me you rather work than be provided for and not have to worry about money? There are billions of women in the world right now who would think you’re insane for preferring to work in a padded cubicle box for forty hours a week.

Unfortunately, you've been brainwashed to think that it's a better idea to make shareholders rich through your labor than to dedicate yourself to family. Consider that this whole full employment movement for women is less than 100 hundred years old, a blink of the eye in the hundreds of thousands of years of human history. It's one of the greatest tragedies committed to women of the world, and it will not be reversed."

Woman: "You're going to provide for a woman so that she doesn't have to work? You can afford that?"

Me: "I will only get married if I'm able to provide for her and two future kids with solely my income. This is becoming impossible in declining societies like America and Britain, but it can be done in South America and Eastern Europe, which works out fine for me since I prefer those women anyway. They still have what it takes to be a good wife and mother."

Woman: "I just don't want to be bored at home."

Me (smiling): "Don't worry, I'll find you some nice hobbies. Maybe you can start your own side business. In America, a lot of women get burned out with their soulless careers and become bakers or sell arts and crafts on the internet."

Sadly, female empowerment is nothing more than a form of disempowerment. It forces women to dedicate their lives to capital, not husbands, gradually destroying society in the process. Men's rights guys and game guys are nothing but symptoms of the disease, manifestations of a dying body.

Soon after the above conversation, she gave me a real compliment without a hint of sarcasm, the first time she had done so. She held me tighter and sweetly asked me if I wanted to see her again. While Western corruption has made women like her absolutely despise provider men, deep down they want a strong man who can take care of them and make them forget about being mere little machines in the creation of wealth for others. Thankfully, there are still women in the world who will completely and unreservedly dedicate their lives to men instead of their office jobs.

Feminism Killed The Nice Guy

The problem with modern feminism is that it has disrupted a gender equilibrium that has existed for millennia. And yes, that equilibrium had men exerting their control and superiority over women, but it was an equilibrium nonetheless that has helped the human species perpetuate and colonize the Earth. Feminism's successful foray on mainstream culture has destroyed that balance and made it increasingly hopeless for today's man to land a decent woman who cherishes him, let alone one who can be a suitable mother to his children.

I will concede that some aspects of feminism are just and proper. Women should have some say of how many children they want, if they want to work, and if they want to get married (and with whom). They should not be held as sex slaves against their will. They should be rewarded based on their skills and accomplishments just like a man should, and equal pay for equal work is reasonable. However, today we have women overreaching and demanding more than their fair share. They want high positions not based on their skills but simply because they are female, continually shoving false "glass-ceiling" and unequal pay myths down our throats. They want courts to subjugate men they divorce for the most trivial of reasons, and they want to put down and play any man who attempts to form a connection with them using a provider (beta) game that has worked for his most recent ancestors.

Unfortunately there will be no setting back of the clock. As long as women retain suffrage, our politicians will continue to appease them for votes by refusing to scale back anti-man laws. Unfit mothers will continue to keep custody rights while fathers pay support for a child who is brainwashed against him. Single motherhood will increasingly be glorified. And as long as American-style capitalism provides decreasing job opportunities for men, women will continue to excel in mundane office jobs that better suit their social, emotional brains instead of the factory and engineering jobs of the past that provided men with a fair income for his entire family.

I believe that today's man can still restore his dominion in a world that is skewing against his favor by doing one thing: becoming a sexist. He must possess sexist beliefs for three reasons:

1. To have sexual relationships with women who are at least as pretty as he is handsome.

2. To assert his superiority over his female competitors in the workplace by playing the office game as well as they do (e.g. constantly bringing up accomplishments to managers, being outspoken, being two-faced, ass-kissing, and backstabbing).

3. To get laid *at all*.

In the past you didn't have to believe that you were superior to women. The system was set up so that all you had to do was go to school, get a good-paying local job, and ask your mom to put in a good word with the neighbor's cute daughter. The first girl you fucked would probably be your wife, you'd have your two kids, and you'd live the so-called American dream. Today this is not possible. Your father's father would be unsuccessful at mating in today's climate of feminism which has allowed a tiny percentage of alpha men to monopolize the best women. As American women become more obese and gross, there are fewer desirable women left outside of the alpha males' harems. The nice guy is left with nothing but scraps—and those scraps have attitude.

While it doesn't look good for you in terms of marriage, at the minimum, any educated, employed man in a first-world nation should be able to sleep with a handful of decent women a year. But without having sexist beliefs, he will wholeheartedly struggle in that front. Here's what it means to be a sexist:

- Having a low level of respect for women.
- Having the belief that the genders are not equal (you should nod or smile at the following quote: "A woman can do anything a man can do, as long as a man first shows her how").
- Not listening to them about anything.
- Studying flavors of game based on the alpha-male model, an effective countermeasure to feminism.
- Preferring the company of compliant, feminine women of different nationalities where feminism has not made strong inroads (Eastern Europe, Southeast Asia, South America).

You don't have to hate women and you don't have to abuse them. You don't have to commit any crimes against them. But you must believe that you are superior and deserve more than them. With the

addition of game practice, you will then be sexually rewarded for those beliefs.

It's a sad fact that the modern feminist withholds sex from the nice guy, disgusted with his subservience, while servicing the sexist alpha man, increasing his power and rewarding him with more sexual delights than he could have experienced since the days of Itzcoatl. The nice guy is weak and starved, left sexless and alone, a pathetic specimen resigned to the brunt of jokes in beer commercials and crappy sitcoms. If he wants to procreate, he has no choice but to rise from the ashes as a sexist. The more of those beliefs he accepts, the more he'll get what he wants in the fucked-up world we currently live in.

How To End Cockblocking As We Know It

The way to end cockblocking in the United States came to me in a dream. I woke up and immediately grabbed a pen so I wouldn't forget something that could change the lives of millions of men.

If you get cockblocked by a girl, you need to respond by shaking her core so hard that she hesitates doing it ever again, like a mouse who hits the wrong lever and gets the shit zapped out of him. No jokes and no wit—you gotta get dirty.

This is what you must say to the cockblocker. Say it with a stern tone, like a parent scolding a child.

“Did you really just do that? I’m being friendly and respectful to your friend and you rudely interrupt. Did your parents teach you to be anti-social like that?”

Then shake your head and turn your back on her. Don't engage her in a conversation or even act like you hear her response. She no longer exists.

This ruins her night, completely. Girls are emotional creatures and it takes them a very long time to get over being called out like that. To top it off, girls absolutely *hate* it when you don't allow them to respond. They are so used to getting in the last word in their arguments with men (they are addicted to closure, remember), that she will be thinking of what happened for a long time to come.

I was talking to a girl and mid-sentence out of nowhere this bitch rolls up between us and starts yapping her mouth. I tap her on the shoulder and she turns around. With a straight face I said, "You see we're talking here, right?" She gave me a stunned look and immediately stormed off. Her friend gave chase to console her.

Do you think she interrupted another conversation that night? I don't think so. She probably went home to call her beta orbiter for support.

If every guy calls out a cockblocker just once a month, I'm confident it will cease to exist in a year or two. I'm dead serious. Girls will continue to cockblock as long as there is no punishment for doing so, and since it's against the law to slap her upside the face, you have to use words. But it's important you don't use profanity or call her names because then she won't take you seriously. Be mostly respectful so she can't immediately write you off as an asshole. You're a good guy who is shocked and appalled by the rudeness you were just victim to. You don't believe what the world is coming to.

It's our fault that girls cockblock. We've been letting them get away with it for so long that girls know there is absolutely no cost for them to block. We stand there with dumbfounded looks on our face while she gets satisfaction that her friend is going home alone just like her. It's time to let them earn that cockblock.

Here are the keywords to remember: respectful, rude, interrupt, anti-social. I don't care if I get kicked out of bars but I'm going to ruin her night, and she's going to think twice about doing it again.

How Culture Affects Game

By now it should be obvious that you wouldn't game an American girl the same way as a Russian girl. It takes most men only a couple international trips to realize that game is not a one-size-fits-all routine. The more you understand the type of girl you're dealing with, the more bangs you'll get, and the best way to understand a girl is to understand the culture she's from. In particular there are two parts of culture that

matter to us most: (1) attention span, and (2) how much access men have with women.

A culture's collective attention span determines how women respond to stimuli, whether it's a man approaching them on the street or a news headline displayed on a computer screen. How do they give their attention to that which interests them? How efficient are they at multitasking? How addicted are they to a steady stream of new information? In my travel research I'm finding that knowing the attention span level almost entirely tells me whether I should pursue a short ball attempt (one-night stands, fast kisses) or long ball attempt (phone numbers, dates).

How would you describe the attention span of an attractive 25-year-old American woman living in DC? Let's take a look at her day:

- Wake up to an alarm with no time to spare. Shove a Pop Tart in the toaster before running out the door.
- Be greeted at work with urgent emails.
- Have concentration constantly interrupted by meetings, emails, and phone calls.
- Spend lunch break catching up on news and social media, but only have time to scan headlines and skim articles.
- Pop an adderall or other brain altering drug.
- Begin leisure activities after work, such as happy hours and kickball club.
- Grab a big bite to eat from Chipotle.
- Wind down day in front of television with iPad in lap, scanning through a dozen new messages on OK Cupid and POF.
- Reach for iPhone and reply to three guys recently met the past weekend.

The American girl is bombarded with information and attention all day long. For all her faults, however, she's able to multitask a large amount of information without suffering a nervous breakdown. Now let's take a look at the day of a Russian girl, who while even more beautiful, happens to be poor and living in Siberia.

- Roll out of bed with a completely clear schedule. Mill around the kitchen talking to relatives.

- Check old Nokia brick cell phone for text messages. Nothing new.
- Take a slow walk to the market for provisions.
- Cook lunch for the family then hang out in Nastya's apartment since her parents aren't home. Flirt with the stupid local guys who are destined to become alcoholics.
- Flip through magazines that feature the fast paced-lifestyle of New York City and other cosmopolitan cities.
- Receive a call from oil man Gregor who gives her spending money in exchange for sex.
- Fantasize about Prince Charming.

The Russian girl has many hours to do as she may and most of that will be spent hanging out with her friends in the neighborhood. Needless to say but she would welcome a new man into her life that meets her low standards. She's free almost every night of the week starting at 5pm.

The American girl doesn't have the time because she's just too busy. If she goes on a date with you on Tuesday night, how will her kickball team defeat the KFC Krushers? Her attention and time is valuable. Assuming you pick her up at lunch time in the coffee shop and get her number, within four days that event will almost seem like a distant memory because of how much more stimulus she has received since then. But if you pick up the Russian girl in the same way, two days later you will be fresh on her mind (she would have spent a couple hours thinking about you). Which girl would you go for the kill immediately upon meeting and which girl would it be acceptable to play it slow knowing that you won't have to compete with her social calendar?

Now take a look at the following three headlines:

- 10 Things I Learned From Living In France For Fourteen Years
- Musings From Living In France
- I Didn't Like France So Much After Living There

If you were faced with these three on Twitter at the same time, which would you click? Probably the first. Now imagine that a girl has ten new text messages on her phone from guys. Who is she going to

“click” first? **The guy who already gave her the good dick.** The more daily stimulus she receives, the more you need to stay in the picture by having sex with her as fast as possible. To rise above the noise, her pussy you must quickly destroy.

Besides attention span, it's also important to look at how much access guys have to women. In the recent past, a woman's options were limited by her immediate social circle and the occasional man who approached her. If she met a guy at a dinner party on Friday night, that man could call the following Thursday and be assured that she didn't meet anyone else since. Her standards were within reason and flaking was less, simply because she didn't have a lot of guys hitting on her.

This is roughly how it was when I was in Ukraine earlier this year, where I almost never got flaked on and girls always wrote back to my initial text. My phone number to date ratio was well over 50% assuming I had at least 15 minutes for the initial pickup. This means if I wasn't feeling “on” during a certain night, I could get a number and have a healthy chance of setting a date. I wasn't punished for taking a more leisurely pace.

Compare that to today in America. Women who I wouldn't fuck with your dick are now getting hit on a dozen times a day on the internet. Social networking sites allow her to build a constellation of orbiters who constantly feed her with attention and make her feel more desirable. Technology, particularly the smartphone, allows them to field male attention all day long. While the proliferation of game hasn't helped things, since she's now approached in person a lot more, the rapid adoption of internet and mobile devices has instantly made every average girl a near celebrity in the amount of attention she receives compared to her counterpart 30 years ago. Sadly, there's no reversing this thread. The world is copying the American model and within our lifetimes even areas in South America and Eastern Europe will be corrupted. It's happening as we speak.

So attention spans are getting shorter and girls have exponentially more options than before. What can you do? The solution, which I hope you currently practice, is to go for the fast kill by pushing interactions as far as you can, not only to rise above the information overload she experiences with modern life but also to squeeze out all the guys who

are hitting her up, mainly via the internet. For the longest time I've been telling you to go for one-night stands to avoid flakes, cockblocking by friends, and other supernatural reasons, but now we know *why* you need to work so fast: to stay in the news. If you run night game, push the interactions fast and furious to the end. If you do day game, go for instant dates and contact them soon before you get bumped down the list by all the other guys who flood her inboxes before you even make first contact.

All those beta males who used to stay at home listening to Lionel Richie, too scared to approach a girl, now have Facebook and OK Cupid to hit on women, and they are doing so in high numbers. All those girls who would've taken up knitting or scrapbooking now have constant entertainment options and Tumblr. Your stellar pickup at the bar will mean absolutely nothing in three days when you're already a fading memory because of the spammer men flooding her electronic devices. We've arrived at the point where the only way for her to take you seriously is if you already fucked her. The long ball game is dead. Give her the dick, and give it to her fast.

9

TRAVEL

Pussy Paradise

In my early 20s I had a dream of traveling the world without having to answer to anyone. I wanted to wake up at noon, work at my own pace, and sleep with a lot of women. It took over a decade of combined effort on both my game and writing, but I have realized that dream. Today I am free, and besides the occasional hurdle, sex is no longer a problem. It almost feels strange to me that it ever was.

I should have unbridled happiness flowing from my pores, but truth is my life today brings me contentment, not bliss. I've gotten used to this lifestyle and see it as normal. Only when I think back ten years do I appreciate how far I've come.

I've become a man without goals. I don't need more notches or a higher income. I don't want a family (right now). I don't want a tablet device. Besides a couple of countries I want to visit in the future, there is nothing else I want. What should I try to achieve next?

I've meditated about this problem a lot for the past couple months. My thoughts kept going back to the pussy I had in Poland, where my penis reached the then pinnacle of its existence. I don't need any more

notches, that's for sure, but I can't think of anything else that keeps my mind sharper and my masculinity stronger than chasing pink. The day-to-day adventures of pussy chasing keeps me young, vigorous, and fully engaged in life. Being a slave to the pussy has made me a warrior. I'm miles ahead of the sexual pack when compared to my male peers of the world, whose approach to getting laid is based more on luck and hope than concerted effort and strategy.

In the past my goal was to meander through Europe and accumulate random experiences and flags. Then Poland happened, and that plan no longer made any sense after I realized that a consistent stream of high-quality pussy profoundly affected my immediate happiness in a positive way. The feeling that comes from being unstoppable with the women was like natural heroin. Every night in Poland I'd go to sleep with a little smirk on my face, ready to die in peace, even if I was alone in bed. If pussy is my fountain of youth, it is clear what my new mission in life must be. It was under my nose all along, something I must have known was the answer but could not admit to myself. My mission today is to find a place that exceeds Poland. My goal in life is to find pussy paradise.

I want to be in a place where if I step outside and take a deep breath, pussy will come. I want to walk in a huge club and be the most desirable man who women compete over. I want zero-effort pussy of the most beautiful girls I've ever had in my life. Maybe you're laughing right now that I'm dreaming, that this place doesn't exist, but I believe it does, and sometimes belief is all it takes.

Before a man searches for pussy paradise, he must understand its transient nature. Nothing stays paradise forever. They're like once in a millennia tsunamis that occur after a convergence of unlikely factors, never to be seen again in a location for many generations. In two recent countries I visited, Estonia and Latvia, I saw the scattered ruins of the paradise that existed years before. Stories from those who remembered its peak suggested great riches and glory to all those men who visited, but I was too little too late (five years too late). With the rapid societal changes that globalization brings, I estimate a 1-3 year window until emergent pussy paradises fade, with the only thing left for late arrivals is the smell of faint pussy juice in the air.

When you stay on the road you start to develop a sixth sense for where pussy paradise may be. You look at a city name that you've never seen and have a feeling that this could be it. Then you dedicate a lot of time and resources to investigate further, only to be disappointed. In my hand I hold yet another losing lottery ticket, but the jackpot continues to grow and I still believe in my numbers. I will find pussy paradise, no matter how long it takes me.

Pussy Exists In A State Of Equilibrium

"The entropy of [Earth's] constituent systems fluctuates up and down at varying rates." -**The Sisyphean Paradox**

All organisms on Earth have some limiting feature or constraint that prevent them from dominating the environment. The exception is humans. They exist in a state of disequilibrium that allows them to exert an influence far beyond their fragile little bodies could have predicted. But since nature prefers equilibrium and balance, this temporary state will one day come to an abrupt end.

The invisible hand that pushes nature towards equilibrium works on smaller scales as well, in particular with regard to the human female. I have personally witnessed the work of the hand in my travels, where anything good tends to be balanced almost perfectly with the bad.

In **Poland**, the women loved me and my penis, but their faces are average and the cities are only good for four months out of the year.

In **Ukraine**, the women are hyper-feminine and make perfect girlfriends, but there are several logistical barriers (starting with language) that make it tough to make the pussy rain. It doesn't help that most of the country is a horrible shithole.

In **Iceland**, okay-looking girls are extremely easy, but they aren't feminine. The cost of living is high and the weather sucks.

In **Brazil**, the women are sexy, sensual, and know how to fuck, but their faces are average, they have small breasts, and their bodies are getting fatter. The cities are sketchy and the culture is becoming dangerously feminist.

In **Colombia**, girls are pretty and feminine but extremely flakey and it's tough to pull at night due to logistical issues. You need Spanish to do well.

When someone asks me which country is best, I have to ask back in regard to what. For beautiful girls? For relationships? For easy sex, for day pickups, for night pickups, for internet game, for speaking in Spanish? Equilibrium is always at work to prevent one location from having it all, meaning that pussy paradise cannot be a natural state. The good news is that sometimes it takes a while for the invisible hand to apply to brakes on a budding pussy paradise. During the 90s, there were pussy paradises as far as the eye can see east of the Berlin Wall until the introduction of capitalism and RyanAir restored equilibrium.

Was the 1960s and 70s in America a pussy paradise, when you could bang *thin* women who were still feminine? If it was, equilibrium was unfortunately established with the successful propagation of feminism. We still have easy sex, but with masculine fatties who have attitude.

Your mission, if you choose to accept it, is to find a city or country where a *temporary imbalance* tips the odds in your favor. Is it Peru or Philippines where the white man is treated like god? Is it a third-tier American city in the South or Midwest that has feminine women aching for alpha cock? Is it an industrial city in Russia where there are three desperate women for every alcoholic man? Unless you find a place where an imbalance has yet to be restored, you'll be going to spots where the good equalizes with the bad.

Understand that temporary imbalances are just as likely to work against your favor than for it. Countries like the USA and England are today full of frustrated men who are working too hard for scraps of mediocre pussy. Girls are having a ball in these penis paradises because they can put less effort to get a good man than the previous generation of women. For men who live in penis paradises, happiness is not about finding pussy paradise but just getting the fuck out to any other place that has basic equilibrium. Even a 1:1 ratio will seem like pussy paradise to them.

In the course of our lifetimes there will be many triggers and events that lead to cultural shifts. These shifts create imbalances that could

produce temporary pussy paradises. I've saved up a bit of money, so when I suspect that such a place has appeared, when I hear that communism has been repealed in Belarus and women are partying like it's like 1991, I'll be on a one-way flight over there with my bag of extra large condoms. I'll be sure to tell you all about it... after I get my fill.

Sex Tourists Vs. Love Tourists

Sex tourists go to countries with the explicit goal to pay for sex. Love tourists go to countries with a goal to date women. This may include sex, casual relationships, and long-term relationships.

Sex tourists do not study game. Love tourists study game, psychology, and other related fields that help them be more attractive to women.

Sex tourists share tips on where the best whores are located. Love tourists share tips on where the most feminine women are located.

Sex tourists hate American women. Love tourists hate American women.

Sex tourists think that all women care about are looks and money. Love tourists understand that human attraction includes a wide range of variables and factors.

Sex tourists go to a city with a goal to drop cash in brothels. Love tourists go to a city with a goal to start conversations with attractive women.

Sex tourists pack viagra. Love tourists pack baking soda.

Sex tourists do not have sex without directly paying for it. Love tourists do not pay money to have sex.

Sex tourists pay for the "girlfriend experience." Love tourists get real girlfriends.

Sex tourists learn how to say "How much for one hour?" in the local language. Love tourists spend months doing Pimsleur language audio courses, sometimes taking university-level classes.

Sex tourists rationalize paying directly for sex as efficient. Love tourists rationalize not paying for sex as real.

Sex tourists congregate on the internet to share whoremongering stories. Love tourists congregate on the internet to share city data sheets.

Sex tourists don't care if there are love tourists around. Love tourists prefer to stay far away from sex tourists.

Sex tourists would consider getting a mail order bride. Love tourists wouldn't consider a mail order bride since he can cultivate real relationships from scratch.

Sex tourists get freebies in the form of an extra 15 minutes from his whore. Love tourists get freebies in the form of a blowjob in the bushes by a girl who loves Americans.

I don't blame feminists too much for grouping us with sex tourists since love tourism is at the leading edge of a nascent movement, but if they wish to get into an intelligent debate about why we do what we do, the difference must be respected.

The Dirty Truth About Traveling To Meet Women

Let me be the first to say that traveling is no shortcut to learning game. It will not solve whatever girl problem you have in your home country. Instead, it's likely you'll pack the problem with you and continue to struggle.

The dirty truth is that for your initial trips *you will not get hotter than what you get at home*. In other words, if you can't get more than a 6 in the United States, it's unlikely you'll get more than a 6 in Colombia. There are, of course, big exceptions worth sharing:

1. Do you know the local language? If you're competent in Spanish, you should be getting hotter women. If we split up knowing a language into 12 different grades or levels, each level of attainment will allow you to get a 0.20 increase in attractiveness on the 1-10 scale. Towards the end of my time in Colombia, my Spanish level was 5 out of 12, meaning I could score a solid point above my already respectable results in America. This is actually what happened. The girls I got with in Colombia weren't incredibly cuter, but they were definitely cuter.

2. Are you staying for a while? If it's long enough to integrate yourself into a social circle, you'll have more opportunities to get cuter girls. I don't see too much utility in traveling to a country for a weekend just to get laid, or even a week, because you're not giving yourself time for opportunities to naturally occur. I know some of you are limited by corporate jobs, but it's better to save up your time for at least a two week trip than something shorter.

3. Are you an approach machine? If not then forget it. You shouldn't even travel unless you have solid early game because approaching in another culture introduces so many new factors that you need to devote your attention on. You don't want to get off the plane and worry about the basics like approach anxiety or what opener to use.

4. Is there a heavy concentration of English speakers in the country you're visiting? For example, if every other girl speaks English in some Eastern European capital, then you should pull quality with time and effort.

So let's say you're going to Rio de Janeiro for one month, where you plan to rent a room. You studied Portuguese for six months prior, and can have basic conversations that put you at 3 out of 12 on the language scale (you're a slow language learner). You also worked on your game to where approaching and having fun conversations isn't a difficult task. Can you get a hotter girl there than you can in the States? Most definitely, especially since English speakers in Rio aren't uncommon.

But we all know the average tourist going to Brazil isn't doing all that. He's going for a week with a stack of cash with no plan and hoping things just work themselves out. He's the first to ask if his awful high school Spanish will be sufficient. That man will be disappointed with his results, and come back home saying Brazil was "okay."

Have you noticed that by "quality" I'm only referring to a girl's attractiveness? Let's say you can sometimes get a 7 in the States and go to Rio for two weeks without any language ability. My experience says that you're unlikely to get more than a 6. But that 6 will have a personality and vibe that is so much more pleasing than your American 7 that you'll be happier with her. The likely result is that you go home,

study Portuguese, work on your game, and then come back to get even better.

Be realistic and be prepared to work. Travel is great, and personally I've defiled a lot of nice women that I would never have met in the States, but you already know how long I've stayed in those countries and how hard I've worked to integrate myself into the culture by learning the language and doing as the locals do. When it comes to being a love tourist, the more preparation you do before your trip, the more you'll get out of it.

The Flag Metric

We need a new metric in addition to the notch count that correlates more strongly to game, but one that, to be useful, is measurable, objective, and easily tracked over time. The reason why guys ask other guys "Bang any new girls lately?" as opposed to "So how is your female happiness going?" is because the latter is too subjective and dependent on individual factors.

Your flag count is the number of countries you have slept with. If you sleep with a girl who was *born* in another country, that's a flag. If you sleep with two girls from the same country, that's still one flag. It's not good enough if her ancestors are from another country because in that case an American flag might as well also be German, Irish, British, or Dutch.

For example, if I have sex with a girl born in Greece, two girls born in Poland, one from Colombia, and a ton from the United States, I have four flags. Most American guys have flags in the low single digits while some of my multilingual friends are in the high single digits. While prolonged travel is not a prerequisite for a high flag count, it seems to help.

Flags are more telling of your game skill because you are having sex with girls that have different and usually more conservative cultural beliefs and norms. Being desirable to women from several countries signifies more game than being desirable to the same type of girl from the same locale. Abercrombie & Fitch guys who abuse pomade have a

lock on the American blondes, but unless they are especially good-looking their game has trouble adapting and conforming to girls from other countries. And an American flag is the least valuable because American girls, from my experience, are the easiest in the world. European guys drool on American girls overseas not necessarily because they are exotic but because tales of their promiscuity have arrived long before they flew in.

If a guy tells you he has 30 notches but 2 flags, chances are he found a niche for which he is exploiting. It is possible he is a one trick pony. There is no crime in that at all, but his specific niche may not be able to teach you anything. His advice could be like Leonardo DiCaprio telling you that to get laid all you have to do is be yourself and wear nice clothes. But if a guy tells me he has 15 notches but 6 flags, I'll make the safe assumption that his diverse banging is probably not the result of a golden goose.

Keep in mind the only way to really identify a guy's game is to observe him in action over a prolonged period of time, which means that unless he is a close acquaintance you will have to always be skeptical and see if his game advice and stories at least somewhat correlates with your own experience. Without direct observation, however, you will have very little ability to separate truth from fiction.

Everything that is worth exploring has been explored, but flags can serve as a modern man's way of tapping into the exotic unknown and pushing himself when notches no longer can. If there are two girls in front of me who are mostly equal, I gotta go with the one who gives me the flag.

How To Get A Flag In 5 Days Without Pipelining

Many of you are short-term travelers who need to get in and out of a country while capturing its flag—but without using internet dating sites. The strategy I'm about to share with you has a somewhat high failure rate, but I believe it's better than anything else out there.

We will assume a flag mission of five nights where you arrive on Tuesday and leave on Sunday.

Before The Trip:

1. Pick one city and do extensive reconnaissance. Research the nightlife to identify the top three or four clubs in that city. Three resources you can use are the travel forum at rooshvforum.com, WikiTravel, and Google. You'll be looking for places that pop up repeatedly. Night game is a key element for the mission.

2. Find an apartment or hotel that is within walking distance of the best clubs you've researched. It will likely be in the nightlife district. You should be no farther than 0.6 miles from this area (a slow 15 minute walk). If your place is so far that you must take a taxi, the game is partially lost. You can't skimp on lodging, so forget about hostels.

3. Don't masturbate for five days before your trip. You want to go in with a loaded gun, aching for sex.

4. Leave your ego at home. You should not devote your energy to bitching out girls, calling out cockblockers, and getting into beefs with guys who step on your shoes in the club. Let things slide to remain focused, because even the most minor of distractions can take your eyes off the prize. Pretend you are being sent on a covert military mission to destroy a strategic bridge but encounter random enemy units along the way. It's better to slip away unharmed than engage them in battle where you can be mortally wounded.

During The Trip:

1. Approach like a motherfucker. The whole purpose of your existence for those five days is to approach women. Do not take your work with you or bullshit around on Facebook. Do not take *Anna Karenina* and plan to read it in your spare time. If you're usually a low energy, slow-roll kind of guy, take some caffeine. Set up music playlists and watch motivational videos on Youtube to keep you in the mood.

2. Use day game approaches to continue your reconnaissance. Day game is great for building prospects, but it's weaker than night game when it comes to fast bangs, which is what we need on such a short mission. The worst thing you can do is set up dates with girls for prime time Friday or Saturday night slots and then get denied.

Unless your antennae is sharp and knows when a girl wants to fuck, use day game to...

a) *Continue mining for nightlife information.* Keep searching for triangulation so that the venues you pick on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights are gold.

b) *Warm up your game.* Day chats give you a hint to what you need to run at night. It also keeps your brain locked in game mode so you're always "on" and ready to approach.

c) *Line up girls for bangs number two or three.* If you get your flag before the weekend, chances are you'll be too tired to keep approaching after that. Use your day meets to set up weekend dates for lazy lays.

The biggest problem with day game is that it's less effective when your timeline is tight. Attractive girls tend to have shit going on and may not be able to drop everything for a date scheduled too soon after you meet. If you do manage to get a quick date, schedule her early in the night around 7pm. After three drinks, be bold and ask her if she wants to return to your room for some bullshit activity. By 10PM either you're about to fuck or you're out the door to another venue. In a five day trip you should screen for party girls who like alcohol.

3. Visit a lot of venues early in the week, and then drill down so that you know what the best venue is for Saturday night. In the beginning of your trip you should methodically scope out the venues you've researched. By Saturday night, generally the easiest night to get laid anywhere in the world, select the best venue you've encountered as *the* place you stay to grind out the bang. You don't have time to hit all the clubs of the city so you must trust your research and stay in the one that is reasonable. Understand that in large cities it can take months to properly research the nightlife, so you're going for acceptability, not perfection. It's very likely that the Saturday night venue you select will be only 50% as good as the city's best venue, but still good enough to get a bang.

4. Do the approaches. You should be doing five day approaches every day and ten each on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights (do five each on Tuesday and Wednesday nights, if possible). This should come out to a minimum of 50 approaches for your stay. Because it's so labor intensive, you have to eat right, get a full eight hours of sleep

every night, and go easy on the drink. One way to know if you'll succeed or not if you can get laid in less than 50 approaches in your own country. If not, you should not be attempting this mission. Game newbies will need at least two weeks to successfully capture their flag.

5. Consider every night to be do-or-die. Don't go home early on Wednesday night with the excuse that you will hit it hard on Friday or Saturday night. Every night you must take advantage of every approach until all hope is lost. If the clubs close then you must walk up and down the streets and visit the late night fast food shacks for additional attempts. Either you get laid or you go home feeling like a pathetic loser. There is no middle ground.

If the clubs close on Saturday night and you still don't have your flag, you can't go home for at least another two hours. This means you must be the last man walking on the streets like in a zombie apocalypse before you can go home and accept failure. I repeat, *you can't go home until you're a beaten man*, until you feel like a sack of worthless shit for not completing your goal. This is what it takes to get a weekend flag in a place you've never been to before. I want you to ask yourself right now if you have the will to do this. Go ahead, I'll wait...

If there wasn't a voice inside you that screamed "Fuck yeah" then close this browser right now and go play some video games. Understand: most guys can't do this. Most guys are too scared to even attempt it. They can't handle going to a country with the expectation to get laid in such a short amount of time. They say they only want to have "fun," that they don't want to take it seriously, and then all they have to show for it afterwards are pictures of gay ass churches and a new girl on their Facebook that they will never close. I take the game seriously and in return I get serious results. Ask yourself if you want the same.

As you can see, this method is a brute force hack. There is no elegance, finesse, or social engineering to it. The main determinants to success are iron will and hard work. Since you're going into a country whose culture is new to you, you don't have much opportunity to create a custom-made game for the locals. You also don't have time to find a niche or run sniper game. Your job is to keep going until you meet a

girl who digs your game and foreign vibe. It helps if she's horny and not on her period.

While on the surface this may seem like spamming a city with approaches, it's actually the hardest game challenge I know of. When so many guys shudder at the thought of doing a single cold approach, you're expected to do at least 50 within a few days on alien women in an alien city without a wingman, support, or a single prospect in the pipeline. You're expected to cut through a billion logistical hurdles to squeeze out a bang on a woman who makes your dick stand up when you put your hand on her ass. It will take absolutely everything you got and afterwards I promise that you'll need several days to recover. It's the Superbowl of game, where you're down by five and driving from your own 20-yard line at the two-minute warning. There is no do-over and there is no extra time.

The only thrill I have left in life are flag missions without pipelining. I don't judge the man who pipelines, but internet notches don't give me the same thrill as hitting a brand new city with nothing and beating up a fresh pussy in less than 100 hours, of going through the up and down emotional roller coaster of experiencing frustration, disappointment, delirium, rage, and bliss within mere moments of each other. Even if you fail, the skills you learn increase the chance of success for the next mission, meaning that over time you will become extremely skilled at high pressure lays. I have yet to fail a mission, but I'm sure it will happen. I will be crushed but I will learn from it, and then I will be even better and stronger than before.

The feeling I get from a successful flag capture is nothing short of exhilarating. The quality of the sex is irrelevant, because this is the closest a modern man will get to what it was like for his ancestors to go hunting for a cavewomen. In today's world, I can't think of anything else that makes me feel more like a man.

The Benefits Of Living In 2nd Tier International Cities

A second-tier city is generally not among the top three most interesting cities of a country. Most travelers only stay in one for a short

amount of time, usually a weekend. You know you're in a second-tier city when a girl asks you *why* you're there, like you're crazy not to be somewhere else.

The first second-tier city I lived in for a while was Cordoba, Argentina. It's well-known and gets a lot of play in Lonely Planet, but your average visitor only stays to party for a few nights before settling in Buenos Aires. While I didn't slay much pussy there (my best lay was a Brazilian), I enjoyed the vibe more than Buenos Aires. It was more *tranquilo* with friendlier, pretty girls who were excited to meet me since they rarely ran into tourists. Costs were also cheaper. However, knowing what I know now, Cordoba isn't nearly second-tier enough. If I go back to Argentina one day, which I won't, I'd pick a smaller city.

The point of staying in a second-tier city is to leverage your foreign status in a place where girls don't usually meet foreigners. The thinking goes that the higher your exotic status, the easier it will be to get girls in the sack. At the minimum, girls will be more receptive to your approach.

Here are some general pros and cons of a second-tier strategy:

Pros

- You stand out more
- Girls view you as novel
- Cheaper cost of living
- Easier to find a niche since city will be smaller

Cons

- More boring
- May have more limited female selection
- Harder to find short-term apartment rentals
- Nightlife can be quieter during the week

One thing I want to make clear is that you don't have to go to a second-tier city to get laid. I spent quite a bit of time in Medellin and Rio, meccas to horny men from around the world, and still pulled fine in spite of the fact that in some bars I'd see a 4:1 ratio of gringos to locals. In some cases, it's actually better to visit a top-tier city because the girls are more used to men from your culture. One of your peers has already cracked a nut that you can now eat without spending much time

and energy. These “English groupies” will be easy, but trust me when I say they’re not the most attractive.

I want to be the nutcracker, not the tenth Western guy a girl has fucked. I also enjoy the feeling of being the only foreigner in a bar. While that’s not necessary to get laid, being the most exotic guy in a place gives me a confidence boost. It’s kind of like working out at the gym. Your muscles are barely bigger than a month prior, but you *feel* more confident, so it translates into tighter game. My best game comes out when I know I’m a special little snowflake.

Another benefit of a second-tier city is that you can achieve rock star status thanks to decreased (or non-existent) competition. If you get an apartment in a good area of town, build up a little social circle, and find your niche spots, you can do far better than if you were in a top-tier city. The fruit of the second-tier city may take longer to ripen, but it’s more juicy.

If you’re only going somewhere for a week, then you might as well hit the top-tier spot, but if you have more than two weeks, strongly consider a second-tier city. Here is a sampling:

Argentina: Tucuman, Sante Fe

Brazil: Brasilia, Belo Horizonte, Vitoria

Bulgaria: Plovdiv

Colombia: Manizales, Pereira

Denmark: Aarhus

Estonia: Tartu

Germany: Frankfurt, Stuttgart

Poland: Wroclaw, Poznan, Katowice

Russia: Nizhny Novgorod, Samara

Spain: Zaragoza

Sweden: Gothenburg

Ukraine: Lviv, Kharkov

One way to find a second-tier city is to google “list of cities in [country name].” Pick the city you’ve never heard of that has roughly 500,000 citizens and you’ll be in second-tier paradise (less than 300,000 and it may be too small). Some tiny countries, such as ones in Eastern Europe, have second-tier cities that are more like villages, so in that case just hit the capital.

I wrote this from a little studio in Poznan, Poland. I'm five minutes walking distance from the main nightlife area. I can't confirm it but I believe I'm the only American living here who isn't a student. When I tell a girl "I live here," I wish you could see how their cute little faces light up. The only thing luckier than being an American slaying Polish women is being a Polish girl in a mediocre city meeting a cool American (her first) who has his own place. For a man who wants to work less in getting better responses from women, second-tier cities are the way to go.

The Busted Dudes Test

The Western man is faced with a lot of choices on where to spend his extended vacations. With that comes too many countries and too many conflicting reports. One guy says England is a fuck fest while another says the girls are cows. One guy says the Dominican Republic is prostitute-central while another says it's cheap and fun. If you're looking to stay in a place for a short while, how do you decide?

I've lived abroad for more than two years now and have finally discovered the only quality you need to look for when deciding where to stay: **Is it common to see a busted guy with a pretty girl on his arm?**

That's all I look for now. If within my first day in a country I see pretty girls with busted dudes who aren't decked out in Hugo Boss or gold jewelry, I know the country will be good to me because that means the sexual market is skewed in the man's favor. It means I can get a girl much prettier than I am handsome in shorter time periods, possibly without having to even use game. Not only that, but the country will be cheap, because if it was "rich" then those pretty girls would be going out with guys who were wearing the Hugo Boss and gold bling.

In **America**, I rarely see busted dudes with hot girls. It happens once every six months. It's actually sad how common I see decent-looking men with hogs.

In **Denmark**, I never saw a busted dude with a hot girl. Not once. Girls there always were able to move up in terms of attractiveness while guys moved down.

In **Iceland**, the guys sometimes had to date down, but it was more common for couples to be equally attractive.

In **Argentina and Colombia**, the level of attractiveness was mostly equal. Good looking girls were with good-looking guys, though sometimes I did see weird mullet dudes with hotties.

In **Brazil**, girls were prettier than the guys. Too many times I saw busted dudes or straight-up dorks with model-looking girls.

In **Poland**, girls are also prettier than the guys. That balding Polish guy I saw yesterday with zero style, a fanny pack, and a Sloth face had a nice girl that everyone reading right now would wife up.

Out of the above list, do you want to guess the two countries where I pulled an amazing girl within my first week? I'm talking about girls who just about blew away any girl I happened to meet in the previous year. Don't think too hard now. Brazil and Poland. Day five and day three, respectively.

In Brazil I look like a native while in Poland I look exotic, but my appearance is only a minor factor when compared to the fact that women in those countries don't have a good selection of men. For two months in Denmark, I banged the ugliest chicks I have in years, and then I get off the plane in Poland and right away slept with a beautiful girl who did everything to please me. I struggled like a dog in Argentina and then slept with the most beautiful girl I ever have *in my life* not even a week in Rio. Things like my game, style, and so on have their effects, but the power of the local dating market is such that it's possible to hear stories of regular guys spending two weeks in Brazil and meeting the most amazing women they have in their lives. But in Denmark? Ireland? Australia? Yeah, right.

How about other countries?

Spain and Italy. Beautiful girls, but equally handsome men. Hard to date up. Men are known for visiting whorehouses, especially in Spain, which is not a good sign.

Belgium, Austria, Germany. Power is in the hands of sloppy, feminist women. You will have to date down or equal to your level.

Russia, Ukraine, Romania, Bulgaria, Balkans. Busted dudes with pretty girls. You can date up up up.

Thailand, Philippines. Average-looking girls but nonexistent male competition. You can date up.

Game doesn't help a whole lot if there is a surplus of dudes and a shortage of beautiful girls. You'll do what I did in Denmark and waste it on 5s and 6s for one-night stands that make you feel shitty the next day. You'll do what I have done in Washington DC and carry the Britannica of game on your back just to get with 7s. Please don't repeat my mistakes and spend months or years in places where the environment is working against you every time you walk out the door.

You can even use the busted dudes test within your own country to pick which city to live in. While Washington DC is horribly tilted against men, how about New York City, Austin, or Charlotte? If your only determinant of where to live is the "job market," your dick is going to hate you.

To pick a place worth staying, all you need to use in your eyes. Look at the couples holding hands and give each person a 1-10 rating. If the girl ratings are higher than the guys, it's time to search for an apartment and stay for as long as you can, even if it's just for a weekend or two.

When I was younger and more insecure, I'd get jealous that busted dudes were with pretty girls. I used to resent the fact that he got a chance to move up, but not anymore. Now when I see an ugly dude with a girl I'd fuck, I smile, because he's a sign that I can get a girl much prettier than I am handsome with a fraction of the effort. If all those regular local dudes can date up, that means I can do the same.

The Super-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 the 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 necessarily 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.

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 Pipa beach 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 seemed 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 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, proceeded to talk 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. 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, and 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 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 immediately 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 so 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.

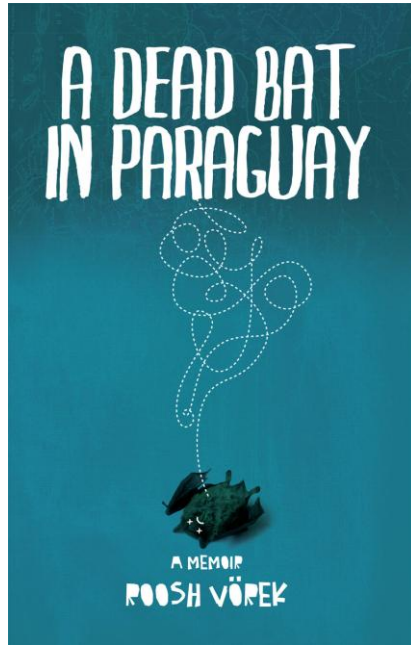
Brazilian guys form no storyline, no tension. The whole interaction is about the kiss. And when they get it, the story comes to an early

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. So that's 3 hours or more for 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 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.



Out of all the books I've written, [A Dead Bat In Paraguay](#) is my favorite. It's a memoir about quitting my professional career as a scientist and hopping on a one-way flight to Quito, Ecuador in order to visit every country in South America.

I sincerely believed the trip would put me on a track towards a more fulfilling life of excitement, intrigue, and exotic women, away from my soulless corporate job in a Washington D.C. suburb. Instead, I fall from one country to the next, striking out repeatedly with the local women, getting robbed, having bad dreams that became reality, self-diagnosing myself with a host of diseases, and suffering repeated bouts of stomach illness that made marathon bus rides superhuman feats of bodily strength. Along the journey I chronicle the friendships, the women, and the struggles, including one night in Paraguay that I thought would lead to my end.

[Click here to learn more about Dead Bat.](#)

10

ROOSH

So I'm Leaving

For most of the past six years, my job has been fermentation process development. I did experiments with cells (bacterial, yeast, and mammalian) in reactors up to 400 liters in size to maximize the production of biological agents that were engineered into those cells. I've worked on drugs aimed to treat anthrax, cancer, HIV, lupus, chlamydia, and arthritis, of which most are still in the midst of clinical trials. The work was interesting but not exciting—it was highly technical in nature and just not something that I wanted to do for the rest of my life. Plus I never felt motivated enough to be a corporate go-getter. The highlights of my day were lunch and checking my email after lunch.

I'm about to buy a one-way ticket to South America, a place where I can travel while saving money at the same time. I want to start in Ecuador, go through Peru, Bolivia, Chile, Paraguay, Uruguay, and then settle in Argentina for a while before I visit Brazil, Venezuela, and Colombia. I want to get there in July and stay for at least six months.

When I come back to the U.S., I want to live somewhere else, maybe Austin or Miami. It's time to move on from this area. Much of the next couple of months will be spent with my family, playing with my little brothers, having discussions with my Dad, listening to my Mom complain about things, and joking around with my 20-year-old sister. It's going to hurt that they will no longer be a stone's throw away from me.

My only goal is that when my time has come, when I know that I don't have much longer to live, I have done everything I could to have a meaningful and purposeful life, one lived to the fullest potential given to me. There is no one goal, one experience, or one accomplishment that can make this happen, but a way of life that enjoys it with rich experiences instead of things, cubicles, kitsch, and money. I don't believe in waiting until I'm 65 to do this. My health is good, my sexual drive is good, my savings is good, my mind is good—the time is now.

After I bought my first digital camera, I would take it with me every time I went out with friends. But after about four years, I noticed I was taking pictures that were just slight variations of ones I already took. There are only so many different ways you can capture the same cast on the same stage with the same backdrop. Same as life. It has become too comfortable, too familiar. It'd be nice to experience something new and challenging.

I Felt Ashamed

My first night in Buenos Aires I went to a restaurant with two Australians I knew from Cordoba. After our meal a 40's-something woman with a stack of newspapers came inside the restaurant and walked to our table. Before she had a chance to open her mouth I told her we don't speak Spanish. She said that's fine because she speaks English herself, that she is homeless and selling newspapers for about 75 cents US. I ignored her, brushed her aside like she was nobody. You have people coming at you with some pitch so many times a day that it's hard not to develop a shield to it.

Twelve days later I got a large cheese pizza for takeout and ate it at the hostel. The pizza was so good that the only thing to do the cheese grease justice was to wash it down with a coke. I went to the *kiosco* across the street and was second in line behind a woman. She paid and through the cage I asked for my coke. Trying to explain I wanted the *mas pequeña* size, my horrible Spanish accent got her attention and she looked at me. I recognized her as the woman trying to sell the newspapers.

I don't remember who spoke first, but she asked me where I was from and said I looked Argentine. I joked how no Argentine guy has as much hair as me. We talked for about five minutes, about left and right brain differences and how she likes art and how my scientist gig didn't do it for me and how her engineer friend has social issues. We were two strangers having an interesting conversation.

She had a large bag on her shoulder which had the newspapers. I was waiting for her to ask me to buy me one, which I was happily going to do. But she never asked.

A Magical Land Where Lemons Are Green

I've been learning idioms here in Colombia to seamlessly integrate myself with the locals. The challenge is using them properly in live conversation, and I'm happy to say that I did just that with one I've been dying to use for a while.

The English idiom "I need to sleep on it" translates to "*Tengo que consultarlo con la almohada.*" If you translate that back to English it means, "I have to consult with the pillow." It's a great idiom.

I went to a street market to buy some lemons, which in Colombia are green like limes and share the same name. To clarify: both lemons and limes in Colombia are green, and they are both called lemons, but different *types* of lemons. Lemons are called *limon* and limes are called *limon tahiti*, suggesting that they are both members of the same family. If you ask a vendor for a *lima*, what most gringos think of as the Spanish word for lime, you won't be understood.

American lemons are larger than limes, but in Colombia the lemons are smaller and look almost exactly like American limes.

There's more. Oranges in Colombia are green, like American limes. Again, the **oranges** are **green**. They're still called *naranja*, which is Spanish for orange. What really fucks with your head is cutting open a Colombian lemon or orange to see bright yellow or orange pulp inside a green shell.

Back to the story. At the market the vendor knew I was gringo and quoted me \$0.75 for two green lemons, an outrageous sum. In my plain clothing I don't understand how he pegged me for a very wealthy man.

I got him down to \$0.50, then said, "*Tengo que consultarlo con la almohada*" and walked away. Yes! The look on his face said, "Who is this interesting gringo?"

Down the street I found a place that sold me four lemons for \$0.20. This short series of events worked out really great for me.

Or so I thought, because when I went home I actually bought limes. Now if I come across a recipe that calls for a lemon or lime, I look for another recipe.

My Life Is A Joke

On the weekends the bus ends at 2:30am but I don't get to the subway station until 3:30. It's an expensive \$11 cab ride home. So I hook up my bike on the front of the bus when I head out, lock it up at the metro station, go out and do my thing, then hop on the bike on the way back for the three mile ride home. Even though I stay on the sidewalk it's stupid dangerous and I get yelled at by drunk Mexicans from their cars who mock me and my late-night mode of transportation. I raise my fist and yell back, "Fuck you I used to be a scientist!!" By the time I get home at 4am I'm drenched in sweat and have to stand in front of a fan for 10 minutes before I can go to sleep.

I was out when an older woman began gawking at me. She makes her move while I was eating delicious strawberry cupcakes. The same night she takes me out to drinks and a light meal and I reach in my pocket and slide the lubricated condom around the wrapper, getting

ready for the only thing I'm really good at in life. Towards the end of the night when it's time to bang she says, "I really like you and I think we should wait to build something. We'll email each other every day until I come back in three weeks."

I got a number of a young and pretty Italian girl. I called her and for some reason she picked up. I don't remember the last time a girl picked up the phone when I first called. *She was not supposed to pick up.* I completely blanked. One second, two seconds of silence. Three seconds!! Eternity! Out of anything in the world I could have said, it ended it being, "Oh girls don't usually pick up the phone so I was about to leave a message." My wall has a hole.

I had an interview of sorts for a slave labor freelance writing gig. I begged the guy for an afternoon appointment but he preferred 11am, which meant I had to wake up at 8:30 to eat and get ready for the 90 minute commute. The night before I couldn't go to sleep until 5am. I set two alarms but must have cut them both off while in a sleepwalking state because when I wake up the clock says 10am. I emailed the guy, "Sorry I didn't come through," then I went back to sleep and got up at my normal time of noon.

I wonder if I'll ever reminisce about these days when I'm filthy rich and hand-feeding my Brazilian bride chocolates wrapped in gold foil.

Desperate Times

The first time I did it I was in Las Vegas. I lost all my money on the blackjack table and didn't have enough cash for a drink. I was too proud to ask my friend for a loan until we got back to the room. I saw a bottle of Stella standing on the bar all alone, completely full. I looked around, grabbed it, and took a sip. It tasted fine, not warm but not cold either. I finished it quickly and placed the empty bottle back on the bar. What a rush! Mostly from the thrill of the crime but also from drinking on another man's labor.

The following two months were especially rough. I had little money coming in. I wanted to go out but I couldn't afford it. I remembered what I did in Las Vegas, and reluctantly went with it, perfecting the

skill. I stole microbrew pints and brightly colored cocktails. I stole screwdrivers and champagne with lipstick imprinted on the glass. I enjoyed it more than I should have. It was addictive—the plotting and planning, the positioning of my accomplices, the feeling of my heart beat race from the fear of getting caught and pounded upon, and finally the confident grab. It's all in the grab! Like an eagle swooping down on a defenseless squirrel, gone before you know what happened. The rush of stealing drinks was so great that one of my friends got addicted to it even though he was gainfully employed. Unfortunately, he contracted a mysterious virus and had to stop.

I preferred the cocktail drinks with the skinny little straws. Not much backwash. I tossed the straws and drank from the glass. The more colorful the drink, the more it glows in the dark, the faster it went down my throat. Beer bottles are for amateurs. The rim is coated in another person's mouth, perhaps a girl who just got finished sucking a dick in the bathroom. If it's not full then forget it. The martinis are the real score. There is no fast getaway like that clear drink, only one-third consumed, its owner turned around trying to get into a beastly girl's pants. Thick green lime wedge. Another gin & tonic. Not my first choice but I'll take it. The liquid touches my tongue five feet away from the crime, and what a beautiful surprise—a gimlet! Perfect for the summer. Refreshing. I slam the empty glass on the bar and a satisfying burp erupts from my belly. The guy looks around for his drink.

I wanted to get good. I wanted to steal a drink in front of a man face and he will think it was mine all along. I wanted him to doubt himself. I wanted him to be in disbelief that another man would perform such an act. But I already did it. It's gone. Replaced by an empty glass. *Buy another drink old man, this time not something so sweet.* Then I got a job bartending. I couldn't live like that anymore. It was too dangerous, too shameful and pitiful. But sometimes I see a full drink, sitting unguarded, and my heart skips a beat, and I squint my eyes through the darkness, and I notice my friend's glass is almost empty, and I take a deep breath, and...

The Cheap Bottle Of Champagne

Respect to you if you can steal my drink without me noticing. My mind must've been elsewhere. But if I catch you stealing my drink, and you double down, 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 \$1.50 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 constant appearances.

It can be challenging to pickup here because everyone is in large groups, but really it's not because 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 (R\$ 37). 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 were 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 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 consumption. My face had not a hint of humor or generosity or kindness or anything to suggest I wasn't serious.

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 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, 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 side-armed, 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.

I Took An HIV Test

The last time I got an HIV test was in 2002, a year after I discovered game and began dabbling in sex without condoms. One early incident scared me: I played just-the-tip with a girl who was on her period. I waited a couple months then went to an anonymous clinic for an HIV test. The result was negative but the anxiety of waiting for it made me swear never to get tested again unless I had to.

I walked into the clinic and sat in the waiting room. My doctor was an attractive Polish woman in her 40s with blonde hair and high cheekbones. I told her that I wanted to get tested for every STD known

to man. She filled out some paperwork and sent me to get my blood drawn.

I hated using condoms. It felt like eating steak with a bag on my tongue. I constructed an unscientific method to tell if a girl was “clean” or not, but I still contracted molluscum and nonspecific urethritis. I didn’t know who gave me either since both times I was fucking multiple girls without condoms.

I asked the nurse how long it would take to get my results. “One week,” she said. You’d think in 2011 the blood test would be faster. I had plans to travel to another city the week after; should I postpone the trip just in case I was positive? I didn’t want to make any big decisions until I knew the result.

I’ve long ago stopped examining my dick. Otherwise I’d be in the doctor’s office every other month for something I couldn’t explain. Three years ago I got tested for everything except HIV and was shocked that I didn’t have anything, especially herpes. I’ve also been through several pregnancy scares from using the pull-out method on girls who weren’t on the pill. I came out from those unscathed. I’d go stretches of being safe only to regress back to fucking every girl without a condom. I knew it was self-destructive, but I couldn’t stop.

Two days after the test I fucked a new girl. She was very pretty and seemed clean. She wanted it raw so I gave it to her raw. I got mad at myself for not waiting a couple more days for my result before putting her in potential danger. Already the test would not be current, but I needed to get the previous nine years off my back.

I like to think I’m an intelligent man. I know that I can die from getting HIV. I know that condoms protect against that. When I go out at night I have a condom in my pocket and intend to use it, but something happens to my brain when you put a naked woman in front of me. I lose all logic and reason. If the girl seems clean and doesn’t make me put on a condom, then I’m not using one, even on one-night stands.

That week I patiently waited for the result. I wasn’t as nervous as I thought I’d be. It was what it was, and no worrying would change the outcome. I stayed off Google and kept myself busy by focusing on work. Three days before the test, I had a date with my favorite Polish girl. She always forced me to use a condom so I knew she was safe, but I

wondered what I would tell her if I tested positive. Our relationship would probably end.

I think I understand why Tiger Woods went raw on all those strippers and porn stars: it feels good. Yes, he could have put his wife's health in jeopardy, and yes, he could be exposing himself to god knows what, but that's not what we think about when the girl wants our naked dick inside her. You think about feeling good and nothing else. It's like a drug.

Three more days until the result. I was less scared of HIV the disease than the changes I would have to make because of it. I didn't want to change anything. I wanted to keep fucking as many girls as I wanted without worrying about having something that could kill myself or my partners. I didn't want the party to end.

In the nine years I didn't get tested for HIV, I've had over a dozen sexual encounters that deeply concerned me. It was usually the rough sex episodes that left my dick feeling like raw meat. During my second trip to South America, I had a couple of strange flu-like illnesses. I wondered if one of those could be acute HIV syndrome, but I was too scared to get tested. I continued fucking raw. It didn't help that girls rarely asked me if I had been tested. If they did I'd say, "I don't think I have anything." That was good enough for them.

I had trouble sleeping the night before getting my result. What if? I lay in bed, wondering. I said to myself, "Stop being such a pussy. If you have it then you'll deal with it just like everything else you've dealt with in life." But how many girls did I give it to? Am I the grim reaper?

The anxiety of my unknown HIV status increased with each new girl I fucked, whether I used a condom or not. I would make myself feel better by reading articles about how hard it was to contract HIV from heterosexual sex, but that no longer helped while in Poland after feeling tired and weak for two weeks. It got to the point where I so convinced myself I was positive that I had to get tested to start treatment so I didn't die. I couldn't postpone it any longer.

I sat down on the chair outside my doctor's office. My body was shaking. I saw the receptionist hand off my results in a sealed envelope. I felt like my future was written on that piece of paper. My life may come down to this one moment in a small Polish clinic. I wanted to run

out of the building, return to my apartment, and pretend everything was okay.

One day everything will change, and I will have to say goodbye to the current life I have.

The doctor called me in. My legs barely carried me to her desk. I sat down and blurted out, "I'm really nervous." She laughed and said, "You're fine. You don't have anything." I left her office and bought a cone of ice cream.

One day everything will change, but not today.

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