

Gaming My Wife

ARCHIVE

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ABOUT THIS ARCHIVE

An archive of the blog **Gaming My Wife**, as held by TheRedArchive: 152 posts published between March 2010 and January 2013.

About Gaming My Wife. Gaming My Wife was a blog by "Leonidas" active from 2010 to 2013, chronicling a married man's day-by-day application of game inside his own marriage. Inspired by Athol Kay's married game concepts, it logged shit tests, alpha/beta balance experiments, fitness progress, and the resulting changes in his relationship.

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Best regards,

/u/dream-hunter

Founder of TheRedArchive
July 28, 2026

Alpha Smack (Saturday)

Leonidas · 21 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I failed a shit test this morning. She asked me if I wanted to go out for lunch, and I caved and gave her the beta yes before I had a chance to think about it. I wanted to kick myself.

I recovered fairly well, though, by taking charge after the fact. I put it on my schedule: “I need a bit before we go out.” I picked the place, though slightly less definitively than I would have liked. And I laid on the teasing and the negging a bit thick throughout the day. I mean, I was really pushing the line. She even called me mean once... before deciding (herself) that she shouldn't be walking into things so easily.

I practiced some Alpha tricks during the lunch date. Strong body language, walking in front of her, *assuming* she'll follow along instead of watching her. Also practiced on the waitress a bit. Didn't end up flirting with her... but I could tell she *wanted* me to, by the end of it.

We stopped at the grocery store on the way home, and I continued practicing. I led the way through the store, but also pulled a trick I'd read about. Several times I just wandered off and got what I needed, without saying anything. Definitely had a good effect, although she was really starting to think I was mad at her. Like I said, pushing the line kind of hard.

Oh, did I mention that she actually put on something *other than a jeans and t-shirt*? She didn't exactly get all dolled up, but it was a return to the quirky-but-hot kind of way she used to dress, way back in the day. I loved it – and so did she!

I spent the afternoon teasing her more and getting her a bit worked up. She'd basically even come out and said that she'd have sex with me at bedtime, but I wasn't going to have it. In the early evening I made my move. I ambushed her as she was coming out of the master bathroom. We had a moderate makeout session going for a bit, and it definitely would have progressed had I decided to. She, however, interrupted.

Hermione: I still have homework to do. [She earns her name!]

Me: OK [*getting up*]

Hermione: So we can either wait or you can do it fast.

Me: Go do your homework.

First, I have to admit that this was very, *very* hard for me. I really wanted it, and the old me would've taken it and ruined everything. But I was **NOT going to do it this way. She doesn't like it fast. When she says that, she's just doing it for me. That's not good enough. Not right now. She's going to enjoy it. That's half the reason we never have sex. She doesn't enjoy it, because we do it fast, because she doesn't enjoy it and wants to get it over with. No. We're going to take our time, and she's going to enjoy it.**

And I'm doing the classic push-pull. I've been pushing her all day with the teasing. Then the pull (jumping her), now a push. It was hard to maintain an Alpha calm, but I managed it (well enough anyway).

I made dinner because the grocery store had steaks on sale (I make a mean steak). We watched some TV, her homework that was “almost done” took hours – and she still didn't finish. So I laid down a real alpha smack.

I went to bed early.

Her first interpretation of that was kind of off. She thought I was pushing for sex again, since she'd basically offered it before bed. So she finished up some stuff, then brought in our son (who was starting to wake up) to breast feed him.

Hermione: Once he's done, you can see if he'll go back in the crib then we can do something... [*slightly nervous*] or just go to sleep if you want.

Me: I just want to go to sleep – that’s why I went to bed early.

Hermione: *[stunned]*

[Time passes. Our son goes to sleep, I get up and take him to the crib, come back, lie down, and turn away.]

Hermione: Are you upset?

Me: No. *[Struggling to maintain alpha calm, because I **am** kind of disappointed about not getting laid.]*

[Time passes]

Hermione: Are you mad at me?

Me: No, I’m really not.

[A bit more time passes, and then I roll over to cuddle with her.]

Hermione: Are you sure you’re not mad at me?

Me: Not at all.

Notice that at the beginning I actually *was* a bit upset and struggling to hide it. By now, though, I have a different problem. I’m fighting, and I mean fighting **HARD to keep from laughing my ass off. Because the thought that just went through my head is, “Holy shit, this fucking works.” I had totally taken control, and it was going exactly as Game predicted.**

I rolled her over, gave her a hell of a kiss, told her very clearly (and, for the first time, naturally and easily) that I loved her, and not only was I not mad, but I was actually in a very good mood... but I wanted to go to sleep.

Then I rolled away (push-pull again) and went to sleep.

Results

After today, I am 100% convinced that Game is going to improve my marriage. There’s a long way to go from here, no question, but the progress in such a short time is amazing. I pushed the line a little bit today, and I need to be careful. But I’m definitely on the right track.

Oh, and did I mention: holy shit, this fucking works!

Early Indications (Thursday)

Leonidas · 21 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Mostly over being sick, but very busy. Back in class this morning (grad school), teaching in the early evening, skipping my evening workout (not quite over being sick yet).

Had the typical “what are your plans tonight?” conversation again, and aced it again. Laid out exactly what I was doing. It took her back a bit, but she definitely prefers it to the old wishy-washy answer.

Ratcheted things up a bit today, in the short time we had together.

No more evasive answers – definite answers to everything.

Working on body language – namely, taking up as much space on the couch as possible, making sure I look “alpha”. It’s definitely having an effect, but I still need work.

Starting to “neg” her a bit, but still taking it slow. Biggest example of the day (as she’s getting ready to go out to the store):

Hermione: Do I look OK to go out in this?

Me: I *suppose* so. [*sarcastic grin*]

Old me would’ve said “You look great!” The new response definitely took her aback. I got a nervous smile in response, and she left.

Results

Again, it’s a short day and not a lot new here yet. The effects are starting to accumulate and reinforce themselves, and it’s mostly positive. She still thinks I’m grumpy, and she’s a little confused – this is definitely *NOT* what she expects of me. I’m going to have to be careful. I have a lot of beta behavior to make up for... but if I push too far too fast, I’m just going to piss her off, which is *not* the goal.

Game On, AKA The First Day of Game (Wednesday)

Leonidas · 21 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I was still sick on Wednesday, so there's not actually much to report. I slept about 18 hours of the day, so we had very little interaction. I did, however, begin bringing my Game in some of the smallest ways:

I've begun my attempt to eradicate the words "I'm sorry" from my vocabulary. This is very difficult for me to do, as they have become a reflexive response in many situations. I use the words to express empathy... instead, all I'm expressing is BETA. I will have to find other words for empathy. Also, in many situations where once I would have said "I'm sorry" I have begun responding in other ways – silence works sometimes, also playful teasing. Still working this one.

Likewise, I am attempting to eliminate the words "I don't know" or "whatever" as a response to any question looking for my opinion. I am attempting to replace them with definite language.

Old Conversation

Hermione: What are your plans for the evening?

Me: I dunno, what are your plans?

Hermione: Whatever

Me: Whatever

...

New Conversation

Hermione: What are your plans for the evening?

Me: I'm going to work for a bit, then I'm going to come out and watch some TV with you.

Hermione: *[smile]* OK.

Me: *[to myself]* Shit, this game stuff kind of works...

Results

Hard to say this early. Tentative foray is looking good, but I haven't started any of the truly disruptive parts of game yet. Also, not much to report on just because we had so little interaction today. Some of my Game inspired changes are causing her to think I'm grumpy. As of today, she's just chalking it up to me being sick. That's fine for now, probably helps lessen the shock. Overall, things are looking positive.

How Did We Get Here?

Leonidas · 21 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

A little more than a week ago my wife, sun, and I were driving home from an out of state vacation. As we usually do during such trips, we talked a lot. Not unusual for us. During the course of conversation, my wife brought up [The Misandry Bubble](#), which she had recently read. She had found it very interesting, and thought that I would as well.

As it happened, both of us had gotten quite sick at the very end of our vacation, so when we got home I had a few days in which I did very little... except read. And I did a *lot* of reading. I read [The Misandry Bubble](#) and most of its links (it's well sourced). Then I followed through a lot of links from *those* posts. I found myself reading blogs like [Roissy in DC](#), [Hawaiian Libertarian](#), and [PUA For LTR](#). And then I stopped and *thought* for a while.

I came to a few key conclusions:

- 1) At least 90% of what I was raised to believe about women (more specifically, what women want) is wrong.
- 2) My marriage, which is generally happy, had begun the long slow death spiral towards oblivion. This thought had been rolling around the back of my brain for a while, but my conscious mind refused to admit it – largely because I couldn't figure out what to *do* about it.
- 3) This didn't have to be. There are ways to solve this problem and save my marriage. I'm a lucky many. I managed to marry one of the few American girls out there still worth marrying – the fact that she pointed me to this article is Exhibit A in my case.
- 4) My marriage has issues because I didn't understand #1.
- 5) It's not too late to fix all of this.

Like many “geeky” guys, I spent most of my life utterly clueless about women. Thankfully, there exists today a good body of information on the subject, in the form of the internet Game/PUA community. The sites with good Game information tend to attract a lot of negative comments from men and women both who don't want to believe it. However, I've come to the conclusion that this is some of the absolute best true science done in the last few decades. The hypotheses are testable (it either works or it doesn't). The results are replicable – and more importantly, *have been replicated* thousands of times over in the form of individual men running individual experiments. The information is heavily peer reviewed, with lots of comments and extra information.

I started putting this information into practice Wednesday. In four short days, the results are already clear and conclusively positive. We still have a long way to go, however. This blog is intended to be a chronicle of that journey. A case study, if you will, to help other men (and their wives) learn from my experience – both the joys of success and the painful missteps along the way. Also, the entries will serve as an “after action report” to help me analyze what I may have done right or wrong. Improvement is a key part of the process here.

The next few posts will bring everyone up to speed on the last few days. After that, posting is likely to be a bit more haphazardly as I have interesting things to post. Enjoy.

Now We're Cooking (Friday)

Leonidas · 21 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

A few weeks ago, Hermione bought a 6-session pass to mother-baby-yoga, but for various reasons she's been convincing herself not to go. This morning, she actually got up and went. Part of it is that she finally had enough internal motivation. Part of it is that I've been negging her just a little bit. Part of it is that I got a lot less wishy-washy and pushed a bit for her to go. Whatever the result, she went, and it was really good for her.

Kicked things up quite a bit today, to a really good effect. Passed a shit test (don't remember what it was, though – will be better about this in the future). Best of all, though, I scored a serious alpha moment when I totally transformed the “What are your plans tonight?” conversation.

Hermione: What are your plans for the evening?

Me: I'm going to the YMCA to workout, since I'm finally feeling better, then I'm going to come home and we're going to watch a movie.

Hermione: *[blink blink grin]* Don't I get a choice in this?

Me: *[grin]* Nope.

Hermione: What do you want for dinner?

Me: Surprise me. Make it tasty.

Oh my god, she ate this shit *up*.

Worked for about another hour (I work at home), then went out and worked out. I came home, she was taking care of our son, then she – wait for it – *actually put on a sexy nightgown* while she made dinner. Then we sat down to put on the movie, and...

I fucked up and didn't do my homework. I was going to grab a movie (details below) from PPV. Comcast's web site had listed them as having it. However, it turns out the movie wasn't officially available until 12:01 AM. Bastards...

I recovered fairly well. We watched some TV for a couple of hours, then put the movie on late. It made for a late night, but it worked out.

For the movie, I picked Twilight: New Moon. Wait! I know, I know, this sounds like the ultimate BETA move, but trust me on this. You don't know my wife. She's a woman, so the Twilight series sets off reams of what Roissy would call Gina Tingles. But she's actually intelligent, so she *knows* it's crap and won't actually admit that she loves it. Furthermore, she takes it as motivation. As an aspiring novelist herself, she watches Twilight for inspiration. In her words, “If this crap can get published, then certainly *I* can get something published.”

Hence my Alpha play of the night: “I picked it so you'd get off your ass and make me some money, woman.”

[wink/smile] She laughed her ass off, and I got a second helping with my follow up. I sat down with a beer (I *rarely* drink) and the comment “I had to get a man-drink in order to deal with this crap.”

We then proceeded to mock the movie mercilessly for two hours before going to bed.

Results

This was pretty much win all around. Even the movie not being available right when we wanted to watch it ended up just serving to prolong the mood. In effect, it was yet another tease. Very good results. No sex tonight, but I would have turned it down anyway. I'm not out to get laid immediately – I'm trying to lay the foundation for a phenomenal long-term sex life. She went to bed yapping away like a happy puppy.

Also, she's already trying to improve herself. The fundamental principle of Game is to turn everything on its head – to make *her* feel like she has to earn *me* instead of the other way around. It seems to be working already, and she's enjoying it. She'll be even happier with the results. She *wants* to get her weight and appearance back under control, to get active again, to rejoin the world. She just needed me to Game her into it. Now she's starting to get it. She's

still a bit confused, but she's liking it.

Lessons Learned

Do your fucking homework. It worked out ok this time, but that's just because I got lucky. I need to make sure that doesn't happen again.

The Back Story

Leonidas · 21 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

My wife and I have been married for roughly two and a half years. We dated for several years before that – we postponed marriage longer than usually because my wife is quite young, and I’m roughly ten years older. In the years before we got married, her family went through some really fucked up shit. If you’re offended by the language, get over it – weaker words just aren’t appropriate in this case. Long story short, it really brought the two of us close together in a way that very little actually can. Very few people could understand just how deeply I love my wife, and I truly believe that she loves me as well.

However... all has not been perfect in our romance. Things started out pretty well. In the early years of our courtship we had what is probably a pretty typical early-relationship sex life. We had sex 2-3 times a week, and it ranged from mediocre (rare) to normal (typical) to occasionally mind blowing. My wife (henceforth known as Hermione – she’d like that, if she knew) was *hawt*. Following Roissy’s [Dating Market Value Test For Women](#), I’d have scored her at the time as a 41 – “nascent alpha female”, and well within reach of “bona fide hottie”.

As for myself, I was in pretty good shape (a couple of pounds over, but not bad – and very muscular underneath), and things were going well both at work and in my social life. I was on track for a pretty good career, had a fairly new and pretty good car, blah blah blah.

By the time we got married, a lot of things had deteriorated. The aforementioned family troubles had really taken their toll on both of us. Hermione’s 5’6 frame had bloomed from 125 lbs at her peak up to the mid 170s. I hate to say it, but her score on the dating test was low single digits. She had been on antidepressants, which definitely contributed to her weight gain and should also give a clue as to how she was doing in other ways. We were having sex once every 2-3 months, if that.

I mostly let it go, chalking it up to her depression issues (which was probably pretty fair), and trying to be the supportive BF/husband. But she wasn’t doing much. She was in college for a semester, then out of it. She wanted to go back, but to a different school. It took a while to make that happen, so for most of a year she was basically at home doing nothing. She worked here and there for a bit, but mostly had a rough time of things.

It wasn’t all bad, though. She was doing well enough that she’d stopped taking the anti-depressants, and she’d lost a little bit of weight (she was down to around 160ish, or slightly below). She still wasn’t doing a *ton*, but she had at least partially rejoined society after her family trauma. Then, finally, last summer she got re-started in school. Even better, she changed majors. She really enjoyed her new major, and being back on campus – and she liked the new school a lot better than her old one. On top of it all, she was pregnant with our son – and more or less loved every minute of it. Some women don’t do well pregnant, but she thrived on it.

I’m going to take a moment out and really brag on my wife, because she deserves it here. In the first trimester, she actually *lost* weight. For most of her pregnancy, she was *very* careful about what she ate. On top of that, she started exercising more (albeit mostly low intensity walking). She kept her weight under such good control that during her whole pregnancy she gained only 20 pounds – and within a week of delivering our son, she weighed less than her pre-pregnancy weight. As of right now, I would put her dating score at a 19 – well below her peak, but a significant improvement over the depths of her depression.

Not everything was fixed, though. Our sex life has still been virtually non-existent. We even went back to the counselor she’d seen during her family crisis (a *fantastic* counselor) for some couples sex therapy. She basically told us that there was little or nothing she could do. Sex isn’t the only problem, either. Our relationship has become much more of a “friends” relationship than a romantic one. There’s been very little passion. I still love her and she still loves me, very much so... but things are very, very stale. Not that it will stop the feminists from going ass crazy in the comments, but despite my comments about her appearance, I’m still ***FAR* more attracted to her than she is to me, and that was true even when she’d let herself go the most.**

In short, this is what I'm trying to fix by bringing Game to my marriage. My goals are very simple. I want my wife to be attracted to me again – not just content for me to be the provider for her and her child. I want more regular sex, and I want my wife to *enjoy it*. My wife does a lot for me, and if I pushed it she'd have sex most nights just because I want it. But she wouldn't enjoy it at all, and I'm just not interested in that. I don't want to find myself 10, 20, 30 years from now in a situation where my wife and I hate each other because our marriage has slowly stagnated to death.

Thus, I turned to the pros. There are two fundamental tests of whether you have any true knowledge or not. First, can your knowledge be used to make accurate predictions about the future. Second, can your knowledge be used to achieve a desired outcome. If your "knowledge" can't pass at least one of these tests, it's not knowledge at all. At best, it's an interesting idea.

My old ways of looking at relationships – the ways I was taught by my family, and by our overly feminized society – failed these tests. Miserably. In a few short days it has become readily apparent to me that Game passes *both* of these tests. Those of you who do not accept game, or who are offended by it... enjoy living your delusions. I don't *like* all of the things I've learned from Game. But experimentation has convinced me that they're undeniably true. I will not run from uncomfortable truths. I will face them and accept them, and use them to make myself – and my wife – happy.

Reframing the Marriage

Leonidas · 22 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I spent most of the day closed in my office. Unlike most days, I actually shut the door to keep her out. Too much pull yesterday – time for some push. After work, I went out and joined her on the couch, but I made a point of being a bit more aloof than I was yesterday. She's starting to come after me now, *just a little*. A bit of patience, and we'll finally be where we need to be.

I'm getting better about expunging the "I'm sorry's." They're still there, but they're getting less frequent. I'm also doing fairly well at maintaining the definite answers – especially regarding my plans. It's starting to turn into an endurance battle, since I'm having to forcibly change old bad habits, but it's a fight I'm just going to have to fight.

Tonight we took a visit to Shit Test City – and though the trip was a little rough and nerve wracking, we came home squeaky clean.

One of the prime examples of the day:

Hermione: [*Some minor dissembling that basically comes down to, "don't get pissed at me for asking this" - a good frame to be in*] What fictional character would you most like me to be like, and what would I have to do to become more like that character? [slightly paraphrased - she's a woman, she asked it in a much more complex manner!]

Now, this question is nowhere near as random as it may sound. H and I are both extremely fond of fiction in all forms (literature, movies, television, video games, etc), and we've had many a discussion in the past about fictional characters that our friends are like, that we're like, and so forth. However, this question is awesome because it means that I've been highly successful in one part of my task. I've successfully reframed our relationship, in terms of making her prove that she's worthy to be with me.

She was a little nervous when she asked the question – but also kind of happy. People reading this will criticize me for manipulating my wife. Indeed, that's the reason I *haven't* done stuff like this in the past. But the reality is, she *wants* me to do it. She's all but said so many times in the past. And now that I'm doing it, she's getting off on it. Oh, she's nervous as hell about it, too – and a little scared. And I badly want to reach out and reassure her that she has nothing to be scared of. But then, that would ruin everything.

On the other hand, this is a classic shit test. There's no good way to answer this question. You should be like character X, but you're not like her because you're missing feature Y. *That* descends from the playful spirit of negging into downright meanness, and I won't go there (even though she'd probably take it from me). From most women, the question would be a true shit test. From her, it's an honest attempt at self improvement. Still... nobody wants to hear the blunt answers to a question like that.

On the other hand, if I answer "you're like character Z, and you don't need to change anything," it's a bullshit answer, she knows it, and all of the alpha mojo I've been working up for the last few days is totally shot.

My response? A quizzical pause while I smiled and (made obvious with body language) thought for a bit. "No, I'm not going to answer that." Not the *best* response to a shit test – but a solid B.

Hermione: Why not?

Me: 'Cause.

H: Is there a reason?

Me: Yes. A rather good one [*I'm not going to fail your shit test.*]

H: Are you going to tell me?

Me: No.[*subject change*]

Again, a solid B. Not the best way to handle it – but orders of magnitude better than I would've done last month.

There were a lot more, but I don't remember them well. The others were all much more minor, and I passed them

easily. She's definitely still thrown off by the new me – but she's starting to get off on it.

Sunday

Leonidas · 22 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I passed a shit test this morning regarding breakfast/lunch. She came into the bedroom around 10ish (I slept late this morning) talking about how much she was craving Chinese food. A while later I got up and came out into the living room. She'd agreed to do the dishes the night before, since I had cooked steaks for dinner, but she hadn't done them yet. Overall, not a big deal. I generally do the dishes, and generally get them done... but I'm really bad about *when* they get done, so I'm hardly going to get upset because *she* didn't do them the night before.

However... 9 times out of 10 in the past when she's agreed to do dishes because I cooked... she hasn't done them. This time was going to be different.

Me: *[entering the living room]* If you'll clean out the sink enough so that I have room to wash the pans *[one load of dishes was what she agreed to on Saturday, so this was fine]* I'll make us some bacon and eggs.

Hermione: *[smiling]* I was going to try and con you into getting Chinese *[score - beat the shit test]*, but ok. *[And the dishes are getting done!]*

Later on in the afternoon she went running, completely on her own initiative. It wasn't a long run (she's still a bit out of shape and a bit sick), but it's the first time she's done that in over a year.

Best of all, we spent a good portion of the day pseudo-making out. By which I mean there were a lot of short kissing sessions interspersed throughout the day. On the other hand... I probably would have made more progress if I'd initiated fewer of these and/or pushed her away a couple more times than I did. Too much pull, not enough push. Also, not particularly the most passionate of makeout sessions. Still, about 100 times more passionate than we've *been* having, so definite improvement. But we can do better.

In general, though, I backed off the Game just a hair today. She needed it a bit. It's still on enough that she's more than a little confused – she knows the rules have changed, but she hasn't figured out the new ones yet. But she needed a bit of a breather.

Also... I have a plan. I will share it after I pull it off (probably Friday night).

Marriage Market Value Test

Leonidas · 24 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

The kid woke up hungry this morning (big surprise), but for once there was something different: he'd actually slept six hours straight. Hermione went to bed more or less at the same time he did, which led to her getting what was quite possibly the longest stretch of uninterrupted sleep she's had this year. As a result, when she went to get him after he woke up, she was rather cheerful and quite mothering. And I noticed something that, sadly, most of the Game/PUA community will never see. When a woman is cheerfully taking care of your child, and doing a good job of it, it's really, really *hot*.

It got me thinking about Roissy's [Dating Market Value Test For Women](#). It occurred to me that dating market value isn't quite the same as marriage market value. It's very similar, but there are some significant differences that are worthy of note. The list below is by no means comprehensive. I will probably return to it later. But it's a good starting point for modifying the test to apply to marriage market value, rather than just dating market value.

1. When pregnant, you:

Are happy to be pregnant, and take good care of your body: +1 to your *looks score*.

Tolerate it OK, and at least don't let yourself go: +0

Loathe it and/or let your body go to hell: -1 to your *looks score*.

It's somebody else's kid: -2 to your *looks score*.

Notice the italics, as they're important. Trust me, all the PUA's out there: when a woman you love is pregnant with your child, and happy to be, it's *hot*. Hence the direct boost to her looks score: a 5 becomes a 6, etc. Yes, this even applies to a 10. Think about it: you landed a 10 who's not only having *your* baby, but is *happy about it*? Even the most jaded PUA out there would flip out over it, trust me.

2. When you're taking care of your children, you are:

Nurturing, kind, and strong. You can do most of it without your husband's input. Most of all, you're *cheerful* about doing it: +5 points

Nurturing, kind, and strong. You can do most of it without your husband's input. +3 points

Nurturing, kind, and strong. +1 point

Bitchy and whiny. -5 points

The effect here isn't quite as strong as the pregnancy effect, because it doesn't directly effect your looks. Sorry girls, but we really are pretty looks focused. But it's big, and worthy of note.

The Best Actress “Curse”

Leonidas · 24 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I submit that the supposed “**best actress curse**” is nothing more than the realization of these women’s hypergamous instincts. Her social value just went way up, so she’s decided it’s time to trade up for a better model husband. Normally this wouldn’t work with men, since we honestly are so heavily looks focused. But when you live in a fantasy world like Hollywood where every woman is a 9 or a 10, even the 10s need something to differentiate themselves. Also, no woman wants to be significantly higher status than her husband – and a Best Actress win is one of the quickest ways to make that leap.

Case in point: you can’t convince me that Jesse James only just now started cheating on Sandra Bullock. It’s been going on for a while. She just didn’t want (or more likely, didn’t have the ability) to trade up until now.

Call me an asshole, but I have little sympathy for these women. To be fair, I have little sympathy for their husbands, either.

The Card

Leonidas · 24 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Avoided her most of the day, but left a card and a single white rose on her pillow to find. The card came with a nice picture of two people's legs, inner text reading something to the effect of "there's nowhere I'd rather be than next to you." The note inside read,

"Be ready to go out at 5:00 on Friday. Make sure you smell good and wear something nice – don't forget the sexy underwear. <3

Love,
Zeta"

Push-pull all in one – the sappy card, with a bit of bite in the actual text itself. Also, mystery (didn't tell her at all what we're doing), promises of a good time, taking the initiative, and a little bit of dominance. A bit crude, perhaps, but that is the current state of my game.

I spent my time out of the house today practicing a bit. Heavy emphasis on the Alpha body language – especially the eye contact two-step (avoiding making eye contact, but when I do, make *her* look away first). I'm still fighting down nerves, so I didn't practice a *lot* – but I did get one girl to smile at me.

I made a stop at Victoria's Secret to pick up some supplies for Friday night, and had a very interesting experience. In the past, it's the kind of place I've always gone into very shyly. Today, I strode right in as an Alpha would. I was briefly caught off guard when one of the cuter employees stopped me almost immediately to ask if she could help (there were like 5 employees in the store and one customer – I'm pretty certain she was just bored). By sheer luck, I'd ended up with almost the perfect approach here. Alpha stride in, eyes high and aloof – immediate eye contact when she asked the question, followed by a strong and direct statement of exactly what I wanted. Her reaction was incredible. In a heartbeat she transformed from the cool, aloof Victoria's Secret employee who is jaded by days of incredibly obnoxious interactions with crude men to a girl who was *definitely* interested. I was so floored by how effective this was that I almost lost my Game.

Didn't follow up on it, because I don't care – she was pretty enough, and pleasant enough, but I doubt the Victoria's Secret girl measures up to the real woman who gave birth to my son. Still, it was nice.

Also had a brief flirt with the cashier. When she asked for my phone number, I pulled the "Really? We just met!" routine, and it was totally working. I failed the follow up, though. She informed me she'd printed a gift receipt, just in case. I should have told her to keep it, I wouldn't need it. Lesson learned, though, and I'm well aware that I'm still a noob at this. Still... if I'm getting results like *this* so easily and quickly, and so early on...

I've seen women argue that Game doesn't work. I had already come to the conclusion that they were full of shit. Now I know it first hand.

And Friday Date Night is a Smashing Success

Leonidas · 27 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

OK, I'm not going to leave massive details of my sex life here. But I am going to say just one thing. Less than a week and a half after beginning this process, my wife and I had the best sex we've had in over a year (easily – perhaps a lot longer than that).

This is but the beginning, my friends.

The Zeta Switch

Leonidas · 28 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Yesterday afternoon I pulled off what I've decided to call a **Zeta Switch**. There is a girl who works at the grocery store who has been flirting with me for some time. For those interested, I'd estimate her age at about 19-20 (close to Hermione's) and I'd call her an 8, maybe even a 9. She's quite attractive, and very nice.

We were out grocery shopping yesterday, and she was there again. She really likes our son (who doesn't – he's awesome!), so she always likes to say hi when she sees him. Anyway, lately I've been following standard Game theory and flirting with other girls in front of my wife for DHV and preselection purposes. When you're out with your GF/wife, you can get a nice little DHV/preselection feedback loop going. The presence of your GF/wife indicates higher value and preselection for the flirt target (especially if she's generally happy in your presence), and the flirting does the same for your GF/wife. Played properly, you can use this to increase your standing with both women. I did a pretty good job of that yesterday, which was good. I'm still new to this, so the fact that this girl has been flirting with me for some months now *really* helped put me at ease and let me get some practice in.

Anyway, the Zeta Switch: flirt a little bit with girl. Flirt some with the wife. Start up some friendly conversation – safe, but probing for personal information; most importantly, something the two girls have in common. BAM – now the girls are talking to each other, *both* of them following me around like I'm an alpha. The stage is now set to help my wife gain a new friend. This is perfect in so many ways. Hermione could actually use the friends. We kind of live in the boonies right now, and don't have a lot of local friends. Also, if they hit it off as friends, that gives me more convenient opportunities to flirt with someone in front of the wife. She gets a friend, I get to enjoy flirting with her (the girl is super nice and super cute, so it's definitely fun), I get the opportunity to continually demonstrate higher value and enhance our own relationship, Hermione's attraction for me grows, thus making *me* happier in our relationship.

Perfect.

I pulled off the maneuver almost by accident yesterday, but I'm going to work at expanding this – both in terms of maneuvering them to develop an honest friendship and in terms of pulling this off again in the future.

Whine Testing

Leonidas · 30 March 2010 · Archived copy · Original

The shit tests have been getting fewer and further between, but I just got hit with a pretty major one: the whine test. This has been one of the worst ones she's hit me with over the years of our marriage – and always the one I've flunked most egregiously.

Tonight I waded my way through pretty well. I'd call it a good A-. Then I just walked away. And like many predicted, *she* came to *me* afterward looking for physical attention – and in a pretty darn good mood. Definitely a major improvement from me lying awake all night wondering why the fuck she's so upset, as my beta-tude just made her more and more so.

Balancing Shit Tests With Real Responsibilities

Leonidas · 1 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Running Game on your wife can be, in many ways, much more difficult than running Game as a PUA. Today, we'll focus on just one example: the shit test.

The basic theories of Game tell us that the more shit tests you pass, the fewer and farther between they come. In general, I've found this to be true in my limited time Gaming my wife. However, I have run up against an interesting twist that PUAs would never stumble upon. With a girl you've just met at a bar, you have complete freedom to deal with the shit test ruthlessly – which, all else being equal, is usually the way to go. Unfortunately, when you're married things can sometimes get a bit more complicated. Sometimes the Shit Test is asking you to do something that's well within your *actual responsibilities* within the marriage.

For instance... Hermione's been running a minor shit test on me for some time now. Our son still isn't sleeping through the night, so we trade off feedings most nights so that both of us can get a little bit of sleep. She's started taking to breast feeding him in bed while she sleeps (or at least rests) during her turns. In and of itself, I think this is actually great. It means she's getting more sleep overall, and that's generally a good thing. However, over the last few weeks she's been using this time more and more to shit test me. It started out so innocuous that I didn't recognize it – I was just helping out and doing something nice. Simply put, she's been asking me to get our son for her so she doesn't even have to get out of bed. It started out as an occasional thing about two weeks ago (hmm... about the time I started Gaming her – I smell her playing a subtle, if unconscious, bit of Girl Game back at me), but since then it's steadily grown until it finally became more or less *every* time.

Last night I put a stop to it with the first feeding of the night.

[Kid wakes up]

Me: Do you want this feeding or should I get it?

Hermione: I'll feed him if you'll get him for me.

Me: No. If I'm getting up, I'm feeding him.

[Silence... then Hermione, obviously annoyed, gets up and gets him]

I have to admit that our child rearing duties have not been distributed entirely equally lately. I *do* feel somewhat bad about that, but it's kind of unavoidable right now. I'm working 3 jobs (although 1 is admittedly *very* part time – another is starting my own business, and that makes up for it) and going to grad school part time. Hermione's got a lot on her plate as well, so she's (fairly) getting a little stressed out by everything (as if I'm not...). But this particular request is patently unfair. The entire point of our arrangement is so that both of us can get a little bit of sleep. However, it has devolved into a situation where I'm awake when I feed him *and* I'm awake when *she* feeds him. Hence the shit test, which I felt compelled to shut down.

She hit me again later in the night, though, and I was a little unprepared. A few hours later, the little dude was hungry again (he's been going through a growth spurt, so he's eating *all the damn time*) and Hermione was out of breast milk (it's not an infinite supply). This is usually my cue to jump in and take my turn. However, she turned this particular instance into another shit test, because he was still lying in the bed with her. So rather than a simple, "OK, it's your turn," it became, "Can you pick him up out of the bed for me and feed him?" (phrased a bit more nastily, and with a bit of bite in her voice). Taking him *back* to the crib has been another part of the shit test over the last few weeks.

So now I'm in a double bind. On the one hand, I'm facing a shit test that I really need to shut down. On the other hand... what she's asking for this time is a legitimate responsibility on my part. Basically, I'm fucked no matter how I handle this. I generally subscribe to Athol's philosophy that both **alpha and beta traits are necessary for Marriage Game**, so this time I just sucked it up and went and fed the kid – and resolved to keep my eyes open for the next shit test, as it's likely right around the corner.

The Risks

Leonidas · 19 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

As Athol Kay says in his [Male Action Plan](#):

Whether the marriage manages to continue, or fails into divorce, males learning to DHV and achieving it, will either put themselves in a more dominant place in the marriage with greater sexual response from their wife, or return themselves to the sexual marketplace, with a higher sex rank and better able to attract a new partner. Either way, they win.

My intention, by far, is to preserve improve my marriage. And I'm fairly certain that will be the overall response. However, there are definitely some areas of real contention and risk to be worked through. Tonight we hit one of them.

The short, short version:

We bought our house at the absolute peak of the housing bubble, mostly because that's exactly when we got married (and moved out of state). Our \$200k house is now a \$160k house, and we had very little equity. Now we'd both really like to move closer to town for various reasons (both practical and not so), but for obvious reasons that's not really an option.

This is probably one of the big sticking points of our marriage right now. The wife just doesn't want to accept that we're stuck here for a while. In fairness to her, there are real practical difficulties inherent in our current location. But reality is reality. So every now and then, we end up having nearly the exact same conversation about moving. "What if we do this?" "Then this and this and this." Rinse, repeat. We go through the same list every time because there really isn't a way out other than, "win the lottery and be able to afford selling the house at a major loss."

I'm sure she's not doing it consciously, and she'd get really pissed if I brought it up to her face... but every time we have the conversation, I hear shades of female hypergamy at work. The subtle undertones are, "I'm not getting what I thought I was getting out of this deal." Well, fair enough, except for two things: 1) Neither am I, or this blog wouldn't exist, and 2) she's the one who pushed so hard for buying this goddamn house in the first place – a house that we've barely been able to afford for the past three years, that puts us in a crappy location, and that we can't afford to sell. I've busted my ass to pay for this place – and I'm continuing to do that, even though we're having to consider a mortgage modification – and I can't help but feel a real slap every time the conversation comes up.

It came up again tonight, and it turned into a bit of an argument. Not a real argument, just more of one than usual because I decided not to be all beta and submissive about it, and to be blunt. Also to point out that we keep having the same conversation about it. And when that pissed her off and, to be frank, she started acting like a child... I just put a stop to that pretty quickly.

She was pissed. Royally pissed, but in the "OK, I'm not going to talk to you way." Game theory tells us that this should pass and eventually things will settle down. Except that, as I've written before, in an LTR, some shit tests are based in real issues, and this is definitely one of them. There's a definite risk here that she *won't* settle down after this.

Tonight, it seems like she is settling down gradually. She's a lot less pissed than she was. But this area, more than just about any other, is the one that runs the biggest risk of "returning me to the sexual marketplace."

That's not what I want, but Athol is right: if it does, then at least I'll still be better able to attract a new partner.

Real, Honest-To-God Physical Issues

Leonidas · 25 April 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Athol Kay pointed out the other day that a lot of sexless marriages have **real, honest-to-god physical issues** at their root. The relevant quote (emphasis is mine):

However if you currently are in a sexless marriage of less than 10 times a year, that's really a totally different situation to deal with. **Working out and getting physically fit and gaming your wife isn't really going to be enough to throw the switch on whatever is wrong from the OFF setting to the ON setting.** You really need to seek professional help at this point and I suggest a full medical work up and marriage counseling. There's more than likely something clinically wrong happening here. The wrong thing to do though is to do nothing and hope things change for the better – they won't without some sort of intervention. Though often getting the sexually dead to seek treatment is harder than getting a toddler into a car seat when they would rather stay at the park just as the ice cream truck arrives. Also there may be no real solution that works, which is a whole different dilemma. Suffer through? Cheat? Divorce? Everything is a hard option.

The timing is rather good, because the last few days have left me wanting to talk about the physical issues that have played a role in my own marriage and, more importantly, how I'm working to overcome them. Also, I think I should mention that I *was* in a marriage that was having sex about 10 times a year. My words here won't apply to everybody in that situation, but hopefully it will help at least a few of my fellow sufferers.

First, I want to point out that excessive weight can be a real physical issue in the relationship in more ways than one. If you're considerably overweight (in the obese category or higher), then a couple of things happen. First, you can cross the line from merely being "not all that attractive" to being *unattractive* enough to actually kill your wife's interest.

I think I've fit into this category a bit for the last couple of years (not excessively into it, but enough). When my wife and I first started dating, I weighed in at about 195 – and that was a pretty good 195. I wasn't super muscle man, but I was muscular enough that at 195 I was really only a few pounds overweight. Not bad at all. Then I had two knee surgeries, and over the course of about 3-4 years, I ballooned up to around 235, peaking at close to 250. Frankly, I was a bit of a fatass for a while.

As an aside, this is directly related to why posting has been light lately. The single biggest improvement I need to make to my Game right now is to lose about 30 pounds. I'm working on it, and doing quite well, but it just takes time.

On the other hand, if *your partner* is significantly overweight, several things happen to *her* that will also fuck up your sex life. First of all, it kills her body image. Remember the PUA sex formula: Attraction + Comfort = Sex. If you're fat it messes up the Attraction. If *she's* fat, it messes up the Comfort. Why? Because women have crazy body issues. They blame it on western media (which I personally think is a load of BS, but that's another post), but they really do have issues. If a woman doesn't *feel* attractive, she's going to be uncomfortable being sexual, and that's going to kill your sex life.

The good news is that both sides of this coin are relatively easy to fix: eat better and hit the gym. The bad news is that it takes discipline and it doesn't happen overnight. I'm closing down to 220 right now, but that still leaves me with a long way to go. Hermione is down from her height of 175 to about 145, but that still leaves her with a ways to go as well. Still, both sides of the weight loss issue have helped improve our sex life so far.

OK, let's move beyond weight (well, sort of – we'll be coming back to it later). My wife also suffers from two other physical conditions that are putting the brakes on our sex life, and we're having to deal with those.

In January, she gave birth to our first child. During labor, our son got a little antsy, and his elbow got caught up in

her labia and ripped her a bit. Her midwife was *extremely* delicate in stitching her back up. Still, more than three and a half months later, this area is causing her physical pain when it's touched, which is unavoidable during intercourse. It's not a "serious" (in the health/life-threatening sort of way) problem. The tear has healed up fine. It's just scar tissue that needs to be worked out, stretched, etc.

The good news: sex is a little painful, but sex itself serves to help stretch out the scar. Even better, at her last visit to the midwife she got a cream to put on it. Once a day for ten days, then as needed. Friday night when I applied it for her (she can't see the problem area from her vantage point), it hurt like hell. Last night, it still hurt like hell – but was a bit better. So far so good. I informed her that we were going to just wait the 10 days out and not have sex until then. In a PUA Game situation, taking the lead may mean pushing through and having sex regardless. In an LTR/Marriage situation, taking the lead means accepting the responsibility to look out for your wife as well. In this case: man up, and go for a week and a half without sex.

She was appreciative enough that she voluntarily gave me a blow/hand job last night to make up for it. Score one for manning up. Also, it's worth noting that she was a lot more enthusiastic about it than she was about doing that sort of thing before I starting consciously running Game on her.

OK, so this problem seems pretty straightforward: sore spot, treated with proper medication. Medication seems to be working well, just give it the allotted time. Check.

Unfortunately, there's a more serious issue that we have to work with. My wife suffers from a condition called **Polycystic Ovarian Syndrome**. Usually treated and recognized as a fertility issue, it's actually at heart a metabolic condition. However, one major symptom of it is also a drastically reduced sex drive. As Athol Kay says, what's good for making and raising babies is good for sex. It should be no surprise that when a woman's fertility drops, so does her sex drive.

The good news here? As I said, it's actually a *metabolic* syndrome at heart. And metabolic issues can be treated with, you guessed it, diet and exercise (told you we were coming back to it). I've been trying to push her towards this for years, but I haven't been the best example myself. However, in the last few weeks I've been having drastically higher success. I directly credit Game for that success. Properly applied, it's helped me "manipulate" her (and myself) into being much better about diet and exercise, and we're both quite happy with the short term results. We have a long way to go, but at least we're on the right path.

To tie back into the beginning, I'm in an unusual situation. My wife *does* have physical problems that are contributing directly to our low sex life. But the odd thing is, for us, "working out and getting physically fit and gaming your wife" really *is* the solution. Weird.

Still, I think I have a couple of takeaways that can be applied to a more general case.

1. Athol is right, a woman with physical issues causing decreased sex drive isn't going to seek help on her own. Proper application of Game, however, can help guide her to it. Take responsibility for your partner's health. In a way, it's your job as the man of the family.
2. Better diet and exercise may not cure everything, but they'll *help* almost any physical problem. But it's not just for you – your partner needs to improve her diet and exercise as well. Again, properly applied Game can help you very much here. Take responsibility for your partner's health... wait, I said that above. Getting the message yet? 😊

Need To Get Out More

Leonidas · 2 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

One problem we have right now is that we don't get out enough. There are a lot of reasons for that. Sadly, most of them are practical and are really difficult to work around.

Today, we drove over to my brother's place (about an hour away) to spend some time with him, his wife, and my parents (who came into the area to visit their two grandchildren: our son and my niece). Hermione and I have made a lot of progress over the last few weeks, in several areas. One is general ambition. Another is weight and physical fitness. A big one is that I've made good progress in being more "alpha" around my wife. She likes it, and *she's conscious of liking it*.

I hate to say it, because I love my brother and his wife both... but they're hugely fat, lazy, and he's a sheep, letting her run all over him. My dad is also more than a bit beta.

I let some of that work on its own today, but I also strategically amplified it some. I consciously chose the "daddy chair" at the head of the lunch table, and I dominated conversation more than a little (something I kind of did before; as I've said, there were a few things I was getting right by accident before I discovered Game). Add in a few other actions here and there...

When we got home this evening, we fed the rug rat, put him to bed, pulled some chicken out of the freezer to thaw for dinner (ended up microwave-defrosting it; we should've pulled it out last night)... and then *she* jumped *me*. It was good. 😊

Yeah, we definitely need to get out more.

Idiotic Family Members

Leonidas · 7 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

My wife and I tried to give my sister-in-law (my brother's wife) some health advice over Facebook this afternoon. It turned into a debacle, as she took it personally and started arguing pretty hard about why we were wrong.

Pre-Game me would've pushed hard to just let it go. To be honest, this is still my inclination. I'm not a huge fan of drama. Needless to say, Post-Game me didn't let it go at all. Instead, right or wrong, I became determined to get the last word in.

Now, I should add a little back story to clarify some of my decisions here. First of all, my sister-in-law is a fucking retarded twatsicle. I mean seriously, I don't know what's going on up there. I don't know why that annoys me so much, I've had years to get used to it. Worse, my brother is totally fucking whipped. Major case of beta-boy syndrome going on, to the point where I recognized it even before discovering Game. My wife commented recently that she was glad she married me instead of "that limp dick." Seriously. So my twat of a sister-in-law, who already thinks she's hot shit because her idiotic family treats her like she's god's great gift to earth, runs all over him, and he grovels over the ground she walks on, further inflating her sense of entitlement. Worse, the combination of all of it makes her think she's actually got two brain cells to rub together.

I don't actually agree with [Ed Soto's views on higher education for women](#), but if you wanted a poster child for his side of the argument, my sister-in-law would be it. She has a bullshit degree (Art Education – it doesn't get much more bullshit than that), and she didn't learn a damn thing. She has a seriously bullshit job. She can't argue logically to save her life – it's always an emotional argument.

And she's more or less walked all over my family for the last 5 years, because nobody stands up to her shit – least of all my brother. Except me. Even before game. Because she's full of shit, and I can't take it. It's led to her having some crazy obsession with me and my wife, that made absolutely no sense to me at all until I discovered Game, when all of a sudden it clicked and I realized that by standing up to her bullshit I've made myself the Alpha that she wants my brother to be but he isn't.

Well fuck. I don't want that, because seriously, she's a twat waffle. I wouldn't fuck that with a ten foot pole. Seriously – I wouldn't pollute my genes with that.

So yeah, today I decided I wasn't backing down. I didn't care about winning the argument. It's her health at issue, and fuck, she's let her health go to shit anyway, so who cares, right? But I decided that I was going to have the last word, period. It went on well into the evening, back and forth. My brother even dropped in to tell us that we should just cave to her because she's so smart and knows more about biology than us. No logical argument, just "she's smart, listen to her." So I still refused to cave, and in the end I got the last word.

Then I went to bed and fucked my wife. Not much foreplay because it was already late, so she wasn't really all that into the sex. But she was totally getting off on me being Alpha anyway, so she really didn't care that the sex wasn't all that great for her.

Moral of the story: don't let your idiotic fucktard family members walk all over you, your wife, or your family. I'm not a big fan of the drama, but I sure liked the fucking.

(So why am I still up to type this, you ask? Goddamn insomnia, that's why.)

Echoes of Stupidity

Leonidas · 11 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

The Facebook argument with my sister-in-law that I **reported earlier** continued through Saturday afternoon. By the end, it had mostly devolved into a loop that looked much like the following:

Her: Can't we just stop arguing? Oh, by the way, here's all the reasons that I'm right, with some personal insults added that I've tried (and failed) to make subtle so you can't refute them.

Me: If you want to stop arguing, then stop arguing instead of playing passive-aggressive games under a pretension of politely ending an argument. Meanwhile, here's a rebuttal to your continued argument, and some responses to the rudeness you've displayed toward myself and my wife.

[Repeat]

Finally, she broke down and asked what it would take to "peacefully end the argument." I restated my position that "Can't we just stop arguing? But here's the reasons I'm right!" is intellectual bullying that I would not, under any circumstances, cave to and that I would continue to respond indefinitely to personal attacks against myself or my family. In her follow-up, I got blasted for not using the opportunity to make an attempt at a serious reconciliation (a classic tactic of the little girl who's lost the argument). To which I essentially responded, "Make up your mind, you idiot. Do you want to just let it drop, or do you want reconciliation?" and made it clear that there would be no reconciliation without an apology for her rudeness (destroy her attempt to reframe, and continue to demand that she act like an adult).

That was Saturday afternoon; I have not heard anything back since. Evidently I have been right for many years, and she is not adult enough to cough up an apology for her rudeness (only the latest example of an ongoing problem). Still, a victorious battle – which I'm sure is just the first of many to come. Judging by her FB updates since then, I don't think that she understands that I'm not mad at her. I've simply made a conscious decision not to put up with her rudeness to myself or my family (family here not just including myself, my wife, and my son, but also my parents and siblings, and my extended family). It's been going on for years, and it's extreme enough that ALL of the family and most of our friends have noticed it. Yet nobody will actually say anything to *her* (or my brother, who married her). My father just bottles it up and then gets testy and irritable at *everyone else*, and the rest of the family just whispers about it behind her back.

The wife, of course, is reacting extremely well to this decision.

We got roped into spending Saturday afternoon with my in-laws. I normally don't mind all that much, but I'm generally extremely busy right now. Starting a business takes a lot of work, and I work most nights and weekends these days. On Saturday, I was a little irritated at the prospect of losing an entire afternoon – especially hot on the heels of having lost so much time dealing with The Twat. So Hermione offered to "make it up" to me later that evening – and then jokingly asked if that would make me less grumpy. I smiled at her and told her that depended on how good it was (honestly, the answer was yes; but that's a beta response). She laughed and said that didn't help her any right that moment, so I told her that if she wanted results right then, she could fulfill her end of the bargain right then. Her response was along the lines of, "not right here – there's too much traffic." (We were still in the car, on our way to the family event.)

I laughed, and didn't press the opportunity. Big mistake – one I will endeavor not to make again. She insists otherwise (Anti-Slut Defense), but sex acts that risk discovery excite her, as long as it's not *too* public (sex outside on a crowded city block, for instance, would probably be too much). In my defense, the main reason I didn't push it is because I didn't really have an idea for a good place to go. I shall have to think this problem through, to be sure that if the opportunity arises again I have something prepared.

Unfortunately, that afternoon she developed an acute soreness in her nether regions. We think it's got something to do with the IUD, but we're not sure. I let her off the hook that night in exchange for a rain check. She was still a bit

sore on Sunday, so I gave her one more day. I did, however, collect my rain check last night.

It was short and brief, because it was late, but quite good. She's definitely enjoying sex more – although given how little she had been enjoying it before my discovery of Game, that's not really saying much. It wasn't earth moving for her or anything, but there was a little bit of actual enjoyment, rather than mere toleration. The combination of my increased Game skills and our improved diet and exercise plan are definitely having a positive effect, although there's a long way yet to go. We also discussed doing something a bit more time consuming in the next couple of days, so that I can spend more time on her enjoyment. She had a spark (just a spark, but still) of genuine enthusiasm for the idea, and even commented that when our money situation improves we need to buy a real bed frame (right now we just have a king sized mattress on the floor... quite embarrassing) *for me to tie her to*.

Oh yeah. 😊

One last note, for anybody in a similar situation as myself who is just now discovering Game. One of the *extreme* problems for us in the bedroom has been that she really, really, *REALLY* wants me to be the one in charge there. Sadly, I've spent most of my life convinced brainwashed by the feminist movement into believing that women should be in charge of their own sexuality. Even though she *told* me she wanted me to take charge of her, I had a lot of trouble moving past my mental blocks and actually doing it. On occasion, we'd actually try something specific (such as tying her up and blindfolding her) that would have the effect of me taking charge, and she's generally liked those things. Now, I'm learning to take charge on a more general basis.

Total Victory

Leonidas · 13 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Five days after her last message, I had an apology from my sister-in-law waiting on my Facebook account tonight. I strongly suspect that another family member (either my brother or somebody on her side – she barely sees my family) refused to take her side and/or pushed her into it. Whatever the reason, a strong victory has become a total rout.

Sadly, she is rather typical of a certain class of spoiled little girls that is overrunning America today. But we have learned a lesson here: stand your ground. Do not let these women walk all over you. DEMAND that they act like adults and take responsibility for their own actions.

Fitness Game

Leonidas · 15 May 2010 · Archived copy · Original

As I've mentioned several times before, my wife and I have both made some serious efforts at getting our butts back into shape. In my case, it's because I've recognized that losing weight and improving my fitness levels are the single biggest change I need to make to improve my Game. There are lots of other changes I need to make, but any single one of them will have a smaller effect than this single change. Even improving my financial status won't have as much direct impact because my wife already has a good deal of respect for me there. Therefore, along with getting my business on a solid foundation, losing weight and getting in shape is my highest priority this year.

My wife, on the other hand, has joined in mostly because I've improved my Game well enough that she wants to make me happy by improving her own looks. Also, my improved Game is bringing back the old Hermione who really cared what other people thought of her, and let it motivate her in a good way.

We're both also starting to see good results. In the past month, I've lost about 5 pounds (I dipped down to 220 even yesterday morning; it's back up slightly today, but only slightly). More importantly, I've dropped an inch and a half around the waist (much more than the 5 pounds would suggest), and I'm seeing some strong improvement in my gym workouts. Today, for instance, every single exercise I did was up from last week (all numbers except pull-ups represent my final set):

Squats: 5×275 (up from 5×265 last week)

Deadlifts: 5×135 (up from 5×125)

Pull-ups: (three sets of: 4, 2.5, 2.5; kind of lame, but significantly up from 3, 2.5, and 1 last week and WAY up from 1,1 only a few weeks ago)

Bench Press: 3×190 (up from 3×165 last week, which was actually *down* from 3×185 the week before)

The numbers aren't anything to brag about, I know. A few years ago, I was significantly higher on all counts (once upon a time my bench was up around 230, my squats were over 300, and I could do around 20-30 pull-ups in various sets in a workout). But I've been out of shape for a while, and you don't get it back all in a day. Progress is the key, and my progress is solid and strong.

Hermione has been doing fairly well, also, although not quite as well. Her weight hasn't dropped much, but her waistline has shrunk some – about the state I was in a few weeks ago, before the weight started coming off, too. That's pretty normal when people first start hitting the gym, and the numbers on the scale are one reason people often give up early (the scale should be mostly ignored; it's the waistline that matters anyway, and the relationship between the waistline and the scale is very fluid). More noticeably, she's feeling a lot better from the dietary changes, her acne (a side effect of her PCOS) is clearing up a lot, and... she's starting her period right now.

It's not obvious why that's a good thing in our case, so let me explain. She suffers from an endocrine disorder called PCOS that is mostly known for the effect it has on fertility and the reproductive system. One of the major symptoms is amenorrhea (lack of periods), with the obvious hit on fertility that that implies: no periods means no ovulation is happening, therefore, no fertility. The lack of ovulation *also* usually results in a decreased libido, as women's sex drive is very closely tied to baby-making (both emotionally and physically).

This marks her first natural (not induced by any drugs) period in almost five years. Yes, we had to see a fertility specialist to conceive our son. For the record, the time frame when she was hooked up on fertility drugs was hands down our best sexual period in years (since the last time she was ovulating normally), leaving us with no doubt whatsoever that a major portion of her decreased libido really is a physical problem.

So, periods coming back is good for two reasons: one, it's a sign that she's getting into better shape (PCOS women often resume menstruating after losing weight; the disease is closely tied to insulin resistance), and it means her libido is very likely to increase as well.

The downside is that I'm extremely unlikely to get laid for 3-5 days. Had I known that, I might not have turned down sex last night (another post; maybe tomorrow). Still, it's better in the long term that I did, so I'll just tough it out.

All in all, definitely positive changes. As always, however, still lots of work needed.

Baby Game

Leonidas · 14 June 2010 · Archived copy · Original

One of the most Alpha things a man can possibly do to a woman is to impregnate her with a child that turns out to have extremely good genes (by whatever measure matters to the woman). This will leave her in a state of wanting him to do it again.

Unfortunately, this requires the man to actually *have* good genes by some measure. But if you can pull it off...

A quick word of explanation: I have a tested, verified IQ that's pushing 150. I know that IQ isn't the end-all, be-all of intelligence – but let's just say that my actual, real life intelligence generally lives up to that score.

Our son is still very young. But he's showing some of the earliest signs that he may be even smarter than his father. I, of course, am very pleased by this. My wife?



Feminism Will Always Come Second

Leonidas · 30 June 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Several people in the manosphere have commented about the sexual harassment charges against Al Gore. Personally, I find them hilarious. The whole incident, for obvious reasons, brings back memories of the Monica Lewinsky scandal.

It's been noted by several already that Al Gore's problem is, at least in part, that he's not Alpha enough to pull off that kind of stunt. This is at least partially true. Consider, by contrast, Bill Clinton. His problem was never with Monica, who still won't speak ill of the man.

However, there's another point at which the two share an amazing similarity. After Clinton's indiscretion, the feminists stood loud and strong at his side, as did almost all of the leftists. With Al Gore, again you find large swaths of the leftists standing by, albeit less enthusiastically. Why?

There are reports of the victim being pressured to keep quiet in order to serve that lefty holy grail, the mother of all righteousness: Environmentalism. Likewise, in the Clinton days there were those (especially leftists) who argued that we should just let it go because of all the "important work" he was doing.

My point?

Feminism will **always** come in second place in the political pantheon. The first place holder may change – we all know, after all, about women's hypergamous nature. They will gravitate as a collective group toward whomever currently attracts them the most. But they will never achieve first place status. Not because men are being sexist, but because the movement will follow its collective estrogen fueled instincts toward other political movements that are "alpha" enough to make them submit. Today it's environmentalism and the anti-war movement. Tomorrow, who knows? But feminism, as a movement, will always be second string.

They'd never be happy any other way.

Baby Game 2

Leonidas · 9 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

We went out to dinner tonight. Our very cute waitress spent the whole evening flirting with my six month old son. By the end of the evening, she'd told the couple at the table behind us that he was her boyfriend.

I am taking notes. Lots of notes. 😊

On a more serious note, he actually does seem to have pretty good natural game. He's a very cute kid, which helps him get started. But he plays it well. He doesn't smile at first, he always makes people make a bit of an effort first. But then it comes out huge when he brings it... and then he shyly turns away. Then he spends most of his time with an air of moderate disinterest. Brilliant. And every single girl who meets him just eats it up. All the college girls that work at our local supermarket hang all over him all the time.

I should've had a kid 10 years ago. He's a total babe magnet.

A Cautionary Tale

Leonidas · 26 July 2010 · Archived copy · Original

It's story time, kiddies. True story time. This one actually happened to a man I personally know. In fact, he's dating one of my wife's family members. Details are intentionally kept somewhat vague to protect identities, but every word I'm about to write is true.

Let's call our protagonist "John." I met Joe late last year, roughly around holiday season when he began dating a family member – let's call her "Jane." John and Jane are in their 50s, although John is enough older than Jane for it to be worth of comment (half a decade, approximately).

Jane, as much as I hate to trash talk family, is pretty much a typical 50 year old American Princess. She's been married 4 times (in fairness, one of them – I believe actually the first – ended when her husband died in a car accident; still). She's bipolar (and I'm the first to talk about over-diagnosed psychological issues, but OMG is she bipolar). She has two children, one in high school and one in college. Her son, the one now in high school, recently chose to move out of her place and move back in with his father – more or less just because she's unstable. She recently sold her trailer and all her worldly possessions and moved into a house owned by her father, for which she is currently paying no rent, no utilities, etc – despite now having a stable 40-hour a week job again. I believe – though I'm not certain – that at least once in the past she has filed for bankruptcy.

Introduce John – the latest in a long run of typical modern serial relationships. My wife and I initially had a very poor reaction to John. John is, shall we say, very redneck. VERY redneck. John also drank **way** too much. The first few times we met him, he always had a beer in his hand, and several already in his belly. John is unemployed, and more or less living on permanent disability.

You see, a few years ago he was in an accident. A motorcycle accident. He was riding said motorcycle with a gun in one hand and a (half drained) bottle of whiskey in the other (guess where the other half was). On his way to kill his wife.

We heard this story within hours of meeting John. And my wife and I spent the evening (after we'd all gone our separate ways) asking, "Why exactly is Jane hooked up with this guy?" Now, thanks to Mystery, Roissy, and others we're well aware of the answer; that was a pretty Alpha move on John's part.

But I digress, because that's not really the story. That's just the setup. And an unfortunate setup, because the story because tragic as we get to know John better. You see, this is just about the only truly Alpha thing that John has ever done in his whole life.

John married his wife at the ripe old age of 19, for the most traditional of redneck reasons: he'd knocked her up. To his credit, he did what his culture told him he was supposed to do. He manned up, and took responsibility. He married the bitch (and as we'll see, bitch is the only appropriate word), spawned a few more brats on her (sadly, brats is also the appropriate word), and went to work every day to take care of them.

At this point, any student of Roissy's can see where this is going. John descended very quickly into AMC territory. However, his case was somewhat worse than normal. His kids were wild. John spent all his time at work (John is very blue collar, lower class; his income was never exactly high); he had no time to discipline the brats his wife had popped out. Apparently, neither did she. John would come home from work to find that his kids had peed on the floors, and that nothing had been done about it. It had not been cleaned. The kids were not disciplined. Nothing. This is, sadly, just one example of how dysfunctional his family was.

One day, John discovered that his wife had left him for another man. Oh, and she'd cleaned out his entire life savings (tens of thousands of dollars; no small amount to a man of his class) and taken it with her.

John snapped. And then we have the motorcycle story.

But the story's not through. John woke up in the hospital to doctors telling him he'd never walk again. He also found himself discharged into his wife's care, because they were not yet legally divorced. Rather than providing such care, she took all his furniture and belongings and essentially left him in an empty house to recover on his own.

Today, John walks just fine, but if he does more than small amounts of real manual labor he's basically lying down for days afterward. John drinks a *lot* less, because Jane's job now provides them with adequate income to pay for the prescription painkillers that are more appropriate medication for his back than beer. With less alcohol in his system, John is a different man.

Sadly, he is still a very beta man, and living with a very typical American Princess. Their relationship is rocky, and unlikely to stand the test of time. He wants to marry her. She's a typical American Princess and doesn't know what the fuck she wants.

John's ex wife is in jail for selling drugs. His children are now grown and have dysfunctional families of their own.

In no way whatsoever do I condone John's actions on the night of his accident. Morally *and* practically it was a poor response to the situation he found himself in. However, I have grown to have significant amount of respect for John as a man. He will be the absolute first to tell you that what he did was wrong – and he's thankful for his accident, because, as he'll tell you point blank, if he hadn't had the accident his ex wife would be dead and he'd be in jail.

But I'm not writing this to tell you why I respect John. This post is labeled as a cautionary tale because *every aspect of this story is predictable*.

When you push women too hard, they resort to a handful of actions. They bitch and whine (sometimes we call this "protesting" or "demonstrating"). They get organized and form Movements (feminism, environmentalism, PTA). If things are truly bad, they deploy what is probably their strongest weapon: withholding sex (only works if the men of society are decent enough not to force the issue).

When you push a man too hard, people die. This is not a threat. It is not how I want the world to be. It is a simple statement of how the world *is*.

Our current system, as bad as it is, is not as bad as it could be. Although stories like John's are on the rise, they are still the exception and not the rule. But as is often noted on places like the Spearhead, our system is now bad enough that we should expect stories like this to crop up. We should expect to hear stories like John's.

And those who have brought this on should weep. Not just because they've caused it, not just because of the individual tragedies. They should weep because when we create enough John's they will remake the world – and the world they bring will have no room in it for pretty feminist lies.

The rest of us should weep as well, because this world will in no way be superior to the one we live in.

The Mutual Submission Deadlock

Leonidas · 5 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Athol Kay today describes the **evolution of his marriage** into a relationship where he assumed more dominance. As always, the whole post is worth reading. But I wanted to comment on one particular part:

In Jennifer's case she was so naturally submissive that she didn't take control over things, but we'd end up in sort of mutual submission deadlocks. *"What do you want to do?" "I dunno what do you want to do?"*

The Mutual Submission Deadlock has been one of the absolute biggest problems for me to overcome in my own marriage, and for very similar reasons. I am not particularly submissive, but I am *very* introverted (borderline Asperger's syndrome). I've also had decades of societal and (much heavier) family pressure towards a personality of not pushing my own desires on other people. This has ended up pushing me towards just not telling other people what I want, and just expecting them to magically know. My father and my less-obnoxious brother have this exact same problem as well.

The solution is really quite easy: just voice preferences when I actually have them. This answers the complaint that the original poster Athol refers to had. This is by no means a heavy handed "my way or the highway" style of dominance. In a way, it's not even really dominance at all. But it solves a couple of major relationship issues.

First, when we're truly in a deadlock it resolves it. A preference has now been voiced. If she truly has no preference, the issue is settled.

Second, in the (far more common) case when she *does* have a preference, the burden is now on her. If she doesn't like my preference, she can come up with an alternative. Quite often, this is what happens – and a fair amount of the time, we even choose her preference over mine. Clearly, this is not heavy handed dominance. Yet even so, with the newer approach I've navigated the situation without coming across as a pussy. My preferences for things like where to eat are often very minimal. For example, I tend toward simple tastes, and often get similar meals wherever we go; it makes many restaurants truly interchangeable to me. But by expressing a preference, I am now not just a wimp letting her guide me along – or worse, just a "kid" for whom she has to make all of the decisions. I am a man with preferences, thoughts, and taste of my own. I am just willing to compromise on the little things that truly aren't that important.

I still struggle with this, though. I've got over three decades of practice at hiding my preferences. Letting them out is neither instinctive nor natural for me at the moment. But I'm working on it, and it's definitely getting better.

On a completely unrelated note:

By way of comparison, back in the day I passed on dating a particular feminist friend that I was interested in. Nice girl, smart, pretty just with this huge feminist chip on her shoulder that I couldn't be bothered with. I just slowly found it a turn off and never pursued her. As far as I could tell in our little Christian circle of friends she never ended up dating anyone, so if her goal was not to be taken advantage of by men – mission accomplished.

This describes my sister at a note perfect level.

After the Peak

Leonidas · 10 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Welmer has a nice post up on the Spearhead today about the pretty, pretty lie that we let women tell that their **sexual peak** is in their mid 30s. His basic point – that women actually reach their peak in their youth, just as men do – is, I think, pretty biologically sound. I think it's also pretty clear that what we identify as a “sexual peak” is, in fact, women trying to make the most of their last years of fertility. Whether it's for sexual power, as Welmer claims, or a last attempt to squeeze as much reproductive success as possible in the final days (or, in my opinion, both), it's clear that what is going on here is not exactly what is claimed by the “sexual peak” advocates.

I do, however, want to point out something important. Welmer goes on to make the following statement:

The point is that without sexual viability, the power of most women in this culture is reduced to whatever is afforded by rote chivalry. And while that chivalry affords them a great deal of latitude, it doesn't provide them with the meaningful significance of a younger woman who still turns heads- *and can have babies*.

Sadly, I think this has largely become true in our modern culture. But I do *not* think it's universally or even biologically true. In a healthy, functional society there are very important roles for women to play after they've advanced to a more or less infertile age. The obvious ones are mother (continuing to raise the last few children born) and grandmother. But in many cultures there is a certain level of worldly wisdom that a woman of that age carries that younger women don't. You can still see remnants of it in today's culture, although it's fading. As with so much else, it's strongest in religious groups, but it's still visible in other places. The wise, matriarchal grandmother figure that guides an extended family as it grows is a powerful figure in art, literature, and real life.

In the optimal case, a woman goes through profound personal growth during the early years of child rearing and establishing a family, such that by the time menopause comes around and brings its inevitable infertility she has found some other form of power and/or value to bring to society.

As a culture, we now deemphasize this aspect of growth and instead put our emphasis on trying to stay young forever and have it all. The value of these roles has been devalued by our culture in precisely the same ways, for precisely the same reasons, and by precisely the same people as the value of beta provider males. It's also having a very similar negative effect on our society.

TV/Movie Game

Leonidas · 15 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

One difficult aspect of Game in a long term relationship is finding the right balance. Too much alpha will just push your woman away – especially if you’ve been a little (or more than a little) beta for a long time and you’re trying to make up for it. You have to find the right balance and keep it there, and that can be more than a little tricky.

TV and movies offer up a nice opportunity, and I’ve been making quite good use of it. If we’re watching a show together and a female character does something unacceptable, I calmly and clearly outline “what I’d do” in that situation. The scare quotes are there because typically it’s not actually what I’d do in that kind of situation – it’s generally exaggerated a little bit on purpose and for effect. What effect? Signals. This is a chance to send clear Alpha signals: I am not a wimp. I will not put up with behavior like that. I do not need to put up with childish behavior in order to get laid. I am not a loser like that beta boy on the screen who just bowed down to kiss the feet of a spoiled twat.

The best part, however, is that I accomplish all of this *without directing hostile or negative energy toward my wife*. You’re definitely not accusing her of anything, so you avoid putting her on the defensive. Indeed, she even gets to play the good guy too, agreeing with me that the girl in question is beyond the pale and shouldn’t behave like that, and that my hypothetical response is entirely appropriate. Instead, she gets to feel like a good girl (of course *she* would never act that way). Nevertheless, the signals are sent.

Of course, you can still take this technique too far. Advocating an extreme response that’s truly beyond the pale is still probably going to cause your wife/gf to freak out a little bit about the psychopath sitting next to her. But you can be a little more forceful than you might be in other situations.

Just Fuck Me

Leonidas · 19 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

My wife and I have a pretty reasonable personal library in our home these days. Combined, I think we're pushing close to a thousand volumes. Not huge. Certainly not on par with, say, **Thomas Jefferson**. But not bad for a relatively young couple. It's a pretty solid mix of fiction, non-fiction, text books, you name it. We love knowledge, love reading, and love books.

However, I've somewhat switched non-fiction book buying tendencies in recent times. Once upon a time I tended to buy pretty much anything I was reading, or interested in reading. These days, I do a lot of browsing at the bookstores (or using Amazon.com's "Search Inside" feature... proper application of this can often get you a pretty decent look at the meat of the book absolutely free). I'm a lot more exclusive about which books I pick up.

Why? Because I've discovered that a huge proportion of non-fiction books (I'd say in the 70-80% range) don't contain any value once you understand what the main point of the book is.

Let me give an example: the "Rich Dad, Poor Dad" series. The main idea of the book is this:

1. You can conceptually divide everything you buy into two classes: "assets" and "liabilities."
2. Forget the technical definitions of these terms. For the purpose of this book, "assets" are anything that generate net income. "Liabilities" are anything that costs money over time – or even that just fails to generate income.
3. If you want to get rich, spend your money on assets instead of liabilities.

Seriously, that's it. Once you get that concept, there's not really anything else of much worth in the entire book. Or, as near as I can tell from in-store browsing, the entire rest of the series.

Let me give another example: **Just Fuck Me** by Eve Kingsley. I have not read this book. I have not even browsed it at the store, and it doesn't have "Look Inside" enabled on Amazon.com. All I've done is read the title and the product description on Amazon:

"You're the Man... Act Like One!" Look, I know you're not a mind reader, so I'm going to be blunt... The majority of women like to be fucked. And I mean really fucked. Yes, the media has lied to you. Sure, there are some women that want to lay on their backs, look into your eyes, and gently rock back and forth, but most of us want you to channel the power of the Sun through your penis and give us a good, solid pounding. Act like you want it, for God's sake! In this book, I'm going to lay out exactly what the majority of women want and show you exactly how to give it to them. I've got a section just for you and one for your female partner, so you can feel 100% comfortable letting loose on her vagina in the way she's secretly craving. Some of the topics we'll cover... The Alpha Male – It's more than just being an ex-fratboy douchebag, who still thinks he's on the high school football team. I'll clue you in. Dirty Talk – Trust me, she wants it. If she didn't, she'd fuck a mime. Speaking of, did you know Marcel Marceau was divorced three times? Enough said. Role Playing – How she really feels about pretending to be the babysitter, a whore, and a student looking for a little "extra credit." I'll take you through the top 11 Alpha Male fantasies...including one so controversial, I can't even mention it here. The Art of Being Assertive – Sack up and take control! What to do...and what not to do. Sexual Communication – Both you and your partner have needs and good communication, both verbal and non-verbal, is crucial when it comes to getting them on the table. I'll show you how to communicate "Alpha Male Style." You'll learn what to say...and how to say it. Now that I've got you all hyped up and extremely aware of the need to please your woman, let's go about succeeding at it. Let's get down to brass tacks. What are you waiting for? Buy the book already! Eve Kingsley is a feminist writer based in San Francisco. She teaches couples how to push the boundaries of a sexual relationship to create new levels of honesty, intimacy, and trust.

A year ago I would probably have ignored this book entirely. Fortunately, I didn't stumble across it a year ago; I stumbled across it a month or two ago. In the context of *Game*, this concept makes perfect sense.

At near the same time, I read [this post](#) by Roissy. Now, I have never sat down with a ruler and measured my wife's anatomy. Nor do I have any real intention or desire to do so. However, the post resonated with me on a couple of levels.

- * My wife isn't that big on receiving oral sex. She doesn't hate it, but it's *usually* nothing special for her.
- * Before I discovered Game, if you'd surveyed my wife after every session she would probably have ranked sex somewhere between "terrible" and "tolerable", with the bulk of the ratings on the lower side of that.
- * My wife has had enjoyable sex, but has never had an orgasm (yeah, kind of beta for me to admit that; anonymous blogging ftw).

Given all of that, she seemed like a prime candidate for the "long C-V distance" type that Roissy describes. Take these two ideas together (the "just fuck me" thesis and the "long C-V distance" thesis) and they come to a similar conclusion: maybe I need to alter my style and just go with it.

One last data point: my wife had always seemed to like sex better when it was a bit rougher. Again, pre-Game this made absolutely *no* sense to me. It conflicted with anything and everything I had ever been taught about female sexuality.

The scenario: The wife was trying to be generous and offering up sex even though she very clearly didn't actually want it. It was late or latish, we were already in bed, and both tired. In the pre-Game days, this scenario also would likely include the fact that it had been many days, perhaps even weeks, since we'd done anything.

Old approach: "Are you sure you want to, dear? I don't really want to push you into anything you don't want, or hurt you if you're not into it." (Sexual discomfort was a very big problem for her for a long time, which was a big part of the "terrible" ratings.) Her: "Yeah, let's just be quick and go to bed." Either nothing happens because I back down or we spend 15-20 terribly awkward minutes before I have a somewhat lame orgasm and we both go to bed unhappy. Initial penetration is a long, slow, drawn out mess that's typically very uncomfortable even though I'm trying my damndest not to hurt her. In my head, the whole time, I feel like I'm taking advantage of her.

New approach: "OK." And I just go for it. Very light, very short foreplay, and then we go. Typically, she's still somewhat dry. Penetration is quick. Like everything with Roissy, I find I have to tone it down a bit: I'm not just ramming it in. But... it's pretty fast. Maybe 5-10 seconds. I'm much more aggressive, much more relaxed, and just go. Mental model has changed: now in my head I'm forcing myself to think, "she's trying to do something nice for me. Just *let her* you idiot."

The difference is huge. Bulletin 3 is, as of now, still true: she's not yet having orgasms. But if you sampled her now, the ratings would range from "tolerable" to "good," with an occasional "very good" thrown in there. Not where I want it to be – but an amazing difference. Penetration is sometimes still uncomfortable (though less often than I'd expected), and once I'm in she lubes up *fast*. Often she finds sex feeling at least somewhat good, even if she *completely* wasn't in the mood at the beginning.

Another big change in our sex life: on average, it's gotten a lot rougher. It's still nothing like BDSM or anything – more or less vanilla sex, just on the rough side. I've moved past my mental block (and it really was *my* mental block) and accepted it, and discovered that hey, she was trying to tell me what she wanted all along and I should've just blocked society out of my mind. Thanks to the above, and to [Athol](#), for helping me get past that block.

Best of all, as she starts enjoying sex more (or at least hating it less), she's far more receptive to it, and even initiates a lot more often. As an example, we've now had sex every day for five days in a row. We talked about it last night, and neither of us could remember for sure but we came to the conclusion that this is either a record or tied for it.

The ideas in this post are only a part of what's gotten us here. A lot else has contributed. I'm ridiculously busy these days, and this blog is relatively low priority in my life, but I do plan to share some further reflections in the future.

Also, I recognize that the current streak is probably a high point. I don't think we're at the point, yet, where daily or near daily sex is "normal" for our relationship. We'll see how she's feeling tonight. I'm going to make the attempt at

a record breaker – but if it doesn't happen, it was good while it lasted.

News Flash: Women Prefer Older Men

Leonidas · 19 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

There are a lot of critics of Game out there. Most of them really are blinded by ideology, to an extent that brings to mind Galileo and the church. But I like to approach the world with a scientific mindset, and the scientific method requires always being critical of any idea, no matter how well established.

[As an aside: One of the reasons I gave Game a whirl is because as near as I can tell it's quite possibly *the* best peer reviewed concept in the modern body of knowledge. Unlike most modern scientific tests which are typically run by one team, and then *maybe* reproduced by a small handful of other researchers, Game has been tested by thousands of "field researchers" in perhaps hundreds of thousands of individual "experiments." That's an awful lot of supporting data.]

Sadly, I seldom see Game criticized on anything like legitimate issues, even though there is one that's always been bothering me: the "Cougar" phenomenon. Game tells us that women prefer status and give low priority to looks. A natural consequence is that women should prefer older men, generally, as a proxy for status. It's admittedly an imperfect proxy, but usually a rather decent one. Also, Game tells us that men generally prefer younger, hotter women.

Yet supposedly there's a huge Cougar/Cub phenomenon going on all around us. What gives?

Roissy explains it typically as a bunch of used up older women settling for the young men who will have them. Sometimes, the reasoning goes, these are just very beta guys who can't get girls their own age or younger. Sometimes they're very alpha guys just getting started and "learning the ropes." Makes sense, as far as it goes.

Before I learned about Game, I'd always thought women were adjusting to a higher preference for looks as they can afford to. In the modern world, the typical beta-provider status that women would have sought after before is less important than ever. Women don't need a provider; they can typically pull in decent salaries on their own. So the superficial qualities take a higher preference. I was right, but I misunderstood the female version of superficial qualities to mean "looks" rather than what we call "Game". In hindsight, this seems like it might play a *tiny* part (looking good is a small part of Game), but not a very big one.

So what's going on?

What if it's simpler than any of us thought? What if the whole Cougar phenomenon is just **bullshit**? It looks like that may be the case. A researcher in Wales did a study of online dating forums to try and find out just how widespread the phenomenon is.

After examining the age preferences expressed in 22,400 singles ads on popular dating websites in North America, Europe, Australia and Japan, he found no sizable cohort of women seeking younger men. To the contrary, the share of lionesses wanted men their own age or older. Nor did he find evidence for the proliferation of cubs: the overwhelming majority of men displayed their eons-old preference for younger women.

Women prefer older men and men prefer younger women. Who knew?

american wife fuck son

Leonidas · 22 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I just have to say... when you write a blog related to sex in any way, you get some really, *really* weird shit in your search refers.

That is all.

Beta Bus Boy

Leonidas · 26 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

One of the things that soaks up a lot of my time and keeps me from updating this blog regularly is that I'm a part time graduate student at a major southern university (SEC fans would recognize it in a heartbeat). The university is large enough that it has its own internal bus system for transportation. Parking is a nightmare (an artificially induced one; this is the south – there's easily enough land for extra parking, but the university chooses not to provide it) and expensive (for the south – by northeastern standards its quite tame). My finances are not what they once were (a topic for another post), and parking assignments are awarded in a pseudo-lottery system that gives preference to those who have more credit hours (not me – I'm fairly new to the school and on the part time plan), so I've got a totally craptastic parking spot.

The bus I ride is typically packed to the gills at peak times (the 15 minutes between class periods). Today I happened to arrive a bit early, so the bus was relatively lightly full. In this case, that when I got on at the parking deck I easily got a seat, but a few stops later all the seats were full – but with plenty of standing room left.

We pull up to the next stop and about 6-7 people get on the bus (mostly girls; the campus is about 60% female). Beta Bus Boy, sitting across from me, gallantly vacates his seat and points to the hottest of the girls (a blonde, and a mere 7 at best which means she doesn't really stick out from the crowd around here) and offers her his seat. She looks at him like he's crazy. He proceeds down the line through two other girls who also politely decline. Then girl #4 (a 6 Asian), standing behind him, steps in and takes the seat, all the while ignoring him.

I do nothing but smirk. I'm married and have little interest in these girls. Even if I weren't married, they're not especially hot by campus standards (the campus is 60% female and like most 18-22 year olds, they're mostly 6s and 7s). *This move, all on its own, earns me the interest of the random girl across from me.* Granted, she's a 5 (who would easily be a 6 if she lost about 15 pounds). Still, she's now checking me out through the corner of her eye.

A few stops later, a bunch of people get off including the random girl across from me. Girl #1, the hottest, now happily sits down in the vacated seat. Not one of the girls has given Beta Bus Boy a second look. The whole thing is a real-life and much tamer version of [this video](#) that Roissy posted a while back.

In a sane world, Beta Bus Boy would have at least gotten a thank you and a smile. But we don't live in a sane world.

The Small Child Cockblock

Leonidas · 26 August 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I love my son dearly, but sometimes he's the biggest cockblock around. He's 7 months old, so it's not like he's doing it intentionally. But when he hits another growth spurt or decides to cut another tooth and then won't go to sleep (and therefore won't let us sleep) until midnight but insists on waking up (and therefore waking us up) at 5:30 again, he doesn't leave us with a lot of energy for sex. Unsurprisingly, this hits my wife much harder than me (stereotypes of male and female sexuality have an awful lot of basis in reality), but occasionally it hits me as well.

It's important for us men in this situation to realize that unless we were conned into children we didn't really want (which is decidedly **not** my case – my son was wanted, and I have the fertility treatment bills to prove it) this is *not your wife's fault*. Small children are tiring and demanding. And although I'm disappointed, I'm not really upset at the kid, either. He's just being a kid – it's what they do.

But I'm totally going to remember it when he's sixteen and have an absolute blast returning the cockblocking favor. Mwahahaha!

Random Acts of Alpha (and Beta)

Leonidas · 29 September 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I just got done reading [this post](#) from Athol (and watching the fantastic video) and it got me thinking about a slight variation on the point he's making. For decades the conventional wisdom about training (animal training, training children, military, self-training, whatever) has been that the best results come from consistently applied positive feedback. Somebody does something right, give them a reward (praise, a treat, a toy, whatever). The early research definitely pointed in this direction, and showed that positive reinforcement was more effective than negative reinforcement (the carrot is more effective than the stick), and the best results occur if you reward the good behavior every time.

Modern research shows that this is baloney.

Yes, positive feedback is more effective than negative feedback. But you get better results if you mix the two. And consistent application is actually *not* the best way. The very best results come when you reward the subject randomly (about 25% of the time good behaviors get rewarded), and apply the negative reinforcement 100% of the time.

Why does this work better? It makes more sense to think that rewarding good behavior 100% of the time would give better results because you'd get a clear connection between doing something good and getting a reward. And that's true – you do develop a connection, which is why that kind of training regime works. **But the other way works better.**

When somebody is rewarded for something 100% of the time, typically they will converge to the minimum. That is, they will seek out the minimum possible behavior that generates the reward. This is analogous to the idea of profit maximization in the business world. People (and animals) seek the maximum benefit at the minimum cost.

If, on the other hand, we reward them only occasionally then each time they're *not* rewarded the little hamster wheel (to borrow a phrase from [Roissy](#)) starts spinning. The subject starts wondering why they didn't get rewarded this time. Maybe the good behavior wasn't good enough. Maybe they need to try harder next time. "If only I'm a little bit better, maybe I'll get the gold star and the pat on the head next time." Intuitively, we'd think that this would work best if stronger rewards are linked to better behavior, but animal research shows that it actually works best if the rewards (both timing and intensity) **are completely random**. It also works best if you make sure that the negative reinforcement comes down every time. And every now and again you should mix in a major, major carrot – and every now and then a massive stick (not literally; I am not encouraging domestic violence here).

The application of this to Game and LTRs should be pretty obvious. If your wife is exhibiting poor behavior (nagging, ignoring the kids, whatever), find an appropriate negative reinforcement and apply it every time. But also find an appropriate positive reinforcement when she does it right, and apply that... about a quarter of the time. Every now and then, really shower her with the positive reinforcement (the beta move) even if she hasn't done a particularly special job. And once in a blue moon, blow something way the hell out of proportion (the alpha move).

War on Work

Leonidas · 2 October 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Mike Rowe may not talk much about “men’s rights” specifically. Nevertheless, I think he should be considered as a hero of the men’s rights community.

<http://video.ted.com/assets/player/swf/EmbedPlayer.swf>

Sadly, WordPress seems to be eating the embed. It’s worth clicking through to the video, though.

Been Gone a While

Leonidas · 23 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

For those who missed it from the last post, in the last 6 months I've moved twice, finished a semester of school, started a new part-time job, and launched a public beta test of my own small business's first software release. I'm a little swamped.

In the meantime: the sex life is better than it's been since well before we got married. At the same time, our overall relationship seems to have improved a lot as well. There's probably not a direct causal link here, but I'm sure the two are related. I got a pretty awesome job offer back in our old home town (part time hours, but almost the same pay I used to make; enough money to live on, but enough time to keep my startup business going and finish grad school), so we moved back to take it.

The wife found the blog. I should've told her about it a while back anyway. She wasn't really upset, though. I think she actually kind of enjoyed reading it. As has been said in the Game community before: women generally *like* to be gamed. Her biggest comment was related to the **Just Fuck Me** post:

"It just makes me feel more wanted when you do it that way."

Just goes to show.

Earth Fare

Leonidas · 23 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

I want to like Earth Fare, I really do. I love me some grass fed meat, I like grass-fed, low-temp pasteurized, organic milk. I like being able to buy the occasional exotic food.

But it's official. I hate shopping at Earth Fare. Let me count the ways:

1. We've moved twice in the last 6 months. Our last home was very close to an Earth Fare in the SWPL downtown section of a college town. At the new digs, there's an Earth Fare that just opened up nearby. The college town one was very small (typical of downtown grocery stores), so I thought half the problem was just that. The one near us now is about 4 times bigger. It's on par with a typical small suburban grocery store. Nevertheless, the place is cramped. Cramped to the point of making me feel claustrophobic. I'm a fairly large guy. I'll admit I'm a bit overweight, but even without that, I'd **still** be too big to walk around the store. Makes sense, given that the store is designed for stupid malnourished vegans and vegetarians. Still, this is modern retail 101, guys.
2. The constant SWPL stares of "how dare you bring a baby into our store?" Yeah, well, my grandkids will be ruling the planet while yours are... oh wait, doing nothing because they won't exist. Nevermind that we seemed to have the one normal sized grocery cart in the store (for our son to sit in). On the other hand, nobody needs a full sized grocery cart there because nobody can afford to do a whole week's worth of grocery shopping there, especially if they have kids.
3. Half the crap in this "health food" store is just process soy garbage. Most of it is "organic" potato chips, candy bars, TV dinners (or whatever PC term SWPLs use instead of TV dinners), cakes, pastries, snack bars, etc. Bleh.
4. There weren't even any hot hippie chicks to flirt with. Just a bunch of old baby boomers acting snotty toward everyone else.
5. They didn't even have the actual item we went to the store for. We wanted to pick up a whole duck to cook for Christmas (Hermione is an awesome cook). No dice, they didn't have it. On the plus side, we stopped at Publix afterward for our normal groceries (you know, the kind that actual people can afford) and what do you know? They had a whole duck. If I'd known that, I wouldn't have even stopped at Earth Fare

Ridiculous. ***This*** is what our so called "elites" think is the future of our country? I'll pass, thank you very much.

Raised By Women

Leonidas · 28 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

My wife just linked me over [this comment](#) from the Spearhead by CorkyAgain, along with her own comment: “Sounds like your extended family.” It does, in a lot of ways, and that’s relevant because it played a big role in how things got to where they did. I’ll shade over some of the details (mostly to remove identifying information), but the gist of the story is this:

My mother’s family is one of the most... non-radically? feminist groups you could possibly find. I say “non-radically” because mostly they aren’t man-hating lesbians or anything, and they’re pretty reasonable people. But I think this tale is also one of how less radicalized feminism can have detrimental effects.

The family is, for want of a better term, “academic aristocracy.” My maternal great-grandfather (mother’s mother’s father) got his PhD from Harvard and was the dean of a university science department. My maternal grandmother, his daughter, got a bachelor’s degree in the 1940s, back when it was still pretty uncommon for women to do that. She met my grandfather while pursuing it, and *he* went on to make some major discoveries in the same field and later to head a government research laboratory. *His* grandfather (I believe; I’m a little fuzzy) was also a professor. The two of them had four daughters.

The four daughters were, of course, baby boomers, raised in the era of feminism. Given that their mother had earned a degree at a time when it wasn’t common, it shouldn’t be any surprise at all that three out of the four sisters have college degrees. I’m actually not sure about the 4th; I *think* she never got one, but she easily could have. Instead she married a man who got accepted to med school without an undergraduate degree (but decided not to go) and they lived a happy hippie life together. Out of the 4, I think she’s the only one who’s achieved any measure of true happiness. One of my aunt’s has a PhD now (and is married to a professor), another is a teacher with a master’s degree. My mother also has an undergraduate degree that has never once been used in relation to the job market.

My grandfather, of course, doted on his four little girls. The family wasn’t super rich, but they were fairly well to do (and he did well enough that he left my grandmother pretty well off when he passed away). And, of course, he was a relatively liberal guy raising four daughters in the era of feminism – four women who now think they’re the hottest things out there.

As for my father, he was always around as I was growing up, and he and my mother are still married (practically unheard of for boomers, I know). Unfortunately, however, his father died when my father was a small boy. He was essentially raised by a single mother. My father’s a good guy in his own way and taught me some great life lessons, as a father should. But being raised without a father impacted him greatly, and later impacted myself and my brothers (and yes, my sister, too).

The point of all of this is that I grew up in a very feminized family. My maternal grandfather kept that side of the family mostly in check while he was alive (he was definitely the patriarch of the family, and a pretty alpha guy). But after he passed things started slipping. My grandmother, god bless her, is a wonderfully nice and proper woman. But she doesn’t have what it takes to rein in four women with super-inflated modern American egos.

Don’t get me wrong. They’re all smart women with decent life histories and they’re not bad people. They’re also nowhere near as awesome as they think they are. Family gatherings have degenerated over the years from true, solid family gatherings to group wank-fests about how awesome the four sisters are. Of course, it’s four women involved, not four men, so it can’t even stay that. In the background there’s always the catty infighting over who’s the best. *My* kids did such and such. Did you see how *her* kid was dressed?

Don’t bother trying to call them on any of it, though. Didn’t you know? Our family is *far* too enlightened for that. We look past all the external appearances and judge people for who they really are on the inside, of course. Except not really.

I've noticed that, in general, the women who proclaim the loudest that they don't play the female status games are the ones who are most ruled by it. Normal women who accept it are at least honest about it, and can sometimes even overrule it. The women who refuse to acknowledge it can't even *try* to fight it.

As a result of all of this, my siblings and I were all raised in a detrimentally feminized way. My sister really is a radical man-hating lesbian (perhaps without the lesbian part, but I'm honestly not sure). She's 36, childless, and miserable. My brothers are ridiculously beta and well into their careers as Average Married Chumps. I was well on my way to that fate until my wife helped me understand that it wasn't what she wanted.

I spent too much of my life listening to all of these women list exactly what they wanted out of men and life, and then tried to give it all to my wife. The thing is, none of them really want any of it. Two of my aunts are definitely the pants-wearers in their relationships, and they're miserable (even though their husbands are FANTASTIC catches on paper). My father is reasonably alpha in comparison to my mother, but only by the accident of having Asperger's Syndrome. My final uncle is definitely the alpha in the relationship (even if he is a dirty hippie), and my aunt who married him is by far the happiest of the lot.

My cousin's aren't immune from the carnage. One cousin has chosen to live her life almost exactly as they told her she should. She has a useless degree and lives her life following an environmental cause. I think the cause itself is ludicrous – but unlike most in that camp, she's actually *living* the life she preaches, and I respect her for that. Nobody else in the family does. They smile and grin over it, because she's doing exactly what they've said she should, but they all think she's dirty and beneath them. Another cousin lives his life under a domineering woman who desperately wants him to just turn her over his knee, spank her, and set her straight. If he did it, I think they'd have a pretty happy marriage despite some real difficulties. I think he manages about 30-40% of the time, or they'd probably have divorced already. He's doing better at it than my brothers, at least.

Nobody really enjoys the family gatherings much anymore except for my grandmother, and she's the only reason I still even go to any of them. At her age, it's about all she's really got. Oh, they go on and on about how great and wonderful our family is, and how family is the most important thing. But when family's around, they mostly just act annoyed. When family actually needs help, they mostly just ignore it, act irritated, or very grudgingly help out.

This, my friends, is a portrait of your "educated elite." My son is not yet a year old, but I agree with CorkyAgain – when he's old enough, I hope he spends his time with family he enjoys, but most of all I hope he doesn't spend it with family he feels forced to see. I hope his family is there to help him when he needs it, to point him in the direction of a truly happy and healthy life, and to enjoy his successes with him – not to tear him down behind his back and play silly status games.

Still, I can't complain too badly. Unlike many of my generation, I grew up in an intact family and reaped a lot of the benefits thereof. And I had the good luck (or good sense) to marry a girl who could show me a better way when the right time came.

Game for Non-Sexual Purposes

Leonidas · 29 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

As a side comment tangentially related to my [last post](#), I've found that basic knowledge of Game principles has substantially improved my social interactions at all levels, including the dreaded family events previously described.

Adopt a good alpha posture and attitude when you're dealing with a room full of women and *everything* changes. Avoid playing into their frame. Stop being afraid of their emotions. Tease them a bit. The fact that you're well and truly not at all interested in sleeping with any of them only helps.

Tales From Google Referrals

Leonidas · 29 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

Every now and then I scroll through the server logs to see what search terms this blog is showing up for. When you write a blog that talks at all about sex, you get some good ones. Today's example:

“why does my wife prefer curry than me after a night out when the kids aren't about”

Whoever you are, I'm sorry dude. So, so sorry.

A Rant on Higher Education

Leonidas · 31 December 2010 · Archived copy · Original

“Higher education” is a topic that gets a lot of talk in the manosphere, and a lot of it in relation to how a college campus isn’t a great place to be a man these days. Fair enough, and I agree with a lot of that. Today I’m going to rant on something else though: how broken it is.

Through a completely bizarre set of circumstances that applies to almost nobody else in the US, I found myself in grad school at the beginning of 2010 (I entered mid-school year; like I said, bizarre circumstances). Initially, I was excited. I’m not really sure why. I *hated* my undergrad years. I guess I was hoping that being at a different (and bigger and better rated) university would be better. It wasn’t. It really wasn’t.

Despite my enthusiasm, *just in the last year* I’ve witnessed the following (keep in mind that this school is consistently scored in the top 50 US universities by US News & World Report):

- Professors who can’t work their own examples. I’m not talking about once or twice – I’ll forgive anybody a bad day. I mean *any of them*. This despite having taught the same class for 10 years.
- Professors who give lectures with details that are just plain wrong (demonstrably so). Again, not in isolated cases, but frequently.
- Professors who simply don’t give enough information for the students to do the assigned projects. This hasn’t hampered me; I’ve got a lot of experience in the field, and I’ve only had one project in my entire educational career that I’ve considered “non-trivial.” But I’ve watched it cause real problems for my fellow students, and even felt really bad that I haven’t had time to help them.
- Professors who don’t speak English well enough to write coherent test questions. I’m sorry, but that should be a basic minimum for the job.
- Professors passing off biased made-for-TV movies as if they’re historically accurate. Nevermind that this is a technical class and there’s really no good reason to be watching anything like this in the first place.

Yeah, my enthusiasm died pretty fast. If I dredge my memory of my undergrad days, the story gets even worse.

- Professors who more or less can’t speak English at all.
- Professors who can’t show up to class because they have job interviews.
- Professors who aren’t proficient enough in the programming language they’re supposed to be teaching to actually, you know, program – much less teach it.
- Professors who can’t even tell you what the title of the class means.

These are the gate keepers who hold all the power over the rest of us. They control what careers we can and can’t have, by virtue of their power to grant (or deny) us their stamp of authority and let us get the appropriate credentials. Supposedly they’re “educating” us.

I have had the occasional truly awesome professor, and with them, a few truly awesome classes. They are the exception, not the rule.

As I said above, I have a very bizarre set of circumstances for being back in school. Those circumstances include an offer for a pretty ridiculous (in a good way) salary after I finish my master’s degree. If I didn’t have that... dear god, I don’t think I could put up with this shit anymore. I’m not sure it’s possible to pay me enough to go back for a PhD once I’m done.

Learning Game From Small Children

Leonidas · 1 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

We recently had a party for my son's first birthday. Let me tell you, the kid has some *tight* Game. Amazing. I learn stuff from him all the time.

He spent the evening ignoring his two year old cousin. By the end of it, she was following him around like a puppy and giving him raspberries (the food, not the stuck out tongue).

My sister-in-law has been (over the phone) jealous and annoyed because our son is significantly more advanced than her daughter was at that age (he's walking several months before she was). At the party, she was wrapped around his finger.

My other sister-in-law (the twat waffle) spent the whole evening trying to make *her* son the center of attention. Our boy ignored her, the entire time. By the end of the evening she was drooling over him and gushing about how cute and adorable he is (despite still refusing to truly join the party).

Contrast

Leonidas · 4 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

One of my friends has a new girlfriend. He's a super nice guy. Honestly a nice guy, not a "nice guy" in the LJBF sense. The problem is, to the vagina they are one and the same thing. He's a wonderful case study of this exact phenomenon, as every relationship he's had since I've known him has basically ended after his nice guy routine snapped his then-current girlfriend's vagina shut.

The other day we got an e-mail from a different friend sent to a large group inviting folks to an activity. Friend A's response was that he couldn't come because he had to work a shift in place of his sick girlfriend (they work at the same place). My wife told me it was a very whipped thing for him to do.

I got to thinking about it myself and I'm of a slightly different opinion. The thing that came to mind is [Dalrock's latest post about chivalry](#). If a very Alpha guy did something like this it would be very sweet and come across that way. When a very Beta (borderline Omega) guy like our friend does it, it just comes across as sad. The power is in the contrast.

Alpha Move of the Night

Leonidas · 10 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Move the big f—ing desk on your own. I'm talking about the ridiculously heavy one that even the movers had trouble with.

The Internet

Leonidas · 10 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Once upon a time, in the Good Ol' Days we refer to as the 1990s, this newfangled thing called The Internet made a jump from an obscure tool that only academics and computer geeks even knew about to a mainstream tool that everybody was using. The world was full of promise. The Internet would set us free! Information wants to be free! You can't control the 'Net! Finally we have an end to all censorship! Power to the little man!

I got caught up in it pretty easily. After all, I was young. I had Internet access in high school, a few years before it was really known to the public. It was just the right age to get caught up in all the libertarian utopian ideas of how great the Internet would be.

I've spent my whole adult life working with computers, and in recent years I've come to an entirely different conclusion. In the long run, the Internet will *lessen* our freedoms, not increase them. Yes, the Internet of yesteryear was a wild, wild west where anything went. The Internet of today is already being tamed, and the Internet of tomorrow is going to trend toward fascist land. Here are some things we can expect in the future of the Internet, many of which are already here or coming:

- DRM will fundamentally limit our usage of any and all media. "Fair use" exceptions that we take for granted today will be technologically unavailable. Sure, a handful of people will be able to crack the system and get past it. 99.9% of the people won't know how or care to learn. Increasingly harsh laws (worldwide) will be in place to enable this and to crack down on the folks who try to circumvent it – laws pushed by gigantic Mega Corporations. This is already starting to happen thanks to DMCA, and there's an ongoing push for even more draconian world wide copyright treaties.
- Our digital devices will increasingly be used to track everything we do. This is already happening to a huge degree. Use web mail? It's free and convenient, and I use it myself. But your mail's being tracked. Google's already tracking it digitally so that they know what ads to send you. Other companies are doing similar things with it. That handy dandy GPS in your phone? It can be used to track you, too. Those internet sites your browsing that helpfully remember your information? They're using web "cookies" to track what you do.
- Watch out for free speech limitations. We've already seen it with sites like [In Mala Fide](#) and others being threatened with de-hosting or more for "hate speech." The DMCA requires sites to take down content on the *mere accusation* of copyright violation, and we've watched that happen as well.
- Think Wikileaks is a bastion of freedom that proves the Internet can't be tamed? Think again. Wikileaks will, over the next 5 years, be the driving force that gives governments around the world the excuse they need to tighten down the reigns on the Internet. Remember this, kids: **there is nothing fundamental about the Internet that makes it immune from censorship or government control.** It exists this way today because it was designed and built that way. Designs and construction can change. If the laws force them to, the big companies that control most of the Internet *can and will* change those protocols that make the Internet so hard to control. Many of those companies will do so gladly, because it will improve their bottom line. Some of those companies will even lobby governments in favor of these kinds of regulation.
- Very little that you do online ever goes away, and most of what you post – the content that you create – is no longer yours from the minute you post it online. Major web sites like Facebook, Twitter, and WordPress.com (who hosts this blog) rarely delete anything, even if you "delete" content. They can't. Federal law requires them to keep that content around for a minimum of 30 days so that the police can subpoena it for an investigation. Some sites will actually delete content after 30 days. More and more are moving to policies of never deleting anything. Hard drives are cheap. Having to tell the government that you don't have what they want might kill your business.
- Nothing is truly private online. Anything you post online could potentially become public. There are hackers out there who would love to make your private, locked LiveJournal posts public. Not because they care that you told

off your boss or fucked your girlfriend's roommate. They don't give a shit about *you*. They'd just love to hack LiveJournal for the hell of it. Or big corporations like Facebook might decide, "Nah, we don't give a crap about our so-called-privacy policy anymore. Let's sell everybody's data to the highest bidder." Think it can't happen? It already has. How do you think your phone number or e-mail address ended up in the hands of so many telemarketers and spammers? Failing all of that, governments around the world can just demand the data anyway. In the US we have this little thing called the 4th amendment that requires due process in order to do such a search or seizure. But what about in other countries? Some companies, like Google, have gone to bat for the little guy to protect their rights against foreign governments. Many more companies haven't. And when it starts to seriously impact Google's profits, you'd better believe they'll fall in line like everybody else.

The world is changing, my friends. And not to the digital utopia we all thought it would be. The only reason it hasn't happened already is that the Internet originated in the United States, a country that still has some serious constitutional protections for free speech, free assembly, free press, and freedom from search and seizure. Other countries have been trying for a decade to remove Internet control from the US government's hands. And how long will the US government and its people retain the will to maintain these freedoms? If history is any judge the answer is certainly, "not forever." Indeed, we've already witnessed the willingness of our fellow citizens to give up all kinds of freedoms in the name of "security," "health care," and "safety" – nevermind the almighty "profit."

My vision of the future is not inevitable. It can be stopped. But only if the people have the will to stop it. I'm no longer convinced they do.

Send Out the Men

Leonidas · 11 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

As long time readers know, I live in the southeast, which just got hit by a major snowstorm. In the particular area I live in, this is the third highest snowfall on record and the highest since 1988 (23 years). The snow came in Sunday evening, and everything's been pretty much shut down since then. Yes, you Yankees and other northerners will laugh at us for being unprepared. But really, it doesn't make sense to be much more prepared than we are. We get snow enough to close roads about once every 5 years or so, it's really just not worth the cost to be prepared for that. It's easier and more efficient to just give everybody a holiday for a few days while we get the streets cleaned up.

As of this afternoon, most of the major roads have been plowed off and reopened. A lot of the back roads are still a mess, but if you can carefully make your way out of that, everything's fine. I discovered this when I left this afternoon to go grocery shopping. We debated making a trip Sunday afternoon, but I made the wrong call. I seriously underestimated how much food we had in the house (I thought our last shopping trip had been much more recent than it actually turned out to be). Anyway, I made the trip solo today. We didn't really know how the roads were, and I felt better leaving the kid at home until we knew. Also, my wife and I agreed that I had a lot more experience driving in the snow than she did, so it was probably safer that way.

Interesting note: at the grocery store today, it was about 80-90% men, and most of the women were there *with men*. Typically, as most of you have probably noticed, the ratio is more like 60-70% women at the grocery store, or closer to 50-50 in areas that are heavy on the singles (like college towns).

I'm not saying I think this is a problem. In fact, from an evolutionary perspective it makes an awful lot of sense. I only note that even in our modern, "progressive" society, when we need something done that we perceive as dangerous we send out the men.

5 Things I Hate About How Women Fight

Leonidas · 16 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

This post is a riff on [this article](#) that I stumbled on through CNN's front page this evening. Italics are mine. Everything else is copy/pasted from the original article.

1. Sometimes ~~men just don't want to talk~~ women just won't shut up. It's an old saw that men ~~don't see the point of discussing a problem unless there is something they can do immediately to solve it~~ *don't like to listen to whining*. I have certainly seen that to be true in my own life, ~~both with male friends and boyfriends~~.

The thing I will never understand about ~~men~~ women until the day I die is why some of them struggle to understand that talking about a problem very often ~~makes the problem go away~~ *makes the problem grow – or worse, creates a problem where there really wasn't one to begin with*. A lot of ~~women~~ *women* feel better after an uncomfortable conversation, ~~not worse~~ *men* feel worse after an uncomfortable conversation, ~~not better~~. Yet, a lot of ~~guys~~ *girls* think talking is “~~doing nothing~~” and that if there's nothing he can “do,” there's no point dwelling ~~on the matter~~ *doing something constructive, even though they're really just creating drama where none exists*.

But she may not need him to take action. In fact, she is a ~~big~~ *little* girl and ~~can solve the problem herself~~ *just wants some drama in her life*. She just wants to ~~whine~~ *someone to lean on, a shoulder to cry on, or someone to bounce ideas off of*. If there is one piece of advice I could give to ~~men~~ *women* the world over it would be: learn to ~~listen~~ *shut up*.

2. Sometimes, a woman's *uses tears to really scare a man and/or make him defensive*. One of the most messed-up things about how our culture socializes boys is that they are taught it's ~~not~~ OK to cry. Crying is seen as a sign of weakness. I know men do cry — or at the very least, tear up during “Up” — but I've never seen a man (other than Rep. John Boehner) ~~be as openly tearful~~ *turn to tears as a weapon as much as your average woman*. Crying is used as the “get out of jail free” card for women: *ie, they turn on the tears and expect to automatically win the fight. No matter the justness of his cause, a man who continues to fight against a woman's tears is automatically defined by our society as an “asshole.”*

As a result, it's my opinion that men don't always know what to do when they see tears. Some seem scared by tears, like she's a vat of nuclear waste overflowing. Others seem to get defensive, like tears are bullets hurled at them. Tears are ~~neither~~ *both*. ~~They are just tears and they just represent sadness, frustration, humiliation or anger. That's all. The only response is to maintain your cool, alpha calm. Her tears cannot be used as a weapon against you.~~

3. Sometimes it seems like they ~~dig~~ throw us in a hole and keep digging and digging – instead of just saying, expecting us to say “That was wrong. I'm sorry,” when neither is true. One of the best pieces of advice I've ever heard came from my friend Andrew, who told me, “Never change a winning game.” He meant that if things are going well for you then you shouldn't tinker with it and instead figure out how you came to win.

The converse, obviously, is also true: ~~you should change a losing game. But I've argued with many men~~ *women* in my day and too many of them kept *forcing me into* playing a losing game. *For instance, no matter how constructive you try to be in your response, it is always reframed against you. You, the supportive one, become the jerk for some totally retarded reason that has nothing to do with anything that's actually happening on planet Earth. One long-distance ex-boyfriend used to hang up the phone on me when we fought, despite my telling him that it was totally unacceptable. But you know what? He kept doing it.* [Ed - note the super alpha move here, and that by her own inadvertent admission she kept coming back for more.]

Other guys have continued to do bad stuff — judging me, ignoring me, etc. — even though I made it clear to them ~~it was wrong~~. [Ed - she continues to inadvertently show that she responds to the alpha.] I don't know if it's an inability to admit ~~they're~~ *nothing is actually wrong*, or what, but this drives me nuts.

4. How any variation of “You’re just being too emotional/crazy/unreasonable/etc.” is apparently *not* a fair argument even when she really is being too emotional/crazy/unreasonable/etc. Oh, yes. The lovely “You’re just being crazy/insensitive!” trump card.

~~Don’t get me wrong.~~ I know at least one woman who is certifiably crazy and several who are unreasonable. ~~Surely,~~ there are *tons of* others out there. ~~But~~ most guys are ~~not~~ dating these women — they just think they ~~are~~ aren’t — and they *don’t* throw around words like “crazy,” “unreasonable” or “too emotional” in a cavalier way *anywhere near as often as they should.*

The reality is that telling a woman she’s crazy or PMSing is ~~dismissive and no guy gets to be the arbiter of a woman’s emotions~~ *the 100% correct response when she’s crazy or PMSing.* That’s judgmental ~~and it’s wrong, perhaps, but it also happens to be true.~~ As much as I ~~hate to admit my high school health class teacher was right,~~ the advice ~~she gave us to always use “I feel ...” statements while arguing was spot-on.~~ *is a good way to ensure that the argument has no actual content, and to allow women to have the upper hand in the argument no matter what.* Telling a woman she’s crazy or over-emotional ~~will~~ *might* accomplish nothing, other than make her feel judged and make you look like a jerk, *but at least the truth is where it needs to be.*

5. Waking up the next morning and pretending nothing happened is ~~not a resolution~~ very often an effective technique. This goes back to item No. 1. Uncomfortable conversations *don’t always* have to be had. Going to bed angry ~~doesn’t mean that the next morning all’s well again~~ *can be very useful when she’s being crazy. Especially if she’s just PMSing and going crazy about something that isn’t an actual problem. Let her sleep it off. In the morning, she won’t even know why she was so upset about it.*

Many women, ~~myself included,~~ can’t ignore bad arguments or harsh words that have been exchanged — especially not indefinitely. *This is a good reason not to exchange them. Go to bed and let the crazy wear off overnight.* There’s a difference between taking a day (or a week, or whatever) to collect yourself and have a conversation when everyone has calmed down and putting off an uncomfortable conversation indefinitely. *But if she’s just being over-emotional, put it off until morning. Trust me on this one.*

Please note: the tone of my edits is a little more directly confrontational than I usually am on this blog. It is *entirely* as a response to the confrontational and childish tone of Ms Wakeman’s original post.

Look, men and women argue differently. Anybody who’s ever been in a serious long term relationship knows this. The arrogance and hubris of this article is to assume that a woman’s way of doing it is the right one and that men are defective for not getting it. Note that there’s never once any consideration of meeting the men halfway and trying to come at an argument from our point of view – only the complaint that we’re broken because we don’t work like women.

This is also a classic case of women telling you what they *think* they want rather than what they actually want. It pisses me off because this is exactly the kind of bullshit that always caused me relationship problems. When I tried treating my wife the way Ms Wakeman describes, our relationship was terrible. It’s not what she wanted at all. Note her own admissions in the article itself: does she talk about any of the sensitive guys out there who actually bothered listening to her? No, because they got shunted into LJBF territory and forgotten. The ones she remembers are the alpha bad boys who hung up on her (super alpha), judged her (probably not the best move), and ignored her (a solid play, but better with a good reframe or at least a redirection first).

There are lots and lots of guys out there who behave exactly as Ms. Wakeman requests. Solid guys. Nice guys. Decent guys. Guys who aren’t getting laid. I know – I was one of them for a very long time. And the thing is, the women I treated that way *weren’t happy.* Despite anything they said, they didn’t actually *like it.*

Lest this whole rant come off wrong, my wife was never anywhere near as bad as the tone of my edits may suggest. But she’s a woman. She’s a *lot* more emotional in her reactions to day to day life than I am. Back in the day, we used to have many, *many* sleepless nights that went something like this:

Me: Is something wrong? [It is, and I can tell.]

Hermione: No, not really. [Lying.]

Me: What is it?

Hermione: No really, it's nothing. [It's bugging the shit out of her, and I'm picking up on her body language - hence it's now bugging the shit out of me, while we're lying here in bed and I'm trying to sleep.]

Me: No really, what is it?

Hermione: It's late. [And not getting any earlier. I've already figured out I'm not getting laid tonight - can we get through this already so I can go to sleep?]

Me: What is it?

Hermione: *Diatribes on whatever's bothering her. Usually it's something minor and somewhat random (at least to a guy), like "do you think so and so hates me?" or "I just feel bad because of something random." An hour or two of conversation ensues. We went to bed kind of late to begin with. Now it's **really** late.*

Me: Maybe you can do such and such about it – or – no, really, there's nothing there – or – no, they like you just fine. Yadda yadda yadda.

To anybody with an ounce of knowledge of Game, it should be pretty clear that this just left both of us *extremely* frustrated – not to mention tired and grumpy the next day. You know what else? I know that according to feminists and whatnot we're not supposed to mention it, but this kind of thing was about 100 times more likely to happen *around her period*. Oh, what's that? A bunch of hormones are hitting and fucking with your emotions? *No, it couldn't possibly be that.*

Or it really is that, and the appropriate thing to do is to find out she's feeling upset, give her a little hug, tell her we'll talk about it in the morning if she's not feeling better, and go to sleep. And you know what? 90% of the time she's feeling better in the morning, *because she's just being over-emotional while she's PMSing.*

Yes, it's *very* important to be able to tell the difference between her just PMSing and when there's an *actual problem*. Actual problems need to be dealt with, although 90% of them can *still* wait until morning when everybody's less tired/grumpy/hormonal. But here's the thing: if she wants to be treated like a "big girl", then *she* needs to also learn to recognize when she's just PMSing. Thank god almighty that I have a wife who is at least able to comprehend that fact, *even during the event itself*. These days, conversations often go like this:

Me: What's wrong?

Hermione: *Brief overview of the problem.*

Me: [Recognizing that she's being over-emotional] Ah. Sorry that's bothering you. [Hug] Maybe we should sleep on it. I bet you'll feel better in the morning. And I mean this in a nice way, but you're probably overreacting a little because your hormones are going wacky at this time of the month.

Hermione: Yeah, at least I can admit that.

[Sleep ensues; in the morning, it's not even an issue.]

OH MY GOD this way is so much better. Let's count the ways:

1. EVERYBODY GETS SOME SLEEP
2. No awkward conversation where I'm trying to be supportive and yet it somehow turns into a fight.
3. EVERYBODY GETS SOME SLEEP
4. Non-problems don't get elevated into the status of real problems.
5. EVERYBODY GETS SOME SLEEP
6. I may not come off as super alpha, but I don't come off looking like a beta boy either. My wife's vagina isn't snapping tight anymore. She's not getting frustrated at my betaness anymore, and I'm getting a whole lot less frustrated over that vagina that's no longer snapped tight.

7. EVERYBODY GETS SOME SLEEP

Everybody wins. The moral of the story, kids, is one we've learned at this blog over and over and over again: don't listen to women when they tell you what they want. Watch, instead, how they react to what you do.

Don't Cry in Front of Her

Leonidas · 17 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

To continue a point I briefly touched on in [my last post](#), contrary to the touchy-feely “wisdom” of our culture there are very few situations where it’s actually OK for a man to cry in front of his woman. It’s not that men can’t be emotional, but as Simon Grey commented in that post, part of the manly role is to be the rock in the relationship. Crying in front of her blows that role. You should avoid it – *especially* if it has to do with your relationship. Find a hetero male life friend or cry it out alone. It sucks, I know. It’s one of the double standards of biology. The thing feminists don’t get with all their cries of double standards is that not all of them favor men. A lot of them really, really suck for us. This can be one of them. We’re people too, and we have feelings. But, ahem, *be a man about it*. Not because you should for any moral reason, but because the people around you (especially your woman) really will think less of you, even if they try not to.

As with any rule, there are a few exceptions. There are times when it’s OK to cry.

- When a family member or close friend dies.
- When witnessing acts of supreme courage and/or heroism.
- When your car dies, but only if it’s a classic, your first car, or a car you’ve strongly bonded with.
- When your dog dies, but not for any other kind of pet. Sorry cat lovers. Nothing against them, but they’re not manly.
- In a select few manly moments of movies: the opening scenes of *Up*, when Arnold gives the thumbs as he goes into the lava pit in *Terminator 2*, the “Freedom!” moment in *Braveheart*, and when the Giant goes to save the day in *The Iron Giant*. Oh, and when they shoot *Old Yeller* (see the previous note). There are a handful of others, but not many

Remember, though, that all of these moments except for the first still call for manly tears (and maybe that bit in *The Iron Giant*, it’s killer), not crying like a little bitch.

Teachers Are Not Underpaid

Leonidas · 18 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Can we stop already with the canard that teachers are underpaid? It's one of those "facts" that's tossed around all the time and has completely ceased to be true. I'm willing to concede that once upon a time it probably was true. I don't have the data at my fingertips, but based upon my recollections of my childhood (admittedly fuzzy and vague), it seems like it was true at the time. It's not now, and that's not fuzzy and vague. I'm going to let the numbers back me up.

Thanks to the US Census Bureau, we have quite a bit of information about individual and family incomes across the US. Wikipedia helpfully collected the relevant information for us in two helpful pages ([Household Income](#) and [Personal Income](#)) that are far easier to read than the actual Census Bureau reports, so we'll start there. Also, I've grabbed the actual [salary chart](#) from Fulton County Schools in Georgia. Why Fulton County? I don't live there, but I've spent enough time in Atlanta (which sprawls across four counties) to know that Fulton County is basically the poor and (dare I say it) minority part of the city. It seemed like a good representative of not necessarily the richest school district in the country. The actual teacher salary info will vary depending on your locale, but it should be public information. Track down the salary charts for your areas and play along at home. If I were feeling more industrious I'd track down actual median salary data for teachers, but this is good enough to illustrate the point.

Before we begin, I'll go ahead and point out that the Census data is from 2009 (the latest year we have it for) and the teacher salary chart is from the 2010-2011 school year, so it's not quite a perfect match. It's close enough, however, for anything shy of an actual academic paper.

Data point number one: the median income of all individuals over the age of 25 for 2009 was \$32,140. This seems like a fair starting point, since we're not really interested in comparing teacher salaries with high school students who are working part time for spending money. It also cuts out the college age group. Much of this group is in college and not working, and those that aren't in college at this age typically have crappy income. So we've already filtered out a lot of the lowest individual incomes, which has the effect of pushing the median way up.

Looking at the teacher salary chart, we see that *starting pay* fresh out of college with no experience is \$39,132 a year. That's right – a 22 year old college grad just entering the market in this field makes more money than 50% of his fellow American workers. *Twenty percent more*. Take a look at the other end of the chart and we see that a teacher with 26 years of experience (so someone in his or her late 40s, typically) is making \$62,59 even without adding any additional schooling. You have to add up the percentages in the income [distribution table](#) to calculate it, but that puts that teacher at the *eighty fifth percentile* for income. In other words, that teacher makes more than 85% of his fellow American workers.

Let's make another, more striking comparison. Looking at the household incomes numbers, we see that a fresh Master's Degree graduate with *no experience* makes \$43,44, which *almost* puts him on par with the national median *household* income of \$44,389. Don't want to bother getting a Master's Degree? No problem, you can still reach that point by the time you're 30 just by getting 8 years of experience. In other words, at each of these points our hypothetical teacher now earns more money *all on his own* than 50% of all American families, including those with 2 or more workers. If our Master's Degree student continues working there for 26 years (again, that's only until his mid 40s), his *individual* income will now exceed more than 80% (closer to 85%, but not quite) of all American *households*.

At what point along the scale, exactly, are our teachers underpaid? And if you still want to argue that they are, then tell me, exactly how much *should* they be paid? More than 90% of our fellow workers? 99%? Should each and every teacher be paid executive level salaries?

Teachers are paid just fine. Sure, they feel the pinch, just like the rest of us. And just like the rest of us, they want better pay whenever and wherever and however they can get it. Also, they've told each other for their entire

working careers that they're underpaid, so when they feel the middle class pinch, it just seems like it *must* be true that they're underpaid.

On top of all that, 70% of the teachers I ever had in the public school system were completely worthless. Even a typical student would've been just as well off without them. Another 25% or so were almost worthless. Typical students might have been a bit better off with them than without, but gifted students would've been better off on their own again. Only about 5% of the teachers I ever had would I call actually worth my while. Our public schools are so bad that I'd sell body parts if I had to (literally) to keep my kids out of them. So again, how exactly are these people underpaid? We pay pretty decent salaries to a group of people who can't be fired and who get an ass load of vacation time. Don't start with me about the hours they put in after school; I'll make a detailed rundown of the number of hours I've worked in the last two years and show exactly why I have **NO** sympathy whatsoever. It's called a job. You get paid to do stuff that sucks. If it was fun, they wouldn't have to pay you to do it.

Next time you hear a politician tell you that it's necessary to raise your taxes to pay for the schools and our poor underpaid teachers, remember that it's all bullshit. It's just one more *very powerful* special interest group looking out for themselves.

The Problem With Career Oriented Feminism

Leonidas · 18 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Alte has a good [post up about homemakers](#) today that reminded me of a thought I've had for a long time. For those who haven't read any of my earlier posts, my extended family is pretty strongly feminist. My sister would qualify as the "feminist man-hating lesbian" stereotype except that I don't actually think she's a lesbian – just a very, very unhappy woman because no man exists in the real world who is both a) high status enough for her and b) would put up with her bullshit.

Anyway, back to the point. One of the main pushes of modern feminism is the idea that women should have careers and should be pushed into work roles that are traditionally or historically male. They often won't come out and say it, but there's a strong undertone from feminists that stay-at-home-moms aren't acceptable – that they're holding back the sisterhood. My mother, the only one of four sisters who chose to be a SAHM definitely felt this throughout our childhood, and spoke up about it on occasion. I've seen a lot of other SAHMs voice the same feeling, and I've seen a lot of men frustrated because their career oriented wives are causing family issues (as Alte points out, there are also a lot of men these days who view even the hard working SAHMs as free riders).

Alte correctly points out that part of the problem is that we, collectively as a culture, no longer value anything that can't be monetized. I've hashed this out with friends and family before. I've made some pretty unorthodox choices in my life because of my firm belief that there are lots of things with what economists call "non-monetary value." In other words, there are things in life that you can't really put a price tag on in terms of dollars but that nevertheless are very, very valuable.

There's another angle, however, that's just as insidious. Modern feminism's take on this issue started from *completely* the wrong point. They noted, probably somewhat correctly (if we're honest with ourselves), that women homemakers were underappreciated and sometimes lacking in rights. They set about "fixing" the problem in entirely the wrong way, however. By trying to convince other women that they should have careers, and convincing men that they should be allowed to, they implicitly bought into the very notion that they were trying to fight: the idea that "women's work" was somehow demeaning and beneath anybody to do. Our culture has now accepted a stance that raising children and managing a household is low-status work. This is partly because it's not monetized, as Alte points out, and partly because we've been culturally taught that no woman should be forced to be "stuck there." OK, sure, nobody should have to do it if it's not what they're great at. But it shouldn't be looked down upon the same way it subconsciously (or consciously by some) is now.

The result is that we have men stuck in careers as they have been for a century or more, and now we have women stuck in careers too, and *nobody* is raising the kids because everybody's too busy doing "important" work. As a consequence, we have half a generation that essentially *was never raised*. They just kind of grew up on their own. Not a very great place for our culture to be.

If feminists had taken the correct choice and made a point of demonstrating that such work was of equal value (despite its lack of monetization) to "men's work" then we could conceivably be instead in a situation where it's acceptable for men to do that work as well, and it would be a lot more common for one parent to maintain their focus on raising the children. I do believe that part of the reason there are so few stay at home dad's is because men *biologically* aren't as fond of child rearing as women. But I still think we'd have more of it if being a stay at home parent was viewed as a higher status, more socially acceptable role. Instead, our culture largely views it as a low status position. Women, therefore, want to get out of it if they can, and their hypergamous instincts push them away from relationships where their husbands do it.

American Feudalism

Leonidas · 19 January 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I got up early this morning to deal with the little boy, and one of the first things I saw was Ferdinand's post this morning on [Generation Zero](#). Where to start? It's a bit wandering, almost stream of consciousness, but for all that, it's a powerful piece. At least it was for me, but maybe that's because I really feel like I'm in the same place right now. I could get a dozen posts, easily, off of the points he touches on – it hits me that deep. Every section hits me hard, beginning with the quote from *Fight Club* – one of my favorite movies because of how deeply it spoke to me. Yes, I'm well aware that that statement just might be an indication that I'm clinically disturbed.

Two sentences in particular really struck home today, though, because it's something I've been thinking about for a long time.

America is no different than European countries where success is determined by your last name and your class. Except that while Europeans acknowledge their reality, Americans cover theirs in a blanket of pious Puritan lies.

Welcome to the 21st century, land of the Internet, electric cars, and the great American Feudalism.

You see, there's truth still to the idea that a college education is essential to succeed in today's society. Just not the kind of truth the peddlers of higher education claim. **A college degree is the modern equivalent of a medieval knighthood.** Without it, you're nobody – just a peasant, doomed to work the fields forever. With it, you reach the very bottom rungs of the modern feudal system. Like the knights of the Middle Ages, you have a foot in the door toward something better. You have more rights than your degreeless peers, de facto if not de jur. A whole class of better jobs, and a whole better life, is walled off from you if you don't have one.

But like a knighthood, the degree is not enough. Yes, you're technically one level above "commoner" now. But just like that knight, if you don't have the connections and the network to land you employment in ~~the service of a Lord~~ a "good job," you're out of luck. You'll spend your life wandering, selling ~~your fighting services~~ burgers wherever you can.

Take away all the creature comforts and our modern world is little different than the Feudal societies we're taught in grade school that we're so much better than. We just disguise it better.

Teachers Whine Some More

Leonidas · 20 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Just in case anybody was left wondering after my previous posts on teacher pay, I don't really have any sympathy for the Wisconsin teachers union. Considering that their average pay is **over \$100k per year**, more than **twice the average per-capita Wisconsin income**, and the fact that there's just not any money in the pot... sorry guys, but that's life. When the money runs out, it runs out.

I'm probably one of the few people in the country who thinks that shutting down school for two days is the best thing they could do for their students, but only because I hope that very few of the students are actually going to the protests. If they're smart, they'll enjoy their time off and do something fun.

And the **doctor's excuse scandal** is just one more argument against over-credentialization. Oh, sure, the credentialing boards will probably punish one or two high profile folks. But there's simply no way to crack down en-masse on this abuse of authority. We ~~allow~~ require a doctor's excuse now as an excuse for anything, why is anybody surprised that people have figured out how to game the system? Or, worse, that doctor's as a group have figured out how to use this authority to enhance their own political beliefs?

Better Than Skittles

Leonidas · 21 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Sometimes I play a game with my wife, adding a bit of sweetness into things to offset the alpha. I'll buy a bag of small chocolates and leave a couple at a time around the house where she'll find them over a few weeks until the bag is gone. She likes it and finds it sweet, etc.

I one upped myself this time. I bought the current bag at 40% off the day after Valentine's day. Unlike the old me that might've been ashamed, I proudly fessed up to it when she asked and referenced the infamous [Skittles post](#) (which she's read) – all in good humor, of course.

Also, the other day we shared a bag of peanut butter M&M's (very tasty). When we got to the last four, she asked if I'd been saving them for her. I replied that no, I'd been saving a couple for our son (he only gets one or two at a time due to being just over a year old, but he freaking *loves* them). She then asked if the last two were one for me and one for her. I said no, she could have both. She asked if I was sure, to which I replied, "Yes, happy birthday." It was, in fact, her birthday. She looked at me and said, with a grin, "What, one whole M&M? Gee, thanks."

The key to making it work in a long term relationship: make sure it's humorous. If she's *certain* that that's all you think she's worth, she won't put up with it. If she thinks you're kidding *but isn't quite sure*, you've hit it just right.

Interesting Times

Leonidas · 25 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

By impressive examples and incontrovertible argument Angell showed that in the present financial and economic interdependence of nations, the victor would suffer equally with the vanquished; therefore war had become unprofitable; therefore no nation would be so foolish as to start one.

Although you'd be forgiven for guessing it, the quote above has nothing to do with Francis Fukuyama's 1992 work **The End of History**. No, the quote is from **The Guns of August** by Barbara Tuchman, which tells the story of the buildup to World War I. It refers to **The Great Illusion** by Norman Angell, published in 1909.

The sentiment is widely held in the modern world, especially in the SWPL and far left crowd – but honestly, most educated westerners feel something of the sort. I picked up **The Guns of August** for my Kindle this afternoon because I decided it was time to read some more on this time period. Why? I'm more of a history buff than an honest historian, and the early 20th century isn't one of my best known time periods... but the news coming out of Tunisia, Egypt and now Libya immediately worried me. One of the very first comments I made to my wife when she asked me what I thought of the protests in Egypt? "I'm worried. This is how World War I got started, more or less."

By no means is it definite that the world is headed there. But personally, I believe World War III is more likely in the near term future than it has been at any point in my lifetime. More so than during the Cold War, more so than any part of the so called "War On Terror" has made it. Here's why I think that.

The young men of the world are disgruntled. It's most obvious in the Middle East. In Iran, the 20-30 something crowd is the largest demographic group. They've all grown up under the oppression of the Islamic Republic, and they're tired of it. Egypt and Libya have similar problems, although the demographics aren't quite so skewed toward that age group. But it's happening in the western world, too. The Great Recession is hitting 20-somethings the hardest (and us 30-somethings second hardest). Unemployment among fresh college grads is over 50%, and our age group is the first generation of men in American history to earn less than our fathers (after adjusting for inflation).

More to the point, in both groups *young* men are basically being shut out of the mating/marriage game. In the Muslim world, legalized polygamy contributes. The women move toward (fewer) higher status men, leaving the vast bulk of lower status men simply shit out of luck. In the west, easy divorce is having a similar effect. I was stunned a few months ago when I saw a graphic chart (that I'm having trouble finding now) breaking down the distribution of single men and women by age group in America's cities. I had always known that the single men to single women ratio in the city where I grew up and went to college was out of whack. I hadn't realized how badly until I saw the demographics. In the early 20s, there are something close to 160 single men for every 100 single women in this area – and that ratio is pretty typical across most US cities. Why? Older couples are getting divorced. The women are having trouble finding new partners. But the men are finding that it's not that bad to find a new partner ten or twenty years younger – thus, again, the high status men are sucking up all the women that would otherwise be available for the vast bulk of society.

And let's not forget India and China, home of government enforced birth control that's led to a truly massive gender imbalance. In India alone there are close to 20 million marriageable 20 and 30-something men. China has something roughly the same.

Folks, that's an awful lot of "surplus" men running around the world. They're angry, and getting angrier. It's plain to see on the TV in Egypt. But I can see it here in the US, too. I've got a little of it myself, although less than many. This recession has hurt me, but I'm still a *lot* better off than I could be. Some of my friends aren't so lucky. One friend in particular... let's just say that even though he keeps a good face on it, I can hear the anger seeping through every time we talk.

Just like in the prelude to World War I, the world is very restless. It's also been caught up in a few decades of major social change and upheaval. And, perhaps the biggest comparison of all, we've had a few decades of more or less illusionary prosperity – and the illusion has suddenly been ripped away. As the illusion fades, we see an elite ruling class that's wealthier and more opulent than ever – and doing everything they can to hold onto that wealth.

Folks, we've seen this show before. There's a term for this. It's called *instability*. Not in the way that normal people think of it, but in a very technical way that engineers use the word. Normal folks use the word “stable” basically to mean something good. Engineers don't necessarily mean that. A “stable” system is simple one that isn't prone to change – or, if changes occur, the system will settle back into something close to the same kind of equilibrium it was in before the change. Even big changes will eventually just be absorbed by the system. In an unstable system, on the other hand, even small changes will push everything into chaos.

The Cold War, as crazy as it was, was a relatively stable system. Even some pretty big changes (the Cuban Missile Crisis, Vietnam, Korea, Afghanistan, and other crises) eventually were swallowed by the system as the status quo reasserted itself. The modern international socio-economic-political system is no longer stable. It's been becoming more and more unstable for at least the last decade, and the recent financial crises have given it a huge nudge in that direction. The kicker, the real danger, is the massive numbers of angry young men. Rightly or wrongly, that much anger is going to look for an outlet. It's eventually going to get directed somewhere.

Is a world war scenario inevitable? No. But the alternatives aren't really a lot better. An upheaval is coming one way or another. The old systems can't hold anymore. They no longer fit the world. But they won't go out without a fight. Whether it's a series of internal revolutions (violent or otherwise), a group of smaller international conflicts, or a massive global destruction, the shakeup is coming.

In the long run, it's not necessarily a bad thing. The aftermath could lead to a world that is better in many ways than our current world, as the post World War II world was in many ways better than the pre-war world. Or it could lead to a much worse world, just as the world stepped into decline after the fall of the Roman Empire. We Americans have a tendency to view history as a stead march of progress, but a serious study of it quickly shows that history isn't like that at all. The world gets better sometimes, and sometimes it gets worse.

Either way, the transition is likely to be shocking, jarring and painful.

Single In the Suburbs

Leonidas · 25 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Dalrock left a rather disturbing post yesterday about an online series that very much does seem to be “reality fiction” and yet seems to be being passed off as non-fiction. I also agree with him very much that [Single in the Suburbs](#) and stories like it do have a disturbing impact on our society. By presenting an overly rosy picture of life after divorce, they help encourage people to join the exciting divorcee lifestyle... that most likely won't work out anywhere near as well for them as it did in the author's mind. I therefore feel pretty compelled to [join with Dalrock](#) in getting out the truth about this story and others like it.

Game in Social Situations: The Mental Reframe

Leonidas · 28 February 2011 · Archived copy · Original

If you're reading this blog at all, you're probably aware of my feelings that feminism has caused major problems for American families, most especially when it comes to broken homes. You're probably aware that women initiate about **two thirds of all divorces** (perhaps more if you count men who file because they believe their marriage is already dead). You're probably aware of how modern divorce laws drastically favor women and penalize men, that "deadbeat dads" who can't pay their child support now spend time in, essentially, the only form of debtors prisons still left in the western world, and that all of the "domestic" violence laws are in fact stacking the deck further against men.

On occasion, though, the man is completely and totally to blame.

The story of my wife's parents' divorce is a long and dramatic one, so for today I'm only going to tell the short version. Essentially, my father in law went batshit insane, became convinced that my mother in law was an alcoholic (she's got issues, no doubt, but she's not an alcoholic), dragged the family through nearly three years of divorce court hell, specifically and *intentionally* attempted to sabotage the lives of his two daughters just to score points in the divorce proceedings, went crazy paranoid (including making use of hidden cameras, hidden microphones, computer monitoring devices, and more – on his own family), and basically did everything he could to destroy the family. On top of all that, he is generally just a giant douchebag. He cleans up well and puts on a good appearance in public, but underneath it he is one of the weakest, most cowardly, most petty, most selfish, and most mean-spirited men I've ever known.

Let's put it this way: my wife's councilor, a 20 year veteran of the field, called it one of the worst divorces she'd ever seen – specifically, she told me that only two other cases she'd ever dealt with really were in the same league.

The truly pathetic part is how little he gained out of all of it. In our state, divorces are generally pretty simple, all things considered. No matter how much time or money you spend in court, about 95% of cases end up with a 50/50 split of the property, the mother gets the children and the father gets visitation rights (usually two nights a week plus every other weekend).

After nearly three years of hell, my in-laws' divorce ended up with – wait for it – a 50/50 split of the assets, the mother got the one still-minor child (my sister-in-law), the father got visitation rights. So essentially nothing was accomplished except that this guy (I hesitate to use the word man) put his daughters through a few years of sheer hell for *nothing*. Despite the fact that all of his friends (except one, but that's a story of its own) kept telling him over and over again that, you guessed it, he'd end up with a 50/50 split, mom gets the kids, he gets visitation rights.

The story of just how crazy this guy got is so messed up that if I tried publishing it as fiction, I don't think most people would buy it. They wouldn't be able to suspend their disbelief that anybody would actually *do* that. I have trouble believing it, and I was there. As a side note, in this case he also was the one who filed, and my mother in law would've been happy to call the whole divorce off up until about the end of the second year.

So... there are at least some cases where fathers are the ones destroying families, and that deserves to be pointed out. Even so, this story doesn't let feminism off the hook. Indeed, there are many lessons of this story that still feed directly into some of the arguments of the MRA community.

1. Our culture of easy divorce, made possible by feminists, is what allowed this story to happen. In a culture where divorce was actually hard (ie, required proof of infidelity or the like), he'd never have been able to leave her as there was never even any hint of infidelity on her side (I'm unsure on his side; we have suspicions but no direct evidence). Indeed, his asshole behavior during the entire event had an observable Game effect on my mother-in-law – she never would've even dreamed of cheating on him.
2. As many in the MRA community point out, in many ways he's adjusted to the divorced life far better than she

has. Our state requires a 90 day waiting period after a divorce before you can get remarried. He married his new wife almost to the day on the 90 day mark after the divorce was finalized. He was engaged to this new, 10 year younger woman before the divorce was even finalized. This shows a good example of both the preselection effect and the fact that men, on average, have a much easier time in the dating market after a divorce.

Unsurprisingly given the attempts he made to essentially destroy her life, my wife and I have very little to do with the man anymore. He walked my wife down the aisle on our wedding day and then we didn't see him again until my wife was pregnant with our son nearly 2 years later. Since our son was born, we've seen him a bit more often – about 3 times a year or so on average so far. We are very careful to be sure he doesn't totally fuck up our son... but we don't want to keep him away from his grandfather. At least, not until he's old enough to see how messed up grandpa is and decide on his own that he doesn't want to spend time around him, either.

As I mentioned in a previous post, my wife's birthday was recently. Her father e-mailed her asking to take us out to dinner around then so that he could see. We put on the mental armor and went out to eat with him and his new family. He was on good behavior (he generally is in public, which is why we make anything we do with him as public as we can) and we got a free meal out of him (he owes us a lot more if you ask me, but at least we got that).

And I had one major advantage in dealing with him that my wife, unfortunately, doesn't have. Those who know me know that this is not exactly the kind of thing I would generally think or even condone thinking about most people. But really, he deserved it and you really do have to be in the proper mental frame to deal with him. Anyway, I had a major boost just because I was able to honestly look him in the eye, smile, and think to myself, "You may be a douche, and you've caused us a lot of trouble... but I fucked your daughter this morning."

It's all in the reframe, even if it's only mental.

Preparing for Turbulence

Leonidas · 1 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

As I [posted last week](#), I very strongly believe that some very turbulent times are coming for the US and the world as a whole. There are massive points of instability world wide that have wide ranging effects on massive numbers of people, and the historical forces that have countered those instabilities are fading. One way or another, the world is going to seek a new equilibrium, and getting there isn't likely to be pretty.

The post prompted the [following comment](#) from Simon Grey:

“Either way, the transition is likely to be shocking, jarring and painful.”

And there are going to be an unfortunately large number of people unprepared for it.

When I realized that my response to this would get rather involved, I decided to save it for its own post. The problem is, even for those of us who see it coming, *what do you do about it?*

The reason that's a difficult problem is because of the deeper problem underlying it. I have no doubt that a readjustment is coming. But what form, exactly, is the readjustment going to take? Many of the points of instability are widely discussed on various blogs. But each point brings its own theory about exactly what is coming. Different hypotheses include:

- **An international crisis**, possibly including something on the order of another world war. I talked about this possibility myself in the aforementioned post, but I'm not alone in bringing it up. Events across the Middle East are certainly setting the stage for it.
- **Massive economic upheaval**. Anybody who's lived through the Great Recession (ie, all of us) can certainly identify with that. Our economy seems to have somewhat stabilized for the moment, but it hasn't stabilized in a particularly good spot – and it's still got some big vulnerabilities in it – across the short, medium, *and* long term. More on this later this week.
- **Huge shifts in social and cultural institutions**. This is already happening. As has been noted in many other places, the MRA community is getting the word out and it's starting to have an effect. It's especially hitting the youngsters of the “aught's” generation. My wife, for example, a member of that generation was who originally pointed me toward The Misandry Bubble (Note: Chrome's spell checker still doesn't recognize the word misandry). A friend of hers, also of that generation, told us the other day, “I wasn't misogynistic [Chrome *does* recognize that word...] until I went to college.” The pendulum is getting ready to swing the other way.
- **Some combination of the above**. Personally, I think this is most likely. Look back through history and it's fairly clear that all of these things tend to happen at once. See the economic collapses that led to the first world war – or the Great Depression and the social changes it wrought across Europe that brought us the second.

Figuring out which combination is coming, however, isn't easy. And even if you could, just preparing for any single one of these isn't easy.

For example: economic collapse. A lot of longstanding assumptions about the economy are hitting their breaking point. The Fed is dangerously pumping lots and lots of money into the economy, we have a lot of major banks that are still in much bigger danger than they seem, and the US government is running debt and deficit levels that make me wonder if they're *trying* to bring about an economic apocalypse. What do you invest in if all of the traditionally “safe” investments are the very ones that are in danger?

How do you prepare for a world war? I'm fortunate enough that I'm no longer within draft age and my son is currently far too young to worry about it. But if we manage to paper over the problems for another decade and a half (which is entirely possible) that changes.

How do you prepare for it if all the rules that you've planned your life around might be about to change in a massive social upheaval? Lord knows what *that* is likely to bring.

Well, there are a few things you can do – things that apply to all of the above circumstances, and that won't make you seem (or feel) like you're completely paranoid.

Basic disaster preparedness.

Really, we all should be doing some of this anyway. You never know when the next major natural disaster could strike. Around the coast you have hurricane problems. In California it's earthquakes, Hawaii has volcanoes, etc. We live in Tornado Alley, and as I write this tornadoes (plural) have been sighted in the county I live in and we're under tornado warning until this evening.

This isn't all that hard to prepare for. Know what natural disasters are likely for your area, and prepare your home for it. Tornadoes are the big thing here, so you want a strong frame construction (brick if you can get it), strong doorways, and a basement or storm shelter if you can. A home on a higher elevation to help guard against flooding is also good, since rain usually comes with the tornadoes.

If you live in an earthquake zone, of course, that would be totally different. But I'm not an expert on that, so I'll just say *find out* what you can do to prepare your home. Same for hurricanes or volcanoes. Learn and prepare.

For *any* of the above disasters, though, it's a good idea to keep some basic supplies on hand. A few days worth of bottled water is good (around here you can get it for \$0.69 a gallon at the grocery stores – I'd aim for at least a few gallons per person in your home). You should also have some non-perishable food (canned is best – the cans themselves will withstand darn near anything) for a few days. Keep some blankets handy, including something like a fleece, wool, or a "space blanket" that's not going to lose all heat retention if it's wet. Flashlights, spare batteries, candles, and matches are good. Natural disasters often knock out the utilities for hours or even days. Some kind of fuel powered camp stove or grill will give you something to cook on in that event. If you've got somewhere generally disaster-proof to store it, a gas or charcoal grill (provided you keep enough fuel on hand for it) can serve double duty on those great summer cookout holidays.

If you feel like going one step further, the next items I'd recommend are a gas generator (with enough gas on hand to power it for a while) and some guns. Yes, I count guns among disaster preparedness. Did you hear about the violence after hurricane Katrina? Or what about in the case of social upheaval? *I* remember the Rodney King riots. If you're the only family in your area that's prepared, you'd better believe that *somebody* out there will try to take your supplies from you if they think they can.

However, if you choose to have guns: *get some training*. Learn gun safety, store them safely, *learn to shoot* (buying them and letting them sit in the closet for years won't help you a lot in the event you need to use them), etc. While you're at it, learn to hunt. Hunting is legal in all 50 US states (though it's much easier in rural states such as here in the south where it's still common). In a protracted crisis, it might just make the difference between going hungry for a while or not. And you can get some kinds of meat for your family that you otherwise can't buy (venison, etc).

Economic disaster planning

Preparing economically is a lot tougher. Traditionally, putting your money in "safe" investments means losing out on a lot of potential gains – and these days, I don't even trust the safe investments. I have little confidence in a bank account or in savings bonds, traditionally the safest investments you can make. I have *no* confidence in the long term outlook for the housing market (more on that later this week). And I'm highly concerned about inflation in the medium term (just one of many reasons that bank accounts and savings bonds might not be as safe as they've always been believed to be), so even just hoarding cash literally under the mattress isn't as safe as it might be.

The approach I've decided to take is to "invest" my money in physical assets that I can personally defend (with the aforementioned guns, if I have to). Keep as much of your stuff paid off as possible – including, if you can, your main home and your vehicles. On both counts, aim for practicality over extravagance and buy less than you can

afford.

Social preparedness

Get to know your neighbors. It's hard in this day and age. Even if you try, your neighbors will probably be resistant. They'll want to stay inside and watch reality TV instead. Make the effort. It will pay off in bad times.

Get closer to your family, even the really annoying ones. If things get really bad, they're the ones who will stand by you the most, even if it doesn't seem like it. Blood ties are the strongest – they always have been and always will be.

Make connections in your community – at work, at your children's school. Get involved with a church if you're not already (and if you can find one you can stomach – a hard thing these days). The stronger our community ties are, the better we'll manage if things really get tough.

Have you noticed the theme here? *Make connections with people.* It's hard to do in this day and age, but that just makes it even more critical. Get to know other people, but most of all *make sure that they know you.*

Don't become a paranoid wingnut

You don't need to, really. At least, not until it's fairly obvious what's coming and when. Most of the above is stuff that will help you even if no disasters at all ever come. It's cheap, it's relatively easy, you don't have to make a show of any of it (unless you want to show off that shotgun to your teenage daughter's would-be suitors) and it will help you through a large variety of bad times. My wife and I are in the process of implementing more or less everything on this list, and I wish I'd started some of them a little sooner.

But it's never too late. As I said, most of it's cheap and the most expensive parts (guns, grills and camp stoves) might just give you new hobbies anyway – and they're not really *that* expensive either, if you don't go crazy.

Demographics Are Destiny

Leonidas · 2 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

One reason I'm not optimistic about the global economy over the next decade or two is demographics. There's an old saying: "Demographics is destiny." Yes, I'm well aware that demographic issues can be overcome by technological or even cultural and social forces. But *usually* they're not, and the demographic trends on the horizon have no obvious social or technological cures. Historically, in fact, demographic trends of this sort have led to either economic disaster or social disaster, or to wars.

The first trend line to watch is the low birthrates in the western world. Through a combination of factors, the western world has been well below replacement rate for some time. In many western European nations, this has already resulted in declining populations. Despite what many hippie types would tell you, declining populations are bad. *Really bad*. The effects can be offset by things such as technology and enhanced productivity, but throughout all eras of history the immensely strong correlation can be summed up very simply: Growing Population = Good For the Economy, Declining Population = Bad For the Economy. Yes, within periods of growth you have bad years and within periods of decline you have good years. But over the long haul (decades) these trends are *very* strong. Take a look at Europe after the black plague hit in the 14th century. Somewhere between 30 and 60 percent of Europe's population was wiped out within a few years. It took over a century for Europe to recover. Nothing will destroy a prosperous society faster than population decline.

So far, the US and some western European nations have been "saved" from population decline by our next disturbing trend: immigration. Don't get me wrong – I'm not against immigration. But recent immigration in both the US and Europe has two very serious problems with it. First, it's massive (and coupled with declining native populations). The immigration is large enough that it's substantially effecting the cultural institutions that made the western world prosperous to begin with. This is exacerbated by the fact that most of the immigration is coming from cultures (Latin American immigrants to the US and Middle Eastern immigrants to Europe) that in a very real sense can be viewed as "failed" cultures – meaning only that they've failed to reap the prosperity benefits of the modern world. [Yes, this is a social and cultural problem, not because the Imperial White Man is somehow keeping them down. I could write volumes and volumes about this, but for today I'm going to take it as a given.] Second, in both Europe and the US these immigrants are not being well assimilated into the parent population. They're living in very segregated communities, failing to learn the local languages, and failing to adapt local customs and traditions. In Europe and even Canada it's gotten so bad that the Islamic immigrants have even developed their own formalized parallel legal system based on Sharia law. This is a recipe for massive social unrest, and we've already seen it start to happen in Europe (the Paris riots of 2005, etc).

Our third disturbing trend is gender imbalance. You think it's bad in the feminized western world? Take a look at the demographics of India and China. Extreme, government mandated population control has had serious problems. In both Indian and Chinese societies, traditionally, have placed a very heavy burden on parents to provide a large dowry for their daughters in order to attract the best men as husbands. Also, their cultures are traditionally very patriarchal. All in all, they have a very strong preference for sons rather than daughters. Then along comes about four decades of government enforced population control – eg, China's infamous "one child per family" law. It's not legal and it's not officially sanctioned, but what do you think happens when you combine this? In most human societies, about 105 boys are born for every 100 girls born. This should make a lot of evolutionary sense to anybody who's been following the Game community or the manosphere for any length of time. Women are naturally far more risk averse than men, and far less likely to die prematurely from accidents, violence, etc. Mother nature has accounted for this. But in China and India, government intervention has seriously skewed this. In recent years, China's gender balance at birth has been closer to 120 boys for every 100 girls born. That's right, China is producing 15% more boys than girls, *and they've been doing it for decades*. 15% may not sound like a lot. But consider that China has a population of approximately 1.2 *billion* people. Add it all up, and China's sitting on approximately 25 *million* men who will never be able to be married – unless something changes, there simply won't

be women available for them to marry. That's 25 million men, probably pretty angry, ready to drop out of society – or decide to take what they want by force. That number is still growing, and India's in similar (if not quite as bad) shape. Note that China and India are, after the US, Europe, and Japan, the biggest drivers of the world economy, and that China is growing *fast*. Take away the incentives from a large portion of their populations and you've got a huge economic problem on your hands.

Demographic trend #4: for completely different reasons (liberal divorce laws), the US has a similar (if much smaller) problem. Here's how it happens in the US: an older couple gets divorced. The woman goes out into the dating world and finds that she has little value in the dating marketplace – especially if she has kids. Her Sexual Market Value (SMV) is so low that she's essentially off the market. Meanwhile, her husband goes out to find that his age and accumulated wealth and status has actually *increased* his SMV. Instead of marrying (or having a long term relationship, but for now let's simplify and say marrying) another older woman like his ex, he marries a younger woman – sometimes much younger. It's not at all uncommon for men to marry women 10 years or more their junior in their second marriages. The problem is, now those women are unavailable to the *men* ten years his junior. And the older women have little to no value to those same younger men. Multiply this a few times as the more alpha men marry and remarry (my father-in-law is on his third marriage now, to a woman ten years his junior), and you can see how the problem grows. Our population is a lot smaller, so numerically this isn't as big a problem as the Chinese/Indian problem. Also, it's not totally hopeless for the younger men. If they wait it out, things will get better when they're old enough to become the alpha male to a younger woman (this is, essentially, what happened to me before I was aware of Game). But by percentage, it's a bigger problem than China or India have. Up to 30% of men in their early 20s are now basically shut out of long term relationships (or even casual flings) until they get another decade under their belt. More than feminism, more than a lack of game, *this* is the single biggest reason that young men are “dropping out” of society and choosing to play video games instead. In the “real world,” they've already lost and they know it. It's also why many of them rejoin society in their late 20s or early 30s. All of a sudden they have a chance again.

Our fifth and final demographic trend: the aging Baby Boomers. This trend is a doozy, and whatever happens in the rest of the world, this single trend alone has me concerned about the American economy for the next 20 years. Maybe more. Fact #1: the Baby Boomers control more than **80% of all personal financial assets** in the United States. They're responsible for more than half of all consumer spending (a major driver of the US economy). And they're all about to retire. My father is among the oldest of the Boomers. He was born in 1947 (the Boom is considered to have begun in 1946). Odds are high he'll be retiring in the next few weeks. The rest will be following over the next decade or so. This is going to have some *major* effects on the US economy.

Note: they control 80% of all personal financial assets. And they're going to have to start selling those assets to pay for their retirements. But nobody else has the money to buy them. Supply and demand is going to see a pretty big shift, with coinciding price shifts. It'll hit the stock market first as they sell off their stocks and mutual funds. The massive sell off is going to result in a substantial price drop. Our already battered housing market will be insulated for a while, as the Boomers will likely keep their homes for some time (they're in far better health than their parents were at the same age). But when they do start going to nursing homes and/or dying off (probably in about 10-15 years), you're going to see the housing market hit hard, too. Again, nobody else can afford all the McMansions the Boomers have bought. Expect their prices to crash, and hard. But at the same time, unless immigration grows even more than it has been, it's entirely possible that as the Boomers die off we'll actually see a population decrease here in the US as well. The Boomers didn't do a good job of replacing themselves (instead choosing to abort over 30% of my generation). Population decrease is going to mean a smaller demand for housing – but houses are the ultimate in durable goods. There will still be plenty of them around, even with fewer people buying. The double whammy is going to be pretty hard. On top of that, we already know that their collective retirement is going to blow up Social Security (and with it the already dire federal budget).

It's very possible that any of these trends could be countered by strong economic growth in other areas. But all of them? We've hit one of the great synchronicities of history, with all of these trends hitting at once in a massively

interconnected, globalized world. Add it all together, and I'm just not very optimistic about the economy over the next two decades. And this is just the demographic trends. There are a whole host of social, economic, political, and cultural trends that are also looking pretty grim. But that's a topic for another day.

Are Teachers Overpaid?

Leonidas · 3 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A while back I took a look at teacher pay from one perspective and concluded that they're definitely *not underpaid*. Here's another look at the same issue, summed up very cleanly and concisely.

One of the arguments against the kind of comparison that I did is that comparing teachers' compensation to median compensation isn't an apples to apples comparison. We should instead, the argument goes, be comparing them to those who hold similar educational credentials. The public school teacher defenders then go on to compare teachers against college educated workers and show that, by comparison, teachers don't do as well.

Except that this comparison at least as flawed, and probably moreso, than comparing to the median worker. With a median worker comparison we get a sense of how teachers are valued compared to society as a whole. Teachers, on average, are valued significantly higher than a typical worker. The education level comparison, on the other hand, is poor because it's also not an apples to apples comparison. Common degrees for teachers are:

- **Education degrees or some variant (art education, math education, history education, etc.).** The only real comparison you can do here is public school teachers vs. private school teachers, which the video above does. Note the huge premium that public school teachers get. Outside of teaching, this degree is *worthless* on the job market. One the one hand, you could argue that the government is picking up the tab for a public good. On the other hand, you could argue that we're paying teachers to get worthless degrees. Both arguments have merit.
- **Liberal arts degrees (English, History, Philosophy, etc).** Compared to their private sector counterparts, teachers with these degrees are *vastly* overpaid. We've all heard the common refrain that liberal arts majors get: "What are you going to do with that degree? Teach?" Given the glut of liberal arts majors working craptastic jobs (I have one friend with a MA in English who tries to support his wife and stepdaughters on his pay as a host at Ruby Tuesday), we could probably pay these teachers a lot less and still fill the positions with qualified (at least on paper, which is all the government cares about) applicants.
- **Math and Science degrees.** By far the minority of degrees for school teachers, this is the one subgroup that can make an honest case for being underpaid. A decently bright (read: average or slightly above average intelligence) worker with a math degree can find plenty of work, and at decent pay. Surprise, surprise – this is the group that the public schools always have trouble filling. At least part of this is because of union encouraged government pay scales that pay all teachers the same.

Comparing teachers with these degrees against national averages of those with any degree is going to result comparing the apples of education and liberal arts degrees (with a spattering of math and science degrees) against the oranges of the degreed public at large including science, engineering, and technical degrees. The engineering degrees alone are going to bring the private sector average up substantially.

What about teachers with masters degrees? Here you're looking at a group that's almost exclusively Master's in Education degrees – another degree you just won't find outside of teaching – versus a group that includes Master of Science degrees, Master of Engineering degrees and oh yeah, professional degrees like MDs and JDs (two groups that out earn everybody except perhaps the engineers graduate degrees).

Again, all of this is *before* even considering if they're actually doing a good job of teaching (which all of the available data and my own personal experiences show that they're decidedly *not*).

Like Ferdinand, I'm not happy to see the *further decline of middle class America*. He raises some very good points about just how messed up our government policy is. But taking a stand here to protect the middle class is the economic equivalent of social conservatives fighting against gay marriage to preserve the sanctity of marriage itself. It's over and lost already, and even if it weren't this is the smallest of small potatoes in that war.

Don't Bawl Like A Little Bitch

Leonidas · 4 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I recently saw my youngest brother. After the recent move we now live in the same town again, but we don't see him very much. Intentionally.

I feel bad for my brother. He's going to get royally screwed, and not in the good way. His wife is a quintessential Spoiled American Princess and he's one of the most completely beta boys I know. I'd call him an Omega except he somehow managed to get married and knock her up. I'm pretty sure that the kid is his because if you take a picture of this baby and put it next to baby pictures of my grandfather, my father, myself, my two brothers and my son you'd swear up and down that we're all siblings. My father's family has strong genes. So, not Omega... but boy is his relationship headed for trouble.

I could write a whole blog about my brother, but today we're going to focus on one small event. I saw him this time without the wife (whom I despise) or the kid (whom I feel bad for and kinda like) at a fairly sizable gathering and my wife and I overheard this snippet of conversation (paraphrased):

Brother: Yeah, ever since the baby was born I find myself a lot more sensitive to tear jerkers.

Friend: What now?

Brother: You know, tear jerkers. I bawl like a little baby at sad movies now.

On the way home, my wife brought it up again. My wife's comment?

At least I've got a vagina. What's his excuse?

This is but one of the many, many reasons his wife (and her entire family) don't have any respect for him. I've said it before: **don't cry in front of her**. It's a bad idea.

Her other memorable comment of the night?

Now that I know about game, it's *even more* annoying when guys act like that.

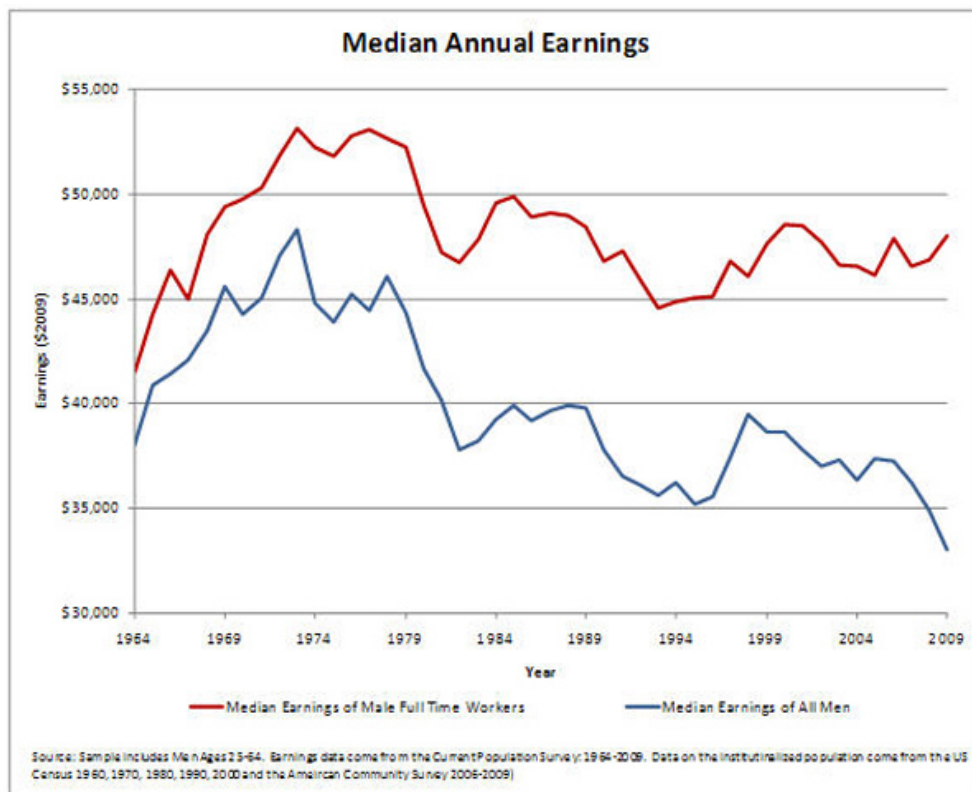
Decline of the Middle Class

Leonidas · 5 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Most of us by now have seen the wage charts that show that single worker wages have been stagnant over the last generation or more, and many by now will even have seen the charts showing that wages for 20-something men have declined relative to their fathers (and **relative to 20-something women**).

Well, there's a slight problem in how these statistics have calculated. Their based off the size of the *labor force*, a technical term in economics that includes all of those who are working and all of those who are looking for work. Those who have given up actively looking for work (generally because they can't find it) aren't counted. But the percentage of working age men that make up the labor force is significantly smaller than it was a generation ago, as many men (and women) have given up the search in our dire economic times where there are seven applicants on average for every job opening. Incidentally, this is also the reason why real unemployment is much bigger than the numbers being reported in the news. Economists, in general, are well aware of this and typically account for it. Our wonderful media? Not so much.

It turns out that once you account for this (by comparing *all* working age men), median male wages haven't just stagnated, they've dropped – and by a *huge* margin. Take a look at the chart for yourself.



Welcome to the future.

Fundamentals of Game

Leonidas · 7 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

It's been very interesting over the past few weeks to see [the beginnings of mainstream culture picking up](#) on Game. Unsurprisingly, the first response tends to be a reaction to some of the more cartoonish elements of the Game community. And let's be honest, there are some pretty cartoonish elements – beginning with the guy in the funny hat who in a sense is the godfather of our community. Beyond that, the most prominent Game bloggers have deliberately adopted personas that are a caricature of themselves in order to attract attention.

But if you break it down and distill it into its most basic principles, it's very hard for any educated person to argue with Game. Most of the corniness that's associated with it comes from cartoonish way in which some of the principles are adopted or discussed. But there's nothing cartoony at all about the fundamentals, which have nothing to do with bars, douchebags, or funny hats.

At the core, Game is the logical application of the following principles.

Animal Attraction is Subconscious

Long term relationships are about a lot more than animal attraction, there's no question. But raw animal attraction is a basic part of it – a part without which you'll usually never progress to anything else. And that raw animal attraction is subconscious. Oh, we can have some influence on it – but really only at the margins. By and large, we're attracted to what we're attracted to, like it or not.

Men and Women are Attracted to Fundamentally Different Things

Forget any PC inclinations you have. The reality is that men and women are just not attracted to the same things. Men are primarily attracted to beauty and youth. Everything else is, at best, a distant third. For women, on the other hand, appearance matters – but nowhere near as much as other issues.

Most Women are Attracted to the Same Things

Yes, there are some differences amongst individuals. But there's more commonality than difference, just as there is with men. There is a high degree of agreement between men over which women are attractive and which aren't. Likewise, there's a high overlap among women over which male traits are attractive. It appears to be more variable than it actually is, but we'll come back to this appearance later on.

Women Are Attracted to High Status Men

The technical term here is *hypergamy*. Women are attracted to high status men. Nothing else comes close to the importance of this factor. The evo-psych crowd will tell you that this makes sense from an evolutionary perspective. The cost of reproduction is very low for men. As a reproductive strategy, fathering as many children as you can with as many women as you can is pretty solid. Women, on the other hand, pay a very high price for reproduction: 9 months of serious bodily changes and then those pesky maternal instincts that make them want to take care of their spawn. It makes far more sense as a mating strategy for a woman to be very selective about whom they mate with.

Whether the evo-psych explanation is valid or not, it doesn't really change the fact that as a general rule this is very true. Women are most attracted to the highest status men.

Note That We Said *Status*, Not *Wealth*

Women are attracted to wealthy men because wealth is usually an indicator of status. High status men often are wealthy, as it's much easier to get that way if you're high status. The high overlap makes it easy to come to the wrong conclusion here. But really, it's the status not the wealth that's driving the attraction.

Status is in the Eye of the Beholder

This principle is the one that is probably responsible for the most confusion both inside and outside the Game community. Inside the community, it trips up a lot of people (especially beginners). Outside the community it's probably the biggest source of condescension toward the Game crowd.

Not all women view the same things as being high status.

Let's give an extreme example to illustrate the point. Let's take two girls. Girl A is a hippie, super leftist, save the whales girl. The long haired, pot smoking, vegan, Whole Foods shopping, Prius driving musician is going to be high status to this girl. Girl B is a conservative church going girl. She might be more attracted to the clean cut, BMW driving, wealthy, church going businessman. Outwardly, it appears that they're attracted to entirely different things. But the reality is that they're both attracted to high status men – they just have different ideas of what constitutes high status.

Status is Relative

If you want a particular woman to be attracted to you, you don't necessarily have to be the highest status man on the planet. You just have to equal or exceed her expectations of what status she deserves. For the PUA community, that just means you have to be the highest status man in the bar (or possibly higher status than her boyfriend). For the LTR game community, that means being high enough status that she thinks you're worth keeping the relationship for.

The Appearance of Status is As Good As or Better Than Actual Status

We're not talking about engaging women's rational minds here. We're talking about triggering raw, animal attraction. The appearance of status is just as good as real status for this. It's really no different than when magazines airbrush models for their covers. Sure, the women don't really look that good. But the *appearance* is more important. They look good for that picture, and it's enough. It's why women wear makeup – it gives them the *appearance* of being more attractive than they really are. Game posits that it is possible for men to give the *appearance* of being higher status than they actually are, and hence make women more attracted to them than they otherwise would be.

Higher Status is Surprisingly Easy to Fake – To a Point

Faking higher status is about as easy for a man, once he learns how, as putting on makeup is for a woman. But it has about the same effect. A woman who rates as a 1 isn't going to magically become a 10 when she puts on makeup. A man at level 1 on the status ring isn't going to become a 10 by faking it. But just as with makeup, a decent job of it can easily bump you a point or so – and if you're really good, you can probably get a 2-3 point bump.

The inverse is also true. Makeup sometimes is used to help cover the imperfections: blemishes, sores, acne, moles, etc. It covers those things that could take an otherwise, say, 7 and drop her down to, say, a 5. First we hide the imperfections which brings her back to her natural 7, then we add the enhancements which pumps her up to an 8 or 9 (let's say it's really good makeup, plus good clothing and new hair and it bumps her to a 9). It seems like we've transformed a 5 into a 9, but in reality we've just "fixed" a few things and then done some basic enhancement. The 7, and maybe even the 8 was there all along. We just brought it out.

Likewise with Game. Most of the time we're just adding some enhancement to bump a point or two. But sometimes there are blemishes we have to fix that are dragging a man down, and once we get those taken care of he automatically jumps a point or two again. Then we add the enhancements on top of that, and poof – a man's life is transformed. It's worth noting that in the modern world, we have to fix a lot of blemishes with men because we've lived our whole lives being told utter bullshit about what women really want and it's led us to (well intentioned) behavior that actually drives them away. This is why you hear so many stories of Game completely transforming men's lives – and why it won't work miracles for everybody, and might even be more or less unnecessary for some.

Over Time, Faking High Status Actually Makes You Higher Status

There are a lot of reasons for this. The high effect of preselection among women is a big contributor. The high _____

correlation of confidence as a high status trait combines with the fact that success breeds confidence to account for much of it. With practice bad habits go away and good ones are made. The net effect is that, like anything else, practicing Game long enough makes it second nature. When it just comes naturally, you're no longer faking it.

Each of these propositions will find its detractors. *Somebody* will find cause to argue with each and every one of them. But I've come to believe very firmly based on the evidence of my own experience, the reports of dozens or hundreds of men who have tried it for themselves, and the accumulated body of psychological research that each of these propositions is basically true. Game itself, then, is merely the application of these principles – and the cartoonishness comes merely from the neophytes and those who deliberately caricature themselves to reach an audience and make a point.

Contributing to the Anarchy

Leonidas · 8 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

If there's one tactic the leftist-feminists excel at, it's the reframe. In my first post over at [In Mala Fide](#) I argue that we shouldn't let the Feminists lay claim to the term "Manning Up." It's time to stop their reframe cold in its tracks and take back the term.

Educating Women

Leonidas · 8 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

One of the biggest memes of the manosphere that I find I disagree with is the idea that educating women is somehow a bad thing. In my opinion, the problem isn't that we're educating women. The problem is that our education system in general, and at all levels, is crap. Whether you believe as **Keoni Galt does** (and I've come to) that our system was **designed to be this way**, or you just believe that it's devolved from some point in time when it was actually *good* to the worthless cesspool it is today, the fact remains that by just about any standard it's worthless. Teaching women to be spoiled, entitled, skanky brats is a problem. Teaching them to be **logical, articulate, and productive** is a good thing.

Asian Demographics Revisited

Leonidas · 9 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Here's some **updated statistics** on the Asian demographic crisis I discussed **last week**. The most recent figures are now showing 123 live male births for every 100 female births in China, even worse than the numbers I was reporting. Also of note:

The question left open by economists is what the consequences will be of such a large surplus of young men. History offers a disquieting answer. According to the German scholar Gunnar Heinsohn, European imperial expansion after 1500 was the result of a male "youth bulge." Japan's imperial expansion after 1914 was the result of a similar youth bulge, Heinsohn argues. During the Cold War, it was youth-bulge countries—Algeria, El Salvador, and Lebanon—that saw the worst civil wars and revolutions. Heinsohn has also linked the recent rise of Islamist extremism in countries like Afghanistan, Iraq, and Pakistan to an Islamic youth bulge. Political scientists Valerie Hudson and Andrea den Boer warn that China and India could be the next countries to overdose on testosterone.

This isn't the first time in history this has happened. But if the problem is resolved peacefully, to my knowledge it really *would* be the first time. I'm not betting on it.

Giving Up Masturbation For Lent

Leonidas · 9 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Lent begins today. Many in the manosphere have long since given up on religion, and hence don't care. I've gone the other way – once a devout atheist, then a strong agnostic... well, let's just say that Christianity and I have come to a sort of uneasy alliance. I've realized over the last year that one of my big problems with modern religion is that it doesn't really have much of a point. If you're not asked to do anything hard, then what really is the point of it? Westernized religions (no matter the actual source religion) no longer ask for much of anything. Stay married and forsake divorce? Nah, we'll let you off for that one and even remarry you. Give up the things you really like because they're sinful and you might be a better person without them? Nah, we'll come up with some wishy washy way to explain that what those old time church people *really* meant was that you shouldn't be racist and you should be environmentally friendly. No, really.

Bah. Total BS. And they wonder why church attendance is declining. Here's a tip, guys: it's because your church is *too beta*. To anybody who's studied Game, it should be no surprise at all which churches are actually growing in the western world:

- Islam
- Fundamentalist Evangelicalism
- Mormonism
- Catholicism

The only groups still around that are strong enough to keep being Alpha. For reasons that could (and one day likely will) make a whole post of their own, I've ended up with the Roman Catholics. Partly inspired by that, and partly by [Ferdinand](#), I've resolved to give up masturbation for Lent this year. A year ago it might've been near impossible for me to do. This year, thanks to the Game community and the manosphere at large, I think I have a good shot at it.

Alpha Move: Take Her to the Gym

Leonidas · 10 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

This one may be harder than some. If she's like a typical American woman, she'll resist going to the gym with every ounce of her being. It will sound way too much like actual *work*. But I'm assuming you've already had the sense not to waste your skills on a typical woman, and she's got at least a little bit of potential. Take her to the weights, and get her doing some strength training. If you can get her doing it regularly, so much the better (you'll be happy with the results). But really, you only need to get her here once. Pick one of the high weight exercises. Bench press, dead lifts, and squats are all good, but really anything will do. Show her the basic form if she doesn't already know how, and congratulate her on how well she's doing.

Then do the same exercise with about twice as much weight.

If you've been making any effort at all to keep yourself in shape, this shouldn't be too hard (unless you're freakishly weak or she's freakishly strong). The bench press, especially, should prove easy for this, as women simply don't have the same upper body strength as men. Presto, easy way to demonstrate your physical dominance without having to smash, break, hurt, or destroy anything or anyone. Just don't do it right next to this guy.



My Long and Winding Road to Catholicism – Part 1

Leonidas · 10 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

As I said in [yesterday's post](#) about Lent, my conversion to Catholicism is best described as an uneasy alliance. I am not the best Catholic out there, and I'm not likely to ever be. I still have issues with the church, its theology, and its dogma. But my wife and I jointly came to the decision that it was the best choice for our family. I can't speak for her. If she wants to tell her tale, that's her business. I suspect that it was at least in part because she was following where I led, but she's bright enough and educated enough and strong willed enough that she never would have let me lead her there if she didn't want to go.

I was raised as a Protestant. Specifically, I was raised Methodist, but I don't think it really matters much. The nit picky details of their theology may be different, but the different branches of modern liberal American Protestantism are more or less indistinguishable from each other on a day to day basis. The church I was raised in was more or less like any other SWPL protestant church, only more so. In the almost two decades since I stopped attending, it's grown substantially, to the point where an old friend of mine once referred to it as "Fort God."

Like most children, I didn't much question religion when I was small. It was what all the adults told me, so it never even occurred to me to question it. Unlike most children, I was introduced to the concept of atheism fairly young. A good friend of mine declared in late middle school that he was an atheist. Like most bright people, being introduced to the concept of atheism forced me to rethink everything. And frankly, once you start thinking about it, there's a *lot* to find issue with inside Christianity of almost any flavor.

Though I didn't understand it very well at the time, there's also a lot of social pressure toward atheism, agnosticism, or "Christianity lite" from our "educated" classes, a class I was most definitely born a part of and lived most of my life within (you could describe my mother's family fairly accurately as "educational aristocracy", but the term might not make any sense to anybody who doesn't know my mother's family or people like them). I didn't have the words to express it in my youth, but at a base level "Christianity lite" always seemed just silly to me. And growing up in the American south, the other flavor of Christianity I was routinely confronted with was fundamentalist evangelicalism. Although many fundamentalist evangelical Christians are nice people, and some are even bright enough, frankly, the kind of thought (or lack thereof) that leads to that particular breed is... well, to me it's always been the counterpart of radical feminism. Both breeds of "thought" are vapid, empty headed, flim flam that ignore large portions of reality.

Atheism couldn't hold me for very long, though. Atheists will do all kinds of logical somersaults to avoid it, but true atheism requires a kind of arrogant denial of reality of its own. Like any other religion, atheism itself is an insistence that we know, definitively, all that there is to know about the universe. In a sense, every argument "proving" the non-existence of God has a kind of **Black Swan** problem. "God can't exist because we have no evidence of him," the arguments essentially go. Well, if all we ever see are white swans, we would conclude that there are no black swans. How could there be? We've never seen one. Every swan we've ever seen is white. Until whoops, along comes a single black one, disproving our argument that all swans are white.

The Christians hadn't done a very good job of convincing me that God exists, at least not in the way that they described him. But the atheists couldn't convince me, either. His existence being highly, stupendously, amazingly improbable is not the same as it being impossible. At the same time, it seems abundantly clear to me that there are forces at work in the world that we don't understand. I don't even necessarily mean anything supernatural. Relativity has been work in the universe since the beginning of time, but it's only in the last hundred years that human beings have been able to understand it. What else is out there that science doesn't understand yet? I'm guessing there's a lot. Again, there are forces at work in the world that we don't understand. *God* is as good a word for them as anything, and at this point in time, Science can't explain them any better than religion.

Also, Science is still struggling with some deep and difficult questions that push up right against the boundaries of philosophy and religion. Where *does* conscious thought come from? What causes it? Science tells us it comes from

neurons firing, but the simple fact of the matter is that we can't replicate it. Despite decades of effort, we have no artificially intelligent computers. We haven't genetically engineered highly intelligent rats (to pick a random animal), and if we did, how would we even know that they're intelligent? Or self aware? Science fiction has spent a lot of time dealing with this problem, but even there we find no real answers. Also, most of the hoopla about such and such an animal being as smart as or almost as smart as man is mostly bull. When you start to look into the studies, you do indeed find aspects of intelligence. But there's nothing that brings with it the same capacity for abstract thought and reason that humanity has. Who is to say that it *isn't* an eternal soul that gives us intelligence and self awareness?

Five years of undergraduate study toward a Philosophy degree didn't really clear it up very much. Unlike most in the department, I could have skated through pretty easily. It could have been (and in some ways was) the easy path toward a college degree. For me, it was deadly serious. These were all issues that I cared a great deal about. I found a lot there to ponder: Plato, Aristotle, Augustine, Nietzsche. I found a lot to ponder in the field of science, too – especially modern physics, which I think is doing more interesting philosophical work than modern philosophy (which is mostly a bunch of pseudo-intellectual, New Agey, relativistic nonsense). I didn't really find a lot of answers, but by the end of college I did know one thing for sure: I was *not* ready to accept full blown atheism.

True agnostics are rare. It takes a certain uncommon kind of strength to admit that you *just really don't know* about anything, much less the really important issues like religion. But for a long while, that was me. The only thing I knew for sure was that there are forces at work in the world I didn't understand.

The Whole Series

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Taking Action

Leonidas · 10 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

In my latest post on In Mala Fide, I discuss some **actual actions** that we in the manosphere can take to advance our cause, rather than just sitting around whining. Today I focus specifically on political action, which is admittedly a medium to long term project. Meanwhile, Antagonist had a rather good post yesterday on some **short term actions** we can take.

More Fun From Google Search Strings

Leonidas · 11 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

It's that time again. That's right – time for more fun from the Google referral strings. As I've mentioned before, if you talk about sex at all in your blog, you get some good ones. But I've started accumulating some non-sex related good ones, too. Here are some recent search strings that turned up this blog.

- trying to get my wife into gaming (sorry man, wrong blog)
- just marriage fuck (learn to spell)
- muslim more wives graph dropping (what the heck does *that* mean?)
- traditional catholicism wordpress arrogance alte (now we know what Google thinks of [Alte](#))
- my brother's wife is a bitch (yeah, she kinda is)
- shag my wife for me (send pics please)
- giving up gaming for lent (unless you mean gambling, give up something that's actually sinful, man)
- giving up masturbation for lent 2011
- giving up masturbaion for lent
- i want to give up masturbation for lent, how!?
- giving up masturbation for lent
- giving up masturbation lent
- masturbation+lent
- if you give up masturbation for lent. can someone do it for you? (kinky question, I like it)
- do i have to give up masturbation lent
- about a dozen other variants on the above theme... I stopped listing them all

Um... wow, the post on [giving up masturbation for lent](#) was pretty popular.

My Long and Winding Road to Catholicism – Part 2

Leonidas · 11 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

In [Part 1](#) I detailed my falling out with Christianity as a young man. So how and why did I decide, from a position of agnosticism, that religion is important?

First and foremost, despite my disillusionment with religion, I've always maintained a belief in morality. Specifically, I've maintained two distinct beliefs about morality. First, society as a whole is far better off with some kind of code of morality than without one. We can argue about the specifics of *which* code of morality, but I think it's pretty hard to argue that society is better off without morality. Indeed, I think it's quite likely that civilization as we know it simply can't exist without *something* along these lines. Second, I believe the overwhelming majority of *individuals* are better off following a code of morality, especially if others in society are doing the same (but even if nobody else is). There are some clear exceptions to this rule. Kings, rock stars, and a few others might be better off ignoring the rules – but even here, that's not entirely clear. A king who pushes the boundaries too far often won't remain king for very long.

It's a hard point to argue that individuals are better off following a code of morality even if others around them don't, and it's something I'd have had a hard time explaining even just a few years ago. The benefits aren't always immediate and obvious. But the short answer is that a clear code of morality makes it easier for others to interact with you and trust you, even if they don't follow your code of morality. All they have to do is *understand* your code. If they understand it, and know you're serious about it, it gives them a clear understanding of exactly how far and in what ways they can trust you. Being too *trusting* is a good way to get taken advantage of, sure. But being very *trustworthy* is a good way to build up social capital. Trust is a huge bit of grease that makes the mechanics of socialization go more smoothly, and we need other people (if only to serve as minions in our evil overlord schemes).

I've always had a strong sense of this, and as an adult I haven't really felt like I needed a church to tell me about it. I also very firmly believe that you don't need religion to have morality. But my marriage brought with it a new challenge. When the kids eventually come, how do you teach them to be moral? Sure, I can lead by example. But frankly, religion is very valuable as a teaching tool for this. I know from my own experience growing up that church, for all its flaws, helped teach me what it meant to be a good and moral person.

Game played a role of its own in pushing me to consider religion. Plain and simple, being a religious leader in your own household (even if it only means pushing your family to go to church regularly and nothing more) is an Alpha trait. Religion also plays another role in society that we should all recognize by now: it tempers the worst sexual impulses of *both* men and women. The emphasis on faithful marriages that all religions traditionally have keeps both female hypergamy and male promiscuity in check, and that's good for everybody. Oh, and there's convincing research that married couples that regularly attend church together are quite a bit more likely to stay married.

Also, over the years I've come to believe something about human beings: we're not the rational creatures that we pretend we are. Anybody studying Game should already be familiar with this concept, but it extends far beyond Game and women's rationalization hamsters. Of particular relevance to the topic at hand, *people need religion*. I think it's biological. A more devout Christian would argue that God gave us that need. An anthropologist might argue that we've somehow evolved it. I don't think it matters which is the case. *We need religion*. In the absence of anything else, we'll start to [Worship the Thunder God](#). We can't help it. It's part of who we are. The most striking modern version of this is the modern west's cult of liberalism. Make no mistake, it's every bit as much a religion as fundamentalist evangelicalism (indeed, the two faiths are more alike than they are different).

George Lucas of all people once made a comment in an interview in Time magazine that has always stuck with me. I tried to track it down, but Time appears to have taken it offline. Paraphrased, he explained that we could think of the old cave man days as being a 1 on the religious scale. Things like pagan mythology could be considered a 3 or a 4. Modern religions could be viewed as somewhere around a 7 or an 8, and we're pretty proud of ourselves for that.

The thing most of us don't realize is, the scale goes to a million.

For all of the man's pompous assbattery, I think he had a pretty valid point here. Not only is there a lot we don't understand, but we don't even have a good idea what it is we don't understand. But there's another good point buried in here as well, and it's one that he probably didn't even intend to make. Indeed, it's a point that most of the modern educated elite seems to completely miss as well. It's a simple and clear point, but it's completely and utterly politically incorrect, and if you even try to utter it the multiculturalists will jump down your throat for it. But if you study them abstractly for any length of time you'll come to the inescapable conclusion that the dominant religions of the modern *are* more advanced than other, older religions. And I don't mean that in a tribalistic, "we're better than you, neener neener" kind of way. I mean in some clear and distinct ways.

But that will be part 3.

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Man Up

Leonidas · 12 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Is there really anything in your life that requires balls like these guys have?

Didn't think so.

Rite of Election

Leonidas · 13 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

One of the things about the Catholic church that I like is its heavy use of ritual. It's ridiculed a lot for that, especially from protestants (who despite their ridicule, and largely dropping the rituals originally, are now adding them back) and by SWPL types who mock the irrationality of it all. Yes, it's irrational. So are human beings. Our psyches have a deep rooted need for ritual, and modern society is sorely lacking in them.

One part of the process of converting to Catholicism (or going through confirmation if you were born Catholic) is called the Rite of Election. Basically, you go to a ceremony in front of the local Bishop that's almost but not quite like Mass (there is no communion, for example) and everybody who is going to be baptized and/or confirmed formally goes up and adds their names to the book, which is then presented to the Bishop, etc. Very Roman, very Catholic, very ritualistic.

Typically it's done on the first weekend of Lent, so we had it done for us yesterday. And here I go, walking up in front of everybody. I get to the baptismal font, dip my fingers in the water, do the cross sign, and turn to shake hands with the Bishop.

That's when I realized my fly was down.

Thankfully, my shirt had it concealed. I shook his hand and smiled, made my mark in the book, turned and walked back to my seat and sat down. After the whole ceremony was done I managed to find a clear spot in the hall and quickly zip it up, with nobody the wiser. Even my wife wouldn't have noticed if I hadn't told her later.

The moral? Sometimes the right solution is just to play it off like nothing whatsoever is wrong. Oh, and shaking the bishops hand with your fly down is both very amusing and very embarrassing.

Fundamentals of Game (Simplified)

Leonidas · 14 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Last week I posted on the [fundamental principles that underlie Game](#). Today I'm going to present the simplified version.

1. It's OK to be a man.
2. Don't be a little girl.
3. Treat her as an adult instead of a helpless child.
4. Get her off the pedestal and treat her like a real person.
5. Although it sounds like it goes against (3), treat her like your little sister. Tease her and don't take her too seriously.
6. Relax. Remember that if this one falls through, you *can* succeed with someone else.
7. Have *something* that you're really good at, preferably something that demonstrates social status.
8. You don't have to be a bodybuilder, but hit the gym and keep in shape.
9. You don't have to be a fashion model, but don't dress like a slob.
10. Remember that you are the calm eye in the center of her storm.
11. Wear something or have a physical feature that makes you stand out.
12. Don't forget the [Skittles](#).

My Long and Winding Road to Catholicism – Part 3

Leonidas · 14 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Some religions are *better* than others in objectively identifiable ways.

Some religions are *more advanced* than others in objectively measurable ways.

If you're still here, then good. You haven't let the multicultural PC crowd crush all of your capability for rational thought yet. If we're willing to set aside our preconceptions and give it honest thought, a study of comparative religions will show us that we can compare religions objectively and conclude that in a very meaningful sense some are *better* than others. We can also say, in a very different meaningful sense that some are *more advanced* than others. These are separate methods of comparison, but both are useful and meaningful.

Before we delve too deeply into this, an important note has to be made. All of the world's dominant religions have been around for a very long time. In the time that they've been around, they haven't remained constant. At times they're not even constant from place to place within the same time period (witness modern Christianity, which currently exists in dozens, if not hundreds, of different flavors). Therefore, at times we'll have to be fairly specific about what flavor of a given religion we're referring to at any point in the discussion. But even when the flavors differ (again, Christianity in the modern world is a good example) sometimes we can lump them together for the purposes of discussion because they share many of the same fundamental traits.

Also, although I'll briefly mention some others, most of the discussion will follow the evolution of the religions of western civilization. The main reason for this is that the evolutionary chain of advancement is fairly clear. Eastern religions largely followed an entirely different path of evolution, which is interesting in its own right but will mostly just serve to clutter the discussion.

When I say that one religion is *better* than another I mean that it has measurably better results for society. We can measure in a lot of ways, but I like to use the following question. How well does a society that follows religion X fare at meeting the basic, necessary needs of its citizenry? This isn't always straightforward to answer, but we can get a pretty good idea of it by looking at things like mortality rates, starvation rates and poverty rates. Notice that I've left off things like GDP, GNP and average income. Many religious people would argue that making us all wealthier doesn't necessarily make us better off. From a religious point of view, I think this is fair. I do think, however, that having fewer people die and live in abject misery is an objectively good thing that almost all religious people would agree upon. Otherwise, what's all that charity for? I'm also well aware that there are a lot of other factors that determine the success of a society. However, I believe that culture is a major one, and that religion is the largest component of culture.

When I say that one religion is *more advanced* than another, I mean that it's introduced some novel concept. Not just a new flavor on something, like "Oh, we have a thunder god *and* a lightning god!" But a radical (at the time of introduction) new concept that fundamentally changed the way people thought about religion. As I'll discuss in more detail later, a study of the history of religion reveals several massive leaps forward in religious understanding.

Now that we understand our terms, let's look at the major religions of the world, both now and historically. Most modern hunter gatherer tribes still follow basically the "nature spirit" template of religion. Each animal has its spirit, each aspect of nature (wind, rain, lightning, etc) has a spirit, and so forth. This is not a very sophisticated religion at all. Most of us will be the most familiar with the native American flavors of this, but it essentially survives in other forms today. Shinto is a more modernized and advanced form of this as well. It's not very *advanced* because it doesn't offer us much in the way of new and original thought. By my measure, it's not really a very *good* religion either, because it rarely brings groups much out of the hunter-gatherer stage, which is a pretty brutal stage of civilization. Nature spirit religions don't really have a lot in the way of morality to offer, and what they do have basically boils down to, "don't piss off the spirits because then they'll deny you food, shelter, water, or clothing."

Pantheistic paganism is the next evolution. Instead of a unique spirit for every aspect of nature, mankind has advanced to perceiving distinct “gods” that govern entire realms of responsibility. Instead of a spirit inside each animal, now we have a goddess of the hunt (Diana). Or instead of a spirit for each river and lake, now we have a generalized god of the sea (Poseidon). It is a bit more *advanced*, but not much. It shows a little bit more abstract reasoning. It’s also a little bit easier to organize. With fewer deities around, we can standardize our practice more easily around the few that are left. But it doesn’t really get us a lot more than that. Morality hasn’t advanced much. It can still be summed up as, “Don’t stand on the top of the mountain in a thunderstorm cursing Zeus.” It’s a bit more noticeably *better* than nature spirit religions, because this kind of religion brought forth almost every major ancient agricultural society. The human race survived better and flourished more under these systems than it had before them.

Judaism is where things start to get interesting. It is important to note, however, that Judaism did not just spring into being in full form. Over a period of about a thousand years it evolved from a cult of one specific god out of a pantheon into something much more advanced. Later, it retrofitted some of the advanced concepts of Christianity (at least into Jewish culture, if not directly into the religion). But let’s start with the ancient times first. Judaism began essentially as a cult of the god Yhwh. Take a close look at the **ten commandments** (some of the oldest written religious text around), particularly the first commandment.

I am the Lord your God, who brought you up out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of slavery; you shall have no other gods before me.

The second part of that was very important in ancient times. In its very oldest incarnation, Judaism didn’t *deny the existence* of other gods. It merely demanded that its adherents not worship other gods. In this sense, it wasn’t much different from the other religions of the time, instead being yet another case of, “Our god is better than your god.” But over time they made two fundamental and distinct breakthroughs that really set Judaism apart from the pantheistic pagan religions. First, and best known, it eventually made the switch to true monotheism, claiming that the Jewish God (now a proper noun) was the *only* God, creator of all things. Second, it made the leap to a *non-anthropomorphic* god. Despite the early verses of Genesis that tell us that God made man in his own image, Jewish tradition (going way back, but not quite to the beginning) is that God is an abstract being. God is everywhere, and in everything. He’s not contained in this or that statue, or this or that temple. We can’t draw make idols of him because it would be blasphemous to make idols of a being that has no physical form for us to see. He’s beyond our understanding. This is a really big leap in abstraction. On its own, it doesn’t necessarily make the religion better or worse than any other, but it’s clearly *more advanced* in terms of its thinking.

Was Judaism much *better* than pantheistic paganism? I would argue that it was, but only somewhat. Set aside the Roman Empire for the moment, which is more or less a historical anomaly. It’s also debatable as to whether the Empire increased or decreased human misery. The Romans themselves were obviously better off, but they rather clearly got that way by making everybody they conquered much worse off. Other than that one exception, the best that pantheistic paganism was able to *consistently* achieve in the western world was city-state level civilizations that occasionally progressed to smallish “empires” like the Macedonian empire or the Egyptian empire. Yes, I know the Macedonian empire at its peak was quite large geographically, but it didn’t hold together long enough to really matter. Judaism never got much beyond that point either. At its height, the ancient nation of Israel was still pretty small compared to anything else. But the Jewish religion does seem to have one very interesting factor that I believe makes it somewhat *better* than the pagan religions. Throughout the millennia since the ancient nation of Israel was finally conquered and dispersed, Jews have survived and even thrived as a subculture in almost every part of the western world, against almost all kinds of intolerance and persecution. At times, it’s enough to make one think that they really *must* be God’s chosen people to survive all of that.

However, around 2000 years ago Christianity took the human race on another religious quantum leap. Christianity is *far* more advanced than Judaism, in so many interesting ways that it’s hard to tell where to start.

The most radical concept at the time would have to be Christ's so called 11th Commandment: "Love thy neighbor as thyself." This was a massively revolutionary idea, and not just in terms of religion. It especially stands out if we place it in context of the time Jesus taught. The Hebrews of Palestine at the time were one of many peoples highly oppressed by the Roman Empire very near the peak of its power. Like many subjugated peoples, the Romans were basically squeezing every last bit of profit they could out of the province, completely uncaring of how it affected the native people. But even besides the Romans, it was a brutal world. People generally helped their families, and their close communities (say, the village they lived in). Beyond that, it was more or less a world of take what you can, when you can, and from whom you can. Then all of a sudden here comes this crazy man with a message of loving your neighbor and turning the other cheek. *This was literally viewed as crazy talk by the people of the time.*

Christianity also brought with it a level of morality that was slightly more advanced than, "Just make God happy, whatever he happens to ask for." Christianity didn't invent the idea of sin (a lot of fundamentalist Jewish cults of the day were preaching the idea), but the idea of *forgiveness of sins* for those who truly repented and made an honest effort not to do it again... that was pretty big, too. Christianity eventually brought another major evolution in morality, with the help of Plato and Aristotle. Note that every other religion we've discussed so far has made the point that being a moral person means doing what God (or the gods) say. OK, Christianity basically does this, too. But there's a subtle distinction. In the older religions, it was right and moral *because God said so*. In Christianity, God said so *because it was right and moral*. In other words, Christianity evolved an idea that morality exists in the abstract whether or not God is there to teach it to us. This is an important distinction. The pantheistic view is one of the easiest ways to illustrate it. If being good is just doing whatever makes Zeus happy, well, what kind of morality is that? It really isn't much of one. Why does Zeus get to decide what's right and wrong? Because he's the biggest badass? No, Christianity tells us. God gets to decide not because he's the biggest badass (although he is, of course), but because he's the wisest and has a clear view of what's truly moral. To be sure, Christianity hasn't always adopted this view. Also, it didn't completely invent it on its own (as I mentioned, it had some help from the Hellenistic philosophers). But it's a strong undercurrent throughout most of Christian doctrine, even when it's not explicitly stated. Another point worth mentioning is that *modern* Judaism has reincorporated much of this concept from it's child, and become a more advanced religion for it.

Christianity was the first major western religion that not only welcomed but openly recruited ethnic outsiders. To this day, it's not exactly easy to convert to Judaism. It's doable, but they make you work for it. Christianity changed that very early on, openly welcoming and recruiting non-Jews. This, also, is a bigger advancement than it may seem to modern eyes. Yes, Christianity, like all religions, represents some form of tribalism. You're a part of our Christian tribe now, so you're OK. But it's tribalism at a *much* more abstract level. No longer is your "tribe" so dependent upon your ethnicity. Now your faith can determine it instead. We all know that this is imperfectly executed, but it's a major advancement in ideas nonetheless.

Christianity, more than any other major world religion, has also proven very adaptable. To be sure, it has struggled somewhat in the modern era. But over the course of 2000 years, it has adapted to some amazing situations. You can see this almost right out of the gate. As someone familiar with classical history, to my eyes it is very rightly called the *Roman Catholic Church*. Confronted with competing religions, Christianity co-opted their celebrations, feast days, symbols, and even some ideas and made them its own. Again, its parent religion has done this as well to some degree – but nowhere near to the same extent.

Christianity is also the only modern major world religion that *from the very beginning* demanded strict monogamy. Judaism does now, but in its early days it was OK with polygamy. And yes, I know that there have been offshoots of Christianity that allowed polygamy. They have never been mainstream Christianity. (As an aside, I don't consider Mormonism to be Christianity for a variety of reasons. I would considerate as separate and distinct from Christianity as Christianity is from Judaism.) Even tolerance of divorce is recent in terms of Christian history. I don't think I need to explain to the manosphere that although this may be detrimental to a few individuals, it's a huge bonus for society at large.

Is it *better* than other religions using the criteria I've outlined? I think the answer is somewhat mixed historically, _____

but most of that mix depends on some specific flavorings of Christianity. The Middle Ages obviously were not the best times for human misery. But then, it was also a time when the church was extremely corrupt and materialistic. On the other hand, the modern western world was built on the shoulders of Christianity, and it's unquestionably the golden age of human history as far as a time and place of low human misery.

Islam, frankly, is a step backwards in terms of how *advanced* it is. It's much more similar to Judaism than it is to Christianity, despite accepting Christ as a prophet. It's moral code is fairly modern (don't laugh; compared to the Greeks and the Romans, it is *fairly* modern) and in keeping with the other religions of the book (up until their liberalization about a century or so ago), but it doesn't really offer anything obviously new. Also, I'm not at all a fan of Islamic acceptance of polygamy. This is fundamentally *not a good thing* for society. Is Islam *better* than other religions? It did fairly well in the Middle Ages, but the Islamic world has been in decline ever since. The biggest issue that Islam suffers from is its lack of adaptability. It did well at the right time and place, but it can't adapt to a changing world.

This post is already running really long, so I'm going to go ahead and wrap it up rather than delving deeper. But the short version is this: I believe that Christianity (or at least flavors of it) is both the *most advanced* religion that the world has seen to date and also the *best* religion the world has seen to date, in terms of how that religion benefits society. Part 4 will delve more into Christianity and some problems I have with it and/or various flavors of it.

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Lent Update

Leonidas · 15 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

As it happens, on day one (Wednesday), my wife was very sore from the gym and asked me if I could survive the first day. I figured sure – if I can't make it one day, what's the point?

Then she woke up in the middle of the night with a *nasty* stomach virus.

Needless to say, she wasn't in the mood and I didn't want what she had, either. So nothing there until she was feeling better on Friday night. Not the worst things could have been by any stretch, but I wasn't expecting to face the trial right out of the gate, either. So be it, not a big deal.

Unfortunately, my wife's PCOS is kicking up again. She hasn't had a period in some time now, and along with that, her sex drive is dropping off to near nothing again. Thankfully, she's been really great about it and letting me have what I need anyway since she got over the illness. But that's another issue to deal with, and one reason we're also targeting diet and exercise as part of our Lent this year.

Then tonight I came down with what she had anyway. I think I caught it from our son. He got it on Saturday and now I've got it. Seems to imply a two day incubation period. And anybody who has small children will tell you that they're *nasty* and they spread germs like you wouldn't believe. Tonight is proving to be very difficult, as the discomfort and urges are coming on top of feeling totally awful. And I haven't even asked my wife for anything. I'm sure she'd find the idea revolting with me being this sick.

A quick note, however, to all the women out there who poke fun of male sexuality, think it's funny to sexually tease men, just plain think it's wrong how much men want sex, or preach the horrid evil of masturbation: you have obviously never experienced the testicular pain that can accompany pure abstention. I don't know what percentage of men would experience it, much less those who would get it after a mere three days, but I'm certain I'm not the only one. Let me assure you that it is real, and that if I weren't married or at least sexually active, I wouldn't even be trying this.

I guess it's obvious by now that my calling in life is *NOT* to be a priest.

My Long and Winding Road to Catholicism – Part 4

Leonidas · 15 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Sometimes the things that may or may not be true are the things a man needs to believe in the most. That people are basically good; that honor, courage, and virtue mean everything; that power and money, money and power mean nothing; that good always triumphs over evil; and I want you to remember this, that love... true love never dies. You remember that, boy. You remember that. Doesn't matter if it's true or not. You see, a man should believe in those things, because those are the things worth believing in.

–Hub McCann, “Secondhand Lions”

In part 3 I mentioned that I believe Christianity can be objectively shown to be both *better* and *more advanced* than competing religions. Despite that, I still have issues with it.

I have no question that a man named Jesus (or, more accurately, the Hebrew equivalent) lived in the Holy Lands at some point during the reign of Augustus, gathered some disciples around him, and taught more or less as he's represented in the Gospels. His crucifixion is probably the single most believable part of the story. Here comes this guy who at one and the same time is stirring up trouble against the local religious authorities *and* is spouting off a lot of stuff that sounds like it's undermining the authority of the Roman overlords? Oh yeah, I'm sure they crucified that guy. OK, so there's not a lot of corroborating historical evidence to back up a lot of the specifics. There's not really much to go against it, either, so I don't really see much of a reason to discount the basics of the biblical story.

Was he the son of God? Did he rise from the dead on the third day? I have trouble with those, I'll admit. That may seem strange for someone who's in the process of converting to Christianity. But the thing is, *I'm not really sure it matters*. It's a powerful story even if it's only metaphor – or even if it was made up after the fact by his disciples in an attempt to bolster their fledgling faith. As I've said already, a large part of my own journey to religion is practical. Some will find this offensive. Many will find it unconvincing. Others will scoff. I don't really care. I'm not writing this to soothe your feelings. I'm not writing it to convince you. I'm sure as hell not writing it for your approval. It's just my story as it is. I have difficulty with these elements, but I can live with them.

I have *serious* trouble believing that the bible is the literal word of God. Not to make to light a point of it... but if it's the literal word of God, *which version* is the right one? And don't hand me an English translation, because I'm not buying it. The original books of the bible were written in three different languages (Hebrew, Aramaic, and Greek) at different times and places by different people. For some books of the bible, there are multiple versions in the original language. Which one should we use for the translation? Biblical scholars don't always agree. The Roman Catholic, Eastern Orthodox, and Protestant bibles don't even have the same number of books.

I refuse to accept the idea of predestination. This isn't *just* a selfish need to feel like I have some degree of control over my own life (I'll admit to a little of that). Whether free will is real or not, I believe that we must act as if it is. If we stop acting as though we believe in free will, society fundamentally breaks down. This is one of the many cultural/religious issues that the Islamic Middle East faces that keeps it from rising above its current problems (I say that as an observation, not a moral judgment). If you don't believe in free will, then you stop caring about the choices you make. Morality as we know it breaks down because nobody has any real responsibility for anything. I reject predestination completely, and everything that comes with it.

I outright reject any faith that preaches that God has already chosen who will be “saved” and who won't. If God has preselected whom He's given Grace to and whom He hasn't, and everybody else is just fucked even if they try their best to live a good life and follow His teachings... well, that God's an asshole, and He's not worth of my belief or worship. And if that's really how He is, then I'll stand before Him on judgment day and tell Him to his face as He casts me into the fiery pits of hell. So be it.

I find no benefit in any religion that doesn't ask something from its members. Modern protestantism, especially in America, is so pathetically lame. A quote from a friend's Facebook page recently: "For lent I'm going to give up self-loathing and being so hard on myself about everything." Really? Wow, what a sacrifice. For those wondering, yes, it's from a girl's page. I say girl even though she's in her 20s because... well, it should be obvious. Or as Dalrock has pointed out repeatedly, they can't even condemn divorce anymore. Our churches have become so feminized and so overrun by the self-obsessed Baby Boomers that they're mostly just intolerable. No wonder membership is declining.

I can't join a faith that doesn't have a basic respect for science. Yes, our society has swallowed a lot of pseudoscientific crap. But real science – the kind that, you know, follows the actual *scientific method* – has been the single greatest tool humanity has ever known for removing misery, poverty, starvation, and premature death. Sorry if this offends some of my readers (OK, I'm really not all that sorry), but the evidence for evolution is pretty overwhelming. Massively overwhelming. You've probably used a product within the last month that wouldn't exist if it weren't for our modern understanding of evolution. Evolution as a theory may have problems, but if it does, it's the kind of problems that, say, cause the theory of Newtonian Gravity to get modified into General Relativity, not the kind of problems that cause it to go away altogether. Seriously, there's very little in the world of science that's as strongly supported as the basic tenants of evolution. Not that evolution has to be counter to faith at all, anyway. Replace the idea of "random change" in evolution with "change guided by the hand of God" and really, what's the problem? Oh, right... *the bible is literal truth*. Yeah. Have fun with that.

It's a lot to ask of a religion, but I'm much more comfortable something that's internally consistent. Yes, with Christianity I'm being asked to accept a few things as basic premises that I have a bit of trouble with. But thanks to Gödel's first incompleteness theorem (summed up for the lay person: any logical system that is internally consistent will always have premises that are unprovable but are nonetheless true *within that system*) we know that this is pretty unavoidable. I have little stomach for those who can't be intellectually honest with themselves about where their theories and philosophies lead them.

I really have come to believe that elements of our culture and government have been deliberately designed to keep families small and help break them apart, and we're looking for institutions that counter that. Specifically, my wife and I want a big family (not *too* huge, 4-5 kids; more on that in a separate post someday), so we want a community that's supportive and understanding of that. In this day and age, anything more than 2 or 3 kids is kind of rare, and almost looked down upon. We also want a place that is very firm in supporting marriage – *not* divorce.

I have come to believe that rituals are an important part of culture and religion and that our society is seriously lacking in them. Yes, they're completely irrational and don't serve much of an objective purpose. But I believe that the human psyche needs them nonetheless.

I'm not at all interested in a cult of personality. An example? My idiot brother and his bitch tried to bail on my wedding reception in order to go to the going away party for the pastor of their church. A pastor who was run out of the church because his wife had *committed suicide* because he was cheating on her, and he had the balls to show up at church within weeks of her death with another woman. Oh, he's a pretty alpha guy alright, I'll admit that without having ever met him. Living proof of Roissy's maxim that if you're alpha enough you can get away with anything. But disgusting and repugnant. I'll pass, thank you very much. An alpha minister is OK, I just expect him to be a moral and spiritual *leader* as part of it, not just a douchebag.

I have no patience for those who claim that they're getting "closer to the *original* teachings of Christ." Right. And how, exactly, do you know? Were you there? No, of course you weren't. Your hamster is just spinning away to rationalize *your own* interpretation of Christ's teachings. I even say this as one who's been partially guilty of this in the past. Sure, we have some interesting historical documents that have turned up recently that give us a new perspective on the early church. There's no reason whatsoever to believe that they're any more authentic than the scriptures that have been passed down over the centuries. If anything, those who formalized the canon at the **Council of Nicea** were probably in a better position to decide that than we are today, given that they were much

closer to the source and had access to a whole lot more documentation that has since been lost to us. Also, they were living in a Christian tradition that had had much less time to evolve. I doubt that they were perfect in their decisions, but I even more doubt that we're going to be able to be *more* perfect 1700 years later.

In Part 5 I'll explore how I believe Catholicism in particular has answers to most of these issues.

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My Long and Winding Road to Catholicism – Part 5

Leonidas · 16 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

If you made it through [the last installment](#), you'll see that I have a pretty long list of issues with Christianity. But over time, I've come to realize something. Many of these issues aren't actually issues with Christianity itself, but rather issues with *protestantism*.

I'm going to go through this in roughly the same order as the last post, so for some it might be helpful to pull them both up side by side.

Catholic dogma is that Jesus wasn't just a man, but he was also a God. Also that he rose from the dead on the third day after his Crucifixion and ascended bodily into heaven after that. OK. I'll admit it – I still have issues with that. But you know what? I can accept it, if not outright believe in it. As I said before, it's a powerful story. I'm willing to just take it as a premise that can't be proven and go from there. The only church that would call itself Christian that might not ask me to believe that is the Unitarian church, and that's just kind of pointless. So OK, I'll bite... but only if I can accept what follows.

As for the bible... the Catholic stance is that the bible is inerrant (without error), but only when it's *properly understood and interpreted by the church*. Now, this may at first seem to open a can of worms of its own. But the church's position basically is this: Jesus was part of an oral society. He taught orally. He instructed his apostles to teach orally. The scriptures of the New Testament were written down much after the fact *in order to capture the oral Tradition* of the church. The church itself has maintained that tradition, person to person, for 2000 years.

You know what? I can buy that. It matches with the known history of the documents we have today. Is the modern tradition of the church a perfect recreation of the traditions of 2000 years ago? I doubt it. It's basically a 2000 year old game of telephone. I'm pretty sure that it's not exactly what Jesus was teaching. I doubt the church would argue with that. They'd probably say that the teaching has evolved, guided by the Holy Spirit, to match the times. Fair enough, I can get behind that. I'm pretty solidly convinced that *nobody else is going to be closer* to what Jesus actually taught. This is where the idea that Catholics aren't as big into the bible comes from. It's not that they don't honor it. They just claim that the bible captured church traditions rather than being the source of church traditions. Along these lines, they say that some parts of the bible were meant to be taken literally and some were meant to be metaphor, and the oral tradition of the church, handed down priest to priest for 2000 years tells us which was which. To me, this makes *infinitely* more sense than taking the bible literally. If you believe that the Holy Spirit really has guided the church, then this is pretty pure. Myself, I'm betting that the telephone game has distorted it somewhat... but I'm willing to live with that.

The Catholic church does not preach predestination and never really has. It's a Protestant idea that came primarily from John Calvin. Free will is, in fact, very important to Catholic dogma in general. This is a big plus to me.

Likewise, the Catholic church doesn't really have this idea of "being saved" simply by believing in Jesus. It's not enough. You also have to make a true effort to live a good life, free from sin and doing good deeds. This is a *very* good social construct, as it encourages people to actually live their morality rather than skating by just because being a believer is good enough. Points here.

Even in the watered down form you find it in modern America, Catholicism asks something from its members. Catholicism doesn't allow divorce (although I think it's way too easy to get an annulment these days, especially in America... but it's still better than the protestants). Catholicism expects you to confess your sins regularly, a painful but powerful act (and probably the single part of Catholicism that I'll have the most trouble with). Catholicism expects you to do penance for those sins. Catholicism expects you to actually give up something for Lent, to contribute to charity, to show up to Mass regularly and on special holy days. Yes, there are lots of "bad Catholics" who don't do these things. But the church still has the balls to stand up there and tell you that you *should*. It's better than most. However, Catholicism also doesn't ask so much of you that it's absolutely draconian. None of this really

will crush you.

The Catholic church has had its issues historically with science. Yes, we all remember Galileo. But it really shouldn't have been a surprise to anybody that Pope Benedict recently called the conflict between creationism and evolution **an absurdity**. The modern church is very friendly to science, with one big caveat: science is there to tell us how the world works, religion is there to tell us how to make moral judgments about it. As a philosopher, I find this exactly right. Science is *fantastic* for finding out factual info. It provides no guidelines on its own for morality. My sister-in-law's uncle (not my bitch sister-in-law, the other one) is a Catholic priest *and* a physics teacher. The church views these as compatible, and I approve.

The Catholic church is *extremely* consistent with its views. They've had 2000 years to practice *and* some of the biggest powerhouses in the history of philosophy to help them get it right. Most of the argument that people have with their views can fall into two categories: coming from a different set of first principles or letting their rationalization hamsters run loose because they don't *want* to agree with the church. I doubt that there's any other sizable organization on the planet that's as consistent as the church. To be honest, I'm a little bit in awe of it, especially considering its raw size (there are over a billion Catholics in the world). Is it perfect? No. But it's pretty good.

The Catholic church supports big families. If you're going to claim birth control is a sin, you kind of have to. Works for us. I don't think I really need to explain this one.

The Catholic church more than any except perhaps the Orthodox churches maintains a high degree of ritual in what it does. Excess ritual is often associated with paganism and cults, and for good reason. But the rituals capture us because they speak to something fundamental in the human psyche. Even if you believe that the Mass and the Eucharist are a bunch of hogwash, the rituals associated with them are pretty useful as a kind of meditation period – much like the rituals that Buddhist monks go through, only in larger groups. Indeed, all of the seven sacraments serve as pretty powerful rituals to accomplish specific purposes within the human psyche. Baptism as a ritual helps cement your status part of the tribe. Confirmation serves as a rite of passage (something our society is *sorely* lacking). Making marriage a sacramental ritual emphasizes the importance the church places on family. I find this extremely useful, even if a part of me does think it's all a bit irrational.

Christianity itself could, to some degree, be called the biggest cult of personality of all time – if you consider the big man, JC himself, to be the alpha at the top. But he's been elsewhere for about 2000 years, and in that time the church has become a large bureaucracy. I'm not overly fond of big bureaucracies... but they're better than cults of personality. The church has a lot of rules in place specifically to prevent it from becoming too much of that. 2000 years of history will help you figure out that kind of thing.

The church doesn't claim it's getting "closer" to the original teachings of Christ. It claims they *are* the original teachings of Christ, and always have been. They certainly have a better claim to it than anybody else.

This installment has been a response to a bunch of negative ideas about Christianity. The next installment will focus more on positive traits of the church that I find very appealing.

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The Way to Improve School is to Have Less of It

Leonidas · 16 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Today's title is yanked from a throwaway line about a minute and a half into the video, but it more or less sums up my own experience with the public schools.

Fighting In The Shade

Leonidas · 17 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

My new blog, [Fighting In The Shade](#) (in association with [In Mala Fide](#)) has just gone live. The intro post explains how I got here, why I picked Leonidas as a moniker, why I've stepped up the blogging lately, and why I've joined in with Ferdinand. For the long time readers, my intention is to keep this blog more focused on relationship issues and move most of my cultural and political commentary over to the new blog. Also, my latest post on the In Mala Fide main page is up. This one goes into much greater depth on the issue of [American soft polygamy](#) that I first brought up in my post on [demographics](#) and that Alte has been [discussing all week](#).

My Long and Winding Road to Catholicism – Part 6

Leonidas · 17 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

The Catholic church isn't just able to bring good responses to some of my issues with Christianity. The church itself has a number of qualities that I find very valuable.

The Catholic church is *highly* resistant to change. It's not that it doesn't change. It just changes at a truly glacial pace. In my youth, I would have found this to be a bad thing. These days, I think it's an extremely good thing. The church has a 2000 year history from which to understand that although technology changes, *human nature doesn't*. People are still basically the same as they were a few thousand years ago. And every few generations we start to get some *truly* silly ideas in our head. Yes, I think ideas such as modern leftist feminism are significantly sillier than the idea that a Jew died on the cross for our sins and was resurrected 3 days later. Significantly. I believe that a good religion can provide a kind of inoculation against particularly harmful social ideas. A friend of mine called this the **Snow Crash** theory of religion after I explained it to him. After some thought I had to admit that he's basically right, and that's more or less where I even got the idea from. The story is kind of far fetched, and Neal Stephenson is a terrible writer. But I think the root concept of religion as a vaccine against true craziness has some real validity to it, and I think the Catholic church overall works better in that regard than just about any other religion due to various parts of its nature – due mostly to its slowness to change and the way it maintains rituals that have a powerful effect on the human psyche. Part of what I'm looking for, after all, is to inoculate my kids against our feminized society.

The Catholic church still has schools that are worth a damn. They may not be as good as I'd like (even they have been somewhat **infected by the PC virus**, banning physical punishment despite it being about the only thing that really works for boys) but they're a lot better than the public schools. My wife and I aren't quite ready to make the leap to home schooling if we can avoid it, but I'll sell body parts before I let the public schools destroy my son the way they nearly did me. That is not an exaggeration. If the Catholic schools aren't good enough, we'll give home schooling a try. But we figure we'll try them first. Oh, and our local Catholic school gives a pretty hefty discount to parish members. Multiply that by five kids planned for k-8, and it's slightly fair to say that I've sold my soul for somewhere in the neighborhood of a quarter million dollars in today's money and a far better youth and education for my children. My sister-in-law's Catholic priest physics teacher uncle? He teaches at a (different) Catholic school, and he's one of the best trained people I've ever met in classical philosophy and logic. Two thumbs *way* up. We've looked at the curriculum for the local school, too, and it's significantly more advanced than what I did in the local public schools. This is a very big deal to me, and I think we've made a good choice for our children here. Most of all, the school is small enough that it's unlikely to form the same kind of social cliques that were rampant in the public schools I attended. Other factors were very important, too, but this is probably the single biggest one that cemented me on the Catholics.

The Catholic church understands and emphasizes that it's a *human* organization, and that it's members and even its leaders are human beings who make mistakes. I believe that the scandals regarding pedophilia in the church have been blown a bit out of proportion by our sensationalist media. There's nothing specific to the priesthood that encourages pedophilia. It *is* a position where a pedophile might actually have access to carry out his desires, so I'm not surprised that the very small percentage of our population with that problem is drawn there. The church's reaction to it also is completely consistent with how the church treats priests who have committed other crimes. For one, the confidentiality of confession is *absolute*. Like it or not, that's strictly necessary to make confession work. Take that away and it all breaks down. If a priest confesses pedophilia to another priest, that priest *can't* report him. It's against the vows. Second, the church has a longstanding policy of viewing all transgressions (even murder) as sins to be forgiven, perhaps with penance paid. Criminal punishment is left up to the secular governments. That's basically the way the church works.

That said, I do think they could have handled the pedophilia issue better. One of the priests at our local church has

suggested that the church should add windows to the confessional room so that parents can keep an eye inside. I agree with this proposal. It doesn't breach confidentiality any more than one already can. All it lets you do is know who's inside the confessional. You can tell that anyway if you just hang out outside and watch who goes in and out. But its existence would both reassure parents and force the small number of priests who are a problem to behave because they're being watched.

I like the emphasis that the church places on the sanctity of both human life and human dignity. I agree with them on both counts. I've been somewhat wishy washy on the idea of abortion in the past, but I've pretty much come around to agree that it's a terrible thing under pretty much *any* circumstances. I certainly believe that our current abortion numbers are a crime against humanity. There's absolutely no good reason for a society as rich as ours to have a 30% abortion rate. Likewise, I believe that all human beings are worthy of a certain degree of dignity – and that in our modern world, it's most often people robbing *themselves* of dignity, rather than others doing it. I've also come around to being completely against the death penalty. I've read too many stories of death row inmates being exonerated by modern forensic techniques (mostly DNA) both before *and after* their executions. The execution of even one innocent man is a tragedy beyond belief. I'm ashamed that I ever supported it.

I like that the priests who have talked before our **RCIA classes** have had the balls to stand up before a bunch of protestants and women and call divorce, abortion, adultery and premarital sex sinful. I like the shock on some of those women's faces when they hear that stated so openly and plainly. Frankly, they need it.

I like the humility that the church essentially forces on its own leaders. It's not perfect, but it places a good check on the very real power that they hold.

I like the church's approach to charity. First, it simply *does* more charity than most protestant churches. Second, at least most of the time the charity is freely offered, rather than being contingent upon church attendance or converting to their own religion. Also, the charity isn't dependent upon some church idea of who is worthy and who isn't. It's real charity, and I like that. I know there are exceptions to this (it's a big, imperfect organization), but in general this is the case.

I like churches that look like *churches*, not shopping malls. The Catholics still do a pretty good job of this even with newer buildings. Many of their older buildings are simply breathtaking, even when they're from a poorer parish.

In part 7 I'll discuss some difficulties I still have with the church. Only time will tell if I'm ever able to move past them or not, but they're not enough to keep me from signing on.

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My Long and Winding Road to Catholicism – Conclusion and Summary

Leonidas · 18 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I haven't really talked to my parents much about my conversion, but we had recently let them know that I will be baptized on Easter Sunday. My mother called me last Saturday and asked me why I'd picked the church we did. I told her it was a long answer. I'd have pointed her at this blog, except that I've made too many disparaging comments about my family here (one of the biggest reasons I post anonymously). I should've just told her that there was no way in hell I'd be caught dead at my brother's church. It's not really an explanation, but at least it's true.

I was raised as a Methodist and found it to be nearly useless. Likewise, I found atheism and agnosticism to be **unsatisfying**.

I've come to believe over time that more defined religion is **generally beneficial**.

I believe Christianity to be both the **most advanced and most beneficial** major religion in the world today.

I have a lot of **issues** with some flavors of Christianity.

The Catholic church **doesn't suffer from** most of these issues.

The Catholic church has other aspects that I see as **good both for myself and for society**.

I do still **have issues** with the church, and probably always will.

Nevertheless, I find it to be the best place to raise my children and strengthen my family against the storm of the modern world.

As I've noted elsewhere, in no way is this series an attempt to convert anybody. I'm not out to change anybody's mind or win anybody's approval. It is merely my story. Read it or don't. Like it or don't. Agree with it or don't. Argue with it or don't (I actually like those who do; reasoned argument is how I learn new things). It should be pretty clear by now that my conversion to Catholicism is largely for practical rather than theological reasons. Do I have huge amazing reservoirs of faith? No. I have issues with a lot of things. The Catholic God, though, will forgive me for that, even if He doesn't approve. It is His nature.

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My Long and Winding Road to Catholicism – Part 7

Leonidas · 18 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Anybody still here? I think I heard an echo. Yes, this has gotten a bit long. I'm almost done, I promise.

The Catholic church is not perfect to my view. But then, nothing is. Our modern society has developed this ridiculous obsession with perfection. If things aren't exactly perfect, we can't take it. Car isn't perfect? Trade it in before it's paid off! House isn't perfect? Trade up every few years as your income increases – it's only resetting your 30 year mortgage. Marriage isn't perfect? Try another one! Church isn't perfect? Start another one across the street!

I can live with the imperfections of the Catholic church. But I still see some of them there.

The biggest blemish is that they haven't handled the pedophilia scandals very well. Most of this is a PR issue, but there's some validity to some of the criticisms laid before the church. The church is an institution of great power. They have a responsibility to take reasonable measures to ensure that children are safe. As a comparison, I'd look at the Boy Scouts. Another organization that was plagued by pedophilia scandals, the Boy Scouts responded quietly but rapidly and forcefully, and as a result you don't hear much about it anymore except as off color jokes. Key policies that the Boy Scouts implemented include at least two adults present with any child at any time (if only one is there, that single adult can be accused, honestly or not, of suspect behavior), an extreme open door policy (parents being very welcome to see what's going on at any time) and more. In short, they took it seriously and responded to the problem. Is it a perfect solution? No, it can't be (see above). But they responded.

The Catholic church, on the other hand, has been slow to show that they take the problem seriously and it's been a bit of a disaster.

Even the mighty Catholic church has allowed itself to be feminized, at least in the western world. Annulments are too easy to get. In the 1960s, there were about 300 annulments a year granted in the US. As of 1996, that had grown to over **60,000 a year**. Many of those are from protestants converting to Catholicism (it's easier to get your marriage recognized as invalid if you married outside the church), as I learned while going through RCIA and hearing deacons counseling divorced people on how to navigate the system. As somebody else noted (I think it was Dalrock, but I can't find the post) churches love marriage more than they hate divorce. The Catholic church is better about it than most, but it's not fully immune either.

I'm not a big fan of hulking bureaucracies. Not much for it, I just have to deal.

The rite of Confession will probably *always* be the most difficult practical part of being Catholic for me. Then again, it's not meant to be easy.

I have problems with authority (unless I *am* the authority), and the Catholic church is very hierarchical and authority based. This will also be a struggle for me.

The emphasis that the church puts on humility and submission is very useful in some places. For example, it's good at helping to keep a check on the very wealthy and powerful. But it's also dangerous for people who are already poor and weak. Some percentage of those people need a little bit of confidence and self worth to move themselves up in the world, and such a powerful push for humility and submission can damage that. I don't really have a solution to this issue, I just note it.

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Shit Test ACED

Leonidas · 19 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I really wish I liked country music. I like the homier, more down to earth feel of the Nashville crowd. I like that it's a lot more family friendly. I like the values. I like the image. Even if the image is just as fake as the Hollywood image, I still like it better. I just have very little taste for the musical style. I'm a hard rock/metal guy myself. Still, this song is the perfect example of acing a shit test.

Via [Raise Your Glass](#).

My Sister In Law is a Bitch

Leonidas · 21 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

And I'm not just saying that because it showed up in my [search refers](#). It's true.

OK, I talk about my family enough on here and it's probably starting to get confusing. So to help everybody keep score, it's time to make up some names. I'm the second of four children. I have an older sister and two younger brothers. For the sake of argument, let's call them, in order, Hillary, Leonidas (me), Chewbacca (how the hell is that not in the spell checker?) and Wilson. Chewie's got his own issues, but his marriage isn't **[Editor: This was a typo.]** a lot better off than Wilson's, so we'll leave him alone for the moment. And Hillary... good lord, where would we even start. So today it's Wilson.

For those who have seen it, Wilson gets his pseudonym from the movie [Sky High](#), in particular the character of "Ron Wilson: Bus Driver" played by [Kevin Heffernan](#). My brother looks and acts just like him, only he's a teacher instead of a bus driver because in the real world we have teachers unions.

OK, I'm picking on my brother a bit. I actually feel kind of bad for it. Let's set the tone for the whole discussion right here. My wife, some of our old friends and I were sitting around one night two or three years ago discussing some of the douchetastic things Wilson and his wife had done when one of my friends just said, "The sad part is that we're all sitting around here talking about Wilson as if he'd died."

See, Wilson used to be kind of cool in his own weird and twisted little way. He was always a little dork who tried way too hard, but he really did have his own unique sense of style. Unique enough that if I described it here it would be a dead giveaway to anybody who knows me, so I can't really give too much detail. It was weird, but it was silly. The important people thought it unique and interesting, the losers thought it contemptible and those people you have to just get along with because they run everything found it tolerable because, well, it was just too silly to really come down on him for.

His whole life he's had a problem knowing when to shut his damn mouth, and it's gotten him into a lot of trouble. But for most of those years he was a really good natured kid, just energetic and mischievous. Then he met Emo Bear, his future wife (the name is a riff on the Care Bears, and it fits).

First of all, Emo Bear was a rebound relationship. A *high school* rebound relationship. We're already off to a bad start. Worse, I later found out from a mutual friend who went to school with him that she basically was laying in wait to ensnare him when the other chick dumped him – probably for the crime of being *way* too beta, which is what killed all of my high school relationships, too. On the other hand, she's probably spent a good bit of time on the cock carousel since then, so it's not a total loss (although she was much cuter than Emo Bear).

Emo Bear is the living definition of a Spoiled American Princess. First of all, her mother rules the home she grew up in. Her father is an *extremely* beta engineer who lets himself get walked all over. And Emo is their first child and only daughter. On her best days when she was still in her prime years (the late teens), she was a solid 6. Her ego thinks she's a 15.

She didn't really bother me at first because she puts on a decent outward appearance of just being shy rather than aloof. *I'm* shy, so I got that – or thought I did. The first thing that bothered me was that Hermione and I would try to set up double dates from time to time and they'd *always* flake on us. Then the one time they did show up, instead of seeing a slightly edgy comedy that we had originally discussed, we ended up going to see a kids movie. For her. OK, slightly annoying, but not *too* bad yet.

Then came the first family Thanksgiving she showed up for. For reasons that are too complicated to go into here, Hermione couldn't make it and instead ended up stuck with her parents right smack in the middle of their excruciating divorce. Their Thanksgiving consisted of ham sandwiches. Our Thanksgiving consisted of watch Wilson and Emo Bear ignore the family all day because they were too busy making out in another room. Oh, and

this was the first family event she'd bothered showing to as well. Despite being significantly younger and scared to death of meeting my family, Hermione had driven across four states with me to go to Chewie's wedding. Emo was a no show, and without very good reason (a trend that has since grown).

She continued to ignore family events, but *every* event with her family was super amazingly special and they just had to go. This struck me as a bad sign. So not too long later, I pulled Wilson aside and basically said, "Hey dude. She's totally not making any effort to involve herself with your family, but dragging you to everything for hers... I just don't think this is a good sign. Just be really sure you know what you're doing."

Oh, she didn't like that when word got back to her. I was trying to break them up, oh I'm so awful blah blah. Which isn't really true. At the time, all I really meant was what I said: just be really sure.

But a lot more unfolded after that. I met with some people from their church to go see a movie at one point, and quickly vowed, "Never again." Can we say C-U-L-T? There's some behavior there straight out of the brainwashing handbooks. Separate the subject from any family and friends who aren't a part of the church? Check. Denigrate any other source of information they might get? Check. Make sure that all of his new friends are from the church and properly indoctrinating him? Check. Ensure that all members know that they and *only they* are the truly saved and everyone else is damned? Check. Emo Bear and her family unconsciously (it had to be unconscious because none of them is bright enough to do it consciously) picked up on the same techniques and used them to isolate Wilson even more.

And they're really not that bright. This is the girl who, after spending more than two years working toward an *education degree* (she later dropped it down to something else because that was *too hard*) of all things had to have Wilson quietly explain what a labor union was one afternoon while we had a political discussion at my parents' house. And she probably really is the smart one out of her family. It's pathetic.

The drama escalated over the years. They still barely showed up at family events, using the flimsiest of excuses to get out of them. But then my brother lost his job (before he was a teacher) because he took off of work to go to her great-grandmother's (whom he had never met) funeral in another state despite being out of sick days. Um... no shit they fired your ass, bro. And damn my luck for just happening to be there the day you told Dad about it.

When Hermione and I got married, Emo Bear through a shit fit at our rehearsal dinner and stormed off. It wasn't a very good storm off, though, because hardly anybody even noticed. I'm pretty sure she was pissed off that we were getting married before her. They'd had to postpone their wedding three times because Wilson couldn't get a job. The two of them tried to leave our reception early to go to a "going away" party for their minister. A man who was being forced out of the church because his wife *committed suicide* after she found out he was having an affair. Oh, and then he showed up at the church within weeks with his mistress.

She set her own final wedding date on Wilson's birthday. He just went along with it with that dopey grin he's always had, not realizing (or just tolerating, I've never really been sure) that she'd taken away the only day he had that was really his and made it all about her. She was a total bridezilla at her wedding. Most of my extended family didn't show, mostly because the two of them had made so little effort for family events. Oh, and because none of *them* like her, either. But it's better that they weren't there. She and her family were jaw droppingly rude to my own family the whole weekend.

My parents have noticed all of this as well. They have the admirable habit of going to ridiculous lengths not to say anything negative about anybody (and I mean ridiculous; they take it too far). Even so, it slips out with her on occasion. But they never had the balls to tell either Wilson or Emo to their faces that their behavior is unacceptable. Instead, they just get pissy and take it all out on their other children. As far as I know, I'm the *only* family member who's ever had the balls to say anything directly.

Which has led to the other problem. In her eyes, I'm the alpha. There's never been anything direct, but I'm damned sure that it's causing issues. My brother's got his head so far up her ass that he won't listen to or think anything she doesn't approve of. He caves on everything. Beta to the core. So beta that I'd call him an Omega if he hadn't

somehow managed to father a child by her. And here I come, the only one in the family who won't put up with her shit. You can guess the effect that has.

But dammit, I don't want it. For one, it's my brother. *I would never go there*. For another... ew, just ew. Remember when I said that at her best she was a solid 6? That was a few years ago. Now she's a little rolly polly with a body that looks like a Chinese dumpling. I wouldn't fuck her with *your* dick, even with 10 condoms on. But it's launched some sort of female competitive instinct that's caused her to be all kinds of annoying to my wife. Great, just great. But I'm still sure as hell not going to back down and start acting like a chump.

You might think that because she's so fundamentalist in her religion that their marriage would still have a decent chance of working out. I doubt it, though. Her family doesn't like him and never has. She has *no* respect for him. And why should she? He caves to *everything* that she wants. He's a school teacher in a time when schools are laying off teachers. We *know* that the school district he works for is about to announce layoffs. It's been in all the papers. Yet rather than waiting until the announcements, they're about to buy a house. Rather, I should say that he's about to buy *her* a house, because I've got money that their marriage doesn't last a decade. If he does get the pink slip there's a decent chance it won't last the summer. Sure, she'd have a pretty hard time trading up. But her family's there ready to step in and convince her that just about anything would be a step up.

The worst part of all is the way they talk baby talk to each other even when other people are around. I heard it for the first time a few years ago when he was talking to her on the phone. Among my friends it has now been dubbed as his "gay man voice" because that's exactly what it sounds like. Which is one reason why I roared with laughter when I read the following on the [Château](#) this morning:

Any man using baby talk with his woman should lop — or rather, daintily snip — his balls off and mail them to a scientific lab to be studied under an electron microscope for possible application in nanotechnology.

Amusingly and sadly all at once, that is my brother.

I want to help my little brother, but he won't listen to anything I say on this topic. Indeed, he ignores almost any direct advice I give him now. I'm certain it's because he wants to spare himself the fight with his wife over it. But it's a little sad, because he still kind of hero worships me (his big brother) and picks up indirectly on the things I say and do. So for now I just wait on the sidelines, ready to hand him a copy of Athol's new book when it comes out and point him over to Roissy.

I'm waiting for the explosion to come now that I've stopped putting up with her shit. I'm waiting for my father to tell me that it's not my place to be treating them that way. I'm not looking forward to explaining that no, it's *his* place to do it and he's falling down on the job. But it needs to be done. What I've listed here is only a brief summary of the major items that I remember. She's been at this for years now, and the tally is huge.

The really sad part is that after learning about Game it's become so obvious that she's *desperate* for a little bit of alpha treatment. She wants to be put in her place really, *really* badly. If my brother would just grow a pair, she wouldn't be anywhere near as intolerable (she still wouldn't have been worth marrying). But I just don't see it happening until the cold hard reality of divorce court bites him on the ass. You can't save everybody.

One Year Anniversary

Leonidas · 21 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

It's hard to believe that it's been an entire year since I [launched this blog](#). And oh what a year it's been.

I've moved twice, changed jobs, transferred to a new grad school, almost finished my conversion to Catholicism, sold a car, and bought a car. We celebrated my son's first birthday and my grandmother's 90th. My nephew was born. Athol's about to [release his book](#). Keoni's lived through his [second tsunami](#). Ferdinand relaunched [his blog](#) as a group effort, which I joined, and I've launched a new [satellite blog](#) as part of his revamp.

The blog itself has grown. It started as merely a documentation of my path. It's grown to be much more. I'm not exactly sure yet what it is, but it's definitely more than that.

And oh yeah, I'm having more sex than ever.

Alpha Move: Take Her to the Shooting Range

Leonidas · 22 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Shooting is manly. Shooting *well* is an alpha trait. Shooting *better than her* is best of all, if you can manage it.

Most women think they hate guns until they actually try shooting and find out that it's really fun. A good friend of mine is engaged to a fairly liberal woman. She's been preparing for law school so that she could be a human rights lawyer for the UN (I *think* she's given up on that; he's an officer in the Army and she's finally just given in and accepted that his career doesn't keep him in one place long enough for her to go to a prestigious law school). At the beginning of their relationship I'd have pegged her to be one of the most anti-gun people around. A few months ago I wrote to him asking some advice on firearms (he's one of the most gun knowledgeable people I know, and I'm in the market; he gave great advice, too) for myself and my wife. His response just about killed me: "Well, I got my fiancée a **CZ-75 P-07 Duty** and she *loves* it."

Most women, even extremely liberal women, do find that it's quite enjoyable once they actually spend some time around it. And being the one to introduce her to it puts you in the Alpha mode, especially if you're actually any good at it.

A few days ago Hermione and I made our second trip to the range in as many months, trying stuff out before settling in on what to buy (our local range has some rentals available). I've pretty well settled in on a Springfield Armory **XD-45 Tactical** in black, which I rented for the second time today. My wife tried out a different gun today, a **Walther P-22**. She was a lot more comfortable with that, and we ended up deciding that it's probably better to start her on a .22 like that (we haven't quite settled on a specific gun yet, although she liked the Walther) and then move to a "real" caliber once she's got some more practice and confidence. All in all, a good time. OK, maybe I had more fun than she did, but she did enjoy it.

Also, it didn't hurt the alpha game that she was shooting bullets like the one on the left while I was shooting bullets like the one on the right. 😊



My Poor, Poor Sister

Leonidas · 22 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Feminism doesn't just hurt men. It also hurts women. It hurts top tier women because it creates a culture in which they can no longer hold onto their top catch man. It hurts bottom tier women because they're sold a bill of goods and convinced that they can have much better men than they actually ever can.

It also hurts the women whom it convinces to forgo family altogether in pursuit of a high paying, high status, or deep and meaningful career. Like my sister.

I was initially going to write this in the comment sections of [Vox's fantastic post](#) but then I realized that I had more to say than that. You could write volumes on my sister and how she demonstrates so much that is broken in society.

Where do I even begin? My sister (whom I have [dubbed Hillary](#)) is the archetypal radical feminist and has been her whole life. So radical that she'll sit there with a straight face and tell you she's not radical at all. How she can hold this when her views fall so far to the left of even mainstream feminism was completely beyond me, until I learned the hamster metaphor. Oh, there's a *GIANT* hamster at work there. In a previous post Vox describes his experience with women and their desires to have children.

Every woman I knew in high school and college swore up and down that she didn't want to have children. Every single one. All of them that are married, as well as some who are not, have children now. The rest wish they did. Most of the married, but childless, working women I knew said that they wanted to continue working after they had children. Only about half of them returned to their jobs and most of those who still work wish they didn't need to do so.

This has been pretty much my experience as well. The only real difference in my case is that it was more like 70-80% of the women I knew saying they didn't want children. I don't know where Vox is from, but I attribute the difference to growing up in the south where feminism doesn't have *quite* as much control over the general consciousness as it does in other places.

More to the point, it perfectly describes Hillary. I can't tell you how often, loudly, emphatically and *consistently* throughout my life I've heard her say she absolutely, positively was not interested in getting married and having children. Now she's almost 37 and completely distraught about not having any kids. Watching all three of her brothers have children within a year and a half of each other just ramped up the distress even higher. And it's just about too late. She's hit the wall *bad* over the last two years. She was always kind of pretty, and could've been fairly hot (probably a solid 8 or pushing at a 9) if she'd lost about 10-15 pounds and allowed herself to dress like a woman. Don't get me wrong, she always dressed *nicely*. In power suits and pants and all that empowered woman crap. Even the skirts and dresses she wears trend to that look.

But damn, I don't know what happened to her. She went and got an advanced degree at an Ivy League, graduated about two years ago, and bam. She's gained about 30-40 pounds (maybe more) and aged about 10 years all at once. Add in the attitude she's always had and marriage is pretty much out the door. Given that she's a protestant minister, having children out of wedlock is pretty much a career killer, and at 37 her fertility is pretty low anyway. At *best* she's got about 8 years of fertility left, all of it with considerably lower odds of success and higher odds of problems than she would've had in her younger years. And the weight doesn't help any either.

Then let's factor in the attitude. My sister is a 7 who could've been an 8 but in her head she's a 13. The bitch shields are off the chart. Worst of all, she's totally stuck on only the best of the best alpha males for her, and completely can't understand that not a one of them would put up with her shit for the 15 minutes that a pump and dump would take.

She actually did almost marry one once. The story shouldn't be much of a surprise to the Game community,

although it took me years to learn some of the important details from my father. Hillary won't talk about it to this day. She met the guy in college. When I was 14 I flew up to visit her over spring break and spent most of a week there. And I find out from her and her friends that she has a big time crush on this guy. Huge. The kind that **turns women into beta males**. Of course, he already had a girlfriend at the time, and evidently had had several during their time at school. They were freshmen. So in less than a year, this guy had had more than one semi-serious relationship. Alpha. And Hillary was dying, because he never noticed her.

Fast forward a couple of years and he's driving down with her to visit the family because they're engaged. I actually *meet* the guy for the first time I'm not impressed. He's not that bright. He doesn't particularly treat my sister well (which I now know is part of why she liked him). He's not even that *cool* (the kind of trait you'd associate with an alpha male). And there was something about him that was just a bit... slimy. But something must've been working for him to get all the girls he did. A while later his parents came down to meet my parents. Then I actually liked OK, although they didn't strike me as a family that had much in common with ours (I believed then and still believe that coming from similar family backgrounds is helpful for long term marriage stability).

About two months before the wedding the whole thing was called off. I had *absolutely no idea why*. Hillary wouldn't talk about it. My parents pretended otherwise but they didn't really seem to know either. The closest thing to an explanation I got at the time was that he was asking for more than my sister was willing to give up. I didn't have any trouble accepting *that* explanation. It was always all about her. Over the years I tip toed around the subject and tried to pry more out of her, and about all I could get was that he was an asshole jerk and I should let it drop.

A couple of years ago my dad finally filled me in. I'm not sure *he* had known until shortly before that, either. Evidently the guy had wanted to set up some kind of open marriage where she'd follow him off to grad school, support him while he finished, and they could keep seeing other people. I admire his balls for trying to arrange such a thing. I admire my sister for telling him to go fuck himself. It's one of the few smart decisions regarding men she's ever made.

The pathetic part is how utterly easy my sister would be to Game if anybody put in the effort. She thinks she's this amazingly strong, super brilliant, educated, modern, feminist, empowered woman who won't put up with any shit from any man. And she wouldn't – from any *beta* man. But a couple of nuclear negs to offset the 13 ego that comes from the ultimate life of gold stars and pats on the head, a healthy dose of “ignore her” game, and just not putting up with any of her shit and she'd be putty. If she read this blog she'd be the first one to leave the feminist rage comments about how I'm putting women down, women aren't really like that, it's all society, we're misogynistic pigs, and none of it really works anyway. But it'd work hard core with her.

She's also ignored all the beta boys her whole life. Like the nice gentleman down the street who was very bright, hard working, clean cut, and very *nice*. He took her to senior prom as “friends.” She should've married him. He'd have been a good catch. But of course not. Typical LJBF territory. She'd go on and on and *on* and *on* and *ON* (and still will) about how there are no good men out there who meet all the criteria she'd lay out. Always the same laundry list of characteristics that in reality will get you branded an LJBF. Nevermind that there were always dozens of those guys around that I could've pointed to.

Moving on... from a comment by The Duece in the first post I **linked** above:

The funny thing is, when they're not being offended at a man pointing it out, women will gladly point out that they don't know what they want themselves, though not in those exact words, and will attempt to spin their fickle nature as a strength. You ever heard Shania Twain's “Any Man Of Mine?”

Again, absolutely true about my sister. The whole time I was in college she kept telling me how amazed she was that I knew what I wanted to do and didn't struggle with it. The whole time since then she's kept telling me how amazing it is that I always knew what I wanted to do. Nevermind that it's total crap and that the only *consistent* plan I ever had was, “I don't want to spend my whole life working for the man like my father did.” She herself was

happy to talk about how she didn't know what she wanted to do (neither did most of her friends). But if anybody had dared to mention it being a general female problem, she'd have gone apeshit.

Part of me is still angry at her for "teaching" me so much about what women want that turned out to be so horribly wrong. Angry that I can, justifiably, lay 80% of the blame for my youthful frustration with women squarely at her feet. But mostly I'm just sad for her. Sure, she's got her fancy pants Ivy League graduate degree. She's not rich, and never going to be. She's not famous, and never going to be. She's not going to leave a massive mark on society the way she's always wanted to. She will have people who remember her when she's gone... but only for a while. And then there will be no children to give her the only true immortality we only have. No grandchildren to keep her company in her old age. No husband to grow old with. Just a lot of tears and bitterness to enjoy alone with her dog (at least she won't be the cat lady) while she grows old on government retirement subsidies (if she's lucky enough for it to still be there).

This is the liberation and empowerment that feminism has brought. And odds are that she'll swear until her last miserable breath that it was all worth it.

Permanent PMS

Leonidas · 23 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

As I've **mentioned before** my wife has a hormonal disorder called **Polycystic Ovary Syndrome (PCOS)**. The name is somewhat misleading because it's no longer just used to describe women with cysts on their ovaries. It turns out that the root of the problem is actually hormonal. The root problem is that PCOS women produce too many androgens (male hormones) and it throws their body out of whack. Symptoms can include cysts on the ovaries (for which the syndrome was originally named), erratic ovulation (menstrual cycles can be longer than normal, irregular, or stop altogether for months or years on end), infertility (mostly due to the menstrual problems, but there are other issues) and extreme weight gain. In fact, PCOS is the leading cause of female infertility. It's estimated that 5-10% of women suffer from PCOS, although many are undiagnosed.

My wife is 23 and was diagnosed with PCOS in her late teens (just about at the time we got married). We got extremely fortunate, in that she got recommended at one point to one of the leading specialists on PCOS in the nation.

If you have PCOS, go to a specialist. Seriously. Trust me on this. Even if you have to pay out of pocket. The state of knowledge on this disease has increased dramatically in the last decade and most of your run of the mill gynecologists aren't adequately trained to treat you. They *think* they are, but they're very out of date. You will get *much* better treatment and advice from a fertility specialist even if you're not trying to get pregnant.

The good news about PCOS is that it's highly treatable with diet and exercise, especially if you catch it young before the weight gain gets totally out of control. Many PCOS women end up morbidly obese by their early 30s, at which point it's extremely difficult to treat the problem. Interestingly, despite the fact that it's the androgens that are out of whack, PCOS turns out to be primarily a problem with *insulin*, which is why weight gain is such a common symptom.

The typical recommendation for PCOS women is a low or lowish carb diet. Our doctor specifically mentioned the South Beach diet. We've had extremely good success on a paleo style diet (which actually isn't all *that* different from South Beach), and many, many PCOS women also report good results from a paleo style diet. After a few months pretty solidly on a paleo style diet, my wife and I had both lost a decent amount of weight and her periods, which had completely stopped before, started up again. Along with her regular cycles, her sex drive came back as well. This is also pretty common – many (but not all) women with PCOS have drastically lowered libidos.

Unfortunately, you pretty much have to stick with the diet. It's not a case of "try it until you're cured and then go back to eating whatever you like." It's more or less a lifetime dietary change. We got pretty busy and stressed out in the latter part of 2010, mostly due to moving twice within six months. One very unfortunate side effect of that is that we started neglecting our diet and exercise. We've both gained a little bit of weight back, and my wife's periods have stopped again.

About a week before Lent started we made a push to get our diet back on track. We also made sticking to it a bit of a joint Lent resolution for ourselves. We're already seeing good results again only a few weeks in. Our weight is starting to drop again (albeit slowly). My wife's hormones are starting to pick back up again. She's showing signs that her cycles are returning... but they're moving *slowly* right now. The shitty part is, she's been *slowly* moving through the PMS part of her cycle for almost 3 weeks now. We're quite confident that if we stick to the diet and exercise things will straighten themselves out.

But let me tell you, three weeks of PMS sucks.

Frustrated Woman Syndrome

Leonidas · 29 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I have this friend. Let's call him Clark. Clean cut, all American guy. Southern Baptist, very religious – but not in the asshole way that Southern Baptists are **prone to be**. The kind of guy who's followed all of the “wisdom” his elders have given him. He goes to church regularly. He worked hard in school. He was frugal and didn't party. He got his degree, and took a crappy job in middle-of-nowhere southern USA (I'm talking seriously rural) for a bit *because it was the only job he could get*. He managed to snag a state job right before his girlfriend finished her undergraduate degree. It was a big pay raise (which is sad, because the pay was still about 30% less than my first software engineering job), and it was enough that they could feel much more comfortable in their imminent wedding. Also, it was a move back home to where we grew up, which is a relatively large city for the south, so no more BFE.

They got married, and she commuted about two hours to finish grad school. For a couple of years, while she was finishing, they were really happy. They're both very religious. They've got a bit of the “the man rules the house” religious thing going on. She's a good southern girl. He's not a pushover, so he's not just playing doormat like so many AMCs. He's firm in his beliefs, firm in his morals, firm in his friendships. After graduation, she moved to be with him (instead of the other way). Of course, it helped that his new (or old, depending on how you look at it) location was a good place for her to be, career wise, anyway.

But all is not well in paradise. He's still at the state job. Now she's a minor partner in a brand new – and very successful – private enterprise. Her starting salary was significantly higher than his then current salary. Now, a few years later, she makes more than twice his salary. Alas, this is not the only beta issue in their relationship. Clark isn't *too* bad, but he's got a few *very* beta behaviors that raise their head every now and then. He covers his eyes at nudity in TV and movies, and she tells him when it's OK to open them. He puts on a good show of being honestly unaware that she's significantly overweight. Not the “she's overweight but I don't mind” attitude, mind you. I *very* delicately mentioned the issue once, when she completely wasn't around, in one of those “she actually looks good despite it kind of ways.” His reaction wasn't anger that I'd brought it up, or frustration with it, or excusing. It was complete denial. Also, he tends to pretty much just cave when it comes to their home, which is almost completely devoid of male presence. There's not even really a significant man cave, although they have a three bedroom home that, until very recently, was only occupied by the two of them. And he's definitely a pedestaler. He's got her very, very high up on one.

They just had a baby (hence the house no longer just being the two of them), and that's making the issues a lot worse. She doesn't talk about it, but she's very clearly going through the, “Now I want to stay home and be a mommy” phase. But she really can't. They've started accumulating the kinds of things that **end up owning you**. A nice house, nice furniture, nice middle class cars. All stuff that they can comfortably afford on their current income – they've been smart about that. But stuff that they certainly *couldn't* afford on just Clark's income.

So she wants to stay home, very clearly to those who know her, but she can't. He's already fighting a huge uphill alpha battle because of the income discrepancy. And there are the other beta behaviors on top of it. The result is a phenomenon I'm starting to recognize as “Frustrated Woman Syndrome,” and now that I know about Game and can recognize it, I see that it's a *huge* problem in the modern western world. She subconsciously wants a much more alpha partner than she's getting. On top of that, she's followed the feminist play book for doing everything “right” to make herself happy. Only it's not working. She's not happy. She's frustrated in her relationship, frustrated that she can't play mommy, completely unhappy and worst of all *she doesn't even really understand why*.

This has effects outside of their marriage, which is common with FWS. The main effect is that she's transformed from a nice, well behaved, fun person into kind of a bitch. The effect is most pronounced around certain kinds of people: men who are more alpha than her husband; women who are partnered with such men; women who seem to be higher status than her (measured by shiny things). She obviously still cares greatly about her husband, and I'm not even convinced that she's *consciously* aware of how unhappy she is. I'm certain that if you described her current

behavior to her past self, her past self would be appalled. But if something doesn't change, this is likely to end badly.

The solution is fairly clear: introduce Clark to Game. The difficulty is how to do so in such a way that he'll be open to it. Unlike my brother Wilson, I'm fairly certain that he'd respond well to it if it were communicated in the right way. Unfortunately, the Game community as it exists on the internet is totally *not* the right way to broach it to him. He'd be appalled by Roissy. I'd buy him a copy of Athol's book, but I think it would be too risqué for him. Even broaching the topic is a little tricky, because the standard evo-psych approach to Game wouldn't carry much weight with a Creationist. Also, I'm pretty certain that framing it in terms of sex (the main motivator of most of the Game community) isn't the right approach here. It would be better to frame it in terms of making her happier in the marriage.

So today the question is for my readers. How do you introduce a person like this to Game before it's too late?

Frustrated Woman Syndrome II

Leonidas · 30 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Yesterday's post on [Clark's problems](#) yielded a lot of incredibly good feedback. I haven't had time to respond to all of it individually, as it deserves, but it was all very useful. Unfortunately, I left off one of the biggest issues: Clark isn't yet ready to even acknowledge that there's a problem. Until that happens, there's really almost *nothing* I can do, and like many commenters I worry very much that he won't be ready to take that leap until it's too late. Until then, I think the best advice came [from DB](#):

Schedule more time together....earn trust and establish a sense of comradery. Show him by example...how you deal with your wife. Throw out examples of scenarios of instances where you calmly and firmly addressed a problem and by your behavior divert confrontation....and create attraction. (For instance...."Hey the other night, my wife said this and I told her this! I don't tolerate that...what do you think?") Then....wait. You wait for him to ask you....how you do it. How is it that you know so much about this subject. Once his interest is sparked.....you open the gates and let him in on GAME.

In the meanwhile, we move on to example #2 of FWS. Last week I detailed the complete disaster that is [my brother Wilson's marriage](#). I also mentioned how feminism had been a disaster for [my sister Hillary](#). Time to fill in the missing story: my brother Chewbacca.

Anybody who knows him would understand instantly why I picked the name Chewie. He's a big lovable teddy bear. He's huge. 6'2" and probably about 270lbs. He's also... just the jolly green giant. Only not green. He's one of the most truly laid back people I've ever met. He's also brilliant. I don't know his exact tested IQ, but it's at least as high as mine (high 140s), possibly higher. He's a big geek, big time into gaming. Especially role playing (Dungeons and Dragons type stuff), board games and card games. And he's *really good* at them. Usually that wouldn't be an alpha skill, except that his wife is just as big of a geek as he is. She's also, not to put it too delicately, just about as big of a person as he is... almost as tall and almost as heavy. Only she's not as good at the games, so in their frame it's an alpha skill.

Unlike Emo Bear (Wilson's wife), Brienne is actually pretty intelligent and pretty cool. Or, rather, she *was* pretty cool when they got married. The problem is, Chewie's just too darned laid back. Brienne jumps down his throat all the time for the tiniest of things, and he just sits there and takes it. And takes it. Until finally he explodes. Then he goes back to taking it again. There's also a big disconnect because her female status instincts are kicking in. She wants a nicer, bigger house, nicer things, more money... and Chewie really just doesn't give a shit. If he's got tasty food on the table and a fun game to play with friends that he likes he's genuinely happy. He has next to no ambition at his job. He makes a decent middle class salary – higher than median US household salary, but not by a ton. He's worked at the same place since he graduate from college. He's survived a round of massive layoffs, and now he's one of a *very* small number of people left in his division. A division, by the way, that is unlikely to ever grow much again. Yet she keeps pushing him and pushing him to go in and demand a raise. There's nobody left who knows his job, so she thinks he's got them by the balls. In reality, if he pushes too hard his job is likely to go away.

Unlike Wilson, at least he explodes every now and then. That *somewhat* keeps it in check. And also unlike Wilson and Emo Bear, Brienne has some genuine respect for him, as she should. He's got a lot and done a lot that's worthy of respect. But even so, their marriage is definitely sliding down the long, slippery slope toward AMC land – just as mine was before I discovered Game, although perhaps a bit faster and harder. On the other hand, he's got an easier fight than I did. His wife, frankly, is around a 4. She's actually somewhat cute, which is why she can manage that despite her weight. But really, he doesn't have a high bar to meet. All he really needs to do to fix things is just to learn to stand up to her when she jumps all over him. It's just a series of shit tests that he's completely and utterly failing.

I haven't yet brought up the concepts of Game to him. In Chewie's case, I think he'd be very intellectually open to it if it were brought up in the correct way. It would, however, be *very* difficult for him to do. He's just *not* a very alpha person. Then again, as I mentioned earlier, he just doesn't have that big of a hill to climb to turn things around – *if* he catches it in time.

The main reason I tell Chewie's story today, though, is to tie it in with yesterday's post. Much like Clark's wife, Brienne has gotten bitchier and bitchier (to put it bluntly) over the years they've been married. And as I mentioned yesterday, I believe this is a direct result of frustration with her beta husband, hence my diagnosis of FWS. As with Clark's wife, she honestly cares about her husband. Even more than Clark's wife she truly doesn't understand why she's unhappy. And, as is common with FWS, the biggest targets of her bitchiness (other than her beta husband) tend to be women with alpha (relative to her husband) partners. In both of these examples that has come to be my wife.

The alphas themselves (again, me in this case) come under fire as well. But for us it's relatively easy to handle. Just continue to be alpha and shut down the shit tests these women lob our way. It can be much more difficult for our partners to handle.

When Women Shit Test Other Women

Leonidas · 31 March 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Get a group of up to a dozen men or so together and you're going to end up with a pretty simple social hierarchy pretty quickly. One man will establish himself as AMOG. Anywhere from one to three others will be what you might call "lieutenants." There might be up to one or two omegas. Every guy knows what I'm talking about – that guy in the group who's a total loser – and obnoxious as all hell – but he's *our* total loser, so he's OK. The hierarchy will almost always settle itself out very quickly. I've seen it happen within hours in groups of men where no more than any two had even met each other before. The status quo will basically remain the same until and unless another man decides to challenge for dominance – but even then, the challenge is usually quick and decisive.

Groups of women are totally different. Women obsess over relative status. Their social groups form incredibly complex status hierarchies, and they don't stay constant. They'll shift from day to day, hour to hour and even minute to minute. The hierarchies also don't follow anything a man would recognize as standard logical rules. For instance, in standard logic if $A > B$ and $B > C$ then $A > C$. Not so in women's social hierarchies. Woman A can have higher status than woman B, with woman B having higher status than woman C... and yet in some cases woman C can still have higher status than woman A.

To most men the complex rules that govern all of this are entirely incomprehensible. But there are two basic rules that are the overwhelming drivers: a woman's looks, the relative status of her partner and displayed wealth. You can see these effects at work very clearly in a stereotypical high school setting where you have your very small click of alpha females who are typically among the most attractive girls in the school, dating the high status guys (football quarterback, etc) and decked out in the designer clothes that daddy paid for. But beyond these rules a whole host of more subtle issues also play a role. Gossip gives women a way to lower the status of women around them, relative to themselves. Acquiring new status items to show off – the latest designer handbag, etc. Talking about whatever great achievement their partner or their child just had.

And, in some cases, women will actually even shit test each other. I've seen this happen to my wife on multiple occasions, but today I'll share just one story.

A few years ago on my birthday we came back into town (this was during our brief out of state hiatus). We staid at my parents' place. My wife and mother both offered to bake cakes that year, but I specifically requested not to have one. I had gone a good while without eating much junk food and didn't want to fall off the wagon. I've got a *crazy* sweet tooth (damn you mom for passing that on), and once I get started it's hard for me to stop. So no cake. Then Wilson and Emo Bear show up. Emo, *very* definitely trying to show up both my wife and mother, has baked a cake and brought it along. Make no bones about it: this was a female shit testing another female. Or, really, two other females: my wife and my mother.

This was before I had a clue about Game. Nevertheless, in this case I was the right one to handle it (despite the test being aimed at them), and I aced it. I looked her straight in the eye and very calmly (and publicly) told her thank you for the cake, but I'd specifically asked for there *not* to be one. Smack, shit test shut down.

In most cases, however, when a woman shit tests another woman her partner (or brother or father or son or whatever) really can't step in to handle it. The targeted woman must handle it herself, or she will (at best) just be the victim of another shit test later. A good example of this happened to us a few years ago, also during our out-of-state hiatus. Hermione and I were attending a well known SEC school at the time. Clark and his wife attended another well known SEC school that happened to be a fairly big rival of our school (not the main rival, but a big rivalry). They came to visit us one fall so that we could all go to the game together (it was a home game for us that year), talk shit at each other and generally have a good time. They stayed in our guest room (the five hour drive was enough to make a day trip unpleasant). In the morning, Clark's wife got up, invaded my wife's kitchen and started making breakfast for everyone. In and of itself, not *too* bad (although invasive to another woman's turf). But then comes the rest of the morning of very subtle, "Oh look how great I am because I martyred myself and made _____

breakfast in a stranger's kitchen" attitude.

Unlike the cake incident, this is not my battle. There is no good way for me to interfere without lowering my wife's status – so I don't, I stay out of it. But Hermione doesn't really know how to respond to this, either. A woman can't really respond to a shit test like a man can. When a man shuts it down hard he's alpha. When a woman shuts it down hard she's a bitch. The only appropriate "response" I can think of would have been for her to get up earlier and start breakfast before the other woman had a chance... but that's not very helpful after the deed's been done.

I have noticed, however, that this kind of shit testing of other women comes most often from women who suffer from **FWS**. As Roissy has noted, being in love with an alpha male makes even the bitchiest of **women act like beta males**. Thus, there's some truth to the chauvinistic old cliché that a man should control his wife if she's acting out in public. It's not so much that he should take her home and beat her for being a shrew as that if he's sufficiently alpha in his relationship then she will be substantially less shrewish outside of the home as well as in it.

In The Mail: The Married Man Sex Life Primer 2011

Leonidas · 1 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Athol's book is finally out and [available from Amazon.com](#). I just placed an order for my copy, and I'll have a full review up after I've had a chance to read it.

Disaster Preparedness

Leonidas · 4 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

As I've noted before, I believe that our society is in a state of decline. I don't believe that it will be the end of the world (the world kept going after the Roman Empire collapsed, after the British Empire collapsed and even after the Soviet Union collapsed), but I *do* believe that within the next decade, two at the outside, we're going to see some **pretty serious upheaval**. I'm also very firmly of the opinion that even if you don't believe any of that, it's worthwhile to do some basic disaster preparedness. Nobody knew Katrina was coming. Nobody knew the earthquake in Japan was coming. In my neck of the woods its mostly tornadoes that we have to worry about but you don't get much warning with them, either. So it's good to be prepared.

I've *believed* this for a long time yet failed to *do anything* about it. Until now. In the past couple of weeks my wife and I have put together the beginnings of a disaster preparedness kit.

What we've got so far:

- 4 gallons of water
- About two days worth of canned meat
- 3-5 days worth of canned vegetables
- A couple of cans of oranges
- 4 pounds of pasta and a few cans of tomato sauce
- A pretty decent start at an emergency first aid kit (on order, should be here in a few days)

This is survival rations, not gourmet stuff. It's mostly tailored toward the kinds of things we eat anyway. We trend paleo in our diet so we don't usually eat pasta, but in a pinch that four pounds of pasta will keep us fed for days. It does, of course, need to be kept sealed against the weather (all our supplies are in a sealed plastic bin, and the pasta is further sealed in ziplock bags).

The food and water portion of the kit cost \$40 total. There's probably enough food for most of a week if we're frugal. I kept the costs down by sticking to what was on sale. I also tried to stick to stuff with very long expiration dates – most of the food is good until 2013. I don't want to have to replace it often.

This is only a start. We plan to expand it. Most important is the water supply. That's only enough for a couple of days. Rather than stock up on gallons of water, however, I'm going to invest this summer in a good backpacking ready (ie lightweight) water filter and a bottle of iodine tablets. We've got a pretty sizable lake that we like to take the dogs and the baby on a walk around, and if we've got a good water filter handy we'll have water for months. If it can serve double duty for backpacking trips, so much the better. The iodine tablets make a good backup because they're *cheap*, although I've used them enough on camping trips to know that I'd prefer the filtered water.

We plan to expand the food portion of it over the next few months by picking up a can or four every week as part of our normal grocery shopping, continuing to look for whatever's on sale at the time. I'd like to get up to about two to three weeks worth of food. For anything short of a worldwide nuclear holocaust that's enough time for things to return to normal, for relief agencies to start getting food in, or for us to figure out that it's time to get out of here. And if the nuclear holocaust happens then we're kind of fucked no matter what we do.

There are still a few major things we need to add. We need something to cook with. I'm thinking a cheap Sterno type stove and a couple of cans of food. We need some good flashlights with some spare batteries. And as many other have noted we need a couple of firearms and some ammunition around so that we can hold on to what we've got if law and order goes out the window like it did in New Orleans. Other than the firearms I think we can fill out the entire set for around \$300 total. That's cheap enough that if it never gets used it's not a major loss – but if it ever does get used, it would be cheap at ten times the price. A good used pistol could be had for around that much more (for firearms I'd rather go old than cheap; there are some darn good guns available that people would turn _____

their noses up at just because they've been fired before). I plan to spend a bit more on that. Shooting is becoming a new hobby for me and I'm also planning to take up hunting this year. They're good alpha sports and hunting also a useful skill in the case of a true disaster. And I started to do the math on how much meat we could get off of one good deer and I think that even at only 1-2 per season it would pay for the firearms plus a deep freezer pretty easily over the course of a few years. But if all you're interested in is something for the emergency kit you really wouldn't need to spend much at all.

Again, I think that every family should have a minimal emergency kit around just on general principal. You don't have to spend a lot of money to do it, but if a disaster strikes and you don't have one you'll wish you did.

The Prince of Fucking England

Leonidas · 5 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I don't usually pay much attention to the celebrity gossip, but this one just made me chuckle a little bit. Evidently Prince William has chosen not to wear a **wedding ring** as part of his daily attire. Dr. Helen equates it to a woman choosing not to take her husband's last name. I look at it from a different point of view and think that it's an alpha move – and probably a wise one in his case (though not as wise as a prenup would be). We like to whine about Spoiled American Princesses but as soon as the priest says “man and wife” William is going to have to contend with an honest to god princess in an age where she might actually allowed to divorce him. Better to err on the side of being too alpha right from the beginning.

This bit that Dr. Helen quoted from a BBC show killed me, though:

“Who does he think he is?”

The prince of fucking England is who he thinks he is.

Trading for Sexual Favors

Leonidas · 6 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Trading work for sexual favors is generally considered a beta trait and rightly so. It sends several not so subtle messages that kill attraction. It reinforces a perception by both parties that sex is a reward for good behavior rather than a normal part of the relationship. It puts sexual control (and hence relationship control) firmly in the hands of the woman. It's submissive: yes dear, I'll do what you want.

Like most rules, however, there is an exception. Trading work for sexual behaviors can be neutral if one of the following conditions is met and can even border on alpha if *both* of the following are met.

- The trade must be playful and teasing. This non-verbally acknowledges that it's not actually a trade, it's just a game. The trade then becomes a kind of foreplay.
- The trade must be for something you could've been talked into doing anyway, and both parties must realize that. Again, this frame reinforces that it's not really a trade at all. It's just playful banter to get ready for the main event.

You have to be careful about playing this game too much, however, because then the woman will start to push for more. She'll try and push for it to go beyond the game and into the actual trade territory again, which you must not let it become.

Jumpin' on the Long Hair Bandwagon

Leonidas · 7 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original



One more reason to love Dr. Who

I admit it, I'm just jumping on the bandwagon today. This started out as a comment on [Athol's blog](#) but the comment got eaten. [Not sure if there's anything you can do about it, Athol, but that happens to me a lot.] I notice that Vox has already [jumped on](#) as well, and figured I'd just add another voice to the din now. What the hell.

Like Athol my initial attraction to my wife was helped along by a bottle of hair dye. My preference is for red hair rather than blonde. My wife had more than a touch of red in her hair as a kid, but it faded to a more normal brown by her late teens. Of course, modern hair dyes fixed that problem. At the time it was also quite long. Very nice.

There *are* some men out there who genuinely like women with short hair. Some of them aren't pedophiles and a few are even heterosexual. But there really aren't very many. I'd estimate that *no more* than 10% of all the men I've ever talked with on this subject (and I've talked with a lot) honestly like the short hair look. Less than half of them honestly *prefer* it.

I don't know what women are smoking when they look at pictures of other women with short hair and say, "Oh, that's cute." I think part of it really is the whole, "Now my own relative sex rank has increased because she made herself look worse!" phenomenon. But that's not all of it. I've known more than one woman (my wife included) to go on about how they actually want short hair and think it's cute, but that they don't think they can pull it off. Mostly they're wrong on the cute part and right on the not pulling it off part.

There's probably also some truth to the idea that women really want to be the kind of woman who can pull it off. Because let's face it, if you can pull it off you're probably pretty hot to begin with. Not very many women can really get away with it. In order to look good (as opposed to merely not bad) with a short hair style a woman really needs to meet the following conditions:

1. You need to be at or near your ideal body weight. Short hair *does not* look good on fat chicks, or even women with just a few extra pounds. Your face looks very obviously fat with short hair. Long hair will help disguise it. Short hair emphasizes it. If you're overweight even a little, don't cut your hair below shoulder length.
2. On the other hand, you need enough curves to actually look like a woman despite the short hair. If you have no hips or you're excessively flat chested, don't try the short hair. You'll only attract the attention of certain kinds of lesbians, gay men and pedophiles.
3. There are boy styles and less-boyish styles in short hair. Go with a less boyish style. 'Nuff said.

4. Even if you follow all of the above, be advised that to 90% or more of the men out there you won't look as good as you would with long hair.



Plot? Sorry, I got distracted.

Most of the comments about keeping up with long hair are crap. I have long hair myself. I regularly get told by women how jealous they are of my hair, and that's *despite* my receding hairline. Often they ask me how I keep it so healthy. I laugh every time because it's so easy.

Wash it regularly. Brush it often – thoroughly when you're getting ready in the morning, touch it up often throughout the day to keep it untangled. The touchups take seconds; just do it when you go to the bathroom when you wash your hands. I know there's a brush in that massive purse you carry. Don't fry it with all kinds of chemical shit. It may make your hair look better today but you'll pay for it down the road. Blow dry it only when you really need to have it dry on a deadline, otherwise just let it air dry.

Take care of yourself physically. As Athol notes, hair health is a sign of overall body health. If your hair looks bad it's time to rethink your diet, environment and lifestyle. Eat plenty of veggies. Stay in good shape. Keep clean, but try to avoid harsh chemical soaps, shampoos and conditioners. Most women over shampoo and over condition their hair. Excessive smoking, drinking and drug use will fry your hair. Really. Look at Lindsay Lohan over the past decade if you don't believe me. I've seen it happen to other women that I know personally. This is true even as you age. Yeah, genetics play a role. But your lifestyle is just as important. We have a close family friend who is currently in her early 60s. She's kept her hair slightly longer than shoulder length, and it looks fantastic. Yes it's a little grey. Yes, it's not quite as luxurious as a younger woman's hair would be. It looks about a thousand times better than my mother's Lego man haircut (she and my mother are just about the same age). The secret? She's taken good care of herself.

My wife loves my long hair. I like it, too, but honestly I'd probably have cut it off years ago if she didn't like it so much. I present myself well enough not to have too many issues, but even as a computer programmer it brings career issues with it. I've left a standing warning: if she cuts hers off, I'm cutting mine off. I have to remind her every few years but so far it's been effective. Like Athol, I've come to love her hair in a non-natural color. I accept that this brings a price with it and I'm willing to pay it. Male readers take note: if you want your woman to keep long hair of your preferred color, it's not free. Caring for long hair isn't that bad. Keeping it dyed can add up. A professional dye job lasts longer and looks much better than the do it yourself kits, but they're not cheap. And it really does need to be touched up about every six weeks. To me it's well worth the cost. We had to give it up for a bit last year (as I've mentioned before, the Great Recession took its toll on us, and hair dye is a luxury not a necessity), but now that our income is stabilizing again we've added it back into the budget.

But yeah. Long story short: ladies, don't listen to the other women. They *don't* have your best interests at heart. Keep your hair long and put in the effort.

Update: The Lego man haircut, for those who aren't familiar. Yes, my mother's hair looks just like this. It's truly god awful.



Lego man hair.

History of Tribalism

Leonidas · 8 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I wasn't among the group that lodged complaints about the white nationalist direction that In Mala Fide has taken lately, but before Ferd **responded to it** I had already almost reached the point of disassociating myself from IMF over it. We'll see how things continue over there, but for today I've got a piece up on the **history of tribalism** outlining just one of the many issues of the WN movement.

Pregnancy Fetishes

Leonidas · 11 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I've been meaning to make this post for a while anyway, but Paige's comments this morning about [pregnancy bellies](#) make it as good a time as any. She quotes a post from Laura Wood (she left off the link, so I don't have it to share) in which she (Wood) bemoans modern trends toward pregnant women showing off their bodies.

I have two different (but not mutually exclusive) opinions on this, and I think both are very important in their own right. First, I have seen some real problems with this. Shortly before their baby was born, [Clark](#) and his wife posed for exactly the kind of pictures that Ms. Wood blasts. Now, I don't have any particular problem with these kinds of pictures. Pregnancy is a normal part of life, and a part that can be incredibly beautiful. But these particular pictures had a twist. First, Clark and his wife are *very* Southern Baptist. Remember, this is the guy who covers his eyes at nudity in movies. The poses in these pictures are the kind that they'd both be out bitching about in any other context. There are several in which her breasts are barely covered (in order to expose the belly), a couple in which she's basically only wearing a sheet, and a couple in which he's holding her from behind with his hands on her belly as you can clearly see the unbuttoned and unsnapped jeans. All fair enough if the photos were taken for personal use. They were posted on Facebook. The other problem I had with this photo shoot is how clearly and utterly pedestalized she is and how beta Clark is. These photos are all about making his wife the center of attention.

In other words, there are two basic problems. Because it's "all about the baby and motherhood" women get to exercise their inner sluts and attention whores in ways that would be *completely* socially unacceptable in other contexts (at least for these particular women). They get to be skanks while pretending not to be. For a large portion of our population that's really not an issue anymore – but for many "religious" women it still is. The other problem is that it's another (often very expensive) item that's all about the woman. "I'm pregnant, you should be catering to my every desire." Groan.

Modern American women are wimps when it comes to pregnancy and childbirth. Yes, I'm a man and I said it. Let forth the feminist wrath. I'll say it because I've had the very good fortune to find myself with a woman who is *not* a wimp about it. Don't get me wrong, she's no hero either (sorry honey). You want to see a hero in pregnancy and childbirth? Look at frontier women or nomad women, the kind who do real, physical labor all day in the hot sun right up until the moment they give birth – and then a few days later they're out doing it again. Pregnancy is a natural part of human life. You're not sick. You're not injured. You don't have a "medical condition." You're just pregnant. Yeah, you'll get tired more easily. Your back will get sore because your center of gravity is completely off. You'll have some other issues thanks to hormones. Yeah, there are even a *very few* women who are actually defective (defective in the sense that their bodies don't quite work right) in some sense and have truly serious issues while they're pregnant. But by and large, the female body was designed to do it and does a pretty good job of it.

But in modern America pregnancy has become an excuse for a woman to be worshiped and pedestalized not just by her husband/boyfriend/baby daddy but by all of society. "I've got a craving at three in the morning for a triple chocolate dunked Oreo and lard cheesecake – GO GET IT FOR ME NOW!" OMG, you're pregnant! Can I wipe your ass for you? As I said, I was extremely fortunate that my wife wasn't like that at all. In fact, she got extremely annoyed by everyone treating her like a baby.

Pictures of this sort are just another symptom of that. It's not about the baby. It's all about the attention whore mother. Babies should be a celebration, I agree. But you're not a goddess because you managed to spread your legs and let some guy squirt a little bit of jizz in there. You're just a woman – like the billions of other women who have done it before. I only put it that roughly because so many pregnant women need to get their heads out of their own asses so that we can get back to celebrating the baby, the birth and the miracle of life like we should be.

Now, with all of that said and done.... my second perspective. Pregnancy is a natural part of the human condition. A lot of people find it gross. I never really understood that. It's not a fetish for me or anything, but frankly I find pregnant women to be beautiful in their own right. There's a distinct difference between a pregnant body and a fat

body. Fat bodies are gross. Pregnant bodies are not. Unfortunately in this day and age of obesity, most women I see are actually both. And women who are fat *and* pregnant... yeah, that's pretty gross, too. And as I've mentioned before, when a woman you love is pregnant with your own baby and *happy* to be... that's really damn hot.

My wife, however, *does* have a bit of a pregnancy fetish. As far as I know, she's only ever admitted it to me. Even with me she gets embarrassed to talk about it. But as I've told her a million times, I'm willing to bet that this is an *extremely* common fetish for women. Duh, it makes an awful lot of evolutionary sense. And as Athol loves to remind us, sex is all about making babies.

Like I said, it's not really a fetish for me. But you know what? When your wife reveals a fetish, roll with it. Milk it. Use it for all you can. So when we're out in publicly, we quietly cheer to each other when we see cute pregnant women who are actually not fat. We talk about it when we tease each other. We talk about it in different ways when we're actually having sex. Hey, it works for us (most of the time, anyway).

But especially these days, I suggest an alpha framing for men who go this way. It's not just about her. Talk about showing her off in a "look what I did" kind of way. Talk about her belly as being your way of marking her as yours. I got the double bonus of luck – my wife was talking about things that way before it ever occurred to me and before I ever knew about Game. What can I say, she really did want me to Game her all along.

Oh, and women like Ms. Wood who rant about disgusting baby bellies are largely the same liberal feminist idiots who are against children and population growth anyway. Somehow these same women, who would kill any man who suggested that a woman should stay home, want to keep their fellow women from breast feeding in public and don't want to go *anywhere* where they might run into somebody's "screaming brat." Don't worry. These women may be proof positive that women are more misogynistic than men, but they're also sowing the demographic seeds of their own irrelevance with their anti-child ideals. And frankly, she's mostly jealous because she doesn't have a pregnant belly of her own.

The Bad Part About Sex in the Morning

Leonidas · 11 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

...is that the day is all downhill from there.

Update: To be sure, if this were the worst of my problems life would be damn near perfect.

I'm Secure in my Masculinity

Leonidas · 12 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

One of the more interesting phenomena to come out of the feminist attack on Macho Culture (incidentally, an area where I'd agree with feminists if it weren't for the fact that what they've replaced it with is even worse) is the phrase "I'm secure in my masculinity." To me the truly interesting thing about this phrase is how it can completely run the gamut from being an absolute display of betatitude on the one end to the complete opposite end of the spectrum where it's totally true and an alpha display.

Of course, a claim like that warrants examples. Exhibit A: my father. My father is an undiagnosed **Aspie**. One of the lesser known symptoms of Asperger's Syndrome is a significantly greater than normal like of bright, highly saturated colors. My father's favorite color is orange. Bright orange, like the fruit. [As a side note, I have a lot of Aspie traits myself, and this is probably at least partially responsible for my **love of red hair**.] But he also likes other bright colors. In some ways, especially in social situations outside of the family, my father is pretty alpha. He's been an engineer for his entire career, which until the early 90s or so meant wearing a suit to work, and until about a decade ago meant wearing a tie to work. At one point in the mid 90s he went out one day and bought himself a bright pink dress shirt and started wearing it to work. On my father it works. My sister (among others) would tease him about being "secure in his masculinity" for wearing it... but it really just worked for him. It helped that it was actually a really nice shirt, and it also helped that *he* never made a big deal about it.

Exhibit B: my brother Wilson. Wilson has been known, from time to time, to wear pink shirts. Especially when it matches up with his wife's clothing (ew, the cutesy his and hers matching... barf). When he does this, he puts on his doofus smile and yammers on about how secure he is in his masculinity. At no point in his life has he actually established his masculinity to anybody's satisfaction, so it completely fails to work. It doesn't help any that the pink shirts he wears is pretty cheap.

Exhibit C: I have a good friend in the Army who is generally very alpha. Sometime's too alpha, to the point where he makes people very uncomfortable. When he wore a pink shirt last New Year's Eve, bringing *no attention to it whatsoever*, it worked as an alpha play. It helped that it was one of those smart ass pink shirts (I can't remember exactly what it said), which completely fits his sense of humor.

There are some definite guidelines for this kind of thing, however.

- Establish your alpha cred. Generally it's best to do this before hand, but you can do it upon meeting a brand new group through a combination of demeanor and contrast. For example, showing up to an event in a pink shirtriding your motorcycle with your tattoos showing and your Hell's Angels jacket, along with a demeanor that screams "Bad Mother Fucker" would probably work OK.
- Whatever it is you're doing is No Big Deal. You don't even bring it up on your own. If others bring it up, you act like it's nothing. Just something you happened to do today. Anybody who was cool would've done it, too.
- Never, ever utter the phrase "I'm secure in my masculinity" unless you're doing it with a cocky smile. Even then, use it sparingly.

For a great example of a man pulling this off on the basis of demeanor and reputation alone, enjoy this clip of Robert De Niro from the movie Stardust.

Anal Play Cleanliness

Leonidas · 13 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I'm not really endorsing anal play, anal sex, or pegging. People have to make their own call there. However, since it's been the topic of conversation and since neither [Athol](#) nor I mentioned it in our [earlier posts](#), I'm going to take a minute to emphasize something very important.

If you're going to engage in anal sex, pegging, or just anal play **for God's sake, be clean.**

Sexual activity involving the anus and rectum don't necessarily have to be smelly, filthy and germ ridden – but if you don't follow proper hygiene, they *will* be. It's a very easy way to spread some very nasty infections if you're not careful. Again, I'll point out that I don't do this regularly (indeed, I haven't at all), but really the hygiene here is 80% common sense.

1. Anything that goes near the anal area *must* be washed before it goes anywhere else. This is especially important before you put it in or near the vaginal area. It's extremely easy to get a vaginal infection. Don't make it easier.
2. Wash your butt before hand. A little soap and a damp cloth (warm will probably be a lot more comfortable) will go a long way.
3. Consider your diet. Without getting too graphic, a diet high in sugary, greasy junk food is going to leave you wiping for a long time after you visit the restroom. A diet high in fiber, vegetables and fruit and low in processed foods will make wiping quick and easy. Which do *you* think is going to be cleaner for anal play?
4. This should be a no brainer, but if you're having a bad bowel day... um, don't do anything there. Yeah.
5. Consider having an enema before doing anything deep. Be careful, because it is possible to injure yourself this way. Also, if you've done everything above, this probably isn't necessary. But you might wanna think about it.
6. Consider wearing a condom. Yes, condoms suck. Yes, the church I belong to says they're a sin. And frankly, if you've done everything *and you're in a monogamous relationship* above you probably don't need them. But if you've missed something, this'll be your last resort.

Pegging is a DLV

Leonidas · 13 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Whoah boy. Fun topics. Athol had a post earlier this week about [pegging](#). He doesn't say so in the post, but I'm pretty sure it was meant as a response to [this question](#) in his comments. The post is pretty good as far as an introduction to anal play (says the man who's never actually done that, only read about it). Some of the anonymous comments in his post trend toward the truly homophobic, but I think there's a serious point to be made here.

To the vast majority of women, allowing her to peg you is going to be seen as a *major DLV*. I strongly suspect that *most* of the women who are the loudest about asking for it are seriously shit testing the men they're asking. To the woman in the comments who asked the original question I would respond that even though she thinks she wants it, she'd probably lose massive amounts of respect for her husband if she actually got to do it. Pegging is a seriously submissive action. Even among gay men there's a socio-sexual hierarchy centered around being "tops" and "bottoms." Most women who are seriously asking for this are not convinced enough of your social dominance. I think this might even be the female equivalent of men's wife sharing fantasies.

I preface everything with words like "usually" and "most" because there probably are a handful of people out there (men and women both) for whom this is a serious turn on. People have crazy fetishes. But my advice to any man whose wife asks him for this is Proceed Carefully. For 90% of men, the best response is probably to answer that you have no interest in it and never have. Some guys out there (yes, even some straight guys) are probably seriously into this. And occasionally you might run into that rare woman who just has an extreme fetish for this. In the latter case, if you're not ready to participate in her fetishes, you do have to be prepared for her to find somebody who is. I have no idea how you'd tell the difference between a woman who's shit testing you and a woman with a weird fetish, though. You're on your own for that one.

If you do decide to go down this road (whether for her pleasure or yours), proceed with caution. Anal play (fingers, toys) is probably OK, especially if she's allowing you to reciprocate and *especially* if you take control of it and frame it in a dominant kind of way (her pleasing you). But you should probably only allow actual pegging if you're truly that [secure in your masculinity](#), by which I mean that you've securely and undeniably established your alpha credentials already. Any pegging event should be both preceded and followed by some extra alpha activity. And I'd suggest keeping it as a novelty act, something done only rarely. And if it ends up leading to her losing respect for you... well, don't say you weren't warned.

In my own case this isn't much of an issue. My wife has expressed that she really doesn't have much interest in it at all, which is fine by me. I know her pretty well and her body language backs up the words – as opposed to her disinterest in "normal" anal sex, where her words say "I'm grossed out by that" and her body language says "I'm kind of curious but afraid to admit that even to myself." I've come to the opinion that if she were prepared right and introduced to it in *exactly* the right way that she'd probably not just tolerate or even like anal sex but would likely *really* get off it (on the other hand, anything less than perfect preparation and execution would probably turn her off of it forever). But I believe that she's really not interested in pegging at all. Like most women, she's much more sexually submissive *with the right man*. If your wife wants to dominate you like that, be cautious. It's most likely that you're not the right man in her eyes.

Male Submission is Also a DLV

Leonidas · 14 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

In response to my post about [pegging](#) being a DLV, [Athol](#) said the following in a [comment](#):

It's funny how no one regarded the trying him up experience or the girl on top legs together thing as a DLV or when they both could possibly be viewed as such.

As it happens, I was planning to write about that anyway, so here goes.

Male sexual submission is also a DLV. But depending on the circumstances, you might just be able to get away with it. The biggest thing is the *degree* of the DLV. Depending on context and how extreme it is, male submission can run the whole range from being a very, very small DLV to being an extreme DLV. Pegging is, in my not so humble opinion, at the extreme end of male submission. It's a *nuclear* DLV. You're going to have to be pretty damn alpha to pull it off.

On the other hand, a night where your wife just takes the lead and focuses on teasing you and getting you off, without letting you do anything in response might only be a minor DLV. The average male is simply physically stronger than the average female, so we all know that 90% of the time or more this simply requires male submission. But on the other hand, the woman isn't actually doing anything strange, odd, hurtful, demeaning or damaging. So any kind of DLV that comes from it is pretty small. In fact, if you frame it correctly (say, for example, that it's framed as a horny wife who just can't keep her hands off her hot husband) this can even transform from being a minor DLV to being a nice DHV.

Then, of course, there's a whole range of stuff in between. Getting tied up, blindfolds, whips and chains, etc. The important question is if you're [alpha enough to get away with it](#). Athol himself finishes his comment with the following:

No couple is 100/0 male/female dominant/submissive. Jennifer and I are about a 85/15 split. Just enjoy the sex and mix it up a bit.

And that gets right to the heart of it. An 85/15 male to female split is probably pretty healthy. A 100/0 split is probably unhealthy for a long term relationship. Eventually the woman is likely to feel abused rather than submissive. But if you're trending toward 50/50, 40/60 or, worse, 15/85 you're in trouble thanks to the hypergamous instincts of women. I'd guess that the sweet spot is probably in the 60/40 to 85/15 range, depending on the couple. OK, the numbers thing is a little silly (and impossible to actually gauge), so think of this as a guideline and not as an exercise to sit down and actually do the math. The important thing to think of is that you want to be comfortable on the side of dominance, but not to the point of abusive.

If you're in that range, a little bit of female dominance every now and then is probably not only OK but a healthy, fun way to spice things up a bit. If you're outside that range you're only making things worse for yourself. And even inside that range, regular and often full on female dominant BDSM or pegging is risky.

The general concept here applies completely outside of sex as well. The more alpha a guy you are in general, the more you can get away with the more beta behaviors. In a post on crying in front of your woman, Hughman left the following [comment](#):

The one thing I hate about take the red pill is knowing you can never show weakness unless it's for 'vulnerability game'.

To which Badger [replied](#) (correctly):

Hughman, remember that the more alpha you act, the more beta you can be.

Exactly the point I've been trying to make this week – with the added note that you must remember that some things are *extremely* beta and require a pretty hefty dose of alpha to recover from. Hence even if it's something you really want or your woman *thinks* she wants, think twice.

The Married Man Sex Life Primer 2011

Leonidas · 15 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

[image]

The Married Man Sex Life Primer 2011

Taking the Red Pill is a life changing event. Discovering [The Misandry Bubble](#), and from it [Roissy](#), [Keoni](#), [The Spearhead](#) and others has directly changed not just how I look at the world but how I interact with it. My relationship with my wife is different. My relationship with my son is different. My relationship with my church, my school, my coworkers and my community are all different. All of these sites contributed. But none of them contributed as much as [Athol Kay](#).

When I first started this blog a year ago, the manosphere was a different place than it is today. There was the Pick Up element, fronted by the likes of [Roosh](#) and [Roissy](#), focused on hedonism and getting laid. There's the "fiddle while Rome burns" community, ie [In Mala Fide](#). There's the MRA community, best represented by [The Spearhead](#). There's the MGTOW community.

Athol's site was different. It wasn't about hedonism. It wasn't about The Decline. It wasn't a bitchfest about how poorly men have been treated. Unlike [Roissy](#) who offered great advice about how to pick up a new woman every week, Athol was there to tell us how to make things work with the one we already had and loved. Unlike [Ferdinand](#) who was happy to detail the decline of civilization, Athol was there to tell us that maybe our families could still be OK – and here's how. Unlike the [Spearhead](#) with its tales of divorce rape and more, Athol was there to tell us how to avoid that fate.

Don't get me wrong. All of those sites serve important functions. I believe that the issues they raise and discuss are very real and have a very real impact on our lives. But I'm going to be honest. I'm not much of one for living the hedonistic life while civilization falls apart around me. Yet I also don't know if I'm up for the task of saving the world. Some days I don't even know if I care to. But I *can* save my own family -and I want to – and Athol played a huge role in showing me how.

In the time since I found it, Athol's little corner of the manosphere seems to have grown. It seems to me that there's now a small but significant community focused not just on [married men](#) and sex (some are [not married](#) and [some are women](#)) but on taking the dangerous knowledge of *Game*, the knowledge of what's happening in the world around us and trying to make something constructive out of it – even if that "something constructive" is only self improvement or making our families a little bit happier. Call us the optimists, maybe. Whatever we are, I think Athol has been a major force that's brought us together. Not the only voice, to be sure, but an important one.

So... the book. If you're a long time reader of Athol's blog, there won't be much here that's new to you. But what he *has* done is something much more important. He's provided the content in a clear format that's perfect for introducing to the average married guy (or his wife). Unlike the blog, it's ordered and structured and follows a nice, logical progression. Somebody completely unfamiliar with the words *Game*, *Alpha*, *Beta*, *SMV*, *DLV*, *DHV*, etc can pick this book up and understand it. This isn't a book about banging supermodels or movie stars. It's not a book about being a Navy SEAL or a CEO. But it is a book about getting more sex out of your wife and being a better husband for her. And along the way she might just start treating you better and [looking hotter](#), too.

The tone of the book, like that of the blog, is perfect for reaching Athol's target audience: regular, everyday guys. Athol never adopts an antagonistic stance towards women, even when he's describing their worst behaviors. Likewise, he manages to describe those behaviors in non-insulting ways. The result is that its average Joe male readers don't have to live in fear of their wives blowing a gasket over them reading it. At the same time, Athol strikes a very good balance of honesty, directness and humor without getting excessively graphic. That makes his book very accessible to the everyman who might need things really spelled out for him every now and then, but probably isn't really looking for a porn book. This is a book that a wife could buy for her husband, a woman could

buy for her brother, or a mother could buy for her son. It's also a book that a man might buy for his father, brother, or son – or his friends. Riding that line is a difficult balancing act, but Athol has pulled it off splendidly.

It is completely fair to say that Athol's blog has helped transform my marriage. I live too far away to realistically buy him a beer as the Man Code demands, so I'll be blunt: I'd have spent \$20 on a book of blank pages if he'd put it out with this title. In my book, he's already earned that. But for the men who *haven't* been reading his blog, this book is worth the cover price and then some. I can all but guarantee that I'll be providing copies of it to friends at some point. Well done, Athol.

Weekend Thoughts

Leonidas · 16 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A couple of thoughts for the weekend.

My wife had a one-on-one meeting with our priest this morning as part of our conversion to Catholicism. She came home and reported that he'd said the following (paraphrased):

You know, I've never had a woman come in here and tell me that she wants her husband to dominate her. But almost every single one has come in here and told me she wants her husband to *lead*. Sadly, the feminists in our church don't seem to be able to understand the difference.

A few years ago I had a discussion with an old friend of mine. I'd known this guy since high school. He's one of the two or three most natural alphas I've ever known, and he had quite the reputation in high school and afterward with the ladies. About four or five years ago, somewhat out of the blue (to me at least) he settled down and got married. Out of all the guys I know, he's one that I think is actually fairly likely to stay married. He's really settled down, for one. But he's still got most of the alpha traits that probably attracted her in the first place. He relayed to me a conversation that he had with his minister (he's protestant, but I don't remember what denomination) during his premarital counseling. Again, this is paraphrased from memory.

My pastor told me to think of marriage like this. The wife gets one vote and the husband gets one vote plus a tie breaker. But the thing to remember is, the husband has a responsibility to use that vote only for what's best for the family, not what's best for himself.

Both thoughts are pretty much just traditionalist ways of explaining **the captain and first officer model**. Unfortunately, between declining church attendance and the ~~feminization~~ pussification of American churches, many Americans won't even hear this message. Even more unfortunately, many of those who do hear it will dismiss it as old fashioned and out of touch.

On the other hand, Star Trek is such a huge part of our culture now that even non science fiction fans can relate to the metaphor. Just **one more reason** you should **buy Athol's book** for all your married friends.

Permanent PMS is Over

Leonidas · 18 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I know this because I just had sex with a **pregnant woman**.

A while back I mentioned that my wife had been stuck in **permanent PMS** mode due to our transition (again) from a Standard American Diet (SAD) to a paleo style diet. My wife had a positive ovulation prediction test about two weeks ago. As has been mentioned, the fertile period of the month is a great one for the libido. Let's just say, *ahem*, that it was a damn good weekend – but then, the results speak for themselves.

Update: Whoops, I almost forgot the most important part:

Do ya'll see what I did? Oh yeah!

Social Game: Status is More Important Than Wealth

Leonidas · 18 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Although he has his alpha qualities (without them, his marriage wouldn't have survived more than forty years), my father is, at heart, the very kind of beta provider that Marriage 1.0 was designed to protect and reward. He's *very, very good* at the provider role. He's worked his ass off most of his life. Now, with retirement near at hand, he's been playing the role of slacker pretty hard. But if anybody's earned it, it's him. He's also more than a little bit *Aspie*. On top of that my mother and her family are the biggest verbal advocates of "forget what other people think and be yourself" that I've ever met. By "verbal advocates" I mean "hypocrites of the first order," because although they *say* all of that, they don't actually pay attention to any of it when judging other people (except for one aunt of mine and her husband – they actually live what they preach).

One result of that combination is that I was brought up with a very specific mindset regarding wealth and status symbols. In particular, I was raised very thoroughly to not "waste" money on status symbols such as nice clothes, nice cars, good haircuts, iPads, designer handbags, etc. Those things are silly and wasteful and they'll only get in the way of your acquisition of real wealth.

Part of me is glad for that upbringing. There are an awful lot of things that people spend money on, solely for status symbols, that they really don't need. Even more, Game tells us that status symbols are only partially effective at their desired goal (for men, attracting women; for women, status jockeying with other women). In order to really gain status in the eyes of men and women alike you need attitude, demeanor, poise and more. In short, you need *skill*.

But Game has also taught me something else. After your basic needs are met, *status is more important than wealth*. This holds true in almost every conceivable way. Higher status will help you with women more than higher wealth will. Higher status will help you get more promotions (and hence more wealth). Higher status will get you deference from your community in a way that higher wealth won't. Higher status will help your children with their own reproductive quest far more than wealth will.

To be sure, that still doesn't mean it's smart to just blow all of your money on status symbols. For one thing, wealth itself helps you get status just as status helps you get more wealth. For another, not all status symbols are created equal. It's very helpful, for instance, to be able to choose cost efficient status symbols to purchase.

But at this point in my life it's abundantly clear to me that a big part of the reason I had so much trouble with women in my teens and early twenties is directly attributable to my refusal to play the status game. I did better than my brothers. I honestly chose not to play. They just sucked at it. My sister, on the other hand, is actually pretty good at it. She just hasn't figured out that men don't give a shit about her status *and never will*.

The interesting thing I'm finding as I start to play the game, however, is that I'm actually pretty good at it. And if you're good at it, it's actually kind of fun...

My First Hater

Leonidas · 19 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

...is obviously **someone** who doesn't read my site a whole lot:

“There are some men out there who genuinely like women with short hair. Some of them aren't pedophiles and a few are even heterosexual.”

What the fuck is it with you PUAs and your compulsive need to constantly shove your personal preferences down everybody else's throats (usually with a heavy dose of shaming language)? Do you people just lie awake at night fuming at all the men who dare to prefer different women than you do? Go see a psychiatrist you fucking weirdos.

So are you a pedophile or just homosexual?

[Maybe I should be careful since he's proven that he obviously can't take a joke... Nah, where's the fun in that?]

Happy Marriages and Children

Leonidas · 20 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

It's been a busy week and I've found myself stressed at the end of the day and not much inclined to writing blog posts. But tonight I've been a bit inspired by [Dalrock](#) and his commenters. He asks people to share their happy marriage stories. I was going to do it in the thread with everyone else, but I just feel like I have more to say than that.

The first thing that really hit me was in the original post:

Every night I put our son to bed; no matter what is going on he always makes me laugh. Actually I make him laugh first by tickling him and he makes me laugh by being so contagious with his wide mouthed grin.

There are an awful lot of men in the manosphere who don't have children. Some of them are betas or omegas who never had the chance. Some of them are PUAs who refuse to settle down. Some of them are MGTOWs who have consciously chosen to stay away from it. And some of them just haven't gotten to it yet.

To all of those who have consciously chosen not to do so I just have to say that you're missing out on one of the most amazing experiences you can possibly have. Yes, it's cliché to say it. Yes, it's *a hell of a lot of work*. Yes, children will "put a crimp on your style" (but nowhere near as much as you might think). Yes, it'll cost you money (but again, you don't have to spend anywhere near as much as people will make you think).

But then you have the moments like Dalrock describes, and they more than make up for it. There's just no way to explain it to somebody who hasn't felt it. If my marriage went to shit tomorrow and my wife took me to the cleaners I'd be pretty pissed, sure, and more than a little depressed. And I'd still consider it worthwhile every time I looked at the little guy. The conventional wisdom of our age is that pregnancy and/or wanting to have kids is a terrible reason to get married. I disagree. I think having children is the *best* reason to get married.

I can only imagine how much more excitement the new little one that's on the way will bring.

I was also struck by this comment that Paige left.

My marriage has had a lot of hills and valleys. The valleys include: extreme poverty, job loss, homelessness, many cross-country moves to find jobs, cancer and chemotherapy, debilitating back injury and subsequent surgeries, frequent unexpected pregnancies, giving birth (twice) with husband overseas, homelessness, war, PTSD, trouble-making family members, drug-addiction (to subscribed pain meds), severe depression, bankruptcy, etc etc etc.

My own marriage hasn't been perfect. Anybody who's read this blog for any length of time knows that – if it had been perfect, this blog wouldn't exist. But here are some things that have happened in the last two years that I haven't talked about much on this blog:

- I got laid off.
- Our house got foreclosed on.
- I had to sell my sports car to pay the bills.
- I had to accept money from my parents to pay the bills.
- Despite all of the above, we've had a couple of weeks when I wasn't sure we had the money for groceries.
- We moved twice within a 6 month span, both times more because we had to than because we wanted to.

Through all of this, my wife has had to watch all of the other undergrads (including some of her family) collecting nice clothes, nice phones, iPads, video game systems and more that we simply can't afford right now. It hasn't been

easy for either one of us, but there's no doubt that all of this has played hell with the typical female hypergamous instincts.

Yet despite all of this we're generally closer and happier now than we were a year ago. This is not our first bout with adversity. Before we were married we watched her family implode all around her, leaving a wake of destruction that almost destroyed my career along with the wreckage. That, too, only brought us closer.

Now that we're getting our feet under us again things are continuing to get better. Things are going pretty well at my new job, and as soon as a few contract issues are sorted out (between my company and others), our income will be higher than ever. It's been a long and rocky road, but we made it together.

The irony is that after learning Game I probably could "trade up" for a younger and hotter wife. I'd even say that I've had a couple of opportunities to do so. Well, one at least who was younger *and* hotter. Another who was younger and significantly less hot. But would they have stayed with me through everything listed above? Or would they have bailed like most modern American women would? I picked a woman who would stay through it, and I'd choose her again. You might say that I *do* choose her again every day.

I don't go around trumpeting it to everybody I know, but yes, I have a happy marriage.

No Power

Leonidas · 29 April 2011 · Archived copy · Original

My part of the South was hit Wednesday night by the worst tornadoes in our recorded history. All of my family and friends are fine, but like nearly a million others, we have no power at the moment (I'm updating from a smart phone) and they're saying it might be a few days before we do, hence the quiet around here.

Power is Back

Leonidas · 2 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Our power finally came back on at about 2:30AM this morning. There are still a lot of people without power in our area, but our neighborhood was barely touched by the storms so we were among the earlier groups to have it restored. Since I've had a fair amount of disaster prep stuff on this site lately, I'll have a follow up sometime this afternoon detailing how things played out and what lessons I've learned from the first hand experience.

Tornado Aftermath

Leonidas · 2 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Last Wednesday afternoon a series of massive thunderstorms came through the southeastern United States. The storms spawned literally scores of tornadoes. I can't find exact numbers right now; all the coverage has been replaced by coverage of Osama bin Laden's death. I've heard numbers ranging from 120-150 individual tornadoes, some of them as large as a half mile, a mile and one even a mile and a half wide. The death toll across the south is in the neighborhood of 300 people, with nearly 2,000 injured and hundreds more without homes.



We were fortunate. Our area was one of the lightest hit. No actual tornadoes touched down in our immediate vicinity and we didn't even have all that much storm damage. However, like most of the surrounding area we ultimately get our power from the [Tennessee Valley Authority](#). They generate most of it and provide it to local utility companies that distribute it. As it happens, the major damage areas went right through a tremendous number of their main high voltage transmission lines. The net result was that we joined more than 750,000 TVA customers who lost power for several days.

Again I should emphasize that we got off easy. All we had to do was suffer without power for a few days. The water was on, although they're still asking us to conserve water at the moment (some of the pumps are still operating on generator power). Most of the major roads were passable. Outside of the actual tornado paths, damage was minimal. The main problem was simply that there was no power feeding the grid.

Also, the timing was purely dumb luck for my family, as we'd just started accumulating our [emergency kit](#). We weren't as prepared as we could have been but we were better prepared than many.

Our disaster kit had two major shortcomings, both of which we managed to work around. First, I hadn't yet gotten to buying a camping stove. As a result we had plenty of food (including a freezer full of frozen food) that we didn't at first have a way to cook. Second, we hadn't gotten a generator of any sort. This was more of an inconvenience than anything. We solved the cooking problem by picking up some firewood from my parents and cooking in our fireplace. 10 years in the Boy Scouts turned out to have a pretty nice payoff this weekend as we actually ate fairly decently.

What Worked Well

Cooking in the fireplace worked pretty well, but if the weather had been any hotter it would've been a much bigger problem. We were lucky – with highs in the high 70s and low 80s the weather was very mild for early May in the south. Still, we did pretty well off of it.

Getting to know our neighbors paid off as well. It turns out that our next door neighbor is the general manager at a barbecue restaurant. He had plenty of charcoal available for his grill when nobody else could get any. Our first hot meal (Thursday night) came from sharing his grill. We also dropped by my boss's house to take some hot showers on Saturday (he had a generator running).

Living in a place with a good culture helped tremendously. There was almost no looting and the community as a

whole responded in a very organized and civilized manner.

Where We Messed Up

We should've had more **flashlights and batteries** around. We only had one flashlight and one set of batteries for it. That turned out to be enough. The flashlight is an LED variety that lasts forever on a single set of batteries. But having more flashlights would've been very convenient. When things calm down I'm going to pick up some for the emergency kit.

We definitely should've had some kind of **camp stove** in our kit. When things calm down again I'm going to pick up a good **Coleman double burner** to keep in the storage closet.

We should've had some **gasoline** on hand as **Athol suggested**. We ended up having enough in our cars that it wasn't a problem, but it was nearly impossible to get gas until Saturday. The gas stations had plenty of gas and the trucks could easily get through to deliver it but only a handful of stations with generators running had electricity to pump it. I'm definitely going to store a bit in the future, and when we move out of the apartment and into a house I'm going to store a pretty sizable amount (at least 10 gallons, maybe 20).

It wasn't essential but it sure would've been nice to have had a **generator**. The local hardware stores kept getting large shipments in (several hundred a day) and they'd sell out within minutes. We didn't even try. On the plus side: we're going to keep an eye on Craigslist over the next few weeks and see if we can get one for half price as people decide they don't need them anymore and maybe they really shouldn't have spent that much money on an impulse buy for convenience.

We should have had some **cash** stashed away somewhere in the apartment. This turned out not to be a real problem for us, but it could've been.

Big box grocery stores and retailers, particularly Publix, Kroger and Target were fantastic. They got generators out very quickly and were up and running to provide essentials. Several Publixes in the area were up and running as early as Wednesday night, no joke. I was actually quite surprised at how long it took Wal-Mart to get up and running. I would've expected them to break their backs to be able to take people's money at a time like this.

Several **local restaurants** got up and running under generator power and were offering free food during the outage. Kudos to them, and a couple are going to definitely see some of my business for it when things get back to normal.

Unexpected Standouts

Our cell phone service is through Verizon, and it was almost completely uninterrupted during the entire event. On Wednesday night and parts of Thursday the data usage on our smart phones was pretty slow, but otherwise we just didn't have any problems. Whatever ya'll did, well done Verizon.

The two week battery life on my Kindle turned out to be *fantastic*. So much so, in fact, that we bought a second one at Target for my wife on Saturday (and charged it at my boss's place while we were taking the aforementioned hot showers). The down side: wireless delivery for the Kindle is through AT&T, which had no service from Wednesday night until Friday. Also, we need to keep a couple of **battery powered book lights** around for nights with no power. Still, it worked out really well at a time when our biggest problem was boredom. Bookstores were closed but the **Kindle store** stayed open the whole time. Two huge thumbs up here.

Unexpected Fail

Wal-Mart. And I'm talking epic fail here. I expected them to be among the first to get up and going again. This is freaking Wal-Mart we're talking about. The one thing they do really, really well is get setup to take other people's money. Nope. They weren't even open on Thursday, only came up for a bit on Friday, finally seemed to open up on Saturday. And this morning, despite having full power on for at least 24 hours, they didn't have fuck all in stock.

Compare that to the Kroger across town that was open – with generators, but under full power – days ago and was almost fully stocked over the weekend. Even the Starbucks inside was open. This one surprised me, big time.

Social Commentary

Facebook was mostly annoying. I witnessed an awful lot of people (mostly women, but not all) who didn't have anything worse than a power outage going into total whine mode. There are people around us who lost everything, folks. I gave some cash to a couple at Wal-Mart earlier today who are literally living out of their truck right now. Your life is not over just because your power is out for a few days. There were some standouts who took it all in good humor, though.

Wilson moved in with his in-laws for the duration, despite them not having power either. Very beta. **Chewie** offered us a place to stay for a few days (they're one state over and still have power). We politely declined because we figured if we were going to be bored (and we would've been) we might as well be bored at home. Hermione's aunt offered us a place as well, but we basically declined for the same reason. Besides, other than no hot showers we were doing pretty well anyway.

There were also a fair number of people who just panicked and did rather stupid things. Like sitting in line at the few gas stations that were open for upwards of three hours in order to get gas. We never had a gas shortage, folks. Just a shortage of electricity to pump it. For those of us who sat tight and waited a few days, there was plenty.

Update: Looks like the official tally is **226 tornadoes** in a 24 hour period, setting a new national record.

Cuckolded by the Governorator

Leonidas · 18 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Has nobody else connected the dots yet? Everybody's too busy talking about Arnold and Maria and the **ugly chick** he knocked up.

Fuck them.

Arnold's never going to have any trouble getting laid. Sure, he's getting on in age. He's still Arnold fucking Schwarzenegger. He's also rich, famous, connected, and powerful.

Maria's got four kids with good genes and she's never going to have any trouble taking care of them. She's got plenty of money on her own account and plenty more from Arnold, whether their separation turns into a divorce or not. If she'd managed to keep herself away from the plastic surgery she'd probably still even be attractive enough to catch a date or three.

Ugly chick got her five minutes of alpha, got a souvenir, and *probably got her ex-husband to pay years worth of child support*.

Upon initial questioning, the woman claimed another man (her then husband) was the father. Why? Most likely because he's been paying child support and she was afraid she'd lose it if she admitted the kid wasn't his. Why'd she change her story? Now that Arnold's gone public she probably figures she can get even more money out of it.

My sympathy for these three people is extremely limited. I probably have more for Maria than for anybody – but she had to have known what she was getting into with Arnold. Until he ran for governor of California he wasn't exactly shy about acknowledging his love for the ladies in interviews. Oh, she'll claim she thought he had changed. Run hamster run. But really, she should've known better.

I have no sympathy at all for Arnold or his baby momma. This is just what comes with it.

But I *do* have sympathy for the cuckolded man who's probably been paying child support for years. It's very possible that he's not even all that beta of a guy. It's kind of hard to compete with Arnold, if your wife is in to his type. And having to pay child support for a very famous and powerful multimillionaire's child is downright humiliating. In a just world, he'd be entitled to repayment of all that child support plus financial compensation for emotional distress from Arnold. In our world, he's likely to have to keep paying child support until the kid is 18, and probably have to pay for college, too.

Oh, and if he's smart he'll have paternity tests done on the other three kids, too. Although, again, it's unlikely to matter much in our world.

Update: I'm slightly mollified, I suppose. CNN reports that the Governorator has **provided financial support** for the child since birth. That doesn't necessarily mean that the ex-husband hasn't been on the hook for child support, though, especially if Arnold's payments were off the radar.

Small Children and Friends

Leonidas · 25 May 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Our unmarried and childless friends are more relaxed and accepting of our small child than our friends who are married with children. This isn't universally true, but it is a generalization that holds up pretty well. Not sure what it says about society, but there you have it.

Licensed to Kill

Leonidas · 3 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

OK, not really. But my concealed carry permit finally got approved and I picked it up today. The 15 year old boy part of me wants to go out on the town carrying just because I can... but I haven't actually bought the pistol yet.

Roughhousing

Leonidas · 7 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Am I the only one who thinks it's really pathetic that SWPL types *have to take classes* on **roughhousing** with their kids? On the other hand, at least there's "expert support" for it now so maybe it'll have something of a comeback.

My entire immediate family got together over the Memorial Day holiday for the first time in a number of years. My sister lives almost on the other side of the continent and one of my brothers lives in another state, so we don't all get together much. I spent a little (and I mean a *little*) bit of time roughhousing with my two year old niece. The reaction from **her mother**?

"We'll see how she reacts to that. She's not used to roughhousing."

Sad. My son, who is about 8 months younger, is so used to roughhousing (and loves it so much) that now he'll climb on top of the couch to throw *himself* off onto the seat cushion, laughing like a madman the whole time. We took him to the pool for the first time last week. While we were out there, one of the local kids did a cannonball right next to us. My son's eyes opened wide and he got a huge grin. I have no doubt that he'd have been doing it himself five seconds later if he could swim (not yet; we're about to sign him up for swimming lessons later this summer).

Don't let your kid be a pansy. Start roughhousing with them at a young age and don't stop. Be careful (duh), and keep it age appropriate (double duh). But *do it*. Mothers and fathers both.

Brewpub Deregulation

Leonidas · 9 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I don't actually drink much, but in my (admittedly limited) experience, good local brewpubs also tend to have pretty good food. As a rule of thumb, it's a nice way to find good food when you travel. They also tend to have good, friendly service. During the week I spent in Los Angeles on business (years ago), the brewpub we found was the *only* place that had decent service. Everywhere else appeared to be staffed by "actors" who were simply waiting for their big break and hence too good to actually do any real work. The brewpub, by contrast, was fantastic. So after we discovered it (approximately midweek), we kept going back.

My home state has finally followed some of the national trends and significantly relaxed its laws on microbreweries and brewpubs. The laws are still significantly stricter than I think they *ought* to be, but they've relaxed them enough that we might actually see a few pop up in some parts of the state. Before the new changes it was almost impossible to even open one, much less turn a profit at it. After the changes the rules still make it tough but they're no longer show stopping.

I think I'm going to celebrate in the only appropriate way: with a beer.

Enjoy the Silence

Leonidas · 13 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

From the movie **Pulp Fiction**:

Mia: Don't you hate that?

Vincent: What?

Mia: Uncomfortable silences. Why do we feel it's necessary to yak about bullshit in order to be comfortable?

Vincent: I don't know. That's a good question.

Mia: That's when you know you've found somebody special. When you can just shut the fuck up for a minute and comfortably enjoy the silence.

Now, I enjoyed **Pulp Fiction** quite a bit. I haven't seen it in a while. I probably wouldn't enjoy it quite as much now as my teenage self did but I'd still probably enjoy it. But frankly, I call bullshit on this conversation. No woman I've ever met in my entire life would fulfill Mia's half of the conversation. On the other hand, in most male friendships that I've seen the men can go quite a bit without actually saying anything and not be horribly uncomfortable at all. This is especially true if they're doing something active together like sports practice, hunting, etc.

YMMV.

Sean Bean Stabbed for White Knighting

Leonidas · 14 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

And in the wake of all our talk about violence, here is a **real life situation** that exactly illustrates the point that I, **Dalrock**, and **others** have been making:

The “Game of Thrones” and “Lord of the Rings” tough guy reportedly came to the aid of his famous glamour model companion after a fellow pub reveler made some untoward comments on her topless posing past. While Bean’s white knighthood was obviously admirable, it also proved rather dangerous, as a melee ensued and the actor was ultimately stabbed outside the London pub.

Violence Always Escalates

Leonidas · 14 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Dalrock's been on a bit of a roll the last few days discussing violence. He **launched the topic** on Saturday with a discussion of our modern society's schizophrenic double standard that, on the one hand, men shouldn't be violent at all but, on the other, they should be immediately ready to stand up and defend the "helpless" women and children around them. The entire post is one of Dalrock's best, but today I'm going to riff on only a few pieces of it.

I've framed this deliberately as the choice of using (or at least displaying) deadly force or not, because there is a common misconception that one can use *just a little violence* in these kinds of situations. In reality this is seldom true. Threats of violence only work if you are ready to back them up with real violence. The manager in the video understood that any use of violence to deter the two women doing the beating would almost certainly have provoked a direct attack against him; if that happened he would have been forced to either take a beating like the transvestite, or risk legal and career jeopardy by striking the woman and girl in self defense.

As a 15+ year student of the martial arts I have to say that this is a point that my instructor (and later myself, as an instructor) harped on over and over and *over*: Violence Always Escalates. Specifically (although my sensei never quite phrased it this way), violence always escalates *until one party's will to fight is overcome*. One huge problem, as Dalrock points out, is that it's always difficult and often impossible to know what this point is *before* you initiate violence. Another problem is that you may engage in violence only to find that your opponent has a *much* higher threshold for it than you do. But even if he doesn't it's very easy to find yourself in a situation in which everyone would've been *much* better off if you'd just avoided the fight altogether.

Indeed, Dalrock's post details several great examples of this. But to recap very concisely, every time violence begins, no matter how small the altercation at first seems, there is a non-zero possibility that it will end with death and/or serious bodily harm to *at least* one party. Dalrock notes this point as well (quoting from Delusion Damage):

Most men learn in the schoolyard that there's a point beyond which it's not wise to annoy people, but women can sometimes get through their 12 years without acquiring that wisdom.

The only change I would make is to replace the word "sometimes" with "often." Dalrock correctly ties this in with the Slutwalks, which brings me to my own point of view on the subject. Every time I hear of the Slutwalks, a movie scene flashes through my mind. The movie is **Die Hard With A Vengeance**, a mediocre movie that falls far short of the brilliance of the original. But it does contain one memorable scene that I'll never forget. The terrorists have threatened to do something or other awful (see? mediocre enough that I can't even remember) unless the hero, John McClane, strips down to his skivvies in Harlem wearing a sign that says "I hate niggers." The entire premise of this scene is that it is a very, *very* stupid thing to do, and that he's likely to get himself seriously injured or killed doing it. Indeed, that seems to be one of the terrorists' goals.

Let's think about this scene for a minute, and how it might have played out if Samuel L. Jackson's character hadn't been there to save our hero's bacon. This is America. We have the first amendment protecting freedom of speech. McClane has every *right* to do this very, very stupid act. And indeed, it's not like he'd be pulling the trigger on himself. Could you legally call it suicide? Would his assailants be legally absolved of responsibility from popping a cap in his white ass? Absolutely not. Legally and morally it would clearly be murder. There is no self defense – McClane is peacefully promoting his message. There's no threat. And let's not forget that McClane is a cop, so it's not just killing an ordinary citizen, either.

And yet there's no doubt that this is a profoundly stupid thing that he's done (or been pushed to do). So stupid that many people would call it suicide, and not entirely in a metaphorical sense. And ultimately this is the entire point that those who defend and organize Slutwalks are missing. While it certainly wouldn't be McClane's *fault* if the

Harlem gangbangers kill him, it would be *well* within his power to prevent.

There are going to be those who immediately claim that this scenario is nothing like a woman walking through a seedy part of town at the wrong hours dressed like a slut. Those people are wrong. There is, perhaps, a difference in degree. But there is no difference in *kind*. No, a woman who's doing that isn't necessarily *asking for it*. If we found the rapists afterward and had sufficient evidence, I (were I a jurist) would still vote to convict. Nevertheless, it's a *profoundly stupid thing* for the woman to do. Even though the rape that comes isn't directly *her fault*, she could easily *have prevented it*. Sadly, the distinction between these two points is often lost on a modern audience to caught up in their own "rights" to clue themselves in to the real world.

To switch gears briefly at the end, there's one other topic that Dalrock left out of his otherwise brilliant piece: violence at the state level. In this case I'll use our recent intervention in Libya as the case in point. As noted above, we can't use *just a little violence* to solve the problem. This intervention was destined from the beginning to escalate much larger – and indeed, it's already escalated above what was originally described. It will escalate even more, and at the end of the day there's no guarantee that "our side" will turn out to be the actual good guys, even if they win. Sometimes there are no good guys. Mark my words: the intervention in Libya will escalate further before it's over – or Qaddafi will stay in power.

Modern westerners, and especially our "elite leaders" (as Dalrock says, women of either sex) are so disconnected from violence on a daily basis that they no longer understand anything about it. How could Qaddafi *possibly* hang on to power when the US and Europe are pounding on him? Because we haven't escalated the conflict past his willingness to fight and there's no compelling evidence that we're willing to.

The net result is that western nations, especially the US, are getting drawn into conflicts that we shouldn't be involved in because we're massively underestimating the amount of violence needed to be successful. As with several of the individual level encounters that Dalrock describes, we've forgotten that there are people out there who are *much* more willing to fight than we are and if we let a conflict devolve into violence it will require rather a lot of it to remove their resolve – very possibly much more of it than we're willing to dish out.

Manly Fathers Day Gifts – Savage Mark IIF .22LR Rifle

Leonidas · 20 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original



My ~~Phony Greeting Card Holiday~~ Fathers Day gift this year is a **Mark IIF** rifle from Savage Arms in .22LR caliber. This weapon is, in fact, the first firearm I've ever owned. I'm pretty excited, and it joins a tradition of pretty darn cool Fathers Day gifts from my wife and her mother.

Why this rifle as my first firearm?

- It's cheap to *own*. MSRP is \$214.00. Purchase price at our local gun store was \$195.71. That's a pretty darn inexpensive rifle.
- It's cheap to *shoot*. .22LR ammunition is everywhere and it's dirt cheap. You can buy a box of 50 rounds for less than \$5, and if you buy it in bulk you can get it for less than half that.
- This rifle is one of the most inexpensive bolt action rifles around. Although modern semi-automatics are much more accurate than they used to be, they're still typically not quite as accurate as an equivalent bolt action.
- The new Savage "Accutrigger" is highly regarded (at least as far a stock triggers go).
- The Mark II family of rifles has a reputation as some of the most accurate "out of the box" cheap rifles you can get.
- A good .22 rifle is an excellent "small game" rifle. Rabbits and squirrel are extremely plentiful in this part of the country, and bag limits are very high during hunting season.
- I'm still somewhere between "novice" and "intermediate" as a shooter, and the .22 rifle is a good platform for inexpensively practicing the fundamentals.
- The lack of recoil and noise makes this a great weapon for my wife to practice on as well. In the future, it will also be a good platform for introducing kids to shooting.

Quite a lot going for it, given the price.

Unfortunately, I don't have it in my hands just yet. Our local dealer is out of stock (they had a run of folks buying it for Fathers Day), but we should have it soon.

Alpha Tip of the Day – Wear a Suit to Church

Leonidas · 21 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Today's post is for all the young single men out there. Here's some free advice. Get a really nice suit (plus all the matching gear: shoes, shirt, tie, etc), learn to **wear it right**, trim your hair, wash up, stand up straight and wear it to church on Sundays.

When I was a kid, probably 70-90% of the male congregation wore *at least* a shirt and tie to church, and a good portion of those wore full suits. Today when I go to church I count it a good day when I see 4 or 5 other men in suits. I picked up a really nice one from Jos A. Bank during one of their 50% off sales right before Easter and now I wear it every Sunday.

You'll stand out like a sore thumb – but in the best possible way. If you learn to watch the signs, you can really see the way that the other women just look at you completely differently. This doesn't really help me. I'm married already. But for all you single guys out there, it's probably worth the money.

If I had my early 20s to do over again, this is one of the biggest changes I'd make.

The “Don’t Hit Me, I’m a Girl!” Ploy

Leonidas · 27 June 2011 · Archived copy · Original

When I saw this morning that Alte’s post of the day was [A Day in the Life of Alte](#), frankly I didn’t pay much attention. No offense, Alte, but most people just have boring lives on a day to day basis. I skimmed it out of curiosity and didn’t really look back. 287 comments later...

No, really, *two hundred and eighty seven* comments later, I noticed it again. Good lord, I thought, are people really that fascinated with the life of a Catholic black German-American housewife?

As it turns out, not so much. The vast majority of the comment thread was actually a trolling expedition by a commenter named Jane. Honestly, it’s mostly inanity that isn’t even worth the read. This is one of the very few cases where I’m going to recommend that you save your sanity and *don’t* bother digging through a comment thread at Alte’s place. Usually the comment threads are better than the original posts but this one is just a nightmare.

It’s also, as it happens, a textbook example of one of the most classic feminist arguing tactics. You’ve probably seen it a million times. It goes like this:

- **Step 1:** Pick a huge fight by being extremely argumentative.
- **Step 2:** As soon as it looks like you’re losing, deploy the “Don’t hit me, I’m a girl” defense.

I’ve seen this one a lot. [My sister](#) is an absolute *master* at it. [My sister-in-law](#) is less adept at it but she loves to use it. Step 1 usually begins with the woman in question stating a principle that *of course* any right and decent minded person would agree with – nevermind that it might be downright offensive to somebody present. In fact, it’s usually part of the point that it’s offensive to somebody. Then when you begin to argue the point they can turn and claim that *you* were the one who started arguing. Not them, oh no. You had to go and turn it into a fight, and they really don’t want to fight. Cue batted eyelashes, innocent look, and maybe some tears.

It’s bullshit, of course. They start out with an insulting premise. They throw the gauntlet in your face and then act shocked when you dare to pick it up. Sometimes they genuinely *are* shocked. In many cases nobody else has ever dared to do so before. This is especially common for women who are smart but not as smart as they think they are. It’s also very common for women who surround themselves with like minded thinkers and rarely find themselves in the company of halfway intelligent people with dissenting views.

The second step is almost never actually phrased as “Don’t hit me, I’m a girl.” A good feminist *can’t* phrase it that way. It implies that women are weak and really can’t compete with the big boys (which, for the women who employ this tactic, is generally actually true; they’re employing it because they’ve already lost the argument and they know it). It’s usually some variant of, “can’t we all just get along?” or, “why do we have to argue about this?” Sometimes you’ll also see it as, “why do you always have to win every argument?”

There is, however, a way out of the dilemma when it occurs. **Call them on it.**

First and foremost, don’t let yourself get emotional. That’s their card and it only works in the woman’s favor. Stay calm. Above all **do not be afraid of her** at this point. If this technique is being used, *you’ve already won*. You just need to move in for the kill.

Second, **do not back down**. The people around you will very often pressure you to do this. They *are* all afraid of her. They’re afraid that she’ll have an extreme emotional outburst if you pursue this any further. If you handle it correctly, she won’t. In fact, odds are very high that she’ll apologize at some point in the very near future.

Third, you must **point out the tactic being used**. Explain clearly and calmly that she’s upset about a fight that *she* picked. Point out that this is a very classic passive aggressive behavior, that it’s childish, and that you won’t put up with it.

Fourth, you must explain very clearly not only *that* you weren’t the one who picked the fight but exactly *how* she did it. Emphasize that **she made an offensive statement** early on and point out why that statement is offensive. Make it very clear that you will not sit idly by and be insulted. Also make it clear that you feel an apology is in order.

Fifth, explain that if she honestly wishes to stop arguing **she can stop arguing at any point**. She doesn’t really _____

want to stop arguing, she wants you to cave and admit she's right despite the fact that she hasn't won on the merits. But you believe you're right, you believe you have arguments to back it up, and you'll only unilaterally concede defeat if she wins *on the merits*.

Finally, explain that **you will not continue the discussion on these terms**. If she wants to debate the points you're happy to continue. But there's no point in continuing a discussion with that kind of silliness.

At this point one of two things will happen. She'll either break down into a tantrum or she'll apologize. If she goes the tantrum route, it's time to leave. You can't control her behavior but you don't have to suffer through it.

If she comes back with the apology, **accept it gracefully** - but only if it's a sincere apology and covers the original offensive statement. Don't accept anything less. You have now completely changed the terms of the relationship.

Instead of you being the one who's supposed to appease her (like everyone else), she will now be in the position of feeling that she has to make *you* happy. If she's hot and you're single, congratulations – you just won some serious alpha cred for passing her shit test. For everyone else, at least the bitching will quiet down.

The Battlefield Voice

Leonidas · 19 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

It was the king's voice that put an end to it... the king's voice and twenty swords. Jon Arryn had told them that a commander needs a good battlefield voice, and Robert had proved the truth of that on the Trident. He used that voice now. "*STOP THIS MADNESS*," he boomed, "*IN THE NAME OF YOUR KING!*"

–From "A Game of Thrones", p. 265, US Hardcover edition.

One of the most important things I learned from a decade of teaching martial arts is the importance of your voice and how you use it. It's huge. Want to be a leader of men for those extra alpha points? Learn The Voice.

But be very clear: The Voice that you're out to learn is the voice of *authority*, not the voice of anger or petulance. Much like the difference between "dominant" and "controlling," far too many people confuse the two. They are not the same.

An authoritative voice is:

- Loud and audible – but **not** a yelling voice.
- It comes from your diaphragm and your lungs, down deep, the same way a singer gets extra volume to project - **not** from up high in your throat the same way you get a scream or a yell in.
- It's deep, not high pitched. You should pitch your voice as low as you can without straining.
- It is clear and enunciated. Every word should be clearly understood.
- It is calm.
- It is strong in tone, but not angry, mad, or whiny.
- Choice of words matters as well. Use the **imperative mood** and **active voice**.
- Tell, don't ask.
- The Voice works best when combined with strong alpha body language.

From a handful of items on the list (especially the part about deep voices), it should be clear that men have a bit of an advantage here over women. In fact, I'm going to be rather blunt and state straight up that I know very few women who can pull off The Voice. To be fair, I don't exactly know a ton of men who can do it, either – but of those I know who can do it, *far* more are men than women.

In this day and age when people aren't used to being "commanded" anymore, many people (men and women both) can't even consciously tell the difference between a commanding voice and an angry voice. But even if they can't tell consciously, you can bet your bottom dollar that their subconscious understands. Use The Voice correctly and people will be doing what you've told them to do before they've even had a chance to think about it. Use an angry voice instead and the same person will just become petulant and fight you every step of the way.

The Voice is *incredibly* useful with children. Children as young as my one and a half year old son will respond to The Voice. It's why my son is far more likely to do what I ask him to than he is to do what my wife asks him to. It's also very useful with dogs. Dogs will respond to The Voice instinctively – they've been bred to do it.

You do, however, have to be very careful using it with adults. Sooner or later they'll catch on to what you're doing, and if you're using it inappropriately they'll become resentful. What are appropriate times to use it? Commanding situations. Military drills, martial arts drills, coaching a competitive sport, etc. Also, and more importantly, situations of danger – ie, a situation where somebody needs to do what you say *immediately* to avoid serious injury. But used correctly, it is an extremely alpha tool. You don't even have to use it *on* a particular woman to gain her respect by it. Just use it within her hearing to demonstrate that you are, in fact, a leader of men.

Bonus points: the same low pitch that helps make your voice authoritative also makes it more sexually attractive to women.

A Time For Tears

Leonidas · 22 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A while back I talked about the importance of **not crying** in front of your wife. I still hold this to be very true. But in that post, I also outlined a few exceptions to the rule. Number four on my list of exceptions:

- When your dog dies, but not for any other kind of pet. Sorry cat lovers. Nothing against them, but they're not manly.

One of our dogs developed a sudden immune system disorder this week. The short version is that her body started attacking its own blood, destroying the red blood cells and platelets. We had a couple of trips to the emergency vet's office this week, coupled with a day long stay at the regular vet. They gave her a large blood transfusion and then hit her with some powerful meds to inhibit her immune system. The blood transfusion worked – she was doing tremendously better the next day, almost like normal. The meds didn't. She deteriorated again fairly rapidly. Early this morning she suffered a seizure. I took her in to the emergency vet again while my wife waited at our apartment for her mother to show up to watch our infant son. At the vet's office, the dog had a second seizure before my wife arrived. When she got there, we agreed with the vet's assessment that the dog was essentially already gone – and that it was probably already too late after the first seizure. Rather than forcing her to wait out another half hour or an hour in pain, we had her put to sleep. She was only seven years old.

Hermione and the dog shared a very special bond. She got the dog in the early days of our relationship, well before we were married. At that time her parents were going through a truly *nasty* divorce. The dog was there for her even when I couldn't be – and was there for her in that special way that only a dog really can be.

But also, this was a truly special dog. I can't post pictures or tell of her antics because then my wife and I would be instantly identifiable if friends or family stumbled across this blog. She's that unique. What I can say is that she was, without a doubt, the absolute smartest dog I've ever known. She also had a very special temperament. She put up with our young son as he tried to learn to pet her gently, that it wasn't ok to pull on her ears or tail, or to poke her in the eye. When our other dog wouldn't put up with him anymore and started to snap, she'd jump in to keep him safe. She was playful and joyous to be around. This was truly a once in a lifetime dog, and the bond she shared with my wife reflected that.

Dogs are pack animals. If you've ever owned one (or especially more than one) in a family setting rather than as a single person – or if you've ever watched *Ol' Yeller* – then you probably already know that a dog will also develop a very special relationship of a different kind with the alpha of the "pack." In the movie, the dog bonds strongly (although in a different way) with the older brother, despite initially being the younger brother's dog. Real life often mimics this. My childhood dog bonded with my father in a very special way despite being "my" dog. And in the same way, I bonded with this dog in a very special way even though she was definitely, clearly, and without question Hermione's dog first and foremost.

So yeah, I've shed a few tears today. This dog *earned* them, which is more than I can say for many humans that I know.

What Happened to the Chateau?

Leonidas · 28 July 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Chateau Roissy appears to have been deleted by the author(s).

Update: And the answer appears to be that **it moved**.

Anniversary

Leonidas · 1 August 2011 · Archived copy · Original

My fourth wedding anniversary is this week. It approaches shortly in the wake of a... well, let's just say a rather large and unexpected slap in the face from my parents, of all people. It's a bit of a story, and the details would just be a bit too identifying if certain people stumbled across it. Besides that, there's not much of a way to talk about it without just sounding whiny. Last but not least, it's more than a little embarrassing that my parents would behave that way. But it's big enough that Hermione, Primus and I will be pulling out of an upcoming family event in response.

What does this have to do with my anniversary? Well, it puts me in mind of another fictional quote:

I am not altogether on anybody's *side*, because nobody is altogether on my *side*.

–Treebeard, from **The Two Towers** by J. R. R. Tolkien.

A simple quote, but anybody who has swallowed the Red Pill is well familiar with it. It's applied to me my whole life. Politics? Democrat or Republican, none of them is on *my* side. Cliques in school? None of them is on *my* side. Employers? None of them has been on *my* side (except perhaps my current job – I'm extremely lucky in that). Even "best friends" and surrogate father figures (another story for another day), not altogether on *my* side. And right now, as so many other times in my life, even family – not altogether on *my* side.

When I was dating Hermione, long before we got married, my uncle asked me a deceptively simple question: "Why her?" What is it about her that makes her so special? At the time I didn't have a good answer for him. The best I could vocalize was something along the lines of, "Just because." But over the years I've come to understand exactly what it is. Once upon a time I was lucky enough to find one person who *is* altogether on my side, or at least who was willing to be. All she asked in return was that I be willing to be altogether on *her* side. So I did the only sensible thing: I married her.

There's a strong anti-marriage sentiment in the manosphere. I get it, I really do. The rules of the institution have been twisted, and they're pretty stacked against us men right now. It *should* make men think pretty hard before they go through with it. But for those who question so much why they should risk it, there's one simple answer – the same answer for both men and women. If you do it right, and you manage it with the right person, you really can find somebody who is altogether on *your* side.

My marriage, like *all* marriages, isn't perfect. If it were, this blog wouldn't exist. But there's one thing, the most important thing, that we managed to get right from the beginning: we're on the same side. And that alone is worth everything else, even if I need to be reminded of it sometimes.

Thanks, dear, and happy anniversary.

Off Sides

Leonidas · 2 August 2011 · Archived copy · Original

As a counterpoint to [yesterday's post](#), if you and your spouse are *not* on the same side then your marriage is doomed to failure. It's a question of *when*, not *if*. If you're not absolutely sure that your partner is truly willing to commit to being on your side, don't get married. That is all.

A Marriage By Any Other Name

Leonidas · 4 August 2011 · Archived copy · Original

In a [recent post](#) I mentioned that perhaps *the* best feature of getting married is having somebody who is fully and completely committed to being on your team. The [following question](#) was posed by Ackxiom in the comments:

And the marriage-neutral response (i.e., MGTOW indifference to it, not MRA opposition) remains, as always, that they can do it right and manage it with the right person without getting married at all, so why should they bother?

The answer is pretty simple, but I thought it worthy of its own post.

To put it bluntly, if you “..can do it and manage it with the right person” then you are in a *de facto* marriage, whether you call it that or not.

I’m sure by now that all of my readers are well aware of the great debate about gay “marriage” in the United States. My position for some time has been that I no longer care. I *do* believe that it weakens the institution of marriage – I just also believe that the *legal* institution of marriage is so far gone that it just doesn’t matter anymore. I also agree with the traditionalist position on this one: this is another attempt by leftists to redefine words so that they no longer have any real meaning.

Words have power when they mean something. Extremists of all sorts know this – it’s why they go to such great lengths to control how words are used and what they mean. When words stop meaning things, they lose their power. As the word marriage has come to convey less and less of its original meaning it has lost more and more of its power. Easy and common divorce was the biggest blow to the word. If marriage no longer means “til death do us part” then it’s lost a big chunk of its power as a word.

But by the same token, [The Bard](#) had it right all the way back in 1582:

What’s in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;

If you enter into a relationship where you’re living with a woman, she’s “on your team” no matter what, you love each other, you’ve got a sexual relationship, and your financial lives are intertwined, that relationship is a marriage whether you call it that or not.

A little known fact: out of the seven sacraments of the Roman Catholic Church, marriage is the only one that is *not* administered by a priest. When two baptized Christians **are married**, they are administering the sacrament *on each other*.

The husband and wife must validly execute the marriage contract. In the Roman Catholic tradition, it is the spouses who are understood to confer marriage on each other. The spouses, as ministers of grace, naturally confer upon each other the **sacrament** of matrimony, expressing their consent before the church. This does not eliminate the need for church involvement in the marriage; under normal circumstances, canon law requires the attendance of a priest or deacon and at least two witnesses for validity (see [canons 1108–1116](#)).

Neither is this kind of tradition only Catholic. For centuries English Common Law (which forms the basis for much law in all of the English speaking world, not just in England) recognized **common law marriage** for centuries. Many jurisdictions in the Anglosphere (including Washington, DC and ten states) still do recognize it. In short, if you act like you’re married, the law considers you married (in these jurisdictions).

Call it whatever you want. Hell, the term “marriage” is pretty battered and bruised as it is. It’ll probably appreciate

getting ignored for a bit instead. But a rose by any other name is still a rose.

“Romantic” Movies

Leonidas · 5 August 2011 · Archived copy · Original

One of the things that Hermione and I love to do together is watch movies. We’re both pretty fair movie buffs. Not necessarily the biggest movie buffs out there, but we’ve seen a bunch and we watch a bunch. For example, I’ve rated almost 1200 movies on NetFlix, and those are just the ones that I a) bothered to rate and b) remembered well enough to give an honest rating. Hey, we like movies.

Being movie buffs has been hard lately, though. Some years are good years for movies. Other years not so good. The last two or three years? Outside of superhero movies, frankly, not so good. And inside the genre of superhero movies, it’s still only been hit and miss. Not that there haven’t been some occasional good movies – and a handful of *really* good ones. But overall, there’s been a bunch of crap.

On top of that, renting decent movies has gotten a lot tougher. As far as we can tell, there’s exactly one video rental store left in town – and it’s roughly a 30 minute drive from our apartment.

Oh, sure – we watch plenty of stuff on NetFlix streaming. We also use the Zune store on our X-Box to rent movies. We’ve also tried other internet movie services. Hulu Plus was kind of a bust for us – nothing worth watching (by our tastes) that we didn’t already have access to. We haven’t done much with Amazon streaming yet because we don’t have a good way to hook it up to our TV, but I plan to fix that this fall. Yes, it seems that there are plenty of automated DVD rental machines at every grocery store these days. And yes, we have access to Pay-Per-View through our cable provider.

But both of these solutions have the same problem: the selection is mostly limited to newer films. Cable PPV and Zune on the X-Box get us most of the new blockbuster films. NetFlix and Zune get most of the newer non-blockbuster films fairly quickly. But the back-catalogs of both NetFlix and Zune are very spotty – lots of stuff (good, bad and mediocre), but also lots of holes in the selection.

Point... point... there was a point here somewhere. Oh yes.

Lately we’ve been in a bit of a movie slump. Not much has been coming out for the last 2-3 years that we’re super interested in seeing. And since our easy “rental” options are mostly newer films, that means that there’s not much in the rental bins that’s worth watching, either. And we’re not terribly keen on paying \$15-30 to buy a movie we’re not likely to watch again anytime soon (much less to clutter up our small apartment with it).

But for our **anniversary** this week, we tried pretty hard to find something romantic worth watching together. We spent a good bit of time combing through the “Romantic” movies sections of all our available options together.

And the options were **bad**. Much worse than the general movie options, frankly. Almost every film we looked at could be fit into one of the following categories:

- Woman isn’t happy with her husband/boyfriend and finds a much better relationship with the guy she’s sleeping with on the side.
- Spoiled American Princess is waiting for mister-too-perfect-to-be-real to show up and sweep her off her feet.
- Woman skanks it up on vacation, in college, or for no particular reason at all.
- Woman is pregnant, doesn’t know who the father is.
- The one night stand.

How are these *romance*? Sexy? Perhaps for some people. They may not be my thing, but I can at least get that. But *romantic*? You keep using that word. I do not think it means what you think it means.

So here we are on our anniversary, and all we really want is a halfway decent movie that involves a couple that actually stays faithful to each other and ends happily ever after. Maybe a little humor would be good, too, with a little bit of sexiness thrown in. You know, something worthy of an anniversary. So sue us – we’re not looking for

anything deep this time. And the few that we can find, we've already seen a dozen times. Seriously, what the hell?

West Memphis Three Freed

Leonidas · 19 August 2011 · Archived copy · Original

I don't usually waste my time following high profile court cases. For one thing, they smack a bit too much of *gossip*. For another, the high profile cases are usually pretty stupid. Oh, and they're always tied in some way to a pretty white girl.

But every now and then I do pay attention, and today is one of those days. Word came out today that the West Memphis Three are *finally going to be freed*.

Who are the *West Memphis Three*? They are Damien Echols, Jessie Misskelley Jr. and Jason Baldwin from the small town of West Memphis, Arkansas. In 1994 they were convicted of the murder of three eight year old boys - Stevie Branch, Michael Moore, and Christopher Byers. Anybody who is interested in the details can find them pretty easily. I'm not going to recap the details here. There is no question that the murders of these three boys were brutal and barbaric.

However, there was one small problem. The case against the West Memphis Three – whom were all teenagers at the time – was pretty shoddy. Again, the details aren't hard to find, but some of the problems in the case are:

- The initial investigation's characterization of the murders as part of some "Satanic ritual" is highly questionable.
- A key statement by one of the witnesses was later recanted and she claimed that the police had coerced her into making that statement.
- In an unrecorded police interview, one of the teenagers (Damien Echols) was asked to speculate about how the boys died. His description supposedly gave details that hadn't been made public yet – but it was later revealed that it had indeed been public information since very shortly after the bodies were found.
- The "confession" of one of the teenagers, Jessie Misskelley Jr. (borderline mentally retarded) was given after a grueling session of police interrogation and was very quickly thereafter recanted. It was later ruled an invalid confession by the Arkansas Supreme Court.
- Forensic analysis later proved that the three victims had not actually been raped as initially assumed.

The case against the boys essentially rested on the pillar that because they were Wiccans and Heavy Metal fans, they *must* have been guilty of these Satanic ritual killings that very likely weren't actually Satanic rituals at all. Are Echols, Misskelley, and Baldwin guilty? **I don't know. But I do know that their trial was a travesty of "justice" and that nobody should be convicted on such flimsy "evidence."** Echols was sentenced to death. Baldwin was sentenced to life in prison. Misskelley was sentenced to life plus forty years.

Today, 18 years after their conviction, they will finally be set free.

Why is this important in a Traditionalist/Manosphere blog? Because this case wasn't an isolated incident. Those of us old enough to remember the 1980s and early 1990s remember that there were two big "fad scares" going around: Satanic cults and pedophilic child kidnapper-murders were *everywhere*, or so the nightly news would have us believe. The net result of both fads were a number of people, mostly men, being sentenced to long prison terms for crimes that they very possibly didn't commit.

We can't solve every case of injustice, and in many ways the injustices around us are continuing to get worse. But today we can celebrate that these three men who *probably* (but not definitively) aren't guilty are being set free.

I Can't Believe I'm Paying For This Shit

Leonidas · 22 September 2011 · Archived copy · Original

What Is a Good Answer?

- The facts are right.
- It is not just something you have memorized and regurgitated
- It answers the question I asked, not the question you thought I would ask.
- It addresses the main points and does not focus on side issues.
- It is not vacuous
- It is organized and coherent: not just a collection of key words strung together

What you see above is an actual slide from the actual test review day of an actual graduate level course. When I first saw this in class tonight, my immediate reaction was, "Really?" That thought was followed very closely by, "I can't believe how much I'm paying for this shit," and "I can't believe how much *time* I'm wasting on this shit."

All that was bad enough. Then I got home to an almost-two year old son who took 10 minutes or more to warm up to me because he sees me so little now and I was *really* pissed off.

And BTW, if actual grad students need to be shown slides like this then our culture is *doomed*.

Where Are They Now?

Leonidas · 21 November 2011 · Archived copy · Original

A while back I left a post on my friend **Clark**. Things weren't going so well for him and unfortunately he didn't even seem terribly aware of the fact. Clark's situation has gotten a little bit better in some ways, but unfortunately it's gotten a whole lot worse in other ways.

Readers of the original post will recall that Clark's wife earns between two and three times what he does. On top of that, Clark has a kind of soul sucking job for the state government. Soul sucking enough that when he first started it I told him that if he was still there in 20 years I was going to come kick his ass.

Quite understandably, Clark is starting to get fed up with this situation. Last spring he decided on a totally new career trajectory. This summer he started taking classes toward a new degree at one of the local state universities. Sounds good, right?

Not so fast. Clark's new "calling" (a word he seems to use completely differently than the Catholics do) requires massive amounts of extra schooling just to break in. There is so little overlap between his current degree and his new interest that he'd have to take enough classes for a bachelor's degree that it would be almost like starting over completely. Also because of the lack of overlap, he can't really just jump in and go for a graduate degree. He'd have to take enough pre-requisite undergrad classes that it's more or less the same. So we're talking about basically three years of schooling *if* he went full time.

But did I mention that he's married and has a daughter less than one year old? If you're guessing that full time schooling isn't happening, you'd be exactly right.

Oh, and his new "calling" won't actually pay any more than he's currently making. In fact, it might pay less. Now, in some cases that can actually be fine. Recall Roissy's **third commandment of poon**: You shall make your mission, not your woman, your priority. If your income is low because you're truly following a mission or calling, your woman very well might put up with it. In fact, under the right conditions it can be even more alpha than out-earning her.

But there's a reason that I've been putting "calling" in scare quotes. No offense to my friend, but he's been completely fooling himself here. The day we sat down for lunch and he outlined this plan he gave me some spiel about what his pastor outlined as necessary for a calling. Some mumbo-jumbo about where opportunity, means and desire overlap. Frankly, I think it's bull. A calling is really simple: it's what you feel you *have* to do, even if it's a royal pain in the ass or nearly impossible. You know, when you're *called*. Not when it's something you maybe might wanna do if only you had the opportunity and means.

I (nicely) told him so, and gently hinted that this was an awful lot of schooling. Then I went home and told my wife that there was no way he'd be finishing it.

I saw Clark a couple of weeks ago and he'd finally acknowledged this truth. Unfortunately, this revelation came *after* he and his wife moved back to the town where they went to college together so that he could go back to school. She took a faculty job – a sideways move, maybe actually a backwards move in the long term. They've spun it to everybody else as if it's a great career move for her, but he was rather honest with me (at first) about it really being so that he could go to school. Now they're stuck in a tiny apartment down there, trying desperately to sell their house. Yeah, in *this* economy. Clark managed to transfer his current state job down there... only now he has a really long commute on top of a soul-sucking, low paying job.

Wait, did I say there was good news here? Well, there is, a little. First, Clark is finally seeming to realize that not all is right in paradise. He hasn't exactly admitted it to me, but you can see it in his body language and hear it in his voice. His choice of words is letting it out, but only if you know to look. So at least he's finally starting to see that something is wrong. Also, this move has seriously upset the nice, pretty SWPL life that they had. The net effect of that, at least in the short term, has been to make his wife *infinitely* more bearable. Some people just really don't

react well to money, and are just better people when they're not very well off. Sadly she appears to be one of them.

The better piece of news, though, is that he's looking into other career options. Right now he's got himself convinced on one path that he probably also won't stay on. There's a good bit of schooling there as well, and the program itself is very competitive for admission. But it would result in a terminal degree (not a PhD, but the equivalent in this field) and a salary competitive with his wife's. I don't think he'll stick with this plan, either, but at least he's now thinking along *somewhat* more practical lines.

When they moved, I told Hermione that there were very good odds of Clark getting divorce papers in his stocking. Now that they've been there a few months, I think he's got a bit more time left before that comes – but I still think it's coming. Based on some things he said to me at our last meeting, I think he might even be open to being baby fed some Game concepts.

We shall see.

Weekend Humor

Leonidas · 17 December 2011 · Archived copy · Original



Shamelessly stolen from [Failblog](#) because it's oh so appropriate to the Game community.

Christmas Joy

Leonidas · 22 December 2011 · Archived copy · Original

The last two years have been really rough for us. In 2009, my full-time job ended with the year. I continued on half time with that company until they imploded (oh, the stories I could tell) in late summer 2010. Then I went about 6 months without any income at all, then another 9 months or so at half-time employment again. We had pretty much the difficulties you'd expect during that time frame. A tight, *tight* budget. Our house got foreclosed on. We had to move to find work. We had to rely on student loans and support from friends and family to pay our bills. And even so, we had a couple of weeks when I didn't know how I was going to feed Primus the following week – and even a couple of spots where I didn't know how I was going to feed him *the next day*.

But God, family, and friends watched over us – and hallelujah for that, because Uncle Sam's Welfare Club sure as hell didn't. In all that time, the *only* government help we received, local, state or federal, was about \$3000 in Earned Income Tax Credit for tax year 2010. And I can't tell you how happy we were that it showed up so long *after* it really would've done us the most good.

But I digress. God, family, and friends *did* watch over us, and with their help we *did* manage to feed our son, and ourselves, every single day. And now things are picking up. The company I've been working part time for this year landed a new contract late in the year. Not only did I get bumped up to full time, but I'm now making 40% more than I did at my last full time job. This was the plan all along (the founders of the company are long time friends and coworkers), but it took longer than expected to get the new contract in place. Still, it did finally happen. Those of you who have missed this blog, well, I miss it too – but I'm happier to be fully employed and paid again, and sometimes that's the trade you make.

This is the first Christmas in three years that we've actually had some spare cash to make it a real Christmas. Maybe we went a little bit overboard for our son, but oh well. He's 2, he won't get it. But *we* feel the joy and celebration, and we're happy to do it this year. We're thankful to be where we are, and our thoughts and prayers go out to everyone else out there who's been hit hard by **Great Depression 2.0**. Many of you have been hit far, far harder than we have. May God guide you through the tough times as well.

Best of all, we end this year with a new addition to our family. Our baby girl, little Secunda, joined us this week. Despite his young age, Primus has exceeded our highest hopes in how warmly he's welcomed her into the family. Considering that this hardship for us began with the birth of one child, I can't think of a more poetic way to bookend it than with the birth of another. Merry Christmas to all, and may you all find the same joy that we have this year.

Don't Cry Presidential Edition

Leonidas · 31 December 2011 · Archived copy · Original

Newt Gingrich **tearing up** over his mother is the desperate flailing of a dying campaign. Not that it matters much (his campaign is doomed anyway), but he really should have **heeded my advice**.

Ron Paul Will Take Iowa

Leonidas · 31 December 2011 · Archived copy · Original

While we're on the subject of the presidential campaign, I told Hermione a week ago that I predict Ron Paul wins the Iowa caucus by at least a 5 point margin, maybe 10. The polls since then haven't been quite as favorable toward him, but I still hold to that prediction.

Caveat: I support Ron Paul in this election, and he's one of the very few political candidates I've ever donated money to. It's not that I agree with him on everything. I don't. 10 years ago I would have, more or less. I'm a lot less libertarian now than I was then. However, I support Ron Paul because I think **Vox nailed it**:

There are actually only two distinct candidates in the 2012 election. There is Ron Paul, who represents the U.S. Constitution, and there is Newt Romney O'Bama, who represents the Bank Party.

But aside from my support, I actually think he's going to pull off a victory in Iowa.

Why? Because it's a *caucus* and not a primary. Love him or hate him, Ron Paul defies all logic as a politician. His entire political career is built around defying every rule of politics there is, yet he keeps getting re-elected to Congress. In the last three elections, he won his district by 60%, 70% and 80% of the vote respectively. His secret is that he spends *insane* amounts of time traveling around his home district and meeting with his constituents in person, and they love him for it. When the man gets in front of small groups, he has an ability to win them over that most politicians simply lack. The Iowa caucus plays completely to his strengths. He gets the chance to get directly in front of a lot of voters and argue his case, and this is where he thrives. Ron Paul is the 2011 Denver Broncos of caucuses. If it's a close game in the 4th quarter, he's going to win.

So, where does he go from there? Does his campaign have a snowball's chance in hell? I think yes, but it's still a long shot.

The talking heads love to go on about Ron Paul having a very low "ceiling" of voters, because polls tend to show high percentages of voters who "wouldn't even consider" voting for him. However, I've noticed an interesting phenomenon among conservatives that I know, especially those who lean Libertarian. Many of them, publicly, will never admit to any Ron Paul leanings. But privately, they'll admit that they might actually consider it except that he's completely un-electable. To a degree, however, this is a self-fulfilling prophecy. A candidate who is viewed this way will never, ever actually get elected – *unless* they actually accumulate enough support to start winning something.

Witness Sarah Palin, Michelle Bachman, Dennis Kucinich, and various others. In every case, they are viewed as inconsequential (a view that's definitely helped by the media insisting that it's so). In every case, they have some decent level of support. In every case, they've flamed out at the national level because they can't hit critical mass.

But on the other hand, look at Jimmy Carter, Ronald Reagan, and Bill Clinton. All three were viewed early on as completely un-electable. Yet once they passed a certain threshold, the dam broke and they found a huge base of support (well, until Carter actually became President and proved himself an unmitigated disaster).

I believe that if Ron Paul can actually win a primary/caucus or three early on in the race, he's going to get a really big bounce for it. Historically, the candidate who wins Iowa gets an average 7 point bounce in the New Hampshire polls. At minimum, that's enough to bounce Paul into a strong second place showing in New Hampshire, given his **current poll standings**. Depending upon where those 7 points come from, however, it could actually propel him into a neck and neck race with Romney.

If Paul wins Iowa, he doesn't have to actually win New Hampshire to maintain momentum. A win in Iowa and a very strong second place in New Hampshire suddenly propels him from "second tier" candidate to "top tier." Note also that the media's been ignoring him all year. I think many are right that the powers that be don't want a Ron

Paul president, and they're getting pressure to ignore him. But there are only two kinds of stories the media loves more than heroizing a victorious underdog – a) tearing down a hero and b) making themselves the center of the story. A Paul win in Iowa coupled with a strong second place (or better) standing in New Hampshire suddenly gives them the trifecta – all three stories at once. Ron Paul is the heroized underdog, Romney is the old hero to tear down, and the media's year long refusal to take Paul seriously becomes their favoritest story of all – navel gazing. Paul's supporters have been complaining for a year that they're getting no coverage. If he actually manages to pull off this scenario, they'll get more than they could ever want.

If a true miracle occurs and Paul manages to win *both* Iowa and New Hampshire (a real long shot, but I see it as within the realm of possibility), he's not just top tier, he's the new front runner – and the entire race changes. Bachman, Santorum, and Huntsman are all dropping out of the race sooner rather than later anyway. Most of their supporters are in the “anybody but Romney” category. If Ron Paul is the “not Romney” who's making a good showing, he'll be the next one to get a surge in the vote for it. What's important to note here is that Paul's standing in Iowa right now is most decidedly *not* yet another repeat of this phenomenon, as some are calling it. It's quite obvious if you just look at the polling trends over the last year. The flash in the pan candidates have all had major spikes at various points. Paul's numbers, by contrast, have been rising slowly and steadily all year. Add an “anybody but Romney” spike, and *if* (a big if) Paul can sustain it, and he might actually be able to go head to head with Romney.

At this point, frankly, he's the only candidate who can. None of the other candidates even managed to get on the ballot in Virginia (yet somehow Gingrich and Perry are “serious” candidates and Paul is not). Rest assured that down the line voters will find this as evidence that they're not really strong enough candidates. Really, if you can't even get on the ballot how are you going to defeat Obama? As I already noted, Gingrich is already toast. Newt himself is the only one who doesn't realize it yet. Bachman, Santorum, and Huntsman are all out after Iowa (New Hampshire at the latest). Contrary to their public protestations, none of them has the money or organization to campaign beyond those states. Perry might stay in it a bit longer, but it's going to be hard to keep going after he proves that he can't win Iowa, New Hampshire, *or* South Carolina (which he will prove). Ron Paul actually has an organization in place this time to build a real campaign, not just an “I'm going to raise some issues” (Ron Paul 2008) or “I'm going to do some shameless self promotion and put myself in the limelight” (Michelle Bachman 2012) run.

With that said, other than Iowa (which I stand behind – Ron Paul will most likely win, and by a larger than expected margin), this is all still a bit of a long shot. I'd give it 20-30% odds of actually happening (50-60% if he actually manages to win New Hampshire and Iowa both). Romney's got the entire establishment and a *shitload* of money behind him.

On the other hand, there are a *lot* of people out there who are really pissed off right now and are looking for some *real* change in Washington. I think a lot of voters are starting to realize that Ron Paul is the only candidate who offers them any real hope of that at all. The battle he faces, however, is that quite a few people aren't particularly thrilled about (and many are downright frightened of) the kind of change he offers.

Happy New Year

Leonidas · 1 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

May it be a fantastic one.

Egg, Meet Face

Leonidas · 3 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

So my **prediction about Iowa** was not only wrong but backwards. Oops.

As much as I'd like to hope that the second half of my prediction will also be proven wrong, at this point I stand by it. Ron Paul has an outside shot at winning the nomination still, but it's a pretty long shot. But then, it was *always* a long shot.

FUCK YOU GODDAMN MOTHERFUCKING FREDDIE MAC

Leonidas · 7 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I was about to post this in the comments over at [Traditional Christianity](#), and then I decided that their site was not the appropriate place for the level of profanity I'm about to use. But at the same time, the level of profanity I'm about to use is *entirely* appropriate in response to what I read over there.

Freddie Mac announced this afternoon that it will allow unemployed Americans up to a 12-month forbearance on their mortgage payments. According to the statement, Freddie Mac will allow mortgage services to extend 6 months of forbearance without approval and up to 12 months with their approval.

Freddie Mac says that 10% of delinquencies on its mortgages are tied to unemployment.

MOTHERFUCKERS!!!

So let me get this straight. Right as I'm about to get fucking laid off, Uncle Sam uses my fucking tax dollars to bail out the motherfucking banks. Then I get laid off, I don't qualify for DAMN thing to help me out when I need it, and finally – six months AFTER my home is FORECLOSED ON, when I'm gainfully employed again and paying a shitload of taxes – they decide that it's time to offer 12 months grace period to the unemployed?

FUCK YOU, FREDDIE MAC.

I was not a huge believer in our welfare state before I got laid off, but you'd better fucking believe that I'm not for it now if it's not even going to help me out when I need it.

I will never again vote for another tax increase on myself, no matter the reason.

I will never again vote to bail out anybody else. I will vote for anything that bails me out only because I pay so much fucking taxes and I want some of it back.

I will never again vote for any kind of welfare.

In most election cycles, this means I probably won't be voting very much. So be it. At least I won't be **complicit in my own enslavement**. Thankfully in this election, for perhaps the first and perhaps the only time in my life, I have a choice that meets these criteria and I can vote for Ron Paul. Whatever faults he has (and I definitely don't agree with him on everything), he can at least meet these criteria. I will be voting for him in my state's Republican Primary, and I'll be voting for him in the general election – as a write in, if I have to.

Why Mortgage Forbearance Helps BANKS, Not Homeowners

Leonidas · 8 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

My previous post on this topic was a **personal, emotional rant**. This isn't an apology – it was *meant* to be a personal, emotional rant. The primary source of my actual personal anger isn't based on whether it's good or bad policy but is based solely upon the fact that I've paid a *lot* of money in taxes in my life, there was nothing there to help me when I needed it, and now they're busy siphoning off my tax dollars to bail out other people *again*. This has been the story of my life, and sometimes I feel (not unfairly, in my opinion) that I'm being specifically singled out to carry society's burdens on my shoulders.

But beyond that, the mortgage forbearance plan described is bad policy. It's not at all obvious that it's bad policy because most people don't understand enough about how banks and mortgages work, but it won't take a very long education at all to see why this is yet another quite large bailout to the people who made stupid loans in the first place. At the same time, it's very mild (at best) in how it helps actual homeowners, and in the long run it might actually cost them more depending upon details of the plan.

Let's start with how this is actually another bailout for the banks in disguise. With just a little bit of knowledge about how mortgage loans work this becomes pretty obvious.

We're going to assume that you purchased a home for **\$100,000** with **100% financing** at today's low, **low interest rate of 3.2%** on a 30 year loan. This makes the math pretty straightforward so it's easy to follow. It also shows that what I'm about to describe holds true even for the best of borrowers with perfect credit and a home that's truly within their means.

In today's world, the vast majority of mortgages are not held onto by the organization that originates it. In simpler language, the guy who gave you the money may not be the guy you pay it back to. Instead, that person sells your mortgage to somebody else who hopes to make a profit off of it. How does this work?

To a bank, your \$100,000 loan is worth a lot more than \$100,000. To be precise, this particular mortgage is worth \$193,188.07 – the total amount that you'll end up paying the bank over 30 years. Or, at least, it's worth pretty close to that. In reality there are costs associated with the loan, too – collection administration (somebody has to accept your mortgage check and cash it, or chase you down if you don't pay on time), escrow account management, etc. Also, there will always be some chance that the homeowner will default. Let's say, for the sake of argument, the buyer of the loan has figured out that over 30 years this is going to come out to about \$25,000 in costs on this \$100,000 loan. So to that buyer, the loan is worth approximately \$170,000 in income (I've rounded a bit, don't sue me) over thirty years. The person who gave you the loan originally only spent \$100k plus some administrative costs (we'll ignore those for this simplistic example), so they've only paid \$100,000.

At some price in between, it's a good deal for the originator of the loan to sell it to somebody else to maintain it for thirty years, and also a good deal for that somebody else to buy it. The mortgage originator gets all of his costs back in one lump sum, plus some profit, so he can go out and give somebody else a loan. The buyer of the loan gets a 30 year revenue stream that is, over time, worth a whole lot more than what he's likely to pay. So they strike a deal. Let's say that they settle on \$135,000 – exactly meeting in the middle. The buyer of the loan has now spent \$135k on the house that only cost you \$100k.

Now our out-of-work homeowner enters the picture. That person can't afford the mortgage anymore, so he wants to do a short sale or let the bank foreclose. Let's assume a foreclosure here, and also assume that the bank can actually still sell the house for \$100k (both bad assumptions, but they represent probably the *best* case for the bank in this situation). The person who bought your mortgage and is now servicing it sells your house for \$100k, but they spent \$135k on the house. Suddenly they're out \$35k, and things aren't looking too rosy for them.

Note that this scenario assumes that they foreclose on your house on day 1 and you haven't paid them back anything yet. This house carries a \$536.63 monthly payment on it, so if you've been making payments for a year they've _____

recovered a bit less than \$6.5k of that \$35k, but it still means you have to live there for almost 6 years before they break even if they have to foreclose.

Just as importantly, they've also lost an income stream going forward, and now they have to find a way to make that back up – or just live with lower profits. Investors aren't going to like that too much.

Enter the Freddie Mac forbearance plan. Instead of foreclosing, these banks are now giving the owners a year to find a new job. A pretty good portion of the homeowners are probably going to be able to do so. Now, instead of eating a \$35k loss, these companies have only lost a year's worth of revenue from this loan, or \$6.5k. But more than that, they haven't even *lost* it. The homeowner still has to pay it back, so all they've done is *postpone* that \$6.5k in revenue.

It might be even worse than that, depending upon how interest is handled. I haven't yet been able to figure out if interest accumulates on the loan over that year or not, but I'm willing to bet that it *does* continue to accumulate. This means that homeowner is going to have to pay back significantly more money than the \$193,188.07. Exactly how much more it costs will very depending upon how far into the loan each home is, but it'll be a couple of thousand dollars per home. So the banks have been given a deal: postpone \$6.5k in revenue (you'll still get it, just one year later) and you'll get an extra couple of thousand over the life of the loan. This isn't exactly a terrible deal for the banks even given no other alternatives, but when the alternative is a \$35k haircut, this is a *terrific* deal.

For the homeowner, on the other hand, the deal ranges from "meh" to terrible, depending upon individual circumstances. In today's environment where the house is very likely worth less than the mortgage, he still can't move to find a better job in another location. He still can't sell it and downsize to a home he can more realistically afford. He's very likely to actually have to pay the bank *more* money over the long term. His credit report is likely to still take a beating (no word on how this will be recorded yet, but I doubt it will be good). So he'll still be able to borrow money (probably), unlike if he'd had a foreclosure – but likely at *terrible* interest rates. Again, a win for the banks.

At best, all he's really gained is a year to find a new job so he can keep his home. For some people, perhaps many, this will be better than nothing or even a positive thing. But make no mistake, the banks are getting the better end of the deal by far.

I want to make it clear that I'm not at all sure that a bailout for *anybody* is the correct answer, morally or practically. But *if* you decide that a bailout is needed, this is the wrong bailout *both* morally and practically. A far better solution would be to help the homeowner actually pay down the principal of the home. Help make up some of the difference so that the homeowner can actually afford to downsize to a lifestyle he can actually afford, or so that he can move to find another job that pays the same.

Morally, this helps the people who really need it – the regular Joes who did nothing wrong except buy their home at the wrong time (peak of a bubble) and then get laid off – instead of big banks. *So what* if a couple of big banks go bankrupt? New banks will rise from the ashes. *So what* if a handful of rich assholes take a bath and lose some money? They've got to live like the rest of us now? Cry me a river.

Practically, this helps the economy more. New, stronger banks will emerge from the ashes of bankruptcy and continue on. At the same time, you'll free people up to be mobile again, making it much easier to pair employees with the jobs that are actually open. Not least, typical consumers will have money to spend again – no small thing in an economy that is so heavily consumer driven.

This plan is better than HAMP, but that's faint praise. It's nowhere near as good as the best two options: do nothing, or bail out the actual homeowners.

Evidence of the Decline, Part 20768

Leonidas · 19 January 2012 · Archived copy · Original

A twice divorced politician is accused by his ex-wife of coming to her *after an eight year affair* and asking for an open marriage. He's asked the question at a debate, and has the **chutzpah** to slam *the moderator* as being the immoral/out of line one. Not only does he get away with it, but this is the man who will likely get the "conservative evangelical" vote.

[As an aside, if you can ignore the moral failings it's an *excellent* example of an alpha reframe. No wonder he can keep finding new wives.]

In a related note, a "conservative evangelical" leader actually has the courage to **call out Callista Gingrich** for her own moral failing of being a married man's mistress for eight years, and the reaction of other "conservative evangelicals" is stunned awkwardness – not at the woman's behavior, but that this religious leader would dare to point out that she bears her own element of culpability. Of course, *she* has only been married once, so it's irrelevant that she was banging a married man for eight years.

This is the state of our supposed "moral majority," folks.

Don't Hit Me, I'm a Girl – Redux

Leonidas · 14 March 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I generally stay out of Facebook arguments. Getting involved in a Facebook argument is **fail**, plain and simple. Nobody's mind is getting changed and about the best you can hope for is to not piss off your actual friends. However, it seems like abortion and birth control are the topics *du jour* lately – on the news, in the blogs, and **even** especially on Facebook.

Now, I generally don't even notice this kind of thing. However, every now and then something sets me off. In this case, the Pink Mafia finally got to me. First there was the whole Komen affair, then the Obamneycare vs. the Catholic Church birth control flap, and then a whole series of "look, *see how bad it is?*" bills proposed to show us men exactly how terrible our stance on birth control and abortion is. Each of these cases has been followed by a violent wave of explosive stupidity vomit on Facebook.

I don't mind people having different opinions. In fact, I *like* a good debate. Long time readers will have a good guess as to how I stand on these issues (against abortion, don't care about birth control – but don't want to be forced to pay for it, and against stupid bills). But I acknowledge that there are some decent arguments on the other side of these issues. There's a secular case to be made for the pro-choice side (it's weak, even when purely secular, and I think so-called Christians who are pro-choice are suffering from *massive* cognitive dissonance). There's definitely a secular case for birth control (weaker than it's generally made out to be, but not that bad). And... ok, there's really no case at all for stupid bills or the stupid legislators who propose them.

I'm not talking about people who are genuinely arguing their side. I'm talking about the explosion of true stupidity that many are *putting forth* as arguments. It's bad. Really bad. The total and complete lack of even a semblance of logic is truly stunning. I know, many in this corner of the blogosphere are going to ask me what I expect from a bunch of women. But really, even so... it's *this* bad?

It finally got to me a few weeks ago, so I posted a link to one of the stupidly retarded bills and pointed out exactly how stupid and retarded it was. The surprising thing was how many friends I had who basically joined in and agreed. Thank God there's *some* sanity left in the world. However, I had a couple of commenters who couldn't let it go. One was my brother Wilson, arguing the pro-life side with all the skill of a dung beetle trying to use a wet noodle as a surfboard on the wake of a dying otter (that *might* even be a tad generous). The other is the new wife of a friend, arguing the pro-choice side with slightly more skill...

Until she wanted to deploy the, "Sorry if this is sexist, but men don't even have a say in this," card.

Friends, this is a classic Feminist move. It is *not* a valid argument – or at least (as you should point out to them) it's no more valid than saying that she should get her ass back into the kitchen and shut up. It's not really an argument at all. Rather, it's a ploy intended to shut down argument. *You* don't have any right to argue this. *You* aren't capable of logic and reason. *You* don't have any reason to try and protect your children or the children of society. *You*, in fact, are subhuman and should bow to *her* obvious superiority.

So I did the only correct thing – I shut it down and pointed it out for what it was.

Fast forward a little bit, and she's posting a new argument on her own Facebook wall. I drop in and post a relatively innocuous comment (although it was, very definitely, in opposition to her position). OK, it was *slightly* snippy, but really and truly only a little bit.

A few hours later, I found myself de-friended and that comment had been deleted.

This, my friends, is a classic example of the "**Don't hit me, I'm a girl**" ploy. As usually deployed by Feminists, first she picks a fight. Then, when she realizes she can't win, she flees from the debate. In person, the appropriate response is to shut it down and call it for what it is. On Facebook? I'm leaning pretty hard toward ignoring it. I'm kind of tired of reading her rants anyway, and, of course, saying *anything* about it in a public forum just comes

across as petulant. Her husband is a good friend of mine (good friend is putting it mildly; I was a groomsman in his wedding, and he would've been one in mine except that he couldn't get leave from his deployment to Iraq), and he's a bit of a hot head. But I've long since learned how to deal with his kind of temper tantrum – be the rock, and let the storm rage around you. It's a technique that works equally well on women, children, and overly-emotional friends. Besides, once he calms down he'll know (deep down) that I was right, even though he likely won't admit it for fear that it'll interrupt the pussy train.

But she's not *my* wife, so as far as I'm concerned she can suck it. I'm going to get on with life.

Athol Quits His Day Job

Leonidas · 9 April 2012 · Archived copy · Original

I saw [this](#) earlier this morning and it made my day. No, it made my week.

Anyway... a year ago Jennifer and I were all but filing for bankruptcy and that was even after strip mining my 401k, checking the couch for change and deferring the taxes. If the Primer didn't sell, we were going to be totally hosed. I seriously love my readers. Seriously, seriously, seriously love my readers. Which means my next news is kind of amazing...

...I'm quitting my day job.

Congratulations, Athol. Here's hoping you save many, many more marriages and make a shitload of money doing it.

The Remarriage Market

Leonidas · 16 April 2012 · Archived copy · Original

When Hermione was pregnant with Primus, we attended a kind of hippie birth preparation class. It was intentional, because Hermione is pretty big on the whole natural birth thing. Plus, the childbirth industry in the US is a gigantic scam – but that’s a topic for a whole post on its own. We’ve kept up with everybody from that class via Facebook, and for good reason. It was a pretty eclectic mix of people.

There’s one couple from that group in particular that caught our eye. Both were pretty southern. He was a working class Joe (mechanic, if I recall correctly). She was a graduate student at the same major southern university that Hermione and I were enrolled in at the time. On the other hand, he was a pretty alpha guy. He was one of those guys who talked the macho talk pretty well, and we just *knew* that his daughter was going to have him wrapped around her finger as soon as she was born. Also, the wife was super religious. The pairing seemed a bit odd, but it also seemed to work.

Alas, it was not to be. Before his daughter’s first birthday, his wife had pushed him out the door and was out on the skanky-ho club scene. Now, the club scene doesn’t necessarily have to be the skanky-ho club scene. But we saw the Facebook pictures, and I call it like I see it. Her outfits would be skanky enough on a 20 year old. On a woman in her early thirties with a kid, it’s the kind of thing where you want to just tell her to grow up a bit. If you needed any more proof of everything **Dalrock’s** been saying for the last year or so about how even the highly religious aren’t immune from the modern divorce culture, this is it.

It’s been a little bit over a year now, and within the last couple of months, both of them have gotten remarried. It’s worth noting that his new wife is significantly hotter than his ex.

Divorce theft sucks for men, no question. But they do *much* better than women on the remarriage market.

From the Mouths of CNN

Leonidas · 18 April 2012 · Archived copy · Original

W.F. Price over at The Spearhead has had several posts lately arguing that **feminism is peaking** and the decline is coming soon. I agree with his logic, and have been making similar points privately for some months now. Today, however, I give you a new exhibit. **This** was *the* main article on CNN earlier today:

After factoring in the rising cost of child care, the daily commute and other work-related expenses, a growing number of mothers are figuring out that having a job just doesn't pay.

Many of us in the mano/trad/alt-right o sphere have been arguing this for some time. For it to be a major article at CNN, however, shows that the view is hitting the mainstream. Of course, the end hasn't totally arrived yet. Count on this as laying the groundwork to argue for more welfare, state-supported child care, etc. Still, the message *is* getting out there.

Let Me Explain It More Slowly

Leonidas · 20 April 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Athol Kay is dead wrong.

Now hold on just a minute before getting too upset. Anybody who's read this blog for any length of time knows that I have the utmost respect for Athol Kay, and I consider him personally to have done a world of good for my marriage, and I'm really glad that he's finally able to support himself doing it. However, when it comes to **Catholics and birth control** he's wrong: wrong on his advice, wrong in his approach, wrong in diagnosing the problem, and even wrong on the facts.

First, the situation:

If you write to me and say you're a Catholic in a sexless marriage, primarily because your wife is terrified of having more children, that's when I start experiencing a pain in my right temple that travels behind my right eye and makes it twitch a little.

The advice:

Then I'm going to say something like *"Ahhh... have you considered birth control?"*

Not only is this wrong, it's *exactly opposite* of the correct advice for this situation.

The approach:

When I suggest birth control, please then don't explain-to-me-more-slowly-that-you-are-Catholic-and-cannot-use-birth-control-and-need-a-different-answer-that-you-can-actually-use. I know that, I was purposely suggesting that you stop being miserable and start sinning a little.

Sinning a little is the wrong approach entirely.

Look being completely objective about this...

Athol is not being completely objective. He is giving advice from the perspective of an Atheist. It is logically incorrect to call that *objective*, as it is a perspective that very much has its own biases. Truly objective advice would consider that the couple in question is Catholic and adapt their situation, not try and push an Atheist and, frankly, Protestant-inspired answer on them. I love you Athol, but it's true: Atheists are exactly 0% more *objective* than anybody else. That's a big, fat, whopping zero. Also, while I won't Athol of hating Catholics, for anybody to call *his own perspective* objective is insulting. Athol is better than that, usually, so I give him the benefit of the doubt of just slipping here.

The diagnosis:

if you have a religiously based cockblock stopping your sex life from being happy, *then that's the cause of the problem.*

No, it isn't. Athol's commenters have diagnosed the problem more accurately. We'll quote the **earliest one** on the list, Jason:

Athol, from the "red-pill" perspective, isn't the wife's refusal to use birth control/fear of pregnancy her "body agenda/rationalization hamster" saying to her husband "you don't attract me enough to either want to have your

babies or to otherwise lay you”? Wouldn’t the solution to the problem be less liberalization of religious practices and more “MAP”?

This is an excellent start.

The wrong facts:

Your options are either to do some fancy bible study to find a way to approve what you want to do sexually, dump that particular aspect of religious belief (which is exactly what 98% of Catholics in America do on the birth control issue), or dump the religion completely.

The 98% statistic is wrong. It’s been debunked in so many places that I’m not even going to bother to dredge up a link (commenters feel free to jump in). Google it. Please either stop quoting it in your arguments or stop expecting me to take you seriously.

Jason has hit the nail on the head here. If the unnamed man’s wife was into him, she wouldn’t mind the possibility of having more of his babies – at least not this the level of irrationality that swears off sex altogether. In fact, if she was *really* into him, she’d want it.

Let’s take the woman at her word for a moment and assume that she truly is afraid of getting pregnant, and hence he gets no sex. This is an *irrational* fear – there’s a reason I used that word before. Some actual facts:

- A woman can only get pregnant during a particular window of her menstrual cycle. Assuming worst case scenarios, this window is about *one week out of four*. The other three weeks of the cycle, her chances of becoming pregnant are statistically insignificant. Yes, it happens. But not to anybody you know [if you think it happened to somebody you know, it's almost certain that in reality there's some reason why it actually *was* during her ovulation window and they just didn't know it].
- Natural Family Planning is based upon using *actual body symptoms* to know when this window is, and *it works*. When used correctly it’s **99.86% effective**.
- Natural Family Planning is approved by the Catholic Church.

The first response of many non-Catholics is going to be to deny that NFP is effective. This is neither objective nor evidence based nor correct.

Furthermore, Athol’s advice is exactly opposite of what this man should be doing. In fact, I’d go so far as to say that in the situation he’s in, if he follows Athol’s advice, *his marriage is doomed*. He might as well file divorce papers and give it up. Note: his marriage is already in pretty bad shape, and it may not be salvageable; but following this advice *guarantees* that it’s done.

Being the religious head of the household is an alpha trait.

Wait, let me repeat that again – it’s important.

Being the religious head of the household is an alpha trait.

It’s a *very* alpha trait. Athol lives this in his own way, though it may not be obvious. His atheism gives direction to his household. They may not be atheists themselves (I recall reading on his blog some time ago that Jennifer was still quite Christian), but I guarantee you that his atheism tempers their religion and keeps it from boiling over. I guarantee you that they respect his atheism for its honesty, and for the fact that he won’t cave on what he believes just to make them happy.

Why should his unknown e-mailer cave on his religion to make his wife happy? Especially since if she’s honestly not using birth control, it’s because she’s tacitly accepted Catholic dogma as well. Face it: if she wanted to get it, she could – with or without his knowledge or permission. Birth control is *cheap*, it’s *readily available*, and it’s easy to

get *privately*. Planned Parenthood will discretely mail it to you for \$25 a month, or you can drop by and pick it up in person – no insurance required, no paperwork for anybody else to ever see.

Disagreeing with the church as an outsider is fine. This is America, it's your right. Disagreeing with the church *honestly* as an insider is... well, I won't say "fine," but it won't kill your credibility with your spouse. But doing it when you honestly believe church doctrine just so that you can get laid? You've just destroyed your religious cred, and failed a *major* shit test at the same time. No, birth control is not *always* a shit test – but if the man in question caved for the reasons Athol's giving him, it would be *failing* a shit test even if the birth control situation wasn't originally a shit test at all.

Pick up artists can get away with encouraging women to be sinful. The man in question could probably have gotten away with it if he'd done it very early in their relationship. But now that he's established himself as honestly against birth control, he *can't* do this and get away with it. If he does, he concedes all of his status as religious head of the family. After all, what good is the religious head of the family if he's caving on questions of morality. It's not worth arguing about whether it is or isn't a question of morality: *they* believe that it is, so caving on it will have this effect.

Yes, I know – it's fair for people (men and women both) to not want *more* kids. But to be frank, children happen even when birth control is involved. Birth control is seldom perfectly used - *actual use* failure rates on The Pill are around 15-20%. 40% of all abortions are performed on women who were using birth control at the time they conceived. I personally know a woman who got pregnant while using The Pill *and* condoms.

What *should* the man in question do? He doesn't have very many good options. If things have reached this point, his marriage is already in trouble. Even at the most sexless point in my marriage, Hermione still wanted to have my kids. Indeed, our first son was conceived at the tail end of the most sexless point in our marriage. Furthermore, the fact that things ever got to this point implies that he made a poor choice in partner to begin with. If she's an honest believer and is really that upset about having more of his children, it's seriously time to wonder if the existing kids are his. If I were him, I would be discretely getting paternity tests done.

First, he needs to work even harder at the **MAP**. Second, he needs to make a re-dedication to his religion (let's assume that he honestly believes it; if he didn't, he'd have already taken the easy path and gone with birth control) and *make a show of it*. After those steps are done – and *only* after those steps are done, he needs to *double down* on the no-birth control rule. If she continues to deny him sex, rather than getting upset he needs to treat her with contempt – more than a true neg, he needs to make it clear that he actually believes that she is *taking advantage of his religious beliefs* in order to deny her own husband sex. It's a contemptible, despicable thing to do, and he should treat her appropriately. This will be far more effective if he can believably flirt (and no more) with women who are more attractive than her while in her presence.

If, at that point, the situation persists he needs to prepare himself for the fact that she is likely to initiate divorce on her own in the near future. Being Catholic, I don't recommend that he initiates one or threatens her with one. But he *should* probably make initial contact with a lawyer, hide away a bit of money so that she can't empty it from his bank accounts, and otherwise prepare for the coming storm. In 21st century America he can't stop her if she decides to unilaterally divorce him, so he has to be prepared for it, Catholic or no.

Alpha Tip of the Day: Motor Vehicle Lemonade Edition

Leonidas · 23 April 2012 · Archived copy · Original

When I lost my job a few years back, I ended up having to sell my sports car in order to make ends meet. It was the right call for our family, but it was highly disappointing. Though she's kind enough never to say so, it probably also cost me some Alpha points with my wife. [On the other hand, in [Athol's terminology](#), it gained me some Beta points for sacrificing what was needed to provide for my family.] At that time, we were living in a situation where we only needed one vehicle. When I got my new job, I started working on-site again (as opposed to working from home), and we needed two vehicles. I bought a cheap-ass "disposable" car to get us through for a while, under the theory that we'd be able to afford a nicer, newer vehicle by the time it died. Well, life has a way of not working out the way you plan it. The car died on me a little over a week ago, and we're not financially ready to get another car right now.

They say when life hands you lemons, make lemonade. Well, we've been talking for some time about me picking up a motorcycle to replace the sports car. They're *considerably* cheaper both to own and operate – at least, entry level bikes are; you *can* easily spend as much on a bike as on a car. And as a novice rider, an entry level bike is all I want. As it happens, a good friend of mine just upgraded from his entry level bike, and was looking to sell it. We'd already been negotiating to buy it from him when the car died.

Tonight I became the proud owner of a moderately used Suzuki GS500F.



Note: this is not actually my bike, but a picture I found online.

I spent the weekend taking the Motorcycle Safety Foundation safety course – which I *highly* recommend for anybody before taking a bike on a public road. Beginning tomorrow, I will be commuting to work with it except on days of inclement weather.

Trust me, chicks dig the bike. This has been getting me laid since before I even took delivery of the bike.

A Boy Scout Named Jeffrey

Leonidas · 1 July 2012 · Archived copy · Original

Back in the day when I was in the Boy Scouts I knew a boy named Jeffrey*. Calling Jeff a friend would be a lie. To begin with, he was a couple of years younger than me, so he was in with a different age group of kids. At that age, you're pretty sensitive to those things. There was more than that, though. Jeff was *weird*. He had the strangest sense of humor (and this is coming from *me*). He had a knack for saying just about the most inappropriate thing for any given situation. He was whiny, and not just in the way that all 12 year old suburban boys are whiny when you get them out into the woods for the first time. I mean he was *whiny*. He was more than a bit of a wimp, too. I mean, he was physically weak, but for a long time it went way beyond that – he wouldn't even try at very much.

It wasn't just the other boys who found him difficult, either. The Scoutmasters had trouble as well. In the summer of 1993 we went on a week long canoeing trip. The minimum age for the trip was set at 15. I found out later that 15 was picked *specifically* by the Scoutmasters so that they could keep him out of the trip without explicitly singling him out. On the one hand, that seems a bit mean. On the other hand, they handled it pretty well by making sure that they weren't obviously singling him out. And he really was that difficult.

The following year, 1994, our troop took a 10 day backpacking trip at **Philmont Scout Ranch** in the mountains of New Mexico. They couldn't get away with altering the age limit this time, so Jeffrey signed up to go. Everybody groaned and prepared for the worst.

Philmont is one of the most incredible places on earth, but it isn't easy. Our trek was 75 miles of backpacking over 10 days – and not on easy terrain, either. Base camp at Philmont is at 6000 feet, and everything else is up from there. The highest point we hit on our trek was over 10,000 feet. One to three thousand feet or more of elevation change a day was pretty typical. Our troop started preparing for the trip a year ahead of time, starting with small day hikes, building to weekend backpacking treks, and more. Some of us who weren't in the greatest of shape started doing more on our own. I started running, for example, eventually getting up to three miles a day.

I will give Jeffrey credit – a *lot* of credit. He *knew* that he was the weakest link in our group, but he desperately wanted to go. I mean, he really, *really* badly wanted it. He was too out of shape to handle running, but he started hiking every day with a pack that got steadily heavier. He went through his gear over and over again, getting it as light as he could. By the time we left he had the second lightest pack in the group.

More importantly, when we finally got on the trail at Philmont, I can't remember him *ever* complaining. Not even once. Everybody else had their moments. You pretty much always do on the trail – that's half the fun. Not Jeff. He *wanted* to be there, every minute of it. Even when it was hard, even when he was huffing for breath, even when he was the last person in the group and he was trailing everybody by a fair amount, I can't remember a single complaint. In fact, I don't even remember him *talking* much on that trip. He so desperately didn't want to be the guy who pissed everybody off on that trip that he just shut the hell up.

That trip was life changing for all of us, but I don't think that any of us got as much out of it as Jeffrey did. We all gained a lot of respect for him. We didn't exactly stop teasing him after that – he could still be damned annoying – but the tone changed. He was annoying, but he was *our* annoying guy after that. He'd earned his right to be one of the group, and the teasing became a lot more good natured.

I found out some years later that Philmont was almost a metaphor for his entire time in the Boy Scouts. Jeffrey's father was a fat lazy fuck who *hated* the outdoors. Hated isn't even the right word. He was too phobic of the outdoors to even mow his lawn. On the weekends he'd go lie in his hammock on the porch all day and ignore his kids. He never lifted a finger to help Jeff in the Scouts. Jeffrey's mom put him in the program to try and help make a man out of him, and later on Jeffrey *wanted* to be there, even though we picked on him mercilessly.

I haven't seen Jeffrey in *at least* 15 years, probably more – and I never will again.

Last night Hermione and I had dinner with an old high school friend of mine and her husband. We were swapping current events stories about mutual old friends and I learned that Jeffrey hanged himself in 2009. Evidently he'd been battling depression and schizophrenia. He was 29 years old.

Jeffrey was probably one of the most Omega people I have ever met. I don't know if he ever even had a girlfriend in his tragic life. I don't know if our treatment of him in the Boy Scouts contributed to his suicide. I don't know if there's anything I could have done to help him. If he was honestly battling schizophrenia, the answer to both questions is probably "no." Nevertheless, the way I treated him will haunt me for the rest of my life. He was annoying as shit, but I never would have wished this on him. I can't help but feel that at the very least we all failed Jeffrey.

I also can't help but think that Jeffrey is not alone. Suicide is the **2nd highest cause of death** among American young adults aged 25 to 34. The overwhelming majority of those suicides are young men – many soldiers who have a rough time readjusting to civilian life. This is a preventable tragedy that doesn't get anywhere near enough public attention. I don't know what the solutions are, but even before I found out about Jeffrey I felt like we as a culture aren't even trying hard enough. I know, I know – in this corner of the manosphere I'm preaching to the choir. Still, I can't help but feel this tragedy especially deeply.

Resquiescat in Pacem, Jeffrey. Rest in Peace. For whatever sins I committed against you in life, I am truly and deeply sorry.

* This is the first time on this blog that I've actually used somebody's real name. He deserves no less from me.

Come and Get Them

Leonidas · 2 January 2013 · Archived copy · Original



ΜΟΛΩΝ ΛΑΒΕ