

# LaidNYC ARCHIVE

compiled by /u/dream-hunter

[www.TheRedArchive.com](http://www.TheRedArchive.com)

• • •

**Every single post from the blog LaidNYC in a single PDF file.**

Disclaimer:

I am not the creator of the posts; all I did is compile the entire blog into a single PDF file. Every single post is credited by its author below the title of the post, along with a link directly to the post.

Please redistribute the PDF file to as many people as possible, as the information contained is priceless and future generations should have access to it. If at any time the PDF file is lost, it can be officially downloaded from [TheRedArchive.com](http://TheRedArchive.com).

Enjoy, and if you are a fan of red pill, don't forget to check my website [TheRedArchive.com](http://TheRedArchive.com) for an archive of content related to The Red Pill community including many subreddits and blogs.

Best Regards,

[/u/dream-hunter](#)

May 23, 2023

• • •

## Table of Contents

---

The Paparazzi Rule .....	7
There Are No Double Standards .....	8
The Big List of Slut Tells .....	9
In Case You Feel Like Putting a Girl on a Pedestal .....	11
The Parable of Mark and Lauren .....	12
I Have Empathy For Women .....	14
Do Naturals Have Little Sisters? .....	15
On Veggie Burger Alphas .....	17
The Night I Invented Game and Lost My Virginity .....	18
How To Get Laid In College .....	20
How to Talk About Your Exes .....	23
The Only Thing That Matters .....	25
The End Is Near .....	26
Shut Up .....	27
The True Measure of a Man .....	29
Limp-Wristed Cat Lovers, Beautiful Dog Lovers .....	32
How to Get Laid Using Facebook... 100% Guaranteed Hack .....	34
Repeat After Me .....	38
The Case For Kids .....	39
Game By Osmosis .....	40
The Stand-Up Comedian... Alpha? .....	41
Fun With Cold Reading .....	42
Why Are Most People Closest To Their Maternal Grandmother? .....	43
Mixed Bag Friday: Why I Blog, Meetups, and My Real Life .....	44
Further Thoughts on Approach Anxiety (and one solution) .....	45
Your Next Shot .....	46
Girl Game .....	47
Game Is Not For Everyone .....	50
But What If I Don't Like STEM Fields? .....	52
Choose Your Own Adventure, Part One: Friend's Girlfriend .....	55
Are You Really a Player? .....	57
How To Cheat on Your Girl Better Than a Politician or Male Feminist .....	60
Don't Marry Any Woman Older Than 25 .....	62
Choose Your Own Adventure, Part One: The Outcome .....	63
A Tale of Two Alphas .....	66
How to Make Sure Krauser Doesn't Have Sex With Your Girlfriend .....	68
You Date Younger Women Because You're Insecure .....	71
Closure Is Bullshit .....	75
LaidNYC's First Law of the Internet .....	76
Navigating the Status Minefield: Liar Liar Crotch on Fire Edition .....	77
Intermediate Game: Managing Friends With Benefits and Flings .....	80
The 3.5 Types of Guys Who Get Laid In High School .....	82

Teach Her Something .....	84
Breakup Insurance Plan for the Thinking Man .....	85
The Quickest Inner Game Exercise .....	87
Is Skylar White a Cunt? .....	88
Choices .....	90
Your Seed is Gold .....	97
I Hit It First: Why A Girl's Sexual Past Matters .....	99
Feminists Had Shitty Mothers .....	101
Man on a Mission .....	102
The Rock Solid Law of Night Game .....	104
You Only Fuck Sluts .....	106
Why You Should Jack Off .....	108
Just Another Brick In The Wall .....	109
The Walls of Facebook .....	112
The Quickest Way To Reveal True Character .....	114
How to Create a Natural .....	117
How To Lose A Guy In One Fuck .....	121
So Why Would Any Guy Sleep With a Cougar? .....	122
Don't Cut Off Part of Your Son's Penis .....	124
Why New Yorkers Hate New Jersey .....	125
Two Fortunes .....	127
"Please Tell Me I'm Pretty" .....	129
An Unacceptable Thought for the Weekend .....	133
Open This Set .....	134
A Tuesday Night Bang .....	135
How To Date a Porn Star .....	137
What Rhymes With Hug Me? .....	139
Donations Getting Kicked Back .....	141
When A Girl Brings Up Her Ex-Boyfriend .....	142
The King's Immigration Policy .....	143
"No, I Will Not Make Out With You" .....	144
Virginity Stories Week: A Call to Action .....	146
A few more virginity stories .....	148
How To Lose Your Virginity .....	149
Stand Up For Yourself, You Fucking Pussy .....	151
Hey Everybody, We're All Gonna Get Laid .....	153
Why Do Feminists Think Women Are Only Good For Sex? .....	154
How To Be A Real Man and Buy Girls Drinks In Bars .....	156
The New York Ho Hierarchy .....	158
Mr. President, Tear Down This Pedestal .....	159
Avoiding False Rape Accusations: A Primer .....	160
Slut Shaming Is For Confident Men Only .....	163
No Really, What Does a Feminist Look Like? .....	164
What will Gramma Selfie be like? .....	167
One Of The Ones That Got Away .....	168

A Home Worth Wrecking .....	170
Monogamy, Beauty, and Peacocks .....	171
The Quickest Way to Win an Argument .....	172
What are you guys drinking, appletinis?? .....	173
You Sandbaggin' Son Of A Bitch .....	174
Laid Around the World .....	175
Text Game: The Sarcastic Heart .....	176
It's Not Her Fault .....	177
Why You Shouldn't Give A Shit About Your Conversion Rate .....	179
When Can A Man Cry? .....	181
No Short Men Need Apply .....	183
The Long And Short of Online Dating .....	185
Trust Me, I'm A Good-Looking White Guy .....	187
You Just Can't Keep Up With Her .....	188
Where The Fat People Aren't .....	189
The Slut Project .....	190
NO .....	192
Love .....	193
Why Do Sluts Love Having Gay Friends? .....	195
Game in Thirty Seconds .....	197
Why Does Jesus Love PUAs? .....	198
The Google Search Mailbag .....	200
I review my first Krauser book .....	203
One Sure Way To Ruin Valentine's Day .....	205
Advice For The Virgins .....	206
The One Obvious Problem .....	208
How To Give Gifts And Still Keep Your Balls .....	209
You Have Pretty Eyes .....	210
Grains of Salt .....	211
Unnatural Selection .....	212
Shall Broads Have the Vote? .....	214
Wingman Skillz .....	215
Dude, How Many Chicks Have You Banged? .....	216
When Was The Last Time You Saw A Happy Feminist? .....	218
The Fight With Dick .....	219
The 80/20 Of Life And Game .....	221
A Quick Lesson On Being Cool .....	223
The Virgin Diaries .....	224
Introducing the Dimorphic Attractiveness Quotient .....	226
r vs. K Selection is not Alpha vs. Beta .....	228
Tucker Max Invents the Manosphere .....	230
Fuck GDP .....	233
Be The Resistor .....	234
Why I Unfollowed You On Twitter .....	235
The Case For A Heartiste Donation Drive .....	236

The Best Way To Learn Game .....	238
Linkage For Your Soul .....	239
My Last Post: Why I'm Quitting Blogging .....	241

# The Paparazzi Rule

May 30, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Imagine for a moment that you are a celebrity. The dreams of your youth came true. You are a rockstar or a well-known sports figure or the leading man in an action flick that just hit the box office.

Your life is now filled with money, fame, and pussy. The only problem? These damn paparazzi following you everywhere, waiting to catch you looking like a retard while eating a hot dog or with your gut hanging out or flashing your vagina while getting out of a limo. (wait....what?)

Its your task to pretend that is your life on a daily basis.

The Paparazzi Rule states:

**You must always be acting in a way that you'd be proud of if a paparazzi snapped your pic and it was plastered over media across the land.**

This will apply to body language, style, actions, company you keep, etc.

**\*\*Those with a Master's degree in Manosphere Literature will note this is similar to Roissy's Jumbotron Rule.**

# There Are No Double Standards

June 3, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

I have standards for women. I am attracted to women and I date women so I hold women to sexual market standards and I judge them if they do not meet these standards.

I do not have standards for men. I am not attracted to men, nor do I date men so it makes no sense for me to judge them on sexual market criteria. That job is reserved for women.

When you comprehend these things, you understand that there are no double standards. Men have their standards for women. Women have their standards for men. The two may be different or even opposite but that does not mean either sex is being hypocritical.

When women complain about double standards, they are really just complaining about their own standards.

Let's take the classic example: If a girl fucks 100 guys she's a slut, but if a guy fucks 100 girls he's awesome. This is just as easily flipped. If a girl is a virgin, she is pure and desired, but if a guy is a virgin he is a loser. What a horrible double standard men are being subjected to, right? Right?? If you see things through this perspective, far more men are victims of the so-called double standard than women. There are countless sexless nothings who women don't want because they are sexually inexperienced.

Yet, these virgin dorks very, very rarely bitch and complain about the "double standard" they are being subjected to. Why?

I propose it is because things can get better for male virgins. They know things can get better with more social skills or status or a better job or workout routine. Male virgins can channel their failure into self-improvement or even just plain old hope. This is enough to keep them from bitching.

On the other side, the female slut can not turn back the cock odometer. She knows deep down her value has been eroded but she can't unfuck all of the alpha cock. She can't unblow that drummer from the band. All she can do is protest about the unfairness of it all, and rationalize it as a "double standard" so she can sound like she is a victim of society, rather than a girl who made poor choices.

**A rule of human nature is that which cannot be changed is protested the loudest.**

See, when women start arguing about the "double standard", men lose the argument right away by accepting the frame that there IS a double standard, then trying to justify it. There's not. Tell her the hypocrisy is hers and she's free to stop fucking the guy who fucks 100 girls if his privilege bothers her so bad.

For anyone still not understanding why the double standard myth is ridiculous, picture this:

A man has gynecomastia (bitch tits). He literally has boobs. You hear him complaining, "Hey when girls have tits they are desired but when I grow them no girl will fuck me." Double standard?



# The Big List of Slut Tells

June 4, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Sluts make bad wives and mothers, but good short-term sex partners.

For you, noble cocksmith of the internet, I give this list of slut tells to help you screen girls out (for relationships) or screen them in (for a quick dicking).

(in no particular order):

Celebrity worship

Wears Leopard print

Claims she was “abused” in the past

Has tattoos and piercings other than the ear lobe. Higher slut points the closer it is to an erogenous zone.

Fakeness (Bleached or dyed hair, boob job, fake nails, hair extensions, penciled on eyebrows)

Frequently travels to party destinations

Moves frequently

Fucks the first night you meet her (basically whatever date you fuck her on is what date guys usually fuck her on)

She doesn't live near her family

Claims she never wants kids

Has a gay bff and/or orbits several gay guys and/or loves gay culture in general

Dates younger men (no matter what her age or how small the age gap)

Has nude pictures of herself on her phone or computer

Single mother

She's attractive, yet goes long lengths of time without a boyfriend

Smoker

Wears hoop earrings

In pictures she tries to look sexy or sultry with closed lips instead of giving a warm, genuine smile

Has a messy bedroom

Wears bright red lipstick

Loves clubbing

Is really into the concert or electronic dance scene

Sorority girl

Early virginity loss (once girls start having sex, they don't stop)

Can't get along with girls

Has lots of “guy friends”

Child of divorce or unmarried parents

Posts “selfies” on social media

Has male hobbies (sports, gambling, etc.)

Drinks beer

Shows little concern for condom use

Drinks to excess often

Constantly has her iPhone glued to her hands

Is on multiple social media accounts that she updates

Is passionately liberal and feminist

Gives an especially skilled blowjob (as Andrew Dice Clay says...where do you think she learned that?)

Comes from a poor or lower class family

Has an unhealthy diet

Claims bisexuality

Hates to cook. Most of her meals come from eating out or ordering in.

Her friends are sluts

Uses drugs (the words “coke” and “whore” go together like peanut butter and jelly

She did pageants

Is a bartender or (to a lesser extent) a waitress

This list is by no means comprehensive but it will serve you well on your path to avoid infidelity and heartbreak, but also indulge in cost-free pussy without guilt.

# In Case You Feel Like Putting a Girl on a Pedestal

June 5, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

True story:

In tenth grade I wrote a girl a poem for Valentine's Day. I got a hug.

Years later, a boyfriend of hers punched her in the face. She bore his child.

That's what's up.

# The Parable of Mark and Lauren

June 5, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Lauren is happy. Last night, her boyfriend Mark finally told her he loved her. She had been wanting that ever since they started seeing each other four months ago. She had been having sex with him, and it had been pleasurable for sure, but she was doing so hoping it would turn into something more: love.

Mark had been aloof and slow to give away his emotions. Lauren didn't mind this, she even preferred it. It meant that she had to work for his love, and by the time he said it, she felt she had earned it and that it really meant something to him.

Lauren set up an excited brunch with her friends Stina, Terri and Lisa. They hadn't seen each other in four months, in fact none of them knew she was dating Mark. Right away, she starts telling them the good news.

"Wow" said Stina, "I didn't even know you were dating a new guy! That's great."

"Yeah", said Terri, "what is the guy's name?"

"Mark Smith", said Lauren. A hush immediately fell over her support group as they began to give each other awkward looks.

"Uhhhh, Lauren", said Lisa, "Mark Smith has loved a lot of girls."

"Yeah", said Stina, "He told Jackie Valenti he loved her."

"Okay" said Lauren, "But she probably fucked his brains out, right? Like, he was definitely getting sex from her?"

Stina cringes. "No" she says, "They never even kissed. He went over to her place drunk one night and professed his love for her. She never even let him in her bedroom."

"Alright but that's only one girl. That's okay." Said Lauren, getting nervous.

"Well there's also Andrea Tedesco. He told her he loved her after two casual dates." said Terri, "She was bragging that she kept him around for a while, getting 'good morning beautiful' texts from him and other indications of love whenever she needed it, and she only stopped accepting his love when he started to want sex. He still writes on her facebook wall."

Lauren felt a deep pit in her stomach.

Lisa continues: "Mark told Angelica Messina he loved her the first night he met her. She said he was REALLY into it, looking her right in the eyes when he said it, getting down on his knees in front of her just to kiss her hand, and he even recited poetry for her. She gave him one of those awkward one arm hugs and that was it."

He never did that freaky stuff with me, thought Lauren. If he does that stuff, then why did I just get a plain old "I love you"?

Plus Angelica is the biggest cocktease in the city, thought Lauren. How could Mark fall for her bullshit? What an idiot. Now she thought Mark was stupid as well as loose with his love.

Stina says, apologetically, "I don't want to tell you this, but I heard Mark met a girl in a club and dragged her into the bathroom to tell her she was beautiful, then he gave her twenty dollars. She never even touched him."

“Okay, please stop” said Lauren. She was growing sicker by the second, her world crushed.

Later, she confronts Mark with her new knowledge. Did he really love all those girls without getting sex from them? She demands to know.

“Well yeah but I didn’t really WANT sex from them”, Mark lies, possibly even to himself, “I wanted to give them love, that’s all. I wasn’t ready for sex at that point in my life.”

“Uggggghhhhh” says Lauren, “Don’t you know that guys who give girls love and attention without getting sex are LOSERS??? The girls getting the love and attention don’t actually respect them, they are just using them!”

“No way, guys can want love without sex, too”, claims Mark.

“Well I heard you told Shirley Thompson from my building you loved her and I have to look at her every day. Plus she’s really pretty, there’s no way she was going to fuck you! Why did you love her?” says Lauren.

“Is that what this is about”, Mark says, “You are just insecure because I have more experience with love than you. You think you can’t measure up to all the beautiful girls I’ve loved in the past.”

“Just how many girls did you tell you loved?” asks Lauren

“I don’t know, about 30” says Mark

This hits Lauren like a brick in the stomach. “30! That is insane, you are a loser!”

“Can’t you see that my past doesn’t matter, and you are giving me sex now and that’s all that matters?” says Mark, “I love the sex we have and that’s something I didn’t get from the other girls.”

Mark can’t see why this only makes Lauren madder. Why should she be the one who has to pay by putting her valuable eggs at risk by taking his sperm in order to get the love and attention that the other girls got so easily.

“Well if you give away love so easily, why did you make me wait?” says Lauren, “Was I not as good as the other girls?”

“Well I saw the chance for sex with you and I didn’t want to mess that up by giving away love too soon”, says Mark.

Lauren dumped Mark.

She had to.

Someone so loose with their emotions is not a good person to give sex to.

What if they have a son who turns out to be easily manipulated by a pretty face, like Mark?

What if a pretty girl in need bats her eyelashes at him and he gives her money that their family needs?

What if she just wants a man’s love all to herself and that can’t happen with Mark?

Even beyond that, on a very visceral, base level that she couldn’t explain, she found Mark repulsive.

It was as if she had been wired biologically to feel disgust and lack of attraction for guys who allow themselves to get friendzoned. There was no way she could fuck him again.

Yup, it was as clear as day, thought Lauren. Guys who give away love easily are definitely not worthy of sex.

# I Have Empathy For Women

June 6, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

I wouldn't trade being a man for anything. It would SUCK to be a girl.

A lot of men in the manosphere seem to take a COMBATIVE tone in sex debates, they debate as men vs. women as if we're in competition. For me, nothing could be further from the truth. I never debate, I just state facts, and I empathize greatly with women for being on the unfortunate end of a large number of those biological facts.

For example, if you are a girl:

- You are attracted to people that can kill you (Imagine being exclusively attracted to grizzly bears.)
- Almost your entire worth is based on the genetic beauty lottery.
- Even if you win the beauty lottery, your worth is in constant decline and has an immutable expiration date. A hot 23 year old wakes up and knows that is the hottest she will look for the rest of her life. Imagine getting progressively creepier to women every day and there's nothing you can do about it?
- You are incapable of rational thought
- You lack strength and suck at everything
- Your goal is commitment from a man, but you are attracted to men who won't commit to you, and not attracted to those who would worship you. This isn't a choice, its encoded in your genes.
- If you are attractive, you are bothered by unattractive people all the time. (imagine fat chicks constantly approaching you). If you are not attractive, you are fucked.
- Your ability to orgasm isn't a birthright, it may be really easy or really difficult or even impossible.
- Each new sexual partner you have decreases your worth as a potential long-term mate (and if you're unlucky, nobody counsels you about this. Your parents, family, and friends may soothe you with feminist lies until its too late)
- You get random waves of emotions that are irrational and could even bring you to tears.
- You are expected to simultaneously be sexually skilled and chaste/inexperienced.
- Childbirth, menstruation, etc.

You see, there is male privilege but its not a wage gap or special treatment or double standards. It is biology that can't be changed. No matter how inconvenient a feminist slanted world can be, there is no HR policy or act of congress that can make women equal biologically.

In one way it is better to be a woman: sex is easier for a woman to get while she's young. Keep in mind though: Sex isn't a woman's primary goal, commitment is and that is still challenging, and men can increase their ability to get laid with game and rises in status. Women have no such ability.

There is no battle of the sexes because there's already a clear winner. Its good to be the king.

# Do Naturals Have Little Sisters?

June 7, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

The leading theory for what makes a guy a natural is early virginity loss. The theory, popularized by Neil Strauss, states that a guy who loses his cherry earlier is more able to relax around women and not see sex as some type of power a girl holds over a guy.

I've found this to be true enough but it always struck me to be kind of a cop out. Its a chicken and egg scenario: What came first, being a natural or fucking pussy? The answer is not clear.

I propose a different (and not incompatible) theory: Naturals have little sisters. I'm not saying every guy with a little sister is a natural or that EVERY natural has a little sister. My theory is that ON AVERAGE, naturals are more likely to have a little sister, with a pretty close age gap.

Why?

- 1) Older siblings have a sort of defacto status over their youngers. They get privileges first, they're more physically capable, achieve milestones first, etc. A brother with this type of status over his sister may come to see status over girls as the natural order of things.
- 2) Teasing and not taking his sister seriously come as naturally as breathing to the older brother. The instinct to neg, tease, antagonize and hold frame will serve him well in interactions with women outside his immediate family as well.
- 3) A guy with a sister and her friends always hanging around views having women in his life as a natural and normal thing. He's less likely to have all-male social circles or be a loner when he grows up.
- 4) Guys with sisters are granted a firsthand look at female nature. An only child or a guy with just brothers is easily fed the betaizing blue pill. He'll believe women are mysterious and innocent and you should be nice to them. If you try to feed an older brother that crap, he has his sisters actions to compare it to and will more easily conclude that its bullshit.
- 5) In the "naturals lose their virginity earlier" theory, the natural needs a girl to have sex with. In early teens its hard to find time alone with a girl if you have parents who are at all interested in what you're doing. A sister's friends always hanging around the house provide a great opportunity that sisterless guys don't get.

I guess what I'm trying to say here is I wish I had a little sister, and I wish I had her friends to fuck.

What about other sibling dynamics? I'll make some guesstimates here:

Older sister(s): I don't think having a sister is always good for a guy's game. Older sisters currently getting played by bad boys are just as likely to betaize their little brothers so they'll never hurt a girl in the future. If the little brother is smart enough to see the hypocrisy in how she acts vs. what she says, he has a chance. Otherwise, this could be beta death.

Brother(s) close in age: In general, brothers will rise to the same level of game/status in life. They could all end up beta or all be alpha. However, since brothers are in such close competition, the taller, smarter, stronger brother who grows up beating his other brothers in areas of manly pursuit will end up more confident and more of a leader, thus leading to more success with women. Here, the older brother is favored.

Only child: Wildcard. A lot depends on parental influence but I think the only child is more likely to

lack the naturally developed social skills needed to run game.

The best recipe for a natural? I say the older brother with a little brother close in age who he beats in sports, fights and popularity, followed by a little sister close in age who grows up to be hot.

I think parental influence and genetics will both have far greater influences on a guy's game, but this was fun to think about.



# On Veggie Burger Alphas

June 10, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

A Veggie Burger Alpha is a guy who has the proper aloof alpha attitude and dominant frame around ugly or fat girls, but melts into a supplicating beta with a weak frame around attractive/hot girls.

These guys don't necessarily TRY to run game on the ugly girls, and in fact that is exactly WHY they run such good game. The alpha frame is the natural state of man, its only after they consciously decide they are attracted to a girl that their natural frame melts and the beta appears.

This is one of those things that makes me think **game is inside every male, its only his own assessment of his worth in the sexual marketplace that allows him to use it or not, and on what girls**. If a guy thinks he doesn't deserve hot girls, he won't be able to run game on hot girls.

The term "veggie burger alpha" is suitable because its an imitation of something amazing, but falls far short and is unsatisfying.

Remember, the hotness of a girl in your proximity should never have an effect on who you are.

# The Night I Invented Game and Lost My Virginity

June 11, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Kacey was 18.

She had long blond hair that cascaded down to her lower back, a face that could launch a thousand jealous fistfights, and an ass that would make Viagra redundant for even the most haggard octogenarian. She went to a rival high school and I had seen her at a few parties sipping her Mike's Hard Lemonade and at the gym driving me crazy in hot pink cheerleader shorts.

There was no girl I wanted to fuck more in the entire county.

I had never spoken with her but she had seen me around and told one of our mutual friends that she thought I was hot. The friend, in an act of great charity towards my cock, invited us both to her house for a movie. There I got Kacey's number and all signs pointed to go. Perfect, right?

The problem was that I was 17. My whole life, everyone had been conspiring against my happiness. I was beta programmed by my parents, my family, and society.

I was told that girls want relationships and have basically no sex drive, and that my sex drive made me a horny pig.

I was told guys who treat girls mean are jerks and the girls don't actually like them, and the way to get a girl to love you is to be nice.

**The more beautiful the girl, the nicer I wanted to treat her and the more innocent I thought she was.** If the girl wasn't that hot I probably could have veggie burger alpha'd, but Kacey was a HARD 9. I stood no chance.

I took Kacey out on a few beta dates. She got sick and I drove to her house and gave her a rose. We made out a few different times but I made no attempt to escalate. I wanted to fuck this girl with every beat of my heart but I had a fear that was trumping my horniness. She was a good girl to hang on to, I decided, and I didn't want to rush into the physical and fuck up my long term prospects with her. Predictably, my inability to pull the trigger and escalate was causing our little mini-relationship to stale and I could feel it. We went a couple weeks with only minimal texting, through which I could sense her attraction for me waning.

Whatever apparent looks I had that she thought was hot, they had written a check that my personality couldn't cash. Looks matter, but they don't matter.

Right when things were about to come to their logical conclusion, her blowing me off, I was invited to a party by one of our mutual friends. I knew Kacey would be at the party and I also knew deep in my bones that she would reject me. So I made a decision before the party that I wasn't even going to give her the satisfaction. I was going to ignore her.

I wasn't ignoring her to get her more attracted to me, I was doing it to have fun. You see, I took her rejecting me as a foregone conclusion, and I didn't see being rejected or chasing her attention as fun, so I decided I would just hang out with my friends, talk to girls, play drinking games and just enjoy the party. When I entered, Kacey paid me no attention whatsoever. As the party went on, I was having a great time, telling stories that got people laughing, flirting with a few of her friends, winning drinking games, and just generally being a fun social person. I noticed Kacey trying to get my attention. A few times she would ask me a question and I would give her a short, straightforward response, and then go back to what I was doing. I wouldn't flirt with her the way I was with the other

girls.

At first, I was ignoring her so she couldn't blow me off, but as she kept trying to talk to me more and more the more I ignored her, I FELT what was happening. You see, you can be indoctrinated with blue pill beta perspectives your whole life but no lie can trump the moment of clarity you get when you see game and female nature in action for the first time.

**She was becoming attracted to me....because I was ignoring her.**

I decided to keep it going. It was fun. A few more hours of me having a ton of fun and paying her scant attention, while all the other dudes at the party fawned over her, had her pussy marinated and ready. The party wound down and I went outside to say goodbye to a few people who were leaving. When I walked back in the house, Kacey cornered me in the front hallway.

Still doing the aloof thing, I said "hey" and tried to walk past her. She blocked my path.

"What were you just going to ignore me all night?" She asked, inching her face closer to mine.

I got the hint. We made out and a rush of blood triumphantly shot into my dick. There would be no fear of escalating this time. Without exchanging words we walked into the nearest bedroom, which happened to be the host's parent's bedroom. Four minutes later, I was a man.

This was before the days of guys sharing seduction secrets on the internet. With no evidence to the contrary, I thought I had invented game and what I called the "Ignore Strategy". I told all my friends how to do it: Get a girl interested in you, then ignore her and have fun with her friends, and she'll try to hook up with you. It worked for them, and it worked for me many more times.

Of course, when "The Game" hit and the seduction community popped up online, I realized that guys all over the place had discovered and were running versions of my "Ignore Strategy". Negging, asshole game, etc. It had many names. I didn't invent it, I had just discovered it in parallel.

However, I'm still proud of it.

You can read manosphere blogs and watch PUA youtube clips all day but **your deepest, most hard-hitting insight into female nature will be that which you experience firsthand.**

I enjoyed Kacey a few more times, but we went to different colleges and lost touch. Last I checked she is seriously dating a cop who is probably going to ring her up. I didn't love her or bond strongly to her like I did with a couple girls after her, but I will always feel a cosmic connection to the nearly perfect 18 year old version of her. That girl showed me a great truth of the universe and helped me discover the man inside me that society had been trying to keep shackled. Its been a great ride ever since. So thank you Kacey, and I don't mean for the sex.

# How To Get Laid In College

June 12, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Hey guys, I got laid all the time in college, and I wrote up this list to help you, but I didn't include my best tip.

It's pretty powerful and can pretty much immediately get you pussy on any college campus, but I don't want to post it publicly, so please give me your email below and I'll send it to you.

**[Click Here To Sign Up For My Mailing List and Get Free Tips Delivered To You](#)**

Congratulations to the high school graduating class of 2013. That high school diploma sure was pretty fucking easy, wasn't it? It's almost as if a high school degree is meaningless. Oh well. Even if graduating high school is so easy a retard could do it, you did manage to accomplish one thing: You escaped the rigid social caste system that was high school. If you weren't cool and athletic, the last few years for you were torture and you were counting down the minutes before you could start fresh in college and try your luck with pussy that doesn't already have a preconception of you as a loser. You can do it. I'm here to help.

First, college in general is a racket. Unless you're doing STEM/Finance, you are fucking yourself.

Colleges today are overpriced machines built to churn out good liberal soldiers all propped up on a bubble of debt. Most college majors don't teach anything that will make you successful in life, or anything that positively contributes to the economy in general. It's amazing that sociology departments are ubiquitous but colleges that teach actual sales, negotiating or management skills are rarer than Stradivarius violins. If you are not interested in STEM and would rather make a foray in the business world, absorb the business school courses and make as many connections as you can.

Any soft major you take is just wasting your or your parents money. It's either STEM, Finance/Econ, or go to a trade school instead.

With that out of the way, there are several things you can do to maximize your pussy, fun and social success on campus.

**Social circle is god.** Your status, connections and friendships mean more than anything else in college. The popular, preselected man is forgiven many faults.

**Sink your teeth in right away.** Start forging relationships immediately with people in your dorm and classes. Everyone in your dorm should know your name after the first week. Go to the mixers, get a poker game going in the lobby, go to the frat parties, knock on doors and introduce yourself to any guys or girls, it doesn't matter. The other freshman want to meet people, too, and they'll be happy that someone else is taking the initiative. Don't eat a meal alone, don't sit in class without talking to someone. Don't worry so much about getting pussy these first few weeks, solid relationships and introductions to the right people will pay pussy dividends down the road. My best friend and wingman throughout the 4 years of college was a guy who lived next door to me that I met before I even started unpacking my things. Your first week is probably your most important week of school.

**Join a frat.** Frat guys are douchebags. Which is exactly why you should be one. Girls call guys douchebag out of one side of their mouth, while having the guys cock in the other side. Guys who hate on frat guys are jealous of all the pussy those guys get. However, the frat you choose matters. There are always one or two really cool frats that you want to aim for. There are also one or two shit

frats full of fags and dorks that you want to stay away from. You want to be seen at the cool frat parties. Bring hot girls from your dorm. Meet frat guys in the college gym, they are usually wearing their letters. Go up and introduce yourself, compliment their parties, tell them you are interested in rushing. Show them you are just a cool guy who can shoot the shit about guy stuff. Mention cool stuff about you but don't come off as a tryhard or braggart. Find a friend who also wants to rush so you can help each other out in the process. Hint: The coolest, highest status frat on campus usually has a reputation for dabbling in cocaine. The weed frats usually fuck girls a few levels less hot. Just calling it how I see it.

**Get hooked up in the bar scene.** In most colleges, there are one or two prime nightlife bars. Your goal is to get in with the owners and work for them. This is a long term goal since it will be hard (but not impossible) to do when you're under 21. I've noticed at many bars, guys in certain frats have the inside track here. Bouncer jobs are great and just another reason to remain physically fit. Bartenders are more likely to be hot sorority girls, but if you can get a job barbacking or bouncing, take it.

**Never miss an opportunity to go out.** I stayed in a few nights in college and I regret it like a motherfucker now. Trust me, when you wake up at 6:30 for work every day, you'll be pissed that you didn't go out weeknights when your first class was at 11:45 a.m. the next morning.

**You are party central.** It goes without saying that you should be hosting parties if you are in a frat, but even if you are not, you want your room or apartment to be a hangout/party place. If this means getting "written up" a few times for having open containers in your room, so fucking be it.

**Charm your RAs.** Nearly without exception, Resident Assistants are upperclassmen with no friends. They are losers but they do hold some power, so get them on your side. Go to them within the first days and chat, ask them questions and make them feel important. Shit, I'd even invite them to lunch one day and ask them for advice on how to study or on the college experience general. You don't need to actually give a shit about their advice. Besides the free room, RAs take that position because they like the status it gives them over the freshman, so let them have it.

**Check your gossip.** Don't think that gossip faded after high school. It is still thick in college. Don't tell people who you fuck. Don't tell people who you want to fuck. Don't tell people who you hate. It will get around and around. This goes both ways, too. Keep your mouth shut about your friend's gossip as well. You are not TMZ.

**Don't Commit.** You shouldn't be committing to girls unless you might want to marry them, and you don't want to marry a girl your own age. Even if you manage to find a girl with a fair age gap, say a young freshman while you are a senior, remember she still has three more years on campus and you're likely leaving the area, so why get involved? Don't. I talk to my guy friends all the time about regrets in life, and there's one common theme : they committed to some girl they wish they didn't and it caused them to pass up on pussy. Don't have that regret.

**You don't have to dump your high school girlfriend.** Okay, a complete contradiction to the last tip. Also, people with girlfriends probably don't read my blog. Anyways, remember the beginning of your college life is for forging good social connections, not necessarily getting laid (though you can do both). If you have a girlfriend from home you can make friends and girls won't feel threatened, making it easy to monkey branch through friendships. Plus it makes you intriguing, forbidden, and preselected. Then suddenly you're single after first semester when something goes wrong (and it will), and you have a pussy smorgasboard for the spring. I know two guy who enjoyed pussy buffets after they broke up with their high school gfs because they had female "friends" in their

classes marinating the whole time.

**Get female friends.** People think guys and girls can't be friends. It's a debate for the ages, but the answer is you better LEARN how, because being friends with girls is an easy way to fuck their friends and get invited to their parties. Hot chicks are also currency that can be used to get into college bars underage, or to closed frat parties. Remember that where male friendships are built on common interests and respect, male-female friendships are mostly built on good vibes and value.

**Be a part of something.** If you don't join a frat, you need to have a niche, and I'd try to make it a sport. Even if you didn't get recruited, you can join a club sport. These are unsanctioned and less competitive and have less social status but it's still better than nothing. I hate to give them credit but the best bet is probably rugby. There will be nudity, but those guys do get laid and with the exception of one or two crazy fucks, they are pretty cool. My most unathletic friend was on the rugby team so don't think you need to have played football in high school or something. Go to a practice, see if you like it. Most any club sport is better than nothing, but if you choose ultimate frisbee, there's probably no way I'd be friends with you.

**Put less emphasis on cold approaching.** A lot of traditional game advice focuses on meeting women through cold approach. It's hard and its focus is one of NECESSITY, not because it's optimal. In college, a place where you can have many interconnected social networks, you don't need to cold approach, and in fact it may be kind of weird. You meet friends, friends beget more friends, and hot pussy gets introduced to you through friends. There are a couple exceptions: You may need to cold approach a cute girl in one of your classes if you have no social connection to her, and as said before, the first week you arrive on campus, you should be cold approaching both guys and girls to meet them. Even then your focus is on presenting yourself as a cool guy, not Mystery Method. That said, if you see a hot girl you haven't seen before at a bar or party, don't say "but LaidNYC told me not to cold approach!". I'm just saying look for a social connection first. If not, approach.

**Get a core group.** So far I've made it sound like your job will be a lot of social hopping, but nothing is further from the truth. You want a set of 4-5 solid, cool, like-minded guys you can go to battle with. These are your core. You are loyal to your core and they are loyal to you. You bring value to the group and they bring value to you. You will first meet them in your dorm, frat, or sport and you will hang out with them all the time. Choose these friends wisely and cultivate them wisely.

**Game your professors.** There are a million ways to get extensions on assignments and makeup times for tests and special credit and consideration from professors. If you get below a 3.0, you are either in a major that's too hard for you, or you are not putting enough effort into gaming the system. One thing that worked great for me was bringing a voice recorder to class and recording the lectures. Some professors love to drop in easter eggs about what will be on the test during their lecture.

All in all, I did a lot wrong in college. I fucked up a lot of my rules above and my game was still in the formative stages, and I still got higher volume pussy in college than any other time in my life.

People will tell you it is the best time in your life and you'll roll your eyes but I'll be honest, if you do it right, the potential is sky high. Cherish it.

# How to Talk About Your Exes

June 13, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Here is an excerpt from an email conversation that I had with my friend Brad. Note that Brad isn't in the community, he's just a guy with a frustrating love life. He ponders how to bring up his recent ex girlfriend who spurned him to new romantic prospects.

Brad writes:

Imagine you are on a second or third date with a girl. The topic of exes is finally raised. You start talking about your relationship history briefly, not too in-depth, obviously. I'll mention Lisa, say I screwed up and she pushed me away, and that it took me a while to get over it, but when I did, I reached out to be friends and she shunned me. I won't be bitter when I say this. Do I not look like a perfect gentleman and the type of person she wouldn't mind having for an ex someday? Studies show that girls judge you based on how you speak about your ex. If I can show that I think generally neutral things about Lisa, and that I behaved like a good person during it all, it makes me look infinitely better than someone who is bitter, jealous, or worse yet, a complete asshole. "We broke up and I was like fuck that bitch I'm never talking to her again" doesn't make you look good in a new girl's eyes.

I respond:

Your general premise, that you should come off looking like a good guy, requires special tact. You can demonstrate your gentlemanly demeanor in many other ways, but priority in speaking of exes should be to affirm that you have had good relationships in the past, but carry no drama or baggage.

Regardless of the reality, when you mention that a past girlfriend shunned you as both a lover and a friend, girls will interpret this as you being a loser who is probably not over his ex, NOT as a nice gentleman. We both know this is unfair and not true, but that is the reality of how girls think. Of course I completely agree that if any type of bitterness seeps out towards an ex, that also gives off a "baggage" and "spiteful asshole" vibe. So my standard strategy is, first, if she brings up exes too soon I'll just crack a joke like "I had to break up with my last girlfriend because she wasn't rich enough." One joke is enough because after a few dates it will seem like you are hiding something.

When you have to seriously broach the subject, its best to remain vague about details, and you absolutely do not have to lie. For example, Sara dumped me. I do not explicitly say this. I say "I had a serious girlfriend in college but we broke up because long-distance relationships don't work. Its tough to be hours away from someone you care about. Plus I hate talking on the phone". Girls rarely press further, its almost rude for them to ask "who dumped who?". Complete full disclosure is not your best move. Just by not talking shit about exes, you come out looking good. Also note that any admission that a girl flat out rejected you is not likely to be met with open legs or an open heart, doesn't matter if your goal is a one night stand or a one life stand. You can look like a good guy without looking like you got punked.

>>>>>>

Although my advice here had to be written to be digestible to a blue-pill stomach, I stand by everything I wrote. You never shit talk an ex to another girl. **When people hear a relationship conflict, they instinctively take the side of their sex.** Telling a story about how much of a bitch your ex is will make you look bad, not her.

Also: Only show new girls pictures where your ex looks hot. If a girl thinks your ex is hotter than her, it will stoke the fires of anxiety.



# The Only Thing That Matters

June 18, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

On my daily walk to the gym, I see a gorgeous, caramel colored hottie with perfect legs leaning up against a building. She has heels on that are making her ass look pert and vivacious. Her face is like a young Eva Mendes without the beauty mark. Her clean white blouse contrasts perfectly to her skin tone and frames her perky B cups like a work of art that belongs in the MET. Oddly enough, it is her long, flowing dark hair that finally shakes me from my inertia and inspires me to approach.

I walk up.

“Hey” I say, “You’re beautiful and I have to meet you. I’m LaidNYC.”

She doesn’t turn her head towards me at all, rather she continues to stare away from me, rudely. She says “Thanks” in a very quiet, cold tone.

“You look like a homeless person just chilling on the sidewalk here. Are you waiting for someone?” I ask.

I get no response as she continues to stare away, very much making a point to ignore me. I walk away. It’s a shame that such an ugly personality was attached to such a beautiful girl.

Now I can debate the merits of my approach or how I was dressed or whatever, but I’ve picked up girls with worse game than that, and I’ve been rejected with better game than that, so that’s not the point. Maybe my game sucked, maybe she was on her period, maybe her boyfriend was watching, maybe I’m not her type, maybe maybe maybe.

All you need to know is this: I walked away feeling like my balls were 100 pounds each and carved out of steel. The rejection didn’t matter. All that mattered was that I was a man who went for what he wanted. I felt pride.

I strode the rest of the way to the gym on a cloud. Passing girls eyes lingered on me a split second longer than usual as they sensed the aura I was emanating. I chatted up the desk girl at the gym with complete outcome independence. I had a great workout. The fact that I had been the recipient of a cold rejection didn’t matter, I was proud of my actions. Case closed.

The feeling a man gets after he approaches a girl is the feeling of a man who knows he is taking his destiny into his own hands. You always want to take an action that you’ll be proud of, regardless if its success or failure is subject to chance, be it a girl’s mood, or the irrationality of the market, or a bounce of the ball. **The only thing that matters is your actions. Worry about nothing else.**

The baseball player who takes a swing for the fences and missed has failed, no doubt, but over time he will have much more success than the guy who watches his perfect fastball go right down the middle of the plate. Be the guy who swings for the fences.

# The End Is Near

June 19, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

My time with you is limited.

I won't be a prolific blogger for years like [Heartiste](#), I won't be journaling field reports like [Krauser](#), I won't be giving a glimpse into my daily pimping like [Danny](#), I won't be turning game into a career like [Roosh](#), I won't be offering coaching like [JT Styles](#). Those guys all have their own style, and I have mine.

You see, there has been knowledge of female nature, relationship dynamics and personal motivation for centuries. We're all just discovering it and rehashing it all through our own personal lens. It has been done before I started my blog, it will be done after I end my blog. It will be done by better writers than me and worse writers than me. I have no interest in beating it to death.

I have some things to offer, but even the things I think are my new ideas are likely not. They were probably discovered before me, they will be rediscovered after me.

In "The Game", Neil Strauss says "the only way to win the game is to leave it". Once a man has the right frame of mind and knowledge of human nature, the less he consciously thinks about game, the better. The more a man can live for himself and see success with women as a small slice of his life, the better. This is the road I am traveling. This is why I must leave the manosphere.

But I have some things to say first.

Dr. Dre said give me one more platinum plaque then fuck rap, you can have it back.

I say listen to the knowledge I've accumulated then fuck game, you can have it back.

How long do you have me for?

Probably around 100 more posts.

I'll space them out, maybe around one per week or a little more.

Some may be things you already know, some may be things that aren't relevant to your particular situation, some of the things you may disagree with.

However, around 10 of the posts will be absolute gold that you won't want to miss.

Then I'm gone.

No more [twitter](#).

No more blog posts.

Then LaidNYC will retire forever and live his real life. I might even delete everything. Who knows.

For now, you can email me at [laidnyc@gmail.com](mailto:laidnyc@gmail.com). I prefer emails that are NSFW.

# Shut Up

June 25, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

One of the best things you can do for your sex life is shut the fuck up about it.

Don't tell anyone who you've fucked.

Don't tell anyone who you want to fuck.

If a girl sends you nudes, don't show anyone.

If you tell sex and pickup stories, make the girl anonymous or don't tell the story at all.

Why?

Your validation from sex is the nut.

You have sex for the sex, not to talk about it afterwards.

Gossiping about your sex life is a weak, attention-seeking activity. If you feel a need to tell someone about every successful pickup you do or every girl you bang, your inner game needs work. If you can pickup, seduce and bang the hottest girl you've ever seen, get it documented on video and camera, and never tell anybody about it or show anybody the evidence, deriving all your satisfaction from just the experience itself, then you can call yourself a man.

I have rarely heard a guy talk about his sex life and look cool in the process. Listen closely the next time a guy starts bragging about where he stuck his dick. You'll note how approval-seeking and desperate to impress he is.

Beyond that, keep in mind that hooking up with a guy is rarely good for a girl's social status. Being judged socially is one of many negative consequences that can happen to a girl having casual sex. If you eliminate this consequence she'll be far more likely to have sex with you or keep having sex with you. Present yourself as a guy who does not gossip about sex.

In regards to the world beyond the tip of your own penis, you should make it a point of pride not to gossip about other people's shit as well.

**Gossip is a tool the unworthy use to get attention by leveraging the actions of the worthy.** The gossip is rewarded with a brief flash of attention, but they sacrifice their honor and respect in the process. I have no respect for gossipers. Nobody does.

Okay, but what about trust? What if you really trust the person? Then can you tell them secrets?

Let me tell you something, [Henry Hill](#).

There is almost nobody on this earth you can trust. Let's run through the usual suspects.

You can't trust women. Anything worthwhile you tell a woman will be known by her bff and her mother within the hour. This includes your girlfriend, wife, sister, mom, anyone. They all gossip.

Gossiping is as natural as breathing to a woman. They constantly need to have their feelings about a situation validated and the only way to do that is to talk about it. Don't tell a woman anything unless you want everyone else to know. Don't ever tell a woman classified information and then bitch that she told someone else, even if you told her it was a secret. It is her nature to tell secrets and you should know better. It is your fault, not hers.

You can't trust beta males. A beta male has nothing of note to talk about. Knowing how much women love gossip, he will gladly spill your secret to a girl he's been crushing on if he thinks it will get him a smile from her. If he thinks telling your secret will break an awkward silence that his

boringness is causing, he'll tell it. Boring guys can't get attention from their own personality and actions, so they'll gossip about yours if they have to. Beta males also don't understand the world of a guy who has options with women. Your sex life may offend his morals and worldview. He will tell people how offended he is. If a guy doesn't get laid regularly, he can't be trusted with your secret.

Alphas, however, are also not immune from secret-spilling. A more sociopathic alpha will use anything at his disposal to get laid or maintain his status. He'll tell your story and reframe your actions to make himself look better by comparison. He'll poison the well with a girl you want to bang so that he remains the alpha in her eyes. He will use your secret to blackmail or start a rift between you and another guy. Its worst when these guys spill your secret, because it is calculated and they know how to frame it to make you look your worst. I have been burned this way a few times, even by guys I previously considered friends.

The only person on this earth capable of keeping your secret is an alpha male with abundance mentality who has proven loyalty to you. You will be very lucky to meet even a handful of these guys in your life. Your brothers or father are not in this category by default, they need to earn trust just like anybody else. You may make many friends and acquaintances in life but only a very select few, if any, may get to this level. You should strive to be this person to your friends and family. I have a few secrets that could cause those close to me great harm that I'm taking to the grave.

Keep your mouth shut and your dick hard.

# The True Measure of a Man

June 26, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

The Great Kingdom put out a search to find the greatest man in the kingdom.

Any man could apply, and there would be a test given out by the powerful and mysterious King of Ceremonies. The announcement was vague, nobody knew what the test would be. There was heavy debate in the kingdom of what test the King of Ceremonies would select as the true measure of a man.

On the chosen day many men gathered around to compete. Men from all over The Great Kingdom with special talents or claims to fame decided to show up and try their luck.

There was Jacob, the strongest man in The Great Kingdom. "I can deadlift 1100 pounds raw and I bench 700 pounds", says Jacob. "Surely the test will be one of strength, as that is the true measure of a man."

Another man cut in, his name was Jarvis. He towered over the others, casting a large shadow in his wake. "No. I am the tallest man in The Great Kingdom", said Jarvis, "and I can assure you the test will be one of height, as that is the true measure of a man."

Marcus, a man of medium build speaks up, "How primitive! I sir, have the highest measured IQ in The Great Kingdom. I have achieved perfect scores on several standardized tests. Surely the test will be one of intelligence, as that is the true measure of a man."

"You're all wrong!" says James, laughing, "I have the largest penis in The Great Kingdom. It is nearly two feet in length. The tester will surely be measuring our dicks, as that is the true measure of a man."

"You peasants!", says Wesley, a man dressed in a designer suit, "I own five banks and three car dealerships. I have vaults in my many homes filled with solid gold bars. I am the richest man in The Great Kingdom. Surely the test will be one of wealth, as that is the true measure of a man."

Just then another man walks up and joins the hopefuls. He appears unimpressive. He is below average in height and dress. He is not especially good looking or well built.

"Who are you?" asks Wesley

"The Man", says The Man, looking him in the eye confidently.

"Do you have any amazing talents?" asks Marcus

"How big is your dick?" asks James

"You don't look like much", says Jarvis, "Surely you'll be no competition in whatever the test may be."

The Man stands calmly and self-possessed with a hint of a smirk on his face, not listening to the chatter of the others.

As the other men continue to bicker while waiting for the King of Ceremonies to arrive, a young woman walks by the group. She has long, flowing hair. She has breasts of the perfect size, legs of the perfect length, and an ass with the perfect roundness and firmness. Her dress is enticing enough to inspire lust but modest enough to imply a woman of good character and class. Her walk is sexy enough to attract the eyes but humble and feminine enough to imply virtue. Her face is a composite

of every beautiful woman who has ever lived. She is perfection.

Each man in the group desires her.

“She looks like she’s in a hurry” says Jacob

“She looks like a bitch” says Jarvis

“She looks like she’s walking towards that guy” says Marcus, “It could be her boyfriend”

“She looks like a slut, she’s not that hot”, says James

“She looks like she’s enjoying the music on her iPod and doesn’t want to be bothered” says Wesley

“She looks like she’s just my type” says The Man

The Man walks over to her and signals for her to take her headphones off. He starts talking to her and she responds pleasantly, as the perfect woman would. The other men hover intently, listening to him speak, trying to assess his game. After they talk for a while, The Man asks for her phone number.

Sorry, she says in the most polite and sweet way you’ve ever heard, but she has a boyfriend and she is actually in a hurry to see him. She hurries off.

The men all laugh in unison at The Man’s failure.

“Your muscles weren’t big enough for her” says Jacob

“You’re too short for her” says Jarvis

“You were too stupid for her” says Marcus

“Your dick wasn’t big enough for her” says James

“You’re not rich enough for a girl like that” says Wesley

The Man does not respond, his calm demeanor unaffected. Its almost as if he doesn’t hear the other men at all. He now has a visible smirk.

The King of Ceremonies appears, seemingly out of nowhere. He is even more grand and powerful than anyone had pictured. The men all pay their respects.

“The great King has arrived” says Jacob, “Will you be telling us what the test is now?”

“That was the test” says the King of Ceremonies, his voice booming.

“What was?” asks Jarvis

“THAT” says the King of Ceremonies, pointing at the beautiful girl still walking away in the distance.

“Ahhh, so the test is picking up chicks” says Marcus, “It appears The Man has failed!”

“Yes, so when do the rest of us get a chance?” asks James

“Silence you fools!” booms the King of Ceremonies, “The Man is the winner. The rest of you have failed.”

“That’s ridiculous” says Wesley, “That girl rejected him.”

“Yeah” says Marcus “he tried to get her number and she wouldn’t give it.”

“You have missed the point, you blithering retard!” says the King of Ceremonies in the most regal voice you have ever heard, “The fact that the girl rejected him is irrelevant! The true measure of a man is one who overcomes his fears and doubters and goes after what he desires most in life!”

The King of Ceremonies continues, nobly: “All of you wanted that girl, and each one of you made an excuse for not going for her. Jacob, despite your muscle you couldn’t show any strength in talking to her. Jarvis, your great height allowed you only to tower over the other cowards. Marcus, your great intelligence only helped you rationalize your failure intellectually. James, your genitalia is large but

so was your fear of using it. Wesley, all your wealth couldn't buy you confidence in yourself."

"I get it," said Jacob, "So the ability to overcome anxieties about talking to hot women is the true measure of a man!"

The King of Ceremonies has to resist a great regal urge to walk over and kick Jacob in the dick. He sighs the most regal of sighs.

"Your failure to grasp the point disturbs me", says the King of Ceremonies, "The pickup arts are merely a metaphor. It is a microcosm of every other struggle in life. It is one area where there is a clear goal, a clear fear, and a clear action to take all in a moment."

The King of Ceremonies continues, with great honor, "But it applies to every struggle you will face in life. Do you go after the career you want, or do you take an easier, more secure path because you are afraid to fail? Do you go after your dreams of music, athletic, or creative accomplishment, or do you listen to others when they tell you to be more realistic? Do you allow other men in work, school and play to bully you, or do you stand up for yourself and claim the status you deserve, even if it means facing conflict? Do you start the business you dream of, or does the fear of failure and debt overcome you and bestow you to a life of mediocrity? Do you find your one true purpose in life and live for it, or do you let your family convince you not to?"

The men nod. It appears they finally get it.

Just as the King of Ceremonies is about to return to his noble throne to feast on the finest meats and cheeses and have the most unprotected of sex with the fairest of maidens, someone speaks up.

"But King" says James, "What does The Man win? Does he get a trophy? Gold and riches? Access to one of your fair maidens? A thousand Facebook likes?"

The Man smirks at the question, already knowing the King's response.

"You foolish braindead fuckstick!!", roars the great King of Ceremonies, his anger now visible, his voice now deeper and louder, "A man knows that overcoming his fears and going after his true desires is its own reward. In fact, it is the highest reward one can ever achieve. All the gold, trophies and maidens can't compare to the prize of a man who has conquered himself!"

With that the King of Ceremonies returned to his rightful place on the throne and left the men alone to start their journey of casting aside their fears and going after their true desires.

Even a man as powerful and noble as the King of Ceremonies could merely show them that their destiny was in their own hands.

It was up to them to seize it.

# Limp-Wristed Cat Lovers, Beautiful Dog Lovers

July 1, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Most everyone is either a cat person or a dog person.

You don't have to hate one to like the other, but most people do.

I love dogs.

I hate cats.

That is the natural order for men.

Dogs are loyal, obedient, and affectionate.

Masculine men love these qualities in our companions, and they are qualities we want in our women as well.

Cats are selfish, independent, and alpha.

Masculine men hate these qualities in our companions. This is because masculine men are the owners, not the owned.

95% of men who love cats are either gay or have sub fantasies\*. If you like cats, you like not being in control.

I stated this theory on twitter and I was very satisfied with it.

[Rivelino](#) then expanded on the theory, stating that more feminine women must like cats the most then.

This was a very logical extrapolation of my theory, but it didn't match up to my experience at all.

The most feminine girls I've known have been dog lovers across the board, most have expressed a sincere dislike of cats.

Likewise, it is the masculine, ugly, old, short-haired, barren feminists who end up being cat ladies.

Shit, was my theory wrong, then?

I really don't think so.

The reason is feminine girls love dogs for very different reasons than men do. While men love the loyalty and obedience, girls are much more likely to coo over a dogs unconditional love, furry cuddles, and "look how cute he looks when he does that thing with his paw" type stuff.

Feminine girls love their dogs but they don't enjoy training them, letting them run in an open field and feeling pride when the dog comes right back when called, punishing them when necessary, etc.

Put another way: Psychologically, feminine girls don't OWN their dogs, they see them as equals to be loved.

Most of the feminine dog lovers I know already have strong male dominance types in their life, be it a strong father, boyfriend, or husband, and they just like the dog as another source of love.

Ugly masculine girls, on the other hand, cannot find a male to dominate them in their social life because they lack the beauty. Since being dominated by a strong independent entity who doesn't need her is so important to a woman, she must seek out that domination. Ugly girls find this in either a career, feminism, cats, or some combination of the three.

So in THEORY, beautiful feminine girls should like cats more, but cats are superfluous when you



have a man to obey.

\*There are a small percentage of straight alpha seducers that like to own cats. The reason is they love dominating an already dominant living thing. They like to stare down and dominate their cats just because they can.

# How to Get Laid Using Facebook...100% Guaranteed Hack

July 2, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Hi, I'm LaidNYC.

You may recognize me from such communities as the [Manosphere](#) and such twitters as [this one](#).

It may be hard to believe, but I wasn't always such a world-class big old pimp whose only fear is catching herpes.

No, I used to be lonely and pathetic, like you.

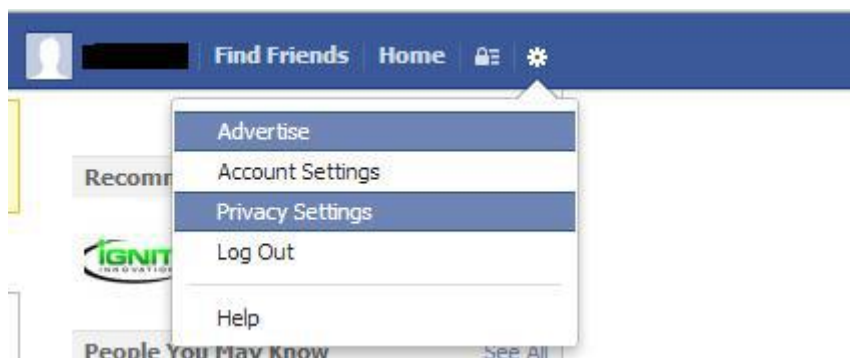
Then one day, completely by accident, I discovered how to leverage the awesome potential of the popular social media site Facebook.

Now I am a world famous pussy slaying extraordinaire. I don't have enough dick for all the pussy that gets thrown at me.

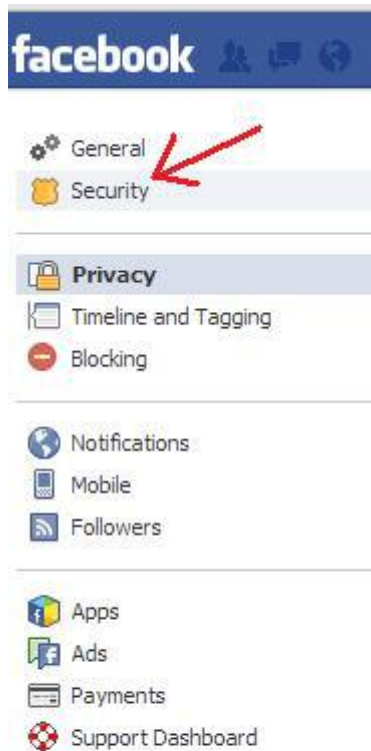
All it takes is logging on to Facebook ONCE and using my ONE SIMPLE TRICK and you will have sweet pussy flocking to your lap faster than mexican immigrants can cross an unsecured border.

Ordinarily, I charge up to \$499.95 for this ONE SIMPLE TRICK, but I am giving it to you, my loyal reader, for free.

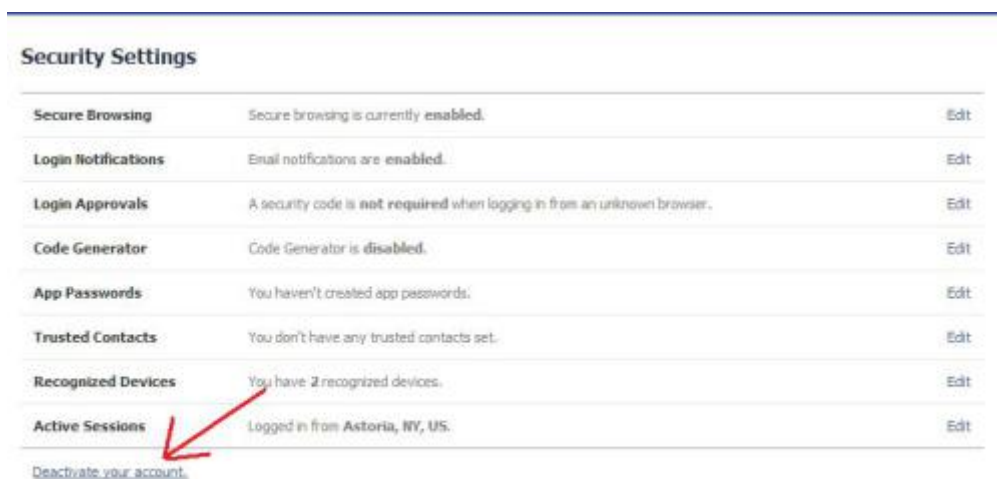
**Step 1** On the upper right of your screen, find and click the option for "Privacy Settings"



**Step 2** When the Privacy Settings screen comes up, click the option for "Security" on the left panel.



**Step 3** On the Security Settings screen, click on the suspiciously hard to find link that says “Deactivate your account”.



**Step 4** Leave a reason for leaving. I prefer “I don’t find Facebook useful.”, because there is no option for “Facebook is eroding my social skills and desensitizing my dopamine receptors”. You can use the “Other” field if you’d like to get creative. When you are finished, click the “Confirm” button.

Reason for leaving (Required):

☐ My account was hacked.

☒ I don't find Facebook useful.

You may find Facebook more useful by connecting with more of your friends. Check out our [Friend Finder](#) to see who you know on the site. Also, check out the [Help Center](#) to get an overview and tips on using Facebook.

☐ I have another Facebook account.

☐ I spend too much time using Facebook.

☐ I get too many emails, invitations, and requests from Facebook.

☐ This is temporary. I'll be back.

☐ I don't feel safe on Facebook.

☐ I don't understand how to use Facebook.

☐ I have a privacy concern.

☐ Other

Please explain further:

Email opt-out: ☐ Opt out of receiving future emails from Facebook.

Note: Even after you deactivate, your friends can still invite you to events, tag you in photos, or ask you to join groups. If you opt out, you will NOT receive these email invitations and notifications from your friends.

**Step 5** Enter your password when prompted. If you have forgotten your password, contact your local NSA field office.

**Password Confirmation**

Please confirm your password to continue

Password:

**Step 6** Enter the displayed Captcha code to confirm you are a human with legitimate access to your account, or a human NSA agent with illegitimate access to your account.

**Security Check**

5W57fC

Can't read the text above?  
Try another text or an audio captcha

Text in the box:

What's this?

**Step 7** Go outside to a social event or a place where there is people.



**Step 8.** Approach a girl you find attractive and talk to her. Repeat until laid.



There you have it! The 100% guaranteed method to get laid using Facebook! Please use your new powers for good, not evil

Successes can be shared at [laidnyc@gmail.com](mailto:laidnyc@gmail.com).

# Repeat After Me

July 9, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

I have a mission.

My mission is my priority.

My mission is my purpose.

Nobody can tell me what my mission is, I need to find it for myself.

I would rather succeed in my mission than get laid.

My mission means more to me than any girl, even my wife or long-term girlfriend.

I do not derive self-esteem and validation from external sources like facebook, twitter. I get self-esteem and validation from how successful I am in pursuing my mission.

Money is not my main desire, but I will get money if I live my mission.

Pussy is not my main desire, but I will get pussy if I live my mission.

Status is not my main desire, but I will get status if I live my mission.

My mission is one that uses my natural aptitudes, my mission makes my strengths stronger.

My mission may be something that my parents and society approve of, but it doesn't have to be.

My mission may help people and bring joy to the world, but it doesn't have to.

I am dependent on nobody else for pursuing my mission, only myself.

My mission will be hard work. If it is easy, it is not a worthwhile mission.

People may or may not see the hours I will spend striving for my mission. That is okay because I am not doing it for them, I am doing it for me.

My mission may be my profession and daily bread for life, or my mission may end and give way for a new mission to begin.

If I do not have a mission, finding one is my top priority.

I am at my unhappiest when I do not have a mission to focus on.

I know that striving for a mission and failing is better than having no mission at all.

I am a man on a mission. Accept that or get the fuck out.

# The Case For Kids

July 10, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

I am the spitting image of my maternal grandfather. Those who knew him always say so. We have the same build, same eyes, same cheekbones. I've inherited his penchant for womanizing and several of his hobbies and dispositions.

One time when my mother walked in on me while I was smoking a cigar and playing poker and wisecracking with friends, she was moved to tears because it reminded her of her father.

My maternal grandpa is also dead. He has been dead, for a long time, since before I was born. I never knew him. He never got to hold me or teach me anything. He never got to make a fresh-spirited joke about how fat my mother was getting while she was pregnant with me. I know he would do that because its what I would do. Shit, he never even got to meet the man who would become my father.

None of that matters, because here he is, I see him when I look in the mirror, I hear his thoughts when I think, I fuck the girls he would fuck, I make the money he would make. It is by sheer chance that his genes influenced me more than anyone else in my lineage, but here I am. Here he is. I am him. His conscious mind is dead. He is not.

I am proud of my genetics. They are not perfect, but I have several enviable qualities. Its because of these qualities that centuries ago, men with my genes fought for resources, status and pussy and were successful. Today, using their genes, I am becoming successful as well.

See, I don't think having kids is the ultimate measure of a man or alpha. It is the consequence of, not the driver of pussy desire. Men haven't evolved baby rabies like women. However, some of us have healthy K-selected instincts to want to have and provide for our own spawn. There is something natural about it. It is due to these instincts that I would surely feel regret if I never became a father.

You see, too often this debate is black and white. There are sworn bachelors claiming anyone who marries and has kids is an idiot, and there are righteous family men claiming anyone who doesn't pass his genes on isn't a true alpha. People make their choice, then in order to make peace with their choice, they claim that it wasn't a choice at all and anyone who claims otherwise is stupid.

Truth is, both sides are right and wrong.

I can't argue with a guy who chooses to run free in an easy-sex society rather than settle down in the burdensome responsibility of providing for a wife and kids with a legal system stacked against him.

I can't argue with a guy who wants to build a legacy and pass his accumulated knowledge and wealth to a genetic lineage of his own flesh and blood.

The men who crusade against having kids make great points. They are right, it is a huge risk and sacrifice. For many men, it is probably not a good choice. However, to those of us with K-selected instincts, NOT having kids would also be a sacrifice.

Life always contains trade-offs, evaluate your desires accordingly.

# Game By Osmosis

July 11, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Part time sports humorist, Part time snarky gamma [Bill Simmons](#) has a theory that hanging out with funny people makes you funnier.

I have to say, I fully agree with this theory.

Humor is formulaic and is very patterned.

When you hang out with guys who really get humor, your brains starts picking up on the patterns of humor.

You absorb the formulas and subtle language of humor.

Your brain actually adjusts and you become funnier yourself.

Other people around you telling jokes clicks on the dormant “humor” section of your brain.

Well, game is also very formulaic and patterned.

So my question to you, my adoring audience, is:

**Does hanging out with guys who have tight game make your game better? Show your work.**



# The Stand-Up Comedian.... Alpha?

July 12, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

A quick post for a Friday, just free wheeling here.

Commenter Earl recommends a few comedians:

But it's true about picking up humor. I'd suggest Bill Burr's or Christopher Titus podcasts. Not only red pill...but hilarious red pill.

I like Bill Burr a lot. Its true then when you find a comedian like Burr or Chris Rock or Patrice O'Neal giving out massive doses of red pill laced with hilarious humor, it is a breath of fresh air.

However, this is rare.

In general, you'll find stand up comedians are either very mainstream blue pill beta, goofy and self-deprecating, or guys who are trying to be red pill but really just lean on dark or cringe humor.

The mainstream liberal blue pill beta guys can make out a decent living but don't get real famous because they are relatable to the masses of weak guys but they aren't that funny because the best humor forces the audiences brain to connect with an unacknowledged truth, and the blue pill has no deep truths.

The other classes of guys, the goofy self-deprecating, and the dark humor guys. Anyone who has tried to write stand up comedy can attest (I did a few open mics in college) to the fact that the two easiest kinds of jokes to write are self-deprecating jokes and dark humor. That's why you find masses of those types of comedians out there. Its really not a function of alpha or beta... just lazy writing.

Though I find self-deprecating jokes to be beta and lazy writing, my favorite comedian of all time is Rodney Dangerfield. Go figure. I think I like him because the whole time he is talking about how bad his life is, and the irony is he is hilarious and awesome. Luckily in his movies he doesn't play the sad sap.

The guys who do dark humor but try to be red pill like Doug Stanhope or, maybe Daniel Tosh for more mainstream fans, can be funny at times, but it really is the path of least resistance for writing and performing.

However, in general I don't believe stand-up guys get hot groupie ass.

Their girl quality is more about the level of fame they reach than how funny they are, which really speaks volumes about the "girls like a sense of humor" myth.

# Fun With Cold Reading

July 16, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

You're a male between 18 and 40.

You have distinct political views, but you did not vote in the past presidential election.

You talk to your mom on the phone around once a week. She usually asks you about your girl situation at least once during the conversation.

When you talk to your dad, he talks to you about the same stuff every time: sports teams whose fandom he passed down to you, your job, how your car is running, money, etc.

You have a burgeoning interest in style but your wardrobe isn't that great yet.

English is your first language but you know a little Spanish.

You are above average intelligence. You have never taken an IQ test (that you know of) but you are proud of your SAT score.

You are mostly agnostic but you believe Christianity did a good job building a framework for a society.

You have measured your penis.

You have an interest in making money online and you have read up about it but as of yet you haven't taken much action in this area.

You were a pretty good athlete in at least one sport when younger but your dreams of athletic glory fell short.

You have an interest in personal fitness and working out, but you're not happy with the shape you're currently in.

You lost your virginity a little later than you'd care to admit.

Of all your grandparents, you are closest to your maternal grandmother.

You don't smoke cigarettes but you think cigars are cool.

You played fantasy football a few years ago but now you're bored with it.

You know you spend a little too much time on the computer.

You are a good driver and this gives you pride.

You think you should eat more vegetables, but vegans annoy you.

You are not the hottest guy around but you are comfortable with how you look.

Your grandfather was in the war.

You think holistic medicine is mostly pseudo-science bullshit.

You think you might want kids eventually, but you definitely don't want a daughter.

How did I do?

# Why Are Most People Closest To Their Maternal Grandmother?

July 18, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

In my cold reading experiment, I (likely correctly) guessed that you, my reader, are closest to your maternal grandmother out of all your grandparents.

This was a gimme. Studies have consistently shown that people are closest to their maternal grandmother.

Why?

There are three logical reasons.

First, since women live longer than men, people are likely to have more time on earth with their grandmothers than their grandfathers.

Second, women stay in more frequent contact with their parents, especially their mothers, than men do with theirs, and are likely to live closer to their parents throughout life. This gives maternal grandparents an edge in seeing their grandchildren more often.

Third: Cuckoldry. The maternal grandmother knows absolutely 100% that her daughter is hers, and knows absolutely 100% that her grandchild is her daughters. None of the other grandparents have this luxury. The maternal grandfather may have been cuckolded by his wife. The paternal grandmother knows her son is hers, but her son may have been cuckolded by his wife. The paternal grandfather has it particularly bad. He may have been cuckolded and/or his son may have been cuckolded. Grandparents instinctively adjust their bonds towards grandchildren based on cuckoldry risk. This isn't a choice, it just happens.

Both of my grandfathers were dead before I was born, my paternal grandmother died when I was less than 5, so maternal grandma won by default. She taught me my first swear word (by accident) and for that I am fucking grateful.

# Mixed Bag Friday: Why I Blog, Meetups, and My Real Life

July 19, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

An emailer helped put a word to why I blog: catharsis.

When you have wisdom you feel a certain obligation to share it. For certain people, failing to share their knowledge can build up a tension inside them. That's me. This blog is therapeutic.

See, I talk about game so rarely in real life, if ever, that I need this outlet.

My friends are all naturals in an average guy sort of way. I don't proselytize the red pill to anyone.

Last week, I said the word "hypergamy" out loud and it felt so weird, I wasn't even sure if I was pronouncing it correctly.

See, the manosphere is a small slice of my life. A secret slice, even. I respect guys who throw their real names out there, but that's not for me. To the people I know I'm just a regular guy who dates well, and I like it that way. I read manosphere blogs for about an hour every day, and then it simmers below the surface, and that's it.

I've had a few cool guys in the sphere suggest a meetup. I'm not against this. I think it would be fun to have a few beers or talk to some girls with you guys.

The problem is I don't want to talk about girls and game the whole time. Sure, it would be cool to drop knowledge and swap stories here or there but for the most part when I talk to my guy friends we talk about like sports, our interests, jobs, family, stuff that happened during our day. You know, shit normal people talk about.

I'd be happy to game a little with some Manosphere guys, yadstop a few girls and have a few laughs about it, but I don't want to approach every girl we see like a bootcamp and analyze every interaction.

I do think game conversations are good to have. I talked about approaching with ManosphereRadio for an hour, for fucks sake. I don't look down on guys who talk about game. Its just for me, in my real life, its not something I like to do.

Also: I'm not well-connected in the club scene, I don't bang 10s every night, I fuck up and say stupid shit all the time. I'm pretty much a regular guy. I don't want the fact that I'm a great writer make anyone think I'm better than I am in real life.

\*I'll be on vacation until next Sunday with limited internet access (phone only). I have posts scheduled to drop next week but I may be mildly absent otherwise.

## Further Thoughts on Approach Anxiety (and one solution)

July 22, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

One of the earliest and most influential prophets, Mystery, stated that approach anxiety stems from a fear that evolved in small society hunter gatherer times where a “tribal leader” would bash your head against a rock if he saw you talking to his girl.

Sure, this happened now and then but I’m not sure there was THAT much head bashing going on to fully account for the evolved fear of talking to a hot girl.

I think a more likely explanation is that in a small society ancient times, there were not that many young fertile girls around. Getting rejected by one was a big deal. You might not see another fertile girl for the rest of your life. You might not get another chance, ever. Approaching and failing meant genetic death as much as jumping off a building. There was fear because there was real justified scarcity mentality. The lower status you were, the more likely failure was, the more anxiety you felt. Waiting until you acquired some status in the community before approaching her was the smart play.

I liken this to when I was living in a third-tier city something like Cincinnati/Buffalo/Oklahoma City/Cleveland/Charleston. In that city there were not that many hot girls. You might see only a couple truly hot girls per night. If you ran day game anywhere but a college campus, you might be waiting a few hours for a good prospect. It sucked. I had worse nights, and more approach anxiety, because getting rejected by any one girl really did suck more there. My game improved, but very slowly.

In contrast, there are endless opportunities in New York, where I now live. There are simply retarded amounts of girls to talk to in NYC, if one rejects you, you get another opportunity literally a split second later. Rejections mean nothing. Approach anxiety is not justified, so for a guy who is constantly approaching it gradually melts away.

The weird part though is when I go back home to visit, the approach anxiety and scarcity mentality I used to have is still gone. Even though it might be justified in that location with far less prospects, the fertile bounty of NYC has permanently changed my mindset.

For that reason, I think every player should make his bones in a big city. I know not everyone is a city person. You don’t have to stay there forever. Its just the easiest way to burst through approach anxiety, acquire abundance mentality, and improve quickly by getting a lot of sets under your belt.

You will become a better player in a big city.

But stay out of New York because if I catch you talking to one of my girls I will bash your head against a rock.

## Your Next Shot

July 23, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Crack!

The Titleist ball veers off Sam's driver on a line drive and bounces in a patchy swath of grass well to the right of the fairway about 80 yards ahead.

"Fuck", he says.

Sam knows immediately what he did wrong. He took his eyes off the ball while swinging and struck the top of it. It's a common mistake that rookie golfers make because they are anxious to look up and see the outcome of their shot.

"Nice, right where you want it", jokes Andy.

"If Sam tees off and nobody is around to see it, does he still suck?" questions his friend Adam.

Sam picks up his tee, calming his frustration.

"Adam, normally I don't let guys who wear purple shirts make fun of me, but I'll give you a break because I know Kristy dresses you", he says.

To be honest, he didn't mind his friend's ribbing him. It's what guys do. Taking a joke and tossing one back is part of being a man.

Sam walks towards his ball, vowing to keep his eyes on it while he swings this time.

That last shot sucked but its over now, he thinks.

It can't affect my confidence.

It can't affect my mindset.

It can't affect my focus.

All that matters is keeping my eye on the ball on this next shot.

Sam is confident he can complete this one simple task.

He puts all the golf advice he's been given out of his mind. Keep your left arm straight. Rotate your trunk. Snap your wrists. None of that matters on this next shot, he says.

There's only one thing he has to do: keep his eyes on the ball.

He lines up, goes into his backswing, and whooshes his club forward, keeping his eyes on the ball the entire time. The club strikes the ball with solid contact.

He is satisfied with himself. He did what he needed to do.

Now he is free to look up and see where the ball went, but the question is:

Does that even matter?

# Girl Game

July 24, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

In game blogs, it is often asserted that women can't have game beyond some gold-digging exceptions. I disagree. The problem is guys who make that claim are looking at it through the lens of "guy goals" of money and sex. Sure, there is little a girl can do in that regard besides find a sucker and be a hot slut.

However, girls are more concerned with getting a man to bond to her on a deep level and acquire his love. For that, there are some things she can do.

Girls, Lets get two things out of the way first:

**90% of your appeal to men is your looks.** If you don't have the genes, this can suck but you have to do what you can: Stay thin, wear makeup, keep your hair long and dress to look good, not to assert your status to women.

**Fear the wall.** Do everything you can to delay or lessen the blow of the wall through healthy living, but know it is coming. Know that you will be gross and undesirable long before your male peers.

This is not fair. This sucks. But you must accept it.

But enough about your looks, you shallow, superficial woman! What about your personality?

**Act like the guys you aren't attracted to.** For example, a guy who brings gifts to a woman before sex will surely not to get laid. How about the other way around? A girl once brought me a little keepsake on our second date. "I got this for you", she giggled. It was a little painted figurine of something we had talked about on our first date. Nothing special or valuable. Yet I keep it in my "girl box" full of memories of girls past, like slips of paper with phone numbers, birthday cards, panties, etc. I never slept with her (her choice), yet I still think about her sometimes.

**Know how to compliment a man.** For every time you call a man nice, sweet, and sensitive, tell him ten times that he's confident, a leader, funny, charming, handsome, manly, ambitious, and athletic.

Men instinctively know nice guys get cuckolded. The first girl to ever reject him probably told him he was nice. Being nice is bad. Even if he is nice to you, that is not how he wants to be defined.

Show him you see him how he wants to be seen.

**Leave cute notes for him to find.** My favorite thing a girl has ever done for me was leave a note in my underwear drawer that said "Roses are red, violets are blue, I like having sex with you <3". It doesn't even have to be a sexual note. A simple note reading "I did your dishes babe, \*muah\*" gets the job done just fine. Girliness of handwriting counts. Write in pink or purple ink/marker. It is my educated opinion after years of dating that American girls need some serious work on their note-writing game.

To the guys: Steal this tactic. Girls I date now get lustful Post-it scribbles from me inside their panties and bras.

**Girl up your voice.** High, feminine voices are heart-melting. I have a voicemail from an old fling saved on my hard drive. She wasn't saying anything special, just calling to make plans, but her voice was so sweet and girly that I can still listen to it and enjoy her essence. What if your voice isn't high?

If you smoke, quit. You sound like a gravelly road. If you don't smoke and your voice is not pure girl, consider some voice/singing lessons so you can better control it.

**Let him do things for you, then show appreciation.** The key: Have him do masculine things, not emasculating things. Ask if he'll help check your oil or protect you from something. Don't ask him to hold your purse or run to the store for you. He should feel like a protector filling masculine gender roles, not a servant doing a butler's job. When he does something for you, show genuine appreciation. He'd prefer it be sexual in nature, but it doesn't have to be. A sincere thank you is bare minimum.

Men want to be men, give him the opportunity.

**Present authentic emotion.** I once had the First Big Fight with a girl I had been dating for about four months. When it became clear to her that she was wrong and I really was considering leaving her, she kneeled in front of me, tears streaming down her face like a faucet, begging me not to leave her.

I saw passion. Deep emotional capacity. Modesty. Willingness to submit. Real fear of losing me. Until that moment, I really didn't know I meant so much to her. I didn't leave her. It brought us closer together.

Some might say "she manipulated you by crying". Nah. A man with enough experience can tell the difference. Not all tears are manipulative but there's a reason women try to use manipulative tears: Men respond to real tears.

The corollary of course:

**Cut out the fake tears.** If you cry to manipulate and play the victim, you won't respect the man who falls for it, and you will piss off the man who doesn't.

**Cook, clean, sew.** Fill the feminine void in a man's life. If he loses a button, you say I can fix that for you. You always have a new recipe you want him to try. You bake him and his friends chocolate chip cookies just because. Your first reaction when you go to his place isn't to plop on the couch, it is to clean the kitchen.

**Be sunshine.** Brooding men are hot. Brooding women look infertile. Starting today, your default emotion is happiness. Your default facial expression is a smile. You treat people pleasantly and sweetly. You do not make sarcastic jokes. You laugh at other people's jokes. You giggle. You don't engage in serious or negative conversations. You are a ray of sunshine and you do not care if people who are less happy judge you for being happy.

**Earn trust.** There's sexual trust, and there's verbal trust. You need to earn both. For one, he needs to know you won't sleep around on him. One way to show this is by not sleeping with him too fast. Men instinctively know that girls who spread their legs quickly for them spread their legs quickly for other men as well. He also needs to know you won't spill any secret he tells you in confidence. This is, I believe, the rarest quality for a girl to have. I'm not sure I've ever fully trusted a girl in this regard, not even my own mother. If you are a trustworthy girl who does not gossip you are worth your weight in princess cut diamonds.

**Avoid projection at all costs.** Women are attracted to leadership, humor, status and ambition in their men, so some girls falsely believe they can attract men by being ambitious and status-driven. This does not work. The feminine attracts the masculine. To attract a man, do not act like a man. I'm not just being hard on you here, girls. Men are guilty of projection as well. Beta males want girls to be devoted and emotional towards them, so they give out their emotions and devotion easily. Men are very attracted to looks so we end up with chest-shaving metrosexuals. Men are just as



guilty of projection in this area as women.

**A word on clinginess.** If a guy thinks you're "clingy", he's just not that into you. Remember Vince Vaughn in *Wedding Crashers* alerting of a "Stage 5 Virgin Clinger"? This was a problem because he wanted to fuck her and leave her as soon as possible. If your goal is to be fucked and chucked, then by all means present yourself as time-free pussy. If not, cling a little. Take some initiative in texting him. Give a little PDA. Show him you want to spend time with him. I'm not saying become an obsessive stalker, but when a man is looking for a girlfriend, a little clinginess is much better than the alternative. Players don't want the emotional commitment that clinginess signals. Boyfriend material does. The hotter a guy thinks you are and the more he wants to keep you around, the less of a problem your clinginess is.

Go forth and girlify.

# Game Is Not For Everyone

July 25, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

If you took an average man and forced him to approach one girl every single day and make an honest attempt to get her phone number or have sex with her, under the threat that he and his entire family would be drawn and quartered if he didn't, he would follow one of two trajectories:

- He would fail initially and grow resentful
- He may try to apply some pickup techniques but he would fail, stop using them, and maybe create an account at PUA Hate
- He would grow to believe attractive women are bitches and start choosing less challenging targets
- He would eventually come to see his daily approach like brushing his teeth: something he doesn't like, but has to do
- His self-esteem would hit bottom and he would start to resent the female gender as shallow, gold-digging, and stupid.
- He would view you as an oppressor and curse your existence

OR

- He would fail initially and grow a strong motivation from it
- He would start a solid gym routine, get better style, and start applying learned game
- The game he learned would fail at first but he would persist until he discovered it is his frames of mind, not tactics, that matter
- As he gained success he would gradually start to approach hotter girls
- His sex life would bloom with more, and hotter girls than he had ever imagined previously. He might choose a girlfriend.
- He would view his daily approach as a fun activity with complete outcome independence
- He would view you as a liberator and hero

See, there are two types of people.

People who are incapable of admitting that they are responsible for their failures, and the rest.

The foundation of self-improvement is taking responsibility.

Do not blame your genes.

Do not blame your environment.

Do not blame the opposite sex or your boss or your parents.

Do not blame the information you receive.

Do not blame the government or media.

There is only one thing to blame for your failures: You.

But failing to take responsibility isn't always about blame, is it? Not everyone who fails is resentful.

Some people have a lack of responsibility that is wrapped in good vibes:

Fate.

God.

Hope.

You don't have to accept that you are a failure if you believe some big and mysterious force is

controlling all of your outcomes.

See, I believe you can't teach anyone anything. They learn what they want to learn, when they're humble and realistic enough to learn it.

Most people will be like the first guy I described. Not even practice and feedback can improve this person, because once that feedback is critical of self, he will shut down and switch on the rationalizations.

This is especially difficult when it comes to talking to girls. Admitting you can't get sex is like admitting you don't know how to eat or dress yourself. Since it's such a basic skill of life, people won't admit that they don't have it- it's always something else's fault. Or they're just waiting for fate to hand them the right girl.

It's too bad.

The first step to getting great at something is to admit to currently suck at it.

The road to confidence starts first with humbleness.

## But What If I Don't Like STEM Fields?

July 30, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

I, and others, have doled out the knowledge that if you are going to college, and especially if you are going into debt to go into college, you should go into the in-demand STEM/Finance fields only.

This is rational advice.

You don't go to college to acquire "knowledge", because not all knowledge is equal.

You go to college to obtain skills and brains that somebody will pay you for.

The best way to do this is with STEM.

Okay, but what if you suck at math and science or just hate it in general?

What if you hate the rigidity of the STEM career path and want something freer or entrepreneurial in nature?

I'm tempted to say suck it up to the first question and find a way to the second question, and for most people that would be good advice.

However, there are other ways.

Some have suggested trade school. There's good, steady money in stuff like plumbing, HVAC, electrical, auto maintenance, construction. I like this advice for some. The majority of civilized people in my lineage, and probably yours, have done trade jobs. There's no shame in honest, blue collar work, and even if you don't go this route, you should have some basic skills in these areas.

If you avoid the trades because you think you're better than it, because you'd rather make 50K sitting in air conditioning with an important sounding title instead of making 100K working with your hands and getting dirty, then I think you're a status-whoring pussy.

However, there's legit reasons a guy would be averse to the trades. Being on call, always working on somebody else's emergency, putting yourself at physical risk, having to do manual labor in your fifties with a deteriorating body in order to keep saving for retirement- that shit DOES suck.

Also, although your income potential in trades is six figures, there's a hard cap because you are selling your manual labor. There's only so much work to go around, and you have to sleep sometime. A young, ambitious guy might avoid taking a trade apprenticeship because he will look at the field and think, is a 120K a year cap really my limit?

So what else is there?

Sales.

I'll pause to let people shudder and think of a shiney-shoed slick-talking used car salesman.

Okay, stop.

Let me let you in on a little secret: everyone is a salesman.

Going on a job interview? You're a salesman.

Trying to get laid? You're a salesman.

Asking for a raise? You're a salesman.

A teenager negotiating a curfew is a salesman.

A parent persuading his child to eat healthy is a salesman.

If you want to have any influence on the people around you, you need sales skills. Nobody is above

being a salesman, nor should they be if they want to have any power over their circumstances.

Here is the basic formula to become a salesman:

Step 1- Get knowledge about a product.

Step 2- Get sales skills

In low level sales jobs where they hire people off the street for 10 bucks an hour plus crap commission, this might mean a two day orientation about the product, then straight to the phones for cold-calling hell to hustle out a few bucks from a lonely old lady. A hundred bucks is a good close.

In the highest level sales jobs, this means getting degrees in a STEM/Finance field (sorry) and meeting with smart C-Level type executives for consultative sales. A multi-million dollar contract is a good close.

The formula is the same for all levels of salesmen.

Get product knowledge. Hone sales skills in the field.

See, the reason the word “sales” induces shudders down your spine is because you are thinking of the cold-calling fucknut mispronouncing your name while trying to sell you something you don’t need or cashier trying to upsell you to a store loyalty card so he can get \$4 commission. Nobody likes that guy.

But the reason you attract scammy nickel-and dimeing salesman is because you mostly have nickels and dimes.

A CEO has a more favorable view of salesman. They give him useful pitches and save him money. They build profitable relationships and provide him value.

The problem you have with the scammy salesman is even if they use great sales tactics, they are selling a shitty product. Basically, they are an ugly guy with no confidence running Mystery Method. It’s not the method or game in general that turns people off, its him.

Therefore the first step is to sell a product you actually like and believe in and think is useful.

Without that, you will hate yourself if you try to sell it.

Luckily, there’s a lot of useful products in the world, there’s a lot of people with money who could benefit from those products, and there’s a role for people to connect the two.

Whether its stocks, real estate, nutrition products, advertising space, ebooks, whatever, somebody is selling it well by using the simple steps:

Find something you like, get the necessary knowledge, sell it.

There you are.

What about entrepreneurship?

Selling other people’s products is great and all, but I want to work for myself, you say.

Great. You know what?

Sales is the cornerstone of entrepreneurship.

If you can’t sell, your doors will soon close.

Have a great idea for a product? Better have a plan to sell it.

Want to freelance your skills? Better know how to sell yourself.

Want to be one of those online entrepreneurs? Better learn some sales writing.

Remember, if you're not creating shit, fixing shit or selling shit then you aint' doing shit.

# Choose Your Own Adventure, Part One: Friend's Girlfriend

July 31, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

\*\*\*\*\*

**Welcome to the Choose Your Own Adventure series. These scenarios will be a test of your game, ethics, relationship management, and ability to save face and maintain stature in potentially difficult situations.**

**There may be no perfect answer.**

**These situations may be things that have happened to me or one of my friends in real life, or they may be just plain made up.**

**Choose wisely.**

\*\*\*\*\*

You have a friend, Josh.

Josh is not your best friend, but he's probably in your top 5. If you threw a house party, you'd invite him. You remember his birthday. If he got married, you might be asked to be in the wedding party. That type of thing.

Josh starts dating a new girl, Cindy. Cindy is hot, a dancer with a beautiful face, great ass, and tits that defy gravity. She is by far hotter than any girl he has ever dated before. In fact, she is hotter than any girl YOU have ever fucked before. Damn near a 10.

This confuses you because Josh has run of the mill beta game. You calculate that he probably only landed her because of his status (he just started bartending) and the fact that he has relatively good looks.

You hang out with Josh and Cindy a few times, and notice something unsettling. Cindy is giving you fuck-me eyes, laughing extra hard at your jokes, touching your arms. When she goes to use the bathroom, she "accidentally" brushes her tits against you as she passes. Cindy wants you. This is clear.

Being in denial and beta blind, Josh does not notice Cindy's attraction for you. You make the call immediately: Josh is a weak-ass living in scarcity, and Cindy is a slut who is not as serious about him as he is about her, and will eventually drop him for the next shiny thing.

One weekend, you rent a lakehouse with a group of friends. Josh and Cindy come, they've been dating two months now. The cute girl you were planning on bringing backed out at the last minute. Most of the other friends are couples or single guys, except one of the girls brings two friends: a fat friend and an ugly friend. Great, thanks for being a team player, bitch.

Everyone is grilling, playing beach games, taking dips in the lake, and yes: drinking heavily. Cindy is wearing a fluorescent red bikini that is driving you crazy. Her tits look perfect, and once when you watch her walk out towards the water, the movement of her ass gives you an involuntary erection.

You have to adjust this so nobody notices.

As the sun goes down, everyone moves inside and continues drinking.

Josh had chosen whiskey. Whiskey was a bad choice. Josh passes out shortly after 10. You know Josh well from drinking with him, and when he passes out, he is OUT for the next 8 hours. Not even

bright lights and loud music can wake him.

Everyone else gathers in the living room, and being in a perfect zone of sociable drunkenness, you start lighting up the group with jokes, some of your best stories, and fun games. Everyone is having fun, and Cindy makes eye contact with you several times and smiles.

One by one, the long day of drinking starts taking its toll on people. A few pass out on couches, some stumble into bedrooms. Shortly after 1 a.m., with everyone either sleeping or getting ready for bed, you head upstairs and claim an empty room. You flop down on the bed to try and sleep.

After ten minutes pass, you hear the door to your room open and close.

You open your eyes and see Cindy, in her bikini top and tight shorts that show the bottom of her ass cheeks, climbing into bed with you.

“Hey, what are you doing?”, you say, cautiously.

“There are no open beds”, Cindy says, “Your bed is the biggest”.

Cindy cuddles into bed and presses her perfect tits up against you.

Since you are not a retard, you understand two things: She is yours for the fucking, and her relationship with Josh is doomed, because even if you don’t fuck her, she’ll let somebody else fuck her eventually.

What do you do?

A) Fuck her and don’t tell anybody about it.

B) Fuck Her, own up to it, and tell him you did him a favor.

C) Don’t fuck her, kick her out of the room, and alert him to her whore-ish behavior next time you get him alone.

D) Don’t fuck her, play dumb to her obvious advance, and never tell anybody about it.

E) Don’t fuck her, give a little physical contact to tease her but still be plausibly deniable. Plan on trying to fuck her when she and Josh are officially done.

F) None of the above. Please explain your preferred course of action in the comments.

Take Our Poll

Follow-up: I said they had been dating for two months. Do your actions change if she is your friend’s wife?



# Are You Really a Player?

August 1, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

An acceptable girl.

A fair legal system.

A house in a good school district.

A salary good enough to maintain family expenses so the wife doesn't have to work and can focus on child-rearing.

Give most men those four things and he will gladly enter the sacrament of marriage. You are probably one of them. I am one of them.

Don't worry, societal influences and economic policy have irreparably fucked those four conditions out of reach for the average guy, so you may never have to worry about being subjected to the indignity of a happy marriage.

Its important perspective, though.

Most of you are here not because you are some player for life destined to fuck and chuck sluts, you are here because its a reaction to a world slanted against you.

The acceptable girls drank the figurative Kool-Aid of feminism and became cock-carouseled, entitled, and allergic to marriage during years of good fertility. The acceptable girls drank the literal Kool-Aid and became overweight on high carbohydrate diets and alcohol. The acceptable girls were given a cushion of contraception, penicillin, and modern medicine which alleviate the biological consequences of sex and encourage rampant hypergamy.

The fair legal system got overhauled with no-fault divorce, vaginally charged court rulings, heavy alimony and child support.

The house in a good school district has an inflated price due to loose monetary policies 100 years in the making. They've been bid up by dual-income, zero or one child families. A mother can't afford to stay at home and focus solely on child-rearing if she wants her kids to live in a good area.

The good jobs that used to earn a man a living and status and build a world have been outsourced, heavily unionized or underbid. They have been replaced by an economy that women climb in, which favors bureaucracy, useless credentials, and sending emails with buzzwords. Any man that earns his living with his hands outside of an air-conditioned office is seen as "prole" or lower class.

This is not your fault, Will Hunting. You are just one man. Forces greater than you have been conspiring against your happiness for a long time.

My point today is not to blame anyone, or theorize on how to solve the problems in our society. There's plenty of that to go around.

No, my point is that men claim how they deal with the opposite sex is a matter of principle that they truly believe in, when in reality its just a reaction to the hand they are dealt.

Its easy for a man surrounded by the fat, the bitchy, and the slutty to lead the Don't Marry charge.

However, as the ashes of Mark Minter have taught us, if you change a man's options and circumstances, you often change his principles.

Be careful what you speak of in absolute terms. Would you say the same thing if you were living in

1850? 1950? a different country or city? How about if you had male-model good looks, or you were 5'2" and dogshit ugly?

Are you against marriage if a filthy rich, gorgeous 18 year old virgin with a passion for yoga and healthy cooking wants to marry you? Really?

Check yourself. Are your principles a defense mechanism because you can't get what you really want?

Minter got his spot blown up, but the only difference between him and many commenters and bloggers out there is he used his real name.

There's a lot of hard talk out there.

I'm not impressed by any guy's N count or "flags" or crazy hookup story (with no pictures).

I mean, I'm not NOT impressed by any guys lay count either, but consider this: Aren't there "players" out there who fuck a ton of 6's when they would be happy as a pig in shit to settle down with just one single 8?

You can brag about a one-night stand +1 fuck and chuck, but if the girl was much hotter and sweeter wouldn't you rather bang her 100 times, not just 1?

Look, I'm not trying to sell marriage or monogamy. For any man with family values, this is a dogshit time to live.

Just understand that the cock-carouseling is not the natural state of women. This is a very novel time in sexual history. Women today have been dealt a very unique set of circumstances and they are just biological machines that are responding rationally to try to maximize outcomes. The manosphere has rightfully hammered home that women are hypergamous serial-killer fuckers, but try to understand: given the right social, biological and economic incentives, women actually do make good wives.

Right now is just not that time.

Living a player's life is fun but it's a real wear and tear after an extended period of time. If you are famous and pussy falls into your lap it is cool, but for the rest of us normal guys who run street approaches and trawl bars for our product, it is work. There are ebbs and flows, instability. One week you feast on a smorgasboard, the next week you starve through a drought. You spend countless hours on the labors, far less time enjoying the fruits. It's not all a grind, approaching girls is fun, but there's so much other shit you can be doing. You drink a little too much, trade off time at the gym or time spent with friends and family.

Don't get me wrong, it's a life everyone needs to live for a little while. Even pro-marriage dudes should sow some wild oats for a solid few years. Being proficient in seduction is an important part of being a man. But to be a truly long-term pussy-slaying bachelor? Most guys really aren't about that life.

When I'd see guys get into long committed relationships, especially good looking guys, I'd think "what a pussy, doesn't he know anything?"

I was arrogantly overlooking the fact that monogamy is a decent deal for most guys if they can get it.

If you truly would prefer a good marriage or a long term monogamy if an amazing girl popped up, don't lie to yourself and say you wouldn't.

If you want a good marriage, but you can't attract one of the ever-shrinking pool of marriageable girls, and you can't afford a nice house, stay at home wife and kids, that's fine. Life sucks. Like I

said, you have been dealt a shit hand, so go be a MGTOW or PUA if you want. You probably make good points and nobody is going to judge you. Just don't fool yourself into thinking its your first choice.

If you're up for the challenge, quit your bitching and blaming and go start a family if that's what you really want. Protect yourself legally the best you can, tell the naysayers to fuck off, and do it.

If you're a true pussy-pounding player and you get all the love you need from brief bouts of monogamy and you don't care about building a family legacy, and you want to fuck new notches until you die, then congratulations: The modern world is made for you. I suspect far less guys in the Manosphere actually fit in this category than are representing that they do.

# How To Cheat on Your Girl Better Than a Politician or Male Feminist

August 2, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

In the good old days, a guy cheating on his best gal would have the good sense and decency to at least keep it discrete so she wasn't embarrassed in front of her family and community.

A guy used to at least protect himself from a fall from grace by not leaving behind obvious evidence of the deed.

A guy cheating used to at least choose an attractive mistress.

And lastly, a guy cheating used to at least ACTUALLY BUST A NUT.

What is with these politicians and male feminists leaving behind tons of electronic evidence of affairs that they never actually had, because the girls were in a completely different zip code from their penis? Why are they choosing fat chicks and skanks? Why are they paying?

If getting caught cheating is bad for a relationship, how about trying to cheat and not being successful? That's even worse, at least the guy who cheats is desirable, the thirsty beta sexter is a sexual market reject.

So here it is, I'm giving a free cheating lesson to any hack politician who has never worked a real, profit producing job in his life or low-rated community college teacher turned neutered self-hating feminist writer who feminists don't even like:

**Rule# 1: Don't do it.** As men, we have a thing called "honor". A man is only as good as his word. Nobody is saying you can't fuck tons of chicks, you big old pimp. If that's your thing, just don't give a girl your stated commitment. Nobody gives Derek Jeter a hard time.

Okay, I get it. For some with a more flexible code of ethics, Rule#1 will get ignored. Fine, I'll still help your slimy ass.

**Rule# 2: Turn off the phone.** Has Pauly from goodfellas taught us NOTHING? You can get away with lots of crooked shit if you never leave evidence. Phone records have brought down many great men. Don't be another. No phones. No email or facebook either.

I get that phone is necessary for meetups, right? Get a prepaid burner phone not linked to your name. Voice calls only, disguise your voice the best you can and delete the record of your call right after. Never leave a voicemail.

Never, ever trust that a girl will delete evidence. She won't. If you fucked up badly enough to request this from her, you're probably fucked. Or pegged, as the case may be.

**Rule #3: Use a fake name.** No, not an obviously fake one like Carlos Danger or Ron Mexico. You want her to actually think you are a different person.

**Rule #4: Meet your mistress through cold approach only.** A parlay with Rule #3. The closer to your social circle or work you meet your mistress, the more potential trouble there is for you. Don't introduce her to your friends or anyone you know, and don't go in public with her. Sorry, famous guys leveraging their status into hot poon, you are out of luck here. Just know some extra discretion is needed. The bright side for male feminists? You're not famous.

**Rule #5: Only cheat with a very hot girl.** You've heard Heartiste's Jumbotron Rule. You've seen

my Paparazzi Rule. Now I'm adding one: **The Tabloid Test**. If your relationship was subject to public scrutiny and the news of your affair broke on blogs and newstands far and wide, would people at least look at the girl you cheated with and say "damn, she's hot?" Would guys sympathize and know immediately why you did it?

Petraus passed the Tabloid Test, at least when the mistress was presented with a side by side shot of his wife.

Weiner failed miserably. Clinton failed. Schwarzenegger failed grande.

If you are an honest non-cheating man, your primary girl should pass the Tabloid Test. Sorry, Obama. Alpha nod to Edward Snowden.

**Rule #6: Cheating is about the nut.** Quick and dirty. Don't fall in love. Don't let her fall in love. Don't allow yourself to feel validated about the cheating beyond a five second orgasm. You don't take pleasure in flirtations or sexts. You only get pleasure from the actual sex. If you violate this rule, it will blind you into taking your eye off the ball, cause you to get sloppy and break the other rules, and eventually get you caught.

There you have it.

Follow these rules and you can avoid getting caught in a sexless sext message relationship, which might cause you to tearfully quit the internets in shame, so you can continue getting pats on the back from old fat chicks for slicing off your own dick via prose.

Follow these rules and maybe you can avoid getting caught sending a spunky image of your smoothly shaved chest to a lumbering muffin top so maybe then you'll have a chance to destroy a whole city with your progressive and vibrant policies.

Or don't. That actually works better for me.

# Don't Marry Any Woman Older Than 25

August 5, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

From a [great post](#) by kleyau:

I realized I could never devote myself, as a faithful husband, to a women who wasted the prettiest years of her life before she met me.

If you meet your wife when she's older than around 23 or 24:

You are eating someone else's cold leftovers, then doing their dishes.

You are showing up to a party after everyone has left and cleaning up after them.

You are getting into a taxi and paying the fare of the person who got out before you.

You are taking the nearly expired milk to the grocery store counter and offering to pay double for it.

You are paying the MSRP sticker price for a used car.

You are letting someone sext with your girl, then paying his phone bill for him.

Your friend has sex with a prostitute, then after he enjoys the fruits you pay the bill and get throw in jail for solicitation.

You are part of a street fight where a guy gets a few good punches in, and the opponent punches YOU for retaliation, not him.

You are paying for someone's credit card bill full of reckless spending and partying that you never got to enjoy.

You are outbidding everyone on an eBay product by thousands of dollars.

You are trying to unclog somebody else's clogged toilet.

You are watching somebody shake a hornets nest, then getting stung as he runs away unscathed.

You see someone chug a beer, then drink the bitter teaspoon of ass beer at the bottom of the can.

You are letting someone eat all the creme filling from a box of Oreos, then pay full price for the bland chocolate wafers.

A girl who refuses to get married young is offering a raw deal. She is vastly overvaluing her product, and undervaluing your time and money.

Marriage only makes sense for a man when a girl's prime years of beauty and fertility are upfront payment for a lifetime of loving masculine support. Men rationally know this.

Is it any wonder, then, that as females are delaying marriage longer, they are finding less willing men?

Youthful arrogance is the yellow brick road to **spinsterhood**.

# Choose Your Own Adventure, Part One: The Outcome

August 6, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Last week I posted a [Choose Your Own Adventure](#) in which your friend Josh's sizzling hot girlfriend of 2 months came on to you for a late night fuck at a lakehouse.

Let's see what happens.

**A: Fuck Her and Don't Tell** You fuck Cindy, twice, and it is phenomenal. You have mild guilt the next morning but mash it away with memories of the sex. The tryst is soon forgotten, though on occasion you and Cindy exchange knowing glances. Around a month later, Josh catches Cindy in some shady business and her whole house of lies crumbles with some questioning. Out of beta rage, he calls her a bitch, liar and a slut. Wanting to hurt him, she tells him that she fucked you. He confronts you and you instinctively lie. He says he believes you, but your relationship with him goes murky because he sort of believes you did it, but he's too beta to confront you and get it all out with fisticuffs. You are never as good of friends with him again.

**B: Fuck Her, Own up to It** You fuck Cindy and attempt to jizz on her face but most of it gets on her hair. When you tell Josh what happened, he first accuses you of lying, then accuses you of manipulating her or running game on her. Betas are not very understanding. He threatens physical violence but it is not a credible threat. Your friendship has a irreparable falling out. When confronted, Cindy pleads drunkenness and blames you for the events of the evening. Josh sort of takes her back but they break up fully a few weeks later when Cindy jets to start fucking a local semi-pro soccer player. You run into Cindy a year later at a bar, and she sneers at you. Who cares, you fucked her.

**C: Don't Fuck Her, Tell Him What Happened** Josh doesn't believe you, and when you tell him the story he thinks you misinterpreted her signals. He suspects a little foul play on your end and your relationship becomes very mildly strained in the short term, but when he gets the suspicion she is cheating a month later and goes through her phone, he sees what a whore she is, and realizes you were probably telling the truth.

**D: Don't Fuck Her, Don't Tell Him What Happened** Cindy strings Josh along for another 7 months, using him for preferential treatment at his bar while she simultaneously fucks the drummer of a shitty local band, putting him at risk for STDs and draining some of his hard-earned finances. She finally gets fed up with his betaness and dumps him. He is heartbroken. Your friendship with him is unaffected, but you pass along a few [manosphere](#) URL's to aid him on his road to recovery. He visits the sites once and never again.

**E: Don't Fuck Her, Try to Fuck When They Break Up** You try your best to press the pause button on her attraction, but Cindy is never as flirtatious with you as she was that night. Sometime after their inevitable break up, you send her a text message but it goes unanswered.

Don't like my fake results? Then why don't you go outside and play hide and go fuck yourself.

**Lesson:** Don't be friends with betas. Betas can't control their women, and they will toss you to a pack of wolves to defend their woman's virtue, slutty as she may be. If there's one thing betas love doing, its defending a slut's honor.

**Winner of the Poll:** A 28.57% plurality chose The Scoundrel's Choice: Fuck Her and Don't Tell. You guys aren't my friends any more.

For what its worth, this post is based on a situation that happened to my cousin, and he also chose choice A. The girl in question was an NFL cheerleader. She is now a single mother (not his kid).

#### To the comments:

**The Lucky Lothario** offers:

I voted C, because objectively that's what fits with my idea of the Bro Code. In reality, I'd hope my resolve was strong enough to stick to true to that.

Honest man. Its easy for a guy to claim noble virtue while staring at my black and white blogpage. When there's a boner-throbbing babe in your bed, its a little different.

World traveling sex-maniac **Judge Miller** writes:

You're right, it's over. Before it goes down, both sworn to secrecy, mutually assured destruction style, so that neither says a peep. A.

The issue here is that secrets mean nothing to a woman, and if she decides to spill the story for whatever wily purpose she has, she can always play the victim card and make you look bad so that her destruction is not truly mutually assured. However, lay the dick right and she likely won't turn you in.

Canadian pussy smasher **theshido** says eh:

Best-case scenario? A combination of C and E. Tell him what happened without Cindy knowing you outed her, wait for the bridges to burn and then take her to Poundtown.

Indeed, the best case scenario and this would work IF your friend is a red-pill alpha type. If he is beta, there is no way he doesn't confront her with your claims and hear out her side of the story.

**Dirt Man** spits:

I remember there was an episode of That 70's Show where Hyde tells Kelso that he's not going to tell Jackie that he's cheating on her, but that he's going to do everything he can to help him get caught. (I may be remembering those details incorrectly.) While coming from a sitcom, I like this approach.

If you're thinking beyond your own dick and you want the best for your friendship, your friend, and to bring a slut to justice, you will indeed need to be insidiously strategic. A trusted, non-emotionally invested member of the peer group can be an ally if you tell him the story. He can help turn the others against her. You then start dosing Josh with the red pill about female nature, peppering him with stories of cheating whores until he starts questioning the virtue of females in general, and thus, his maiden. You can also pretend you are having an internal struggle about accepting the sexual past of a girl you're dating, and innocently ask, "How many guys has Cindy slept with? Are you cool with it? How do you handle it?" Bring up sex topics when you are all hanging out and see if she'll speak freely, bringing him uneasiness. Seed-planting is the best way to get him to question her virtue and make sure he gets gut feelings in the future when she starts acting shady.

I never underestimate the ability of a beta to be in denial when it comes to the virtue of hot pussy, but there's only so much a guy can take.

**onan** offers the following wisdom:



| fuck her and pretend not to remember it

Anterograde Amnesia Game. When I was 20, this is probably exactly what I would have done.

**kleyau** writes:

| Josh sounds like a dumbass, getting whiskey drunk at a couples event with a hot gf. He's got to learn one way or the other, and I'm too old to be friends with a weak willed man

More than anything else, culling weak betas like Josh as friends is indeed the central takeaway of this exercise.

**Buena Vista** tells you how you can fuck her after they break up:

| Unless random sex with a disloyal woman is more important than true friendship with a man, you tell her:

| "This is going to happen, but not tonight, because you came here with Josh. When you and Josh are done, that's when this is going to happen."

If you're going to be able to freeze her attraction for you, a line like this is how you'd do it. Still a lower percentage option, because drunken sex windows can be one-time only offers, but it could be worth a shot.

# A Tale of Two Alphas

August 7, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

You know two guys, John and Eric.

John and Eric are both funny and popular and they get laid often, by hot women. They are both alpha. However, you notice several key differences between them.

Eric looks at you while you're talking.

John focuses on something else while you're talking. You're not sure he's even listening.

Eric tells a cool story and then listens when you relate one of your own.

John tells a cool story and when you relate your own, he cuts you off to tell another one of his own.

When you bring a girl around, Eric is friendly to her but sets you up to tell cool stories and talks you up.

When you bring a girl around, John tries to flirt with her and puts you down in front of her.

Eric laughs at your jokes.

John tries to step on your punchlines.

Eric teases his guy friends with good-natured ribbing.

John teases you about personal shit and things he knows you're embarrassed about.

John likes to be the center of attention.

People like Eric to be the center of attention.

If you're in a social group you don't know, Eric will introduce you to people.

If you're in a social group you don't know, John will swap inside jokes and shared stories with them, forcing you out of the conversation.

When meeting a new guy, John's default is to ignore and/or act dismissive towards him.

When meeting a new guy, Eric gives respect and finds a mutual connection or interest to talk about.

John interrupts you.

Eric waits until you're done talking before delivering his own value.

If you tell Eric a secret, he keeps it.

If you tell John a secret, he'll gossip it as soon as doing so will bring him value.

If you mention an accomplishment, Eric gives it the acknowledgement it deserves.

If you mention an accomplishment, John downplays it or one-ups it, especially if other people are around.

Eric is cool to everyone.

John is cool only to people who can do things for him.

Eric calls you by your name.

John gives you a nickname or pronounces your name in a way you hate.

Get the picture?

You should be an Eric, not a John.

John sees every guy as competition. John sees social status as a scarce resource, your gain is his loss.

Eric understands his high value is self-evident. He can rise up without bringing you down.

Do girls punish guys like John by withholding pussy? Not really.

Jerks, dicks, and sociopaths get laid. Girls end up loving guys like John.

However, the truth is guys like John can't compete with guys like Eric on the level of general coolness, so they must cut down others to compete on the level of relative coolness.

John still gets laid because status is status is status to a girl, but YOUR primary goal should be to build your own value, not cut down others.

BUT, the game being what it is, AMOGing is an important tool in a man's toolbox. It takes a wolf to catch a wolf, and it takes a John to defeat a John, but you must dole it out in measured doses, only to him. Be a dick to people who deserve it, not to others in general.

John and Eric are both based on guys I knew in real life. All the actions listed are things they actually did. I didn't even change their names.

# How to Make Sure Krauser Doesn't Have Sex With Your Girlfriend

August 12, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Read [this post](#) by Krauser.

If you're like me, you probably had two reactions.

First, respect for the game. Maybe you even learned a thing or two.

Second, uneasiness. Maybe a bit of a pit in your stomach.

The uneasiness is caused by the fact that a relationship built up over months and years can be destroyed by the actions a girl takes in just a few seconds. All the time, emotions, and resources that both parties have committed to the relationship are destroyed with just one decision. A PUA presses a few buttons and says a few of the right words, and an innocent love has vanished. Would you continue dating a girl who responds to a PUA this way, even though she never actually physically cheats? You would be a fool if you did.

Sure, it is not the most moral thing to try to bang somebody's girl. Krauser is, in his own words, "[a bit of a dodgy cunt](#)" sometimes. But the seducer's crime is miniscule compared to that of the seduced. The seducer promised chastity to nobody, gave nobody his word. Rather than lament the state of the universe and vilify the male sex drive, just accept that if you have a hot girl, guys are going to try to fuck her. Dodgy cunts are everywhere.

So what can you do?

**Screen her.** Screen the shit out of any girl before you trust her to be sexually faithful. Guys who claim a girl's sexual past means nothing are retarded. Know her relationship patterns. Go through the list of [common slut tells](#). Know her influences, does she have you gogrrll feminist friends, or maybe a bitter divorced mother who will feed her lies about men and the sexual market? Does she love attention? Does she have guy friends because she "doesn't get along" with other girls? or does she go on girl's nights out with her slutty BFFs? Screen out cheating risks, choose a more homebody, shy girl. One who was given a religious background is preferred. Don't accuse me of NAWALT, you bitter fucks, some girls really are less likely to cheat and you know it.

How many girls in today's world will be able to pass a proper screening? Almost none.

**Have regular sex.** If you are not having sex with a girl the bare minimum of once a week, then she is not your girlfriend. I've read field reports of PUA's boyfriend destroying on girls where the girl admits she hasn't had sex for months. Now this makes you question what quality of girl these PUAs are seducing, because if a girl is attractive, her significant other will want to fuck her. Of course, the lack of sex can be a female choice: maybe her boyfriend is so beta that the thought of sex with him repulses her.

Just know the longer its been since you've had sex with your girl, the easier she will be for an alpha interloper to seduce. Are you in a long distance relationship? [Too late.](#)

If she's not fucking you, she's fucking somebody else.

**Be good in bed.** Read the Sex God Method. Watch the squirting orgasms video. Read [this post](#). Follow [Commandment XIV](#). Try new things. Avoid the routine sex so many couples fall victim to. Its no coincidence the [quickest boyfriend destroyer routines](#) are very sex-focused. This is the

vulnerability of many a relationship.

**Claim Ownership.** You must lay down the frame that I, your God, am a jealous God and thou shalt not have any other gods but me. That pussy does not belong to you. That pussy belongs to me. Set clear frames of what you want in a partner. Set explicit standards of the fidelity you expect.

Cheating goes beyond dick in vagina. Demanding high standard of behavior from a girl is alpha. If she refuses your demands, she doesn't fear losing you. If you can't bring yourself to make these demands, you fear losing her.

**Meet her emotional needs.** Dread and Romance. Give her the high of a girl who has won the commitment of an alpha male, followed by the fear that she might lose him. Take her on a romantic date one night, then tell her to shut the fuck up the next day. Kiss her passionately in the morning, then call her from a loud bar during happy hour.

**Don't Slip.** It's a running joke, the girl who chops off her hair and gains 30 pounds right after her wedding. But comfort chips away at a man's steel core as well. Keep hitting the gym. Pass shit tests, never stop teasing. Don't stay in your bum-ass loser job. Always be moving forward. Your life is a mission, she is not your prize. A relationship is not a laurel to be rested on.

**Take the temperature of your relationship.** Here are hall of fame posts on this matter, [one from Heartiste](#), and [another from Krauser](#).

Frost recommends getting her passwords and going through email/facebook. Put it this way:

How many pedestals would crumble if all betas were afforded just one scroll through their oneitis's text messages?

If you are ethically against going through a girl's private accounts, then that is fine: don't do it.

However, if you are scared to go through them because you don't want what you find to change your view of her, then you are in fantasy world. There is the dream world in your head, and then there is truth. Be prepared to deal with the demons or they might confront you later.

**Trust your gut.**

There's some weird inner game shit about jealousy out there. Some guys are fucking cuckold wannabes, I swear.

No, complete lack of jealousy is not something a man should cultivate. Jealousy is a useful indicator that you don't trust your girl. If you feel jealous when your girl is going on girl's nights out or texting guy friends, maybe you should be. Jealousy sometimes happens when a guy knows he is low value and every guy is a potential threat, but really it happens a lot because a man's emotions show an untrustworthy girl on the radar. Jealousy is an evolved instinct to keep you from raising another man's child. Even in the modern times of contraception and DNA tests, the right pangs of jealousy keep you from wasting your time and looking like a fool. Don't squash it, you need it. Trust your gut.

Remember: Jealousy isn't the problem. It's the scarcity mentality that causes you to stay with a girl who makes you feel jealousy that is the problem.

Having an attractive girlfriend for years and expecting her to stay madly in love with you the entire time is a big ask. The old school way to keep a girl faithful was marry her young, keep her out of the workplace so she doesn't end up underneath her boss's desk, and knock her up a few times, thus bonding her to you and decreasing her value to all other men. That was a fairly reliable assurance of fidelity. Today's world is much harsher and girl's have much different incentives. After the

honeymoon phase wears off, be watchful.

Don't worry about Krauser, he'll do just fine.

*\*\*\*This post contains a treasure trove of great linkage. Click away. You may want to bookmark/save some of those posts.*

# You Date Younger Women Because You're Insecure

August 13, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

My [Don't Marry Any Woman Older Than 25](#) post sent a lot of hamsters to the wheel.

Both men and women busted out the well-worn shaming tactics that are often used to try to pummel men into dating old, less fertile, ugly women so they can have babies with down syndrome and erectile dysfunction in their fifties.

I like to stay above the fray, but I really do want to refute all the common tired cliches that get busted out when people try to shame men from dating the young and hot.

**“You just like younger girls because they’re the only ones who fall for your PUA tricks! You like them because they are easier to manipulate!”**

Let's cut right to the core:

Feminists say things like this because they hate young, beautiful girls and believe they are all stupid.

Let me tell you something: when it comes to relationship dynamics, girls are wily and smart as fuck.

They play most men like fiddles from age 12 onward. They think about relationships, talk constantly about relationships, and have many social interactions. Whether they want cock, money, attention, or commitment, they know how to get it.

Girls are not stupid, innocent victims.

They are predator, not prey.

Girls of every age are the manipulators far more often than they are the manipulated.

After age 24, women definitely do not get smarter about relationships. Their hamsters do get stronger, though, out of necessity.

(Besides, this premise is backwards. It is far easier to game older women into bed. They have less options and its likely been longer since they've had a good stiff fucking.)

**“You have nothing in common with a girl that young!”**

I don't have anything in common with the girls I'm attracted to, and I like it that way. Its not a matter of age, its a matter of masculine and feminine.

I lift weights, she does yoga.

I order the steak, she orders the salad.

I watch Breaking Bad, she watches The Bachelorette.

I wear a suit, she wears a dress.

I don't want a girl who sits on the couch watching football and scratching herself, because that's my thing.

Having stuff in common sucks.

Wait, scratch that, I have a few things in common with the young girls I date: we both have high fertility and a deep passion for each other. Good enough for me.

**“You date younger girls because you can't get a girl your own age!”**

Young girls being so in demand in the sexual market, any guy that can date one could easily pull an older one, he just doesn't want to.

**“No, really, an older woman would never put up with your shit!”**

I won't put up with her loose skin, baggage and jaded bitterness. Everybody wins!

**“When you grow up in different times you have no common experiences to relate to!”**

So if I tell a girl the first CD I bought was Green Day – Dookie, and she says “Wow, me too! I was also born in 1985 and I also bought that CD in 4th grade with my chore money!” Is that a feminists idea of a good relationship? Conversations like that?

I'll pass.

**“You're intimidated by a strong, independent woman!”**

Replace “intimidated by” with “not attracted to”, and you have the truth.

When it comes to attracting a man, strength, independence and wisdom mean nothing. Youth, beauty and sweetness mean everything. Don't Lean In.

**“Younger girls are inexperienced, you should date someone older who knows what she wants!”**

You see how most of the shaming tactics feminists use involve demeaning younger girls?

Young girls know what they want just fine.

Older women know what they want to: They want to be young again.

**“Young girls are so immature!”**

Age does not equal maturity.

Age can give a woman “maturity” not by virtue, but by NECESSITY:

When nobody is paying your way anymore, you have to work.

When nobody is giving you attention anymore, you stay out of clubs.

When the band won't let you backstage anymore, you stop loving rock concerts.

Those who are regular followers of my blog will know that I do not encourage guys to date immature sluts regardless of age.

Just because clubs are packed with sub-24 year old sluts, that doesn't mean all sub-24 year olds are club-going sluts.

There are girls who are both young and mature enough for a relationship.

A girl who is not marriage material when she is young will never be marriage material.

**“What does fertility matter if you're not having kids with these younger girls?”**

First of all, I do want kids.

Second of all, beauty is a proxy for fertility, and that's what gets the dick hard.

This is really a retarded point so I don't know why I'm responding to it. It's like asking a girl “why have sex if you're on birth control?”

**“You're just having fun, when you start looking for something serious, you'll get a girl your own age.”**

When I am looking for “something serious”, aka long term committment and kids, why the fuck would I choose a less fertile girl?

That is actually backwards. It makes far more sense for a younger guy to fuck cougars for a while and then say “when I'm ready for kids I'll choose a younger girl”. But I would never recommend such a strategy, because cougars are gross.

A friend of mine did the “girl his own age” thing, now they are 32 and want kids. She is having



fertility problems, so they are paying thousands for the turkey baster technique and so far it hasn't worked. 32 years old. Think about that. That's serious, alright: Seriously depressing.

**"Women in their thirties are at their sexual peak!"**

Bullshit.

Women in their thirties do not have higher sex drives. They have more unfulfilled sex drives. There is a difference.

A woman may feel hornier in her thirties because for the first time attractive men aren't lining up to please her sexually.

How's this for perspective: People who are not given free access to all you can eat buffets are hungrier!

If you believe in evolution, then you understand how absurd it would be for a women to be horniest at the time of her life when she is more apt to give birth to retarded children.

**"What would you even talk about with a 20 year old?"**

The same things I would talk about with a 30 year old, only my conversation partner would be hotter. Seriously, I do not need to talk about the eighties and early 90's in order to have a successful conversation.

Flirting and connecting is the same regardless of age.

**"Older women are sexy!"**

Haha. Good one.

**"No, really, I am a woman and I am much better looking now than when I was 19 or 20!"**

This can be true... if you are a recovering fattie. Did you recently lose a large amount of weight because you were tired of being caught in harpooner's crosshairs?

**"No, I was never fat, I just grew into my features and I'm much better looking at 27 than I was at 18!"**

You're wrong.

If you want to be taken seriously, provide comparison pictures. I'm not holding my breath.

**"But Beyonce/ Salma Hayek/ Jennifer Aniston, etc is still hot!"**

She's overrated.

Take your favorite over 30 female celebrity that the media gushes about. There are at least 20 seniors at your local high school that are hotter than her. Some men may deny this, but their boners wouldn't if given a bedroom test.

This is true despite the fact that those old female celebrities are hotter than 99% of women their age. If there's no hope for them, there's certainly no hope for average women.

Bonus: The high school girls wouldn't need expert photoshopping and world-class makeup application to look hot.

**"Younger girls have so much drama!"**

There are single girls of any age who are drama-prone. I always recommend guys screen out the drama queens.

People who say this have a narrow characterization of younger girls. Not all 21 year old girls are in

nightclubs crying every weekend. Some of them like to do things like read and spend time with their families.

I'm not trying to convince anyone to pull the girl dancing on the bar into an LTR. Find the diamonds in the rough and say no to drama queens and attention whores.

However, that younger girls are more prone to drama is a testament to their hotness and options. Or: older women wish they had that much drama.

**“You date younger girls for your ego! You just want to brag about it because you’re insecure!”**

Men date younger girls because they are fucking hot.

I am against bragging about your sex life, but any sense of well-being a guy gets from dating a young, beautiful, fertile girl is evolutionarily justified.

Darwin says suck it.

**“You’re a pedophile!”**

That’s for the courts to decide.

**“Guys who date younger girls are creepy!”**

Creepiness is not an age. Some guys who TRY to date younger girls are indeed creepy. Guys who successfully bridge large age gaps are not.

**“That’s gross!”**

No, it would be gross for a guy to be attracted to old women. Icky!

**“So you expect women to just go away and die when they get older? They have no value on earth?”**

I am talking about sexual market value and attractiveness only.

That you think sex is the only measure of female value says more about you than it does about me.

I love my mother, grandmother, cousins, etc. They have great value to me. Females are the caregivers and supporters of family.

Want to still mean something to somebody when you’re 60? Have kids, and be a devoted wife and mother.

\*\*\*\*\*

So there you have it.

I hope this clears things up for the aging fertility-drained crowsfeets who failed to attract a good man when they were young, and for the bitter snarky beta army who have been invisible to women under 25 for their entire lives. Find solace in each other during this difficult time.

# Closure Is Bullshit

August 14, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

As a man, you don't need closure.

A girl either wants to fuck you or she doesn't. A long, emotional conversation will not change this fact.

Girls, however, need to put a man they are dumping into a desexualized box and wrap a pretty bow of closure around it. By participating in the closure process you are helping her tie the bow around your desexualized fate.

If a girl breaks up with you:

Do not talk about your feelings

Do not talk about her feelings

Do not argue with her reasons

Just accept it and grieve on your own time.

This is hard.

Why?

Because a woman will never give her ACTUAL reasons for breaking up with you. She will only give you society-approved bullshit that makes her look innocent.

She will never say "you didn't fuck me good enough" or "you're too nice and not exciting" or "no other girl I know wants to fuck you so something must be wrong with you".

She will say "I'm really busy with school and work and don't have time for a relationship now" or "you're great but I'm not ready for anything serious" or "I care about you as a friend".

Sometimes the reasons she give will be SO false, such obvious flowery bullshit, that you will feel a deep burning need to set her straight, to correct her misunderstanding.

Don't.

You can't logic a woman.

You can say "okay", walk away with a smirk and never contact her again.

Being robbed of emotionally dripping closure, she'll always feel a little incomplete.

Why didn't he fight harder for me?

Did I really not get to his emotions?

Am I not as desirable to him as I thought?

Is he more desirable than I thought?

Girls have egos. They WANT to know you're emotional about her breaking up with you. It validates her. So don't do it.

You want a girl dumping you to question her reasons, not verify them.

When a girl dumps you, you want to be able to look back on how you handled it with pride.

When you give a girl closure, you give her your pride.

# LaidNYC's First Law of the Internet

August 15, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

## LaidNYC's First Law of the Internet

**Females who comment on male-interest blogs or forums are, by default, ugly. Hot young feminine girls do not have the interest or time to comment on blogs.**

### Corollary:

**The longer and more argumentative the comment, the uglier the girl is who wrote it.**

Groupies, I'm just not that into you, because you're probably not that attractive.

Shrill, short-haired feminist haters, I'm not into you either.

As [Vox Day](#) pointed out, females flock to male spheres of influence, not out of honest interest, but for attention and validation from the highest value men in the sphere.

The catch is:

Hot girls get enough attention in real life and do not need to seek it out on the internet.

That leaves ugly girls taking cover under anonymity or MySpace angles to bait men into arguing with them or paying attention to them.

The reason the uglier a girl is the more argumentative she is, is because when you're ugly you have to argue hard to shield yourself from unpleasant truths.

Please note: I actually like having women around commenting. I there is value in seeing feminist dissent from the truth, if only to easier blast their arguments. I actually like having the red pill women around as well, even in our male corner of the internet. I may be in the minority in that regard.

As my law dictates, and as others have pointed out, more conservative/redpill women tend to be better looking. However, most (if not all) of the red pill woman bloggers are mothers and family women first. Their interest in the red pill is due to a religious and family slant. They were not blogging about the red pill while they were at their hot young peak, and they'd be the first to admit that. I haven't seen non-blurry pictures of any of the lady bloggers, but I'd bet a fair schilling that they were all hotter 10-15 years ago.

Single girl bloggers are invariably less attractive cock-carousel rationalizers.

Until proven otherwise, if a girl comments on my blog I have no choice but to assume she is ugly or past peak. Sorry.

# Navigating the Status Minefield: Liar Liar Crotch on Fire Edition

August 20, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

The year is 2005.

I'm standing at the bar with a hot girl.

Suddenly, an ugly girl approaches.

"Hey" she says, addressing me by name.

Not being accustomed to ugly girls approaching my throne, I am confused.

"Do I know you", I ask

"Yeah, we've met" she says, "You were hanging out with my friend Jess Rozen. You bought her a drink and then hung out with us."

Jess Rozen was an ugly girl of unrepellant personality from one of my classes. A few weeks earlier she had bought me a drink to entice me to talk with her group of ugly friends for a little while. It being a Tuesday night and the bar being otherwise empty, I had accepted.

I grit my teeth.

"No, no." I said, "She bought me a drink. There's a difference."

\*\*\*\*\*

The year is 2003.

I am at a party.

I am introduced to Stephanie.

I find Stephanie very attractive.

A mutual friend, upon seeing me take a liking Stephanie, pulls me aside to inform me that she has a five year boyfriend.

Being a man of great honor and decency, I decide I will not try to fuck Stephanie, and I reroute my troops to more fertile ground (one of her friends).

Stephanie, however, did not possess the same honor and decency. At first I took her frequent butting in to my conversations as cockblocking, but when she started grabbing my biceps, resting her head on my shoulder, and pressing her leg against mine, I got the hint.

I accepted her affections (she was hot), but through one part morals, one part poor logistics, I did not hook up with her.

The next day I talk to my friend Val.

"Your friend Stephanie is nice", I tell her.

"Yeah", said Val, "You were, like, all over her last night."

"What???", I say, "No way. She was all over me."

Val laughs. "Yeah right. She has a long term boyfriend."

She says this with an air of finality, as if its irrefutable proof. I bite my tongue.

\*\*\*\*\*

The year is 2008.

I am at a co-ed stag for a guy on my softball team.

Unable to resist my masculine charm, a short cutie named Lisa pushes me up against a wall and starts making out with me.

The next day I am talking to Lisa's friend Stacey.

"Did you have fun last night", asks Stacey

"Yeah" I say

"I'll bet." she says, "I saw you push Lisa up against the wall and start making out with her."

"No" I say, my voice a mixture of anger and annoyance, "Lisa pushed me up against the wall"

"Well either way" says Stacey

\*\*\*\*\*

The year is 2010.

I'm fucking Katie. In the midst of passionate throes she whispers into my ear "You have the perfect dick."

After a few romps in the hay, I dump her unceremoniously by ignoring her texts.

We run into each other at a party a few weeks later.

I tease one of Katie's friends and she butts in and says, "Whatever, LaidNYC, you have a small penis!"

The girls at the party giggle. Small penis jokes are the zenith of female wit.

After suppressing the nuclear bomb of anger that went off in my brain, I regroup my troops and respond:

"Well anything would be small compared to that cave you call a vagina"

\*\*\*\*\*

Girls lie.

Girls will lie most often to protect their or their friend's social status.

Rarely will a girl's sexual market lie be to your benefit, it is more likely to be to your direct detriment.

Do girls actually believe their lies are reality? I have no idea.

Just know that when a girl lies you will always be reframed as the pursuer, not the pursued. The rejected, not the rejector. The undesired, not the desired.

Keep in mind that girl status-enhancing lies are not always blatant, like the small penis claim.

They are more likely to be insidious and ankle-biting.

They contain grains of plausible deniability.

They are about details so small that correcting the lie makes you look petty.

A subtle rephrase of what you said and suddenly it doesn't pass the Jumbotron test.

A flipping of who did what action (i.e. saying she didn't respond to your text when it was the other way around).

An omission of an important qualifier that made your actions contextually more alpha.

It is the DETAILS that often make the difference between an admirable, cool guy and a pussy-thirsty beta chump.

The DETAILS matter. A lot. Girls know this, and this is where they wage their war.

So what can you do?

Well, true players will notice that in all but the fourth example, I responded incorrectly.

When confronted with an insidious lie, do not get defensive. A denial makes you look guilty. You are just volleying to her forehand.

Neither can you let the lie slip by unacknowledged.

I've found a good all-purpose response to a girl trying to sneak in a girl-status protecting lie at your expense is to simply reply:

**“Yeah...something like that.”**

You say this in a way that people sense the manner of a man who privately knows the real truth but doesn't care enough to reveal it. The words are lightly coated in sarcasm, but not enough to imply defensiveness.

Then the topic is changed to one of the liar's ignorance or lack of expertise.

The liar is innocently backturned.

The player lives on to fuck another day.

# Intermediate Game: Managing Friends With Benefits and Flings

August 21, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Blogger [Aneroid Ocean](#) describes a situation:

This weekend I was surrounded by attractive female volleyball players after a tournament at the hot tub and playing beer pong, and a friend of a female friend, Russian by birth but raised in the states, amazing body, totally into me, liquored up, and I had to throw in the towel as my friends with benefits showed up and then someone told her the Russian was all into me ( not even that I did anything with the Russian) and then my fwb (Maria) broke down crying and I went to talk to her and had to break things off with her and she's obviously in love with me and ends up despondent all night so I pull her away from alcohol and spend the night with her while she bawls her eyes out and the Russian, my roommate and the Russians mutual friend are wondering where I went and they all tell me the Russian was primed to go home with me. What the fuck?! ? ! ?

What could Mr. Ocean have done differently?

First, I would say he could have ignored Maria and her tears (temporarily nuking that relationship), and gone home with the hot Russian girl and put his rod in her putin.

But lets back that thang up for a moment and treat the disease, not the symptom.

The root cause of the drama, Mr. Ocean, is that you let Maria catch feelings.

Never let your fuck buddy catch feelings.

**The rules for fuck buddies:**

**Meet up once per week maximum. Any more than that and one or both of you are at risk for catching feelings.**

**No talking about feelings or boyfriend shit. Minimal cuddling.**

**No dates. When you meet up it is all about sex.**

If you set these unspoken boundaries, the girl will either fall in line or start refusing your attempts to hook up.

If she refuses, she isn't ready to be someone's fuck buddy, she actually expects to be treated with respect and shit. If you commit more time to a girl like this while still trying to force her into a fuck buddy frame, you send the wrong signals and suddenly you have a girl crying and ruining your Volleyball party.

This brings up the obvious fact that most well-adjusted girls aren't great candidates for a fuck buddy situation.

Hey wait a minute, you say, Ocean was talking about a Friend with benefits, not a fuck buddy, so those rules don't apply, right? You can hang out with a girl as friends, fuck her now and then, and not expect to catch drama, right?

You dream, cocksmith.

A true friendship with benefits is impossible.



Sure, you treat your fuck buddies in friendly terms to keep things on an even keel. You aren't streaking her with jizz, burping in her face and telling her to get the fuck out.

But you aren't *friends* like lets hang out as often as we want, open up, do fun stuff together, oh and also have sex.

Feelings will always get in the way.

Some guys can master fuck buddy management. I've had a few fuck buddies but for me personally, its really not my thing. I like when girls have emotions for me beyond my chiseled physique and divining rod, and you can't allow that to happen with fuck buddies. The sex is cool, but it ends up being unfulfilling.

I always preferred to get my non-girlfriend sex in one night stands or flings.

Flings are great. Flings last anywhere from a week to a few months. In a fling you are both drawn in through attraction, you can connect as much as like, see each other as often as you like, and express as much passion as you like. There is no spoken commitment, but no denial of commitment, and this state of limbo gives your relationship an exciting tension. The sex is great but you enjoy the time spent together as well. Ideally, there is a finite endpoint (your vacation ends, or she moves back to her home country or something) but sometimes it just fades away as you start contacting her less.

Sometimes it will end when she pushes for more commitment and you break her heart. There could be a one-time cost of drama at the end of the fling. Still, I consider that a more fair ending than stringing a "friend with benefits" along, like Mr. Ocean accidentally did to Maria.

Having a fling comes much more naturally than having a drama-free fuck buddy.

Also, keep in mind that if she is the only girl you're fucking, you aint ready for no fuck buddy. You will end up seeing her too often, or leaning on her as a fallback and one or both of you will catch feelings.

# The 3.5 Types of Guys Who Get Laid In High School

August 22, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Guys, I got laid in high school, and I have a ton of advice to give. If you want it, its yours.

Keep reading for my list of types of guys who get laid in high school, but I'm NOT giving out my #1 tip. It is killer and could probably get you laid in any high school in the world, but I'm not just gonna give it out publicly online.

**[Click Here To Sign Up For My Mailing List and Get Your Free Tips.](#)**

For many guys, high school is a time of sexual frustration.

It's a combination of being the horniest he will ever be, surrounded by girls who are the hottest they will ever be, and having no ability to do anything about it.

For the sexless puberty fueled acne ridden teenager who is invisible to anything with a pussy, its official: High School Sucks.

However, lots of sex is being had. Tight high school cherries are being popped all across the world. High school girls are certainly getting sex, but where?

Here are the 3 types of guys who get laid in High School:

**1) The Jock.** Yes, the proverbial quarterback of the football team gets laid. In American schools, football is at a premium, but honestly being good at any sport is a ticket to some pussy.

Why? Well, consider first that these guys are usually better looking and more muscular than other teenagers, but here are the main reasons these guys get laid:

Success in competition is the clearest cut way to get status over other males.

Success in competition is the clearest cut way to get respect from other males (especially in high school).

Sports build confidence. Somebody somewhere told me that girls like confidence.

These things combined assure a successful teen athlete popularity and access to hot teen girls.

**2) The Badass.** This is the guy who skips class and does drugs and throws parties. You heard he beat the shit out of some dude in the next town over. He dates a hot junior girl when he's a freshman. He acts out in class. He gets bad grades. He'll show up on a Wednesday and sleep through every class and you wonder what he did the night before. Sometimes he's funny, sometimes he's a dick. He has little interest in organized sports.

He is much more likely to fuck a teacher than the Jock.

This guy gets laid but is not so much envied as he usually has a shitty home life: Divorced parents, maybe abuse and/or neglect. His freedom to be the Badass is sprung from the fact that his parents don't give a shit about him.

It is these guys who are usually the ones who end up in a dead end life, not the jocks.

**3) The PrettyBoy.** In a high school graduating class of 400, there are maybe one or two of these guys. He is not especially muscular, athletic or badass but what he has is a beautiful face, and usually a good fashion sense.

Yes, looks matter.

Usually this guy ends up with some popularity by default with guys because of his status with girls.

He gets invited to some sports guy's parties and his confidence and positive reference experiences that come from his looks give him serviceable game.

So where is the final .5?

**Ugly unpopular guys** who pair up with ugly unpopular girls also get laid. These two settle for each other, are a couple or something of a long time, and graduate high school having had sex only with each other. For that reason, they are not hugely relevant to the sexual market but its important to acknowledge.

So does game matter?

Game, of course, matters as it does everywhere. However, game alone without the status of a sports star or the reputation of a badass will get a guy only marginal increases in success. When you get to college and beyond, your game will become much more useful.

# Teach Her Something

August 27, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Very few seduction tactics have escaped the pick up artist community so far, but I think I've found one:

A great way to connect with a girl is to teach her something.

Girls love to be guided by someone who knows what they are doing.

You'll bond over the shared experience.

She'll love recognizing your status over her.

She'll tingle by submitting to your instruction.

She'll get good vibes and feel good as she improves.

You'll display yourself as a man with power over his environment.

A man should have a few things he has mastery over, or at the very least a far greater understanding of than the average girl.

Teach her.

**Remember: It's not about how good of a teacher you are, or how much she actually learns. Its about the experience.**

Also note: If you're teaching something physical, there's plenty of opportunity to touch her. So do it. There's a reason 'guy teaches girl how to shoot pool' is a Hollywood classic: The shit works. I think a guy really should have some basic pool skill if only for this reason alone. Great second date idea.

Other ideas:

Take her to a gun range. Danger + Teaching = tingles

If you have a not-too-boring job, teach her something basic you do at work. Roleplay if it involves social interaction.

Most modern women can't cook, so teach her a new recipe at your place.

Teach her to throw a spiral or a baseball or shoot hoops. Any sports skill is good. Girls look so cute when they're failing at athletics.

Teach her pressure points or other peculiarities of the human body.

Teach her how to escape a rapist (roleplay as the rapist)

Show her how to do her job or homework. I've helped girls write cover letters and resumes with great results. Boring? No, because I embed teasing in the fake coverletter like "I'm Julie and you should hire me because I have long shiny hair and I'm only semi-annoying"

Be creative. Have fun with it.

If you don't have skills to teach, your first task is to acquire some skills.

# Breakup Insurance Plan for the Thinking Man

August 28, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Once you get some game knowledge, you should be able to take the temperature of a relationship and know when a breakup is coming. However, love is chaotic. Female emotions can be flighty.

Baggage can come out of nowhere and threaten your relationship. You should be prepared so that if a breakup happens, it doesn't shake your entire world.

Here are some steps to take during a relationship, while things are still good, to ensure you can maintain your alpha stature in case of a blindsiding breakup.

**Have an identity that doesn't involve her.** If she is simply a guest in your reality and not your entire reality, then when your time with her comes to an abrupt end, you won't have a mental breakdown. Kay left Michael Corleone, but he is still Michael Fucking Corleone. Live for your mission, not for her. When a breakup happens, you don't retreat into depression, you concentrate your forces on your mission.

**Never let your social circle diminish.** Couples who spend every minute together are not only painfully annoying, they will also be hit harder after a breakup because they have less to fall back on.

As a man you are more likely to choke off friends in your social circle to spend more time with your warm-holed princess, and so you should be mindful of this rule.

**Keep female friends**, and have a few orbiting you who want to fuck you. Preferably these friends will be as hot as your girlfriend. Just having them in your life will trigger a healthy jealousy reflex in your girlfriend. If and when a breakup does happen, you will get over it faster if you have other girls around. Even if you don't fuck them.

**Have your own friends.** You can't share the exact same social circle with your girlfriend and expect a breakup to go smoothly. Plus it's kinda lame. She can hang out with your friends here and there, but not enough to develop any type of true connection with them. They are your friends, not hers, and you are not a package deal.

**Don't add her on social networking sites.** Actually, avoiding social networking sites entirely is the alpha play. If you have one, you really need to pull some Jedi tricks to avoid adding her. If you do, don't put up your default photo as one of you and her together. Don't put yourself as "in a relationship" with her. Social networking sites not only ruin mystery, they are also just another place for you to react visibly to a breakup, which you don't want.

**Continue cold approaching while you are in a relationship.** Even if you have no desire to cheat, having your finger on the pulse of your sexual market value is a great way to maintain confidence and an abundance mentality that will both help you stay dominant in your relationship, and ensure you swift recovery in case of a breakup.

**Don't move in together.** Okay, you will have to concede this if you get married, but it's otherwise a horrible idea. You kill the mystery, and become something of a package deal as far as hanging out with friends and doing stuff goes. Plus any post-breakup strategy is crippled by your forced involvement with her to figure out living arrangements. If you must cohabitate, making sure the lease or house is in your name only would be the best strategy.

**Do fun shit together.** When your relationship ends, your memories will be of stuff you did: nights out, kinky sex. If you don't make worthwhile memories, the relationship will feel like wasted time.

Don't be fucking boring during a relationship and you won't be boring after it.

# The Quickest Inner Game Exercise

August 29, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

The hottest girl you ever hooked up with.

Picture her right now.

In your head, picture how you picked her up and interacted with her. Remember the way she looked at you, the way she laughed at your jokes.

Envision the bold move you made, either in approaching her, or in escalating towards the physical, and her accepting the advance with happiness.

Picture her enjoying hearing you talk and touch her.

No social interaction is perfect so forget any mistakes you made or anything that didn't go smoothly. That doesn't matter. Focus only on the positives.

You should have a short mental movie of the experience. You should feel better about yourself just by playing this mental movie in your head.

**Now, set two minutes aside every day to do this and affirm the experience to yourself.**

The point is not to pedestalize that girl. You should switch in memories of other girls if you can.

The point is this:

You're a little bit better with women than you think you are.

\*\*\*\*\*

Okay, this won't work for guys with no success with women, but most guys with moderate experience in game have had flashes of success with a girl or girls a little hotter than their norm.

# Is Skylar White a Cunt?

August 30, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Yes.

I want to dip my toe in the waters of the Breaking Bad debate.

I hate TV character analysis and I hate myself even more because I am about to engage in it.

First of all, TV characters are not real. Television world is mainstream blue pill so their characters must live in that reality no matter how far out the plots are.

In real life, there is no Walter White.

Nobody is that good at making meth, nobody could rise to the top of the drug trade without being an unquestionable leader of men. Nobody could blunder that much and stay breathing in high stakes drug duels. Walter White is everyman delusions of grandeur porn.

In real life, there is no Skylar White.

Sure, there are cunt wives in real life. However, in real life, mid-level bean counting women are not smarter at accounting than their CEO bosses. Women don't become hateful upon finding out their husbands are running a massive profitable drug empire, they become filled with tingles and respect for him.

Breaking Bad's writers pedestalize women through Skylar. She is given accounting smarts that women don't have, and a laundering acumen that rivals the mob. She is shown to resent a man who would engage in dangerous or evil activities to protect her and her family, on the sheer principle that drugs and killing is bad.

In real life, women do not have business wives and have no problem fucking men who are bad for society if its opportunistic for them. Walt's turn to a dark empire would make Skylar less likely to cheat on him, not more. In real life, she probably cheats on him the first time Ted makes a pass at her while her husband is an unsuccessful beta chemistry teacher. Breaking Bad's world is backwards.

Sorry, Vince Gilligan.

See, Breaking Bad is a good show, but really it is just entertaining bullshit.

That's my point; Analyzing TV characters as if they are real is retarded.

But I'll do it anyway.

Is Walter White alpha?

Nah.

Walt is a chemistry supergenius with no charisma and a lot of wasted life and regrets.

The fact that he sucks with women and has scarcity mentality with a controlling ugly wife is built into his character. Nevertheless, in a few flashback scenes where he is seducing that broad while they are talking about chemistry, he appears to have charisma. How does a guy have such charisma in some scenes while being solidly beta in others? He wouldn't. Also nobody on the cusp of a chemistry fortune would give it up, and if he did his supreme intelligence wouldn't take being a high school Chemistry teacher for decades, his cream would rise to the top with a different company.

Breaking Bad isn't real and Walter White isn't real and you should watch it to unwind and be entertained and not analyze his character as if he could ever actually exist in reality.



Some other Breaking Bad thoughts:

A guy as meticulous and safe as Walter White would have had decent life insurance.

Instead of the carwash and a storage unit for cash, Walt should put his money in Bitcoin.

Mike was the best character on the show.

Jane was hot but also a cunt. There is not a single feminine character on Breaking Bad besides maybe that mexican girl Jesse dates.

The Cousins were cool as fuck.

So there you have it.

What kind of man spends even another second analyzing the sexual market prospects of fictional characters?

No man.

No man at all.

## Choices

September 3, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Sean swings back the last of his Guinness and finishes scribbling in the tip on his bar receipt.

He is dressed in a well-tailored suit and expertly shined shoes.

An onlooker might guess he is either a lawyer, in finance, or maybe consulting, and they would be correct. His look and demeanor imply success. He stands six feet even. With his sandy hair and modestly freckled complexion, you might guess he is Irish, but he is actually more German. Thirty eight years have wrinkled his face some but his good looks have remained.

He places the receipt and pen in front of an Italian looking bartender with a beautiful ass and long hair.

"I stiffed you on the tip because that last Guinness had a little too much head", he says, "You're lucky you're cute or you wouldn't have a job"

She looks down and notices he is only teasing. He left 20%.

"Okay", she says, her voice is high and flinty, "Next time you can pour it yourself then."

His smirk meets her playful smile and she has a certain look in her eyes.

He recognizes that look.

It says fuck me.

Perhaps she didn't notice the wedding ring on my finger, he thinks. Or more likely, maybe she did.

The moment fades as the long-haired beauty is summoned by another patron. Sean's friend Mike is just returning from the bathroom.

"7 o'clock" says Sean, "I'm outta here."

"Yeah I gotta run, too" says Mike, "I'm meeting that girl I told you about."

Mike is a bit shorter than his friend but is the better looking and more muscled of the two, remnants from his days as a striker on his Undergrad lacrosse team. They went to a top business school together and had found work in the same city. Like Sean, he is also wearing a suit, but his suit is newer and brand name. Mike's darker complexion reveals his southern Italian lineage, though you wouldn't be able to guess his Dutch/English roots from his father's side. He is also 38.

"Which girl", asks Sean, "the Colombian one?"

Mike's roster of girls was hard to keep up with. If his notch count was not yet in triple digits, it was damn close.

"Yeah the one with the ass" says Mike, more offhandedly than crudely

"Well wrap it up" says Sean, "The last thing the world needs is a Mike-Colombian hybrid baby running around importing cocaine."

Sean walks to his Chevy Impala parked near the corner where Mike will hail a cab.

This is where their paths diverge.

### MIKE

Mike enters McLoughlin's Pub and sees twenty-five year old Alejandra with long dark hair, a beautiful face, and yes- a breathtaking ass – sitting at a small table nearest the entrance.

She wore a black blouse that showed a little cleavage. She had tried on three different outfits for her roommates, consulting their opinions on each. Both of them had expressed how good black looks on her, and assured her it was not too slutty.

Alejandra didn't know what to expect from tonight. It was too early to expect Mike to fall in love with her.

The truth was, it wasn't necessarily sex she wanted either, it was just a long time since a man had really TAKEN her.

"Hey" he says, "this table is no good, too much traffic. Here."

He leads her by hand to a booth of his choosing, in the back corner.

His favorite cocktail waitress, Bridget, spots him and gives him an enthusiastic greeting.

"Maker's Mark on the rocks?" she asks him

"Bridget you're always trying to get me drunk" he says, "of course"

Bridget smiles, pleased with his flirtation.

Mike starts into his usual routine. He teases Alejandra with a little playful banter, then asks a few expertly crafted questions that reveals to him her values and what she's looking for in a man.

Then he embeds the qualities she's looking for into a few of his most well-worn stories: His travels in Europe, the time he took his little niece to the fair, how he discovered his passion in life.

He jokes with her a little with butchered Spanglish words, semi-purposely doing a bad accent. She laughs and touches his forearm.

As they continue to talk he ups the touching a bit, their legs press against each other, he places his hand around her lower back and partly on her ass. Mike stops short of kissing her even though he knows he can. He has found it is easier to get girls to come back to his place if he doesn't kiss them first. He thinks it gives them plausible deniability that they don't know sex will occur if they do.

As Bridget continually comes over to bring them drinks, she engages in some innocent playful banter each time. Mike makes a mental note that he can try to fuck Bridget next time he's on a dry spell.

He notices Alejandra get a little jealous. This pleases him. He remembers back when he was 21, he would have taken pains to avoid bringing a date to a place where he knew another girl would want to flirt with him.

How stupid I was back then, he thought, now its standard operating procedure.

Two hours tick by and Alejandra is in a happy zone between buzzed and drunk. Mike settles the check and tells Alejandra he's going to show her the skyline view from his condo balcony, the one he was telling her about. But he has to get up early, so she can only stay for a little while. His place is right around the corner, so Alejandra agrees.

Once in his place, Alejandra doesn't stand a chance. Mike has done this more times than he can count. They kiss and he pulls back before she can. He gives her a mini-tour of his enviable skyline condo, ending on his spacious balcony. She coos at the view, and Mike notes silently to himself that he can afford this place because he doesn't have kids or a wife. Another quick makeout session on the balcony, and Mike grabs Alejandra's ass this time, but he pulls back once again before she feels in control.

Come on, lets go inside, I don't want you to catch a cold.

Alejandra follows dutifully, but hopes he will kiss her again. She had been enjoying it.

Mike tells her he wants to show her a picture of him in Paris from the trip he had been telling her about. He leads her to the bedroom. She likes the picture and tells him he looks young and happy.

Mike hands her a book of matches. "Can you light that candle over there?" he asks.

She accepts. Mike liked having girls help create the seduction environment. He thought of it like a piece of meat pouring marinade on itself.

After the candle is lit, Mike makes his move. This time he did not pull back on his kiss. Alejandra had already made the decision an hour ago that she wanted to sleep with him. She offered no resistance.

After some passionate kissing and stripping off clothes, the excitement of new flesh overcame them.

One of Mike's favorite moments was pressing his bare chest against a new girl for the first time and feeling her soft tits against his torso. Few other things compared. It made him rock hard instantly.

Alejandra went down on Mike without prompting. She loved giving head, as he soon found out. She wasn't the best at it, and a few times he adjusted her hands to where he wanted them, but she really liked the feeling of a hard strong dick in her mouth.

After the oral, Mike had sex with Alejandra three times over the course of the next two hours. He noted that like most hispanic girls he had banged, she was easy to bring to orgasm. His third orgasm did not come easily, and had she not been so hot, he might not have been able to go, but in doggystyle he focused on her ass and was able to reach the promised land.

They collapsed on the bed. He noted hunger after having been on an all liquid diet for the past seven hours, but he didn't feel like getting up to eat the leftover Mozzarella sticks in his fridge. In the morning I'll grab a bacon egg and cheese bagel at that new place, or maybe I'll make myself a protein shake if I have the motivation, he thinks.

Alejandra cuddled into his arms and he found it okay but a little forced. He sort of wanted her to leave. He had already decided this wasn't a girl he'd have any real future with. Alejandra was definitely hot enough to maintain as a fuck buddy but he wasn't about to get married, and he wouldn't settle down with a hispanic girl even if he was ready.

He thought back to his most serious girlfriend, Samantha, who he had dated when he was 26. The connection with her was real and he was sure he actually did love her. He even contemplated proposing.

It ended when he had to move to take a good job offer after business school, and he decided not to take her with him, seeing a life of dollar signs and new pussy in his future.

In a simpler time, he would have been a great father, but given the comforts of contraception, a slanted legal system against married men and fathers, and how successful he had been in both his career and womanizing, he didn't regret his choice to remain a carouser.

But love was certainly a nice thing, he thought.

Monogamy was boring but it sure made things simpler. In the time I spend chasing pussy and pouring liquor into my dates, I could sharpen up my physique and get that hustle for some side cash going.

Nah, I made the right choice, he thought. The only reason to get long-term monogamous is for kids, and kids would be a total funsuck, not to mention what they cost.

Besides, I could have kids any time I want. He does note however, that over the years although he's still been able to attract girls in their mid-twenties, they've been more and more often the hispanic and asian girls. Those girls turn him on just fine, but he'd want to have kids with a girl of a european background like his own, and those girls are less likely to accept a large age gap. He wouldn't want to meet a girl older than around 26 to have kids with because he knows what she's been doing all those years – having sex with guys like him. Even though he doesn't want kids, the thought of the window closing does depress him a bit.

He sighs. Single with money is great but if you try marriage and get divorced then you're an aging single without money- that would suck.

He likes doing whatever he wants. He likes saving for retirement, not a kid's college fund. He likes the fact that instead of spending his weekend at Little League tournaments, he can just fly to Vegas.

I can bang pre-menopausal women well into my sixties, he thought. After that it will be all painkillers and hookers until I die.

He's sure this will be fine. And it will. I'm not lonely, he thought, I have plenty of friends and girls on command. But will I really be happy banging depressing divorcees in my sixties with no offspring to pass my money and knowledge to?

He can't be sure.

Before he drifts to sleep he reminds himself to see if Alejandra has a facebook page tomorrow so he can download a picture of her to his digital folder of the girls he has banged. If he can persuade her to have sex on video, that will go in the folder as well.

### SEAN

Sean unlocks the front door to his suburban home and steps inside.

Little Cheryl springs up off the couch.

"Daddy!" she cries out in a singsong voice.

She runs over to him and hugs his right leg with a vice grip.

She does this every day and Sean looks forward to it. He appreciates the moment because he knows he'll miss it when she's too old to do that anymore.

He looks down and realizes that although Cheryl has inherited her mother's pretty blue eyes, her nose is really starting to look like his own. This pleases him on some level that his conscious brain does not acknowledge.

"Hey sugar" he says

He boops her nose with his index finger before picking her up in his arms.

"Where's your brother?"

"He's in his room. Mommy says he's in trouble"

Sean is unconcerned. "Well you're in trouble too" he says, "In trouble with the TICKLE MONSTER"

He tickles her sides and underneath her arms as she screeches in gleeful protest. He lets her wriggle free.

His wife Alissa comes in from the kitchen. He had met her at a mutual friend's Fourth of July party when she was fresh out of college at 22. He had been 26 at the time and in his free-wheeling prime,

but her beauty, tight body, feminine demeanor and down to earth family values had persuaded him into monogamy. Her face is still pretty but somewhat weathered. Her blond hair is uncombed and looks a bit frizzy. Statistically speaking, she is probably in the 85th percentile for hotness for a 34 year old woman. Considering her two kids, this is a feat. Despite that accomplishment, she is still less hot than the 23 year old administrative assistant in Sean's office. His brain notes this fact, though he wishes it didn't.

"Hi" she says, giving him a kiss on the lips. "You need to talk to your son."

She pauses, wanting him to ask why. He does not, but offers her an inquisitive raised eyebrow instead.

"He got into a fight today at school" she says

"Really" says Sean, "did he win?"

"He punched another boy and gave him a bloody nose" she says, with mild indignation and concern at his choice of question.

"Did he get hurt at all?" asks Sean

"No he's fine" she says, "but I want you to talk to him, this is because he sees you watching that MMA and...."

She continues talking but he tunes her out expertly as he gathers his thoughts.

Parenthood has given him new emotions at times, but this time, finding out his son had won his first fight, he recognizes a very familiar feeling stir inside him: pride. He didn't know why he felt that way, certainly he didn't want his son to go around punching kids in the face. His pride surprised him, but there it was.

"Relax, baby" he says, "I'll handle it"

He pulls her in close to him and squeezes her ass.

"Tell me what I want to hear" he says

"I love you" she says, giving him a loving kiss on the lips.

"That's a girl" he says, he spins her around and gives her a nice smack on the ass. It is not as firm as it was when she was 22, but then again how could it be?

He has a talk with his son, James. His son claims he fought a fourth grader that made fun of him.

After a quick analysis of the boy's body language he decided he's telling the truth.

Wow, thought Sean, he punched a kid a year older in the nose. He tries to conceal how pleased he is.

He gives his son a few tips on how to spar verbally with a bully so that next time he doesn't have to fight. He gives him a few good names to call the kid, but "don't tell your mother".

"I know you're going to hear a lot at school about how fighting is bad, but I want you to know I'm proud of you for standing up for yourself" Sean says.

He tousles the boy's hair.

"Come on, let's go have some dinner."

James is walking a little prouder as he joins his dad towards the kitchen.

Strip steak, corn on the cob, and green beans with a little olive oil and almond slivers await the family for dinner. Alissa had not known how to cook before she started dating Sean, but he made sure she knew it was a prerequisite to wifehood. Over the years she had developed quite satisfactory culinary

skills. Healthy home-cooking was now as natural a part of his day as breathing.

After dinner, little Cheryl announces “I want ice cream!”

“No” Sean says with finality. “It is bed time”

“But daddy I want it” she says, flailing her arms. She looks like she is about to cry. She accidentally knocks her fork off the table and it hits the ground with a ping.

Sean is annoyed.

“Stop” he announces loudly.

She is fearful at the sound of his voice raising. He feels a little bad, but knows it was necessary. He has to stop her before she starts the waterworks.

“Come here” he says, picking her up and putting her on his lap.

She looks up at him, with pleading disappointment in her eyes.

“Now, remember that large woman we saw at the supermarket last weekend, the one who was wheezing at the checkout line next to us? Well her daddy probably let her eat all the ice cream she wanted when she was growing up. That is why she is very fat and unhealthy. She can’t do any of the fun things you like, like playing with your friend Lisa at the park, or swimming, and people don’t like her because she’s fat. That’s why you can only have ice cream sometimes, not all the time, so you don’t end up looking like that fat woman.”

Cheryl is still upset but she is listening intently.

“I’ll tell you what, if you eat all the vegetables mommy cooks for you for the rest of week, and you don’t ask for ice cream again, then on Sunday we will go to Kone King and get a big ice cream cone, bigger than your head, hows that?”

She giggles in a way that hits his stomach in a sentimental spot.

“Daddy I can’t eat THAT much ice cream.”

“I can” says Sean, “That’s why I’m so much BIGGER THAN YOU”. He lifts her up in the air.

“Haha Stop daddy” she says through giggles.

He sets her down. Go and get your pajamas on and I’ll be in to read to you in a minute. She runs off.

After dinner, Sean helps his son with his math homework for an hour. This wasn’t fun for him.

Shortly after his son was born he had given up training Brazilian Jiu Jitsu at his gym, and it was replaced with tasks like this. He would rather be elsewhere, but he does note his son’s improvement from the previous week with pride.

Before sleep, he has sex with Alissa.

It was pleasing to be sure, but the routine had gotten, well, very routine over the years.

First he would enter her missionary, and after a few minutes they would adjust to her on top of him and she would angle her torso in a 45 degree angle towards him to position herself where it felt the best both for her clit and the deep upper quartile of her vagina. She would grind for about 5-10 minutes before succumbing to orgasm. He would then switch to his preferred way to cum, a sort of modified doggystyle position that she readily assumed, and within two minutes he would spray onto her lower back.

It was satisfying, if unexciting sex.

There’s a limit to how exciting sex with the same person can be after 12 years together. Sean makes

a note that maybe he'll try blindfolding her again this weekend.

In the post-coital glow, Alissa cuddled up to him and kissed him.

"I love you baby" she said, stroking his chest, "you're perfect"

Sean was happy to have her devotion, but her professions of love sounded sweeter when she was a tight 24 year old. He was disappointed in himself for acknowledging this.

He leaned over and set an alarm to get up in the morning.

The clock glowed 11:14.

Good, he thought, I'll get 8 hours. Maybe I can get a quick run in before work.

As he lay back down to sleep, he began thinking of the day he decided to propose to Alissa. It was time, he decided, it was either propose or break up. He chose family. But what if he didn't? If he didn't want kids he probably wouldn't still be with Alissa. He may have been banging that hot long-haired bartender tonight. If he had never gotten married, he was positive he would have a notch count that rivaled Mike's.

He didn't delude himself into thinking that lifestyle would be vapid and unfulfilling. Truthfully, it would probably be awesome.

But he kept coming back to the fact that if he chose that lifestyle, his kids would never exist.

His beautiful, devoted Alissa would be beautiful and devoted in another man's arms.

It was an alternate reality that he couldn't accept.

Still, the doubts remain. My wife still has her looks, but what about 10 years from now, he thinks, what about 20 years? The love he had for her had been gradually transforming from passionate to appreciative. When she's 50 and I have no problem getting sex from a hot 29 year old, will I be able to resist cheating? If I give in to cheating and Alissa finds out, will she take me for all I'm worth and break our family apart, destroying our kids psyches for life?

He had fucked 24 girls before he started dating Alissa, and the quality of the roster was impressive.

His wild oats should have been sown, but he couldn't help but realize that his desire for variety would never go away.

He wasn't a cheater, but still, he could be.

Marriage is certainly easier for guys who can't get laid at will, he thinks.

He loved his kids deeper than anything but he'd be lying if he said sometimes they weren't a pain in the ass- a burden even.

His wife is really great, and she has been faithful, but he can't delude himself into the myth that she's a perfect angel. He knows if lost his job or was a little less successful or driven, or wasn't as nimble-witted, she would take her business elsewhere. He doesn't resent her for this, because he knows if she got fat he wouldn't remain faithful either.

Marriage wasn't a storybook – it was a test of his mettle with his assets and the lives of his children hanging in the balance if he failed.

Still, even with that injection of realism, marriage was okay, right?

Yeah, he was happy with his choice, he thought, as he let the hot Italian bartender's ass flicker through his mind with longing one last time as he drifted off to sleep.



# Your Seed is Gold

September 4, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Sex is too easy.

Work out, put on nice clothes, talk to girl, tease her, tell her cool things about me, pretend to be interested in her, fuck her.

See?

Too fucking easy.

It's stupid.

I don't give a shit about sex. Any broad can spread her legs.

You know what I do care about? Holding girls to a higher standard.

Why? Because my seed is liquid fucking gold and I don't give it out like its god damn tap water.

See girls, your pussy is powerless to me. What else you got?

You slip on a tight skirt and throw on some makeup and flaunt those nice tits and think your job is done. You shit-test me all the way into the bedroom expecting me to give you amused mastery and show you my status and give you attention and ignore you just right all at the same time, and then you'll give me sex.

But why should I give you my valuable time and let you revel in my charisma?

Sex, is that the big deal? I'm supposed to feel so grateful that you blessed me with that magical unicorn pussy of yours?

I got news for you girls. For a guy with any clue, finding sex is as easy as finding a pizzeria in New York, and like pizza in New York, its all pretty fucking good.

Your brand 'aint that special.

Sex is everywhere and anywhere I want it, I don't give a shit about yours.

It takes more than a nice curve of the ass or a bat of the eyelashes to earn my seed.

My salty essence and genetic code is a gift from my father, and his father, and his father, and on it goes. Its the sticky genetic code of self-sufficient men who have protected and provided for family, women and children. Its the haplogroup of men who built civilization. I have the genetic lineage of warriors, business owners, firefighters, blacksmiths, farmers, herders, poets, politicians, soldiers, artists and even chefs. Hard jobs that help build the world, thinking jobs that help build a culture, they've all been done by men in my bloodline. My ceiling for accomplishment is limitless.

I'm not some average guy begging to give my seed away. My seed is valuable and I know it.

Men of lesser genetics may be able to afford spraying their seed anywhere; I allow myself no such atrocities.

My sperm could populate an entire society of strong good looking altruistic people and any girl who takes it in would be lucky to be a vessel towards that new world.

But for that I demand a high price.

Whether or not our sex is intended to end in pregnancy makes no difference. Just the sheer fact that it could makes me demand the same high price.

You better have enviable genetics yourself- I don't breed with inferior stock. Beauty is the minimum and you better know how important that is. Long hair grown to impress me, healthy diet and exercise to maintain your figure and viability of your eggs.

But the beauty that draws the stares, stutters and drools of lesser men won't capture my attention for more than a millisecond. I am inundated with a surplus of beauty in my daily pursuits, I can assure you that yours 'aint that special. You probably look like shit first thing in the morning or on the first day of your period.

I expect impeccable hygiene and classy style. A body tainted by tattoos and excessive piercings and slutty clothing signals you are available for sex to lesser men than myself. I'll have none of that.

I demand a low N count to show you value your body and sex, and the seed I am about to give you will be appreciated on the level it deserves. A low N count shows both intelligence and confidence as you are smart enough not to give your body to charlatans and scoundrels, and confident enough to wait for the high value man you know you deserve.

I expect manners and grace. No swearing, drunkenness, burping, sarcasm or anything else unbecoming of a lady. I spend a lot of time working with and competing against men in my daily life, the last thing I need is the company of a woman who acts like the men I must compete with.

You exist to soothe, not to grate.

A year from now I will be richer and fitter and more socially respected in the Kingdom, but your beauty will have faded a notch. I demand that you treat me with the humility and respect that this biological reality dictates.

Finally, there is nothing I despise more than a woman who shows any disgust for my jizz.

It is the Royal Essence and you better enjoy every last drop.

If it lands on your face, chest or back, consider it raindrops from heaven, a rope of Holy Yogurt.

If you are lucky enough to get it in your mouth, savor it like the nourishing nectar of the Gods.

If I shoot it inside you consider it the greatest compliment of all. You will feel an immediate buzz.

My jizz is to women what Walter White's pure blue meth is to junkies.

You'll take my seed, sweetly tell me "thank you sir" and buzz with happy feminine energy for the next day while you iron my fine shirts and indulge in memories of me.

I'll settle for nothing less.

Some girls don't want to respect a man that much. They have been poisoned by feminism or never had a strong male figure to look up to growing up or they have already taken far too high a volume of cock to revere their next one. I have no use for those girls. Even a one-night stand with them is worthless beyond the ten-second orgasm, itself not worth the time spent to get it. Leave them for the men who have a low enough opinion of themselves to not demand such respect.

For guys, I don't give a shit how many girls you've fucked just like I don't give a shit how many pizzerias you've eaten at. A man is measured more by the pizzeria's he refuses to eat at, the prices he refuses to pay for average pizza, if you know what I mean.

Remember, you set the price of your seed.

Mine is fucking gold.

What's yours?

# I Hit It First: Why A Girl's Sexual Past Matters

September 6, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

A girl's sexual past matters.

You will hear otherwise from delusional sluts who have been pumped and dumped yet are still hoping to attain commitment from a decent man, and from white knight feminist males who falsely believe that by agreeing with an irrational female perspective they might get an ounce of pussy thrown their way. Even successful players rant against slut shaming to convince themselves they're leaving girls better than they found them, and to rationalize their r-selected lifestyle as a heavenly ideal rather than embracing their role as bad boy anti-society hustlers, or to make sure the spigot of free pussy remains on tap because deep down they realize they'd get locked out of the sexual market in a more K-selected environment.

From these people you will hear that if you care about a girl's past you are insecure, have jealousy issues, an inflated male ego, and a society-programmed madonna whore dichotomy.

Bullshit.

There are perfectly logical reasons why a rational, well-adjusted man would want his woman to have a clean sexual history.

1.) **Girls with high N counts are fucking crazy.** With the biological threats of partner desertion, death by childbirth, and incurable STDs, having a high partner count had been a biologically impossibility for a woman until the 20th century. As such, women are emotionally inequipped to handle all the emotional baggage that comes with getting their goods plundered by many pirate ships.

Consider we are the same humans today that we were in 1850, and in that time any girl with double digit sexual partners was almost certainly a poverty stricken prostitute. Even if a girl does not have a very high N count, her sexual past still shows her **general character and emotional stability**. Did she rebound failed relationships by fucking guys because she had to feel pretty and wanted? Did she seek out a lot of bad boys, older men, rich guys, etc.? Does she use guys for validation because she has a hole in her soul? Is she fucking only boyfriends, or does she have a history of fucking cool guys who won't commit to her? These things matter. Experienced players can vouch for the fact that craziness and sluttiness are highly correlated.

2.) For every sexual partner a girl has, **her capacity to emotionally bond** to her next sexual partner decreases. The less sexual partners a girl has, the more deeply she can fall in love. The intensity of her heart throbbing, her butterflies, and how much her lover's touch feels like electricity on her skin are all negatively correlated to how sexually experienced she is. The slut cannot enjoy sex with the same emotional intensity as her more chaste counterpart. If you want to inspire deepest love and passion possible, you want a partner with a thin sexual history.

3.) **Nobody wants to treat somebody else's whore like a princess.** If a store is giving away free milk to every one else, and then tries to charge you full price, would you pay it? Could you walk to your car after purchasing milk, and see all the people who got free milk smirking at you for being a sucker because they got the same enjoyment out of the same milk for free? Simply put, a girl puts a price on her vagina, why outbid it? You wouldn't pay above sticker price for a new car, would you?

4.) **Baggage.** The more partners a girl has, the more likely she is to have baggage, aka lingering feelings, past lovers coming out of nowhere to threaten your relationship, conflicting relationships in

social circles you have to deal with, etc. Its not a small amount of relationships that end due to issues like this. Even if you think all the other reasons are bullshit, you ignore this one at your own peril.

5.) **STD risk** (obvious).

6.) **Past behavior predicts future behavior.** It's not a perfect predictor, but its the best indicator we have. If a girl has fucked a lot of guys in the past, she'll probably fuck a lot of guys in the future.

This means cheating risk, or the risk that she will end your relationship on a whim because she finds another guy she wants to fuck. And it goes deeper. Has she ever cheated on a past partner? If so, you'll get cheated on. Does she accuse her exes of abusing her, but is sketchy on the details? If so, she'll be telling people you abused her when you break up. Past sexual dalliances and relationship problems generally predict a future of the same. If she wants you to stay with her until she's old and riddled with osteoporosis, the least she can do is keep her legs shut when she's young.

7.) **Evolutionary embedded disgust.** It is not social conditioning that a man feels visceral disgust at the thought of his girls previous partners plowing her sweet nether regions. In past times, the seal of virginity was the only paternity guarantee available. A girl with multiple partners would give birth to a son of unknown fatherhood. The men would commit less resources, if any, to the raising of her child. Our biology demands that we treat girls who aren't pure as pump and dumps. That we now have DNA testing doesn't change the fact that a man feels repulsion at the thought of committing time, emotions and resources to a slut, because it could have meant genetic death via false paternity.

The feeling is scientifically valid and cannot be invalidated by self-serving solipsism.

But DOUBLE STANDARD!!

Don't these reasons apply to guys as well? Sure, some of the above listed reasons do apply to guys, and a girl shopping for a long-term mate should be aware of these things.

For instance, a high N count guy is much more likely to have cynicism and an embrace of the player lifestyle that would lead him to be bad relationship material. However, a woman's attraction to a man is more complex than that man's attraction to her. An experienced man who other women desire sexually is more attractive to women, and men who are attractive to women usually fuck lots of them.

Most low N count guys don't maintain low partner count because of some kind of golden halo of virtue, most the time its because he has no options with women to begin with. (Of course, a guy who treats his seed like liquid gold and values monogamy can keep his partner count low while having a great sex life.)

Women want the desired man who chooses her over all his past and potential lovers. Whether or not he fucked the other girls who desired him is irrelevant (though he usually does). For fucks sake, just look at all chick flicks, romance novels and other inane girl fiction that has the classic "reformed player falls for girl" as its vagina tingling plotline.

Ladies, if you really want to kill this double standard, why don't you find yourself a nice male virgin to date?

The lesson here? Actions have consequences.

# Feminists Had Shitty Mothers

September 9, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

As you saw, the comment section got overrun with empty skirts last week.

Most of them trotted out the old feminist memes which are easily debunked but I noticed something popping up with more frequency: Comments about my relationship with my mother. To the effect of “oh, you’re probably fantasizing about your mother when you have sex with these girls who iron your shirt” or “your mother clearly didn’t hug you enough and she probably hates you”, stuff like that.

Just generally weird, out of place stuff.

One could easily write it off as more feminist hack cliché, but I think there’s a deeper meaning. The comments were so obviously out of place that they became a tell into reading the feminist’s soul.

Since most of what feminists write is pure projection, (i.e. you’re insecure), I think this is no different as well: Feminists had shitty mothers and they think about it all the time.

I had such a good, uneventful relationship with my mom that I hardly ever think about it, and because of that I never even consider other people’s relationships with their mothers as a possible sore spot.

I’ve noticed most of the people in my life who have similar views as me also had great home lives growing up: Strong father, normal mother.

It is the feminists who are most likely to be children of divorce, most likely to have a bitchy mother who didn’t hug them enough, most likely to have a dad who abandoned or neglected them, and this is a major source of their hatred for anyone who has normal views on family and gender. It didn’t work out for them, why should it get to work out for anyone else?

So to the feminists out there, your homework for today is to hug your mother and have a good cry. You need it.

# Man on a Mission

September 10, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

*\*Alright, feminists, playtime is over for now. This blog will now return to its regularly scheduled programming.\**

The most attractive thing to women is a man on a mission.

How does a man act when he's on a mission?

A man on a mission cares not for any girl's reaction to him. He cares for his mission. Sure, he may want sexual release, but he feels no approach anxiety. To a man focused on a higher mission, approaching girls is like playing with little kids in a sandbox: cute, but ultimately meaningless.

A man on a mission naturally treats women with the aloof alpha attitude and dominant frame that PUAs try to imitate. Picture a guy spending all day striving, sweating and bleeding for a mission, going home with his struggle still on his mind. A girl flakes or gives him some drama, does he even care?

A man on a mission pursues sex and escalates boldly because he doesn't have time to waste. He does not have months to spend, he does not have time to buy seven dinners before a chance at sex. He has shit to do. Its fuck or walk, your choice.

A man on a mission worships no girl. He puts his mission on a pedestal, not his girl.

A man on a mission is impossible to friendzone. He simply doesn't have time to listen to a girl's emotional outpourings.

A man on a mission treats girls with abundance. There are many girls, but only one mission.

A man on a mission has ambition, passion and drive. Anybody who spends time with him can sense this.

A man on a mission is never at a loss for words. He has stories. I was (working on my mission) when...., My friend \_\_\_\_\_(who I know from my mission) and I.....,

A man on a mission has boundaries. He will not let a girl take up too much of his time or do anything that will jeopardize his mission.

A man on a mission chooses a wife or long term girlfriend carefully. She must complement him and make his home life easier, as he is out living his mission.

A man on a mission does not check his phone every minute to see if that girl from the weekend texted him back. He works on his mission, noticing only when he takes a break that she texted him hours ago.

A man on a mission cannot be rejected by a girl because he derives his self-esteem from how well he is pursuing his mission, not from the actions of anybody else.

A man on a mission finds status, wealth, and fame awaiting for him when he succeeds. This was not his primary motivator but it attracts women nonetheless.

To a guy who can't get laid, shitty game is a symptom, not the disease. The root cause of all neediness, pedestalization, social anxiety, unworthiness, and lack of confidence is not having a mission.

Next time you have a girl problem, ask yourself:

Don't I have something better to do?

# The Rock Solid Law of Night Game

September 12, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

An emailer comes to the throne for advice:

I am writing to you today to get some tips on night game, i.e bars/clubs/pubs etc at night. I am a 20 yr old guy who is just getting into game, and I can open girls here and there during the day and keep up a conversation, but at night I just dont have the balls to do anything, i dont know what to open with and even worse what to talk about.

I am not a shit looking guy either, I have girls checking me out every time I go to the club, but I just cant open or talk to them. Last night (Friday) was literally so terrible I came home and was frustrated to the fullest.

First things first, I don't claim any specific expertise on night game. Game is universal, of course, but for specific club/night game tips I would defer to guys like [Christian McQueen](#) or [JT Styles](#) (I think he still does night game coaching).

However, I can offer you the Rock Solid Law of Night Game.

## **LaidNYC's Rock Solid Law of Night Game:**

### **Have Fun**

Everything flows from that most basic principle.

See, you need to shift your mindset. The metric of a successful night is not whether or not you get pussy or female interest, or how many approaches you did, it is whether or not you have fun with your friends.

Here's the thing:

Most guys don't have fun when they go out.

Most guys don't have fun friends.

Most guys don't go places they like.

Most guys slug some beers, complain about the loud music, get nervous in front of girls, talk about stupid shit with their guy friends, and go home without approaching a cute girl.

Most guys, generally, have a shitty time when they go out. They get drunk and lose sleep and have nothing to show for it but a bruised ego.

Stop that.

Do this instead:

-Go out with friends you actually like and have fun with, regardless of if they "have game" or not. The best wingman is someone you genuinely have fun with who has never heard of Mystery Method.

-Make a few female friends and go out with them, too. Joke with them and don't even try to fuck them. Open sets with them. Wing for them with guys they like. Girls, those evil hypergamous sluts, can actually be fun to drink with.

-Go to places you like. Don't be a bar hopping maniac, identify a few places you really like, and make friends with the bouncers/ staff by being a regular and solid guy. Befriend the bartenders, not



because they're "hired guns", but because bartenders are fun to joke around with and talk to.

Patience, young grasshopper, you will be VIP in no time.

As far as approaching: Stop seeing talking to a new girl in the binary terms of success/failure and start seeing it in terms of fun/not fun. Always try for fun.

That's the thing: Talking to cute girls and new people is fun.

I'll repeat that: Talking to cute girls is fun.

Blowoffs are fun, too. Seriously. The bitchier the better. Hit me with your best shot so I can laugh about it later. Your cuntiness is actually powerless and adorable.

As far as what to talk about or what to open with, I refuse to offer any specifics, I can tell you only this:

Fuck scripted game.

Talk about whatever you want to talk about, whatever interests you. Open with whatever the fuck you think is the most fun thing for you. What cool thing did you do that day or that week? What about her or her outfit is fun or noteworthy? Yes a lot of what you end up saying may not be technically the best seduction and to that I say:

I don't give a flying fuck.

If you have nothing interesting to talk about and can't talk to people in a way that is fun, all the Rooshes and Mysterys and Krausers in the world cannot teach you how to get laid because you suck as a person.

I'm not saying "be yourself", because you probably currently suck. I'm saying be more fun and interesting.

Don't worry, most people can be fun, they just aren't giving themselves permission.

Here's a tip: Be fucking selfish in conversation, especially at clubs and bars. If people are talking about something you find boring or know nothing about, steer the conversation back to where you want it, or go find someone else to talk to. Girls at night are ADD-addled, look-at-me, shiny object seekers and if you don't interact on your own terms you are destined to bend to her reality.

I'll tell you what, if you are a more serious, logical person and you don't enjoy going out for the sole purpose of having fun, then I'll tell you that is nothing to be ashamed of. Stick with day game, lounges and art galleries, online game, and meeting women through the status you acquire during the day. Play on your terms, always. If the club really isn't your playing field, stay out of it.

Will putting fun above pussy lose you some pussy? I don't know. Maybe.

The point is that "night game" shouldn't be about pussy at all.

Nothing you do should be just for the pussy.

# You Only Fuck Sluts

September 13, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Commenter [Just Sayin](#) gives a common male perspective:

The problem with low N-count women is they value themselves and set a high-price on accessing their “goods”. Me? I like the slut! Plus they are more likely to want to raw-dog it, just like I like it. Sure she’s dirty, and used as much as a porta-potty, but that’s fine – just like a porta-potty, she’s a receptacle that meets a need when I need it. The ones with a low N-count want to get married – that’s too high of a price for me, the ones that have been around the block a couple of times on their back, are the ones I like. They will do anything, and that is wonderful. Plus they know the score – I’m not going to marry them, I’m going to f\*\*k them, then flip them over and use a new hole, and do it again till I’m christened every orifice she has at least once as a way of introducing myself.

You just have to get them young – by the time they are mid-20’s they look like they are mid-40’s and who wants to stick it in an old hag? Low N?? Nah... I’ll take that sweet little teen that just discovered sex and wants to flat-back her way through college... 😊

I ain’t mad at cha.

I get it.

If there’s free sex floating around, why not get yours and enjoy the decline?

Take note, however: While the argument “game only works on sluts” is obviously game-denialist bullshit, “you only fuck sluts” could very well be a valid criticism of a guy.

Some guys like Just Sayin have no problem with that and own it. More power to them. What a man sticks his dick into is not my business.

What I have a problem with is those who will not admit that virtue has value.

This is a typical feminist point of view, and such a thing is expected of them, so I ‘aint mad at them either.

I do, however, take exception to supposed red-pill players taking this stance.

When confronted with the fact that maybe the girls he’s fucking are sluts, this player says

**“So what, all girls are sluts! Your princess girlfriend probably takes anal in club bathrooms behind your back! All girls are sluts!”**

Players are experts at reframing, so he reframes the arguments away from the quality of girls he’s fucking, and instead argues about the virtue of girls as a whole. [Tyler Durden of RSD](#) is the most outspoken proponent of this viewpoint.

If these players were forced to admit there was differences in sluttiness and virtue, they might have to admit virtue has value.

Then they might have to evaluate the slut status of the girls they fuck, and they probably wouldn’t be happy with the result.

For a guy who places a lot of ego in his ability to fuck women, admitting to himself that his girls are lower quality is a huge hit.

Its much easier to spout off self-soothing bullshit.

Every once in a while you might get a guy to admit some girls can have higher virtue than others, so he will say:

**“Okay, you can keep your frigid girls with disney fair tale views on sex lol! I want girls who do anal and threesomes you can keep your unicorn virgin who only does missonary!”**

As I said, players are experts at reframing.

Virtuous girls are reframed as undesirable, ice cold in bed.

This is, of course, bullshit.

Girls quickly catch on to sex, after a few sessions any sexual skill a girl lacks is simply your own deficiency in teaching and expressing what you want.

A virgin may take a few weeks, but if a girl is beautiful and sweet and pleasing to be around, this is no problem.

Look, its alright to fuck sluts. Some of them are hot, and they know how to do that twisty thing with their hand while they are giving a blow job. They give it up fast and easy, and some guys don't have time to wait.

I get it, I really do.

I just ask that when you're eating strip steak from the supermarket, don't tell me my \$50 Filet Mignon is no different just because it came from the same animal.

# Why You Should Jack Off

September 17, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I believe abstaining from masturbating has benefits. I've had extended periods of not masturbating due to getting laid regularly and no-fap trials. I generally view it positively.

However, I also believe in this:



I'll jack off before I'll fail a jumbotron test due to unbridled horniness.

I'll jack off before I'll ruin my reputation or self-esteem by banging a girl below my usual standards.

I'll jack off if my brain becomes dominated by sex thoughts at the expense of productivity.

The No Fap Movement is probably correct that refraining from indulging in self-love has physiological benefits. By no means should you be a wanker.

However, know thyself. If you know your unchecked sex drive may lead you down a path you may not be proud of, don't be afraid to dirty a sock.

Jails, divorce courts, unemployment lines, and solitary apartments are littered with men who failed to heed to following advice:

Jack off before you do anything you'll regret.

## Just Another Brick In The Wall

September 18, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---



Look at that girl. Hot, right?

She's a 10.

You know what else, though?

One day, she is going to hit the wall.

One day, she will be so haggard and ugly that you wouldn't even look at her if she stepped in the same elevator as you.

One day, she will be so wrinkled and mangy that the thought of fucking her will give you a de-rection.

One day, no man who is not the father of her child or related to her will give a shit about her.

One day, nobody will rack their brain for something to say to her. Nobody's heart will start racing at the mere sight of her.

One day, nobody will want to look at a picture of her.

One day, if she would dress in that same lingerie and show you that exact same pose, your reaction would be pure disgust.

Still afraid to approach her?

The wall is cruel in that it robs beauty from the world. The wall is also necessary in that it helps force a woman to be modest or accept foul consequences.

Let's take a look at the sexual market options of an extremely hot woman as she runs through life.

Today, at age 20, she is a 10. Every man wants her. Every woman wants to be her. She attracts cads, dad material, and even the rare holy grail of guys who could be cads but want to be dads.

Agencies pay her for her photograph. Men approach her often. People buy her things and give her stuff for free. No door is closed to her.

At 25, she is a 9. She is still jerkoff material for horny betas browsing her facebook page. The beta unattractive men still worship her. Cads will still gladly take her for a romp. She gets approached maybe slightly more now, the guys who were too nervous to approach her when she was a 10 are now trying to talk to her. Though approaches have gone up, quality of man has gone slightly down. The attractive cad and dad combo suitors are still around but less enthusiastic, and she notices the really really hot men she craves have their eyes set on slightly younger women.

Five years pass, she is now 30. She's now an 8 maximum, probably less. The modeling agency hasn't called in four years. The ever present beta dads still worship her. There are far fewer cads chasing her and they are less tolerant of resistance and time before sex. If she doesn't put out after the second date, she never hears from guys again. If she does put out before the second date, she still doesn't hear from guys again. She is just a notch. Those sexy yet safe cad/dad combos are all swept off the market by smarter women. Men in her preferred age range who would consider her for serious relationships are either nauseatingly beta, or have baggage, emotional or otherwise. Rarely do men approach her on the street.

Another five years. She is now 35. At the very best, she is a 7. She is never approached on the street anymore. Even the beta dad guys seem to have baggage now. The disney prince type admirable men are vanished from her dating sphere. Even cad attention is dwindling.

Five christmases tick off the calendar and she hits 40. The absolute best she can be is a 6 (and that's god damn generous). She signs up for online dating and sees young up and coming cads in their early 20s want to use her for a quick secret confidence building fuck. Caddish guys nearer her age will hit it, but they tolerate zero resistance or bullshit before sex. Only very sexless vanilla guys who do not stimulate her emotions at all will take her on a second date.

Our girl hits 45. Cads don't want her anymore. Cats don't either, but she has them anyway.

The lesson for women is leverage your fucking youth and beauty for all its worth while you have them. I don't mean for money. I don't mean for sex. I mean leverage them into something long-lasting and worthwhile. Twenty year-old Sarah's choices have far-reaching consequences for fifty-year old Sarah's quality of life.

No matter how much money or great sex your looks get you while you are 20, it won't make people give a shit about you when you are 50.

The happiest women are the ones who used the bait of youthful beauty to settle down with a good husband who wanted a family. At 55 do you want kids and grandkids and stability or a match.com account?

Know that you are a depreciating asset to men in general. As your value to all men decreases, you must build your value to one well-chosen man by proving trustworthy over and over, being a source

of feminine support, and being a producer and care-giver to his genetic spawn.

The lesson for men: Take a look at that gorgeous girl. She is a walking expiration date. Her power in this world is fleeting. She is the temporary head coach knowing he's getting replaced at the end of the season.

Do not see her as a 20 year old hottie.

See her as a person.

This is just a snapshot of her life, and she will change drastically.

Her beauty will fade.

What else she got?

# The Walls of Facebook

September 19, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Brought to you by valued commenter [deti](#):

We deride Facebook and social media around here. But to me one of its most useful features is to see current photos and video of the girls who you used to know and compare them to your memories and past photos of those same girls.

The differences can be breathtaking. You literally see a photo progression of these girls colliding in slow motion with The Wall.

First of all, fuck Facebook. Delete it.

But deti brings up an important point (also brought to our attention by [Heartiste](#)). Facebook is an excellent depedestalization tool.

A quick browsing through the old photographs of your female facebook friends will make reality impossible to deny: the wall spares no girl.

However, make no mistake, this isn't just high school reunion shit. I'm not talking about looking at a 35 year old girl, then taking a look at how she looked in college. No, that goes without saying.

Rather, I'm going somewhere even red-pillers don't like to touch on. Back when I still had Facebook, I was routinely shocked at HOW MUCH hotter girls, even in their early to mid twenties, used to be just a few years earlier.

In fact, Facebook shows that when women peak is even younger than anyone blogging under their real name would care to admit. Common red pill dogma states that women are their hottest between 18-24.

I say this is bullshit. Try 15-19.

Even that is generous for modern girls in prosperous countries. If she's going to college to binge drink on weekends and swipe her mealplan card at the buffet line, her peak likely ceases her first semester at around age 18.

True female peak, on average, is probably around 16-18.

High schoolers.

Tough to admit, isn't it?

Now, we in the red pill community try to stretch that peak to 23 or 24 because most guys don't have the chance to bang high school girls. There's the law, different social circles, cock-blocking parents, etc. So we lie to ourselves a bit and claim the 22, 23 year old girls we date are still at peak. Close enough for government work.

However, take a look at a girl's facebook profile, and you see the truth.

Of course, this is an imperfect tool. I've noticed girls take one of two strategic routes to prevent the devastatingly obvious wall-progression to judging onlookers:

(1) Deleting all visual evidence of youthful nubility from her profile

or

(2) Only allowing careful angled or instagram-filtered pictures to see the light of day



(Girls deleting all evidence of past sluttiness and partying once they have a committed boyfriend is another fun phenomenon, but that's a conversation for another time.)

Anyways, the lesson as usual is : Delete Facebook.

\*\*\*On a side note, I want to say I'm proud of my commenters. Not a single Pointy Elbows Syndrome comment about the girl I described as a "10" on yesterday's post. Well done. There's hope for you yet.

# The Quickest Way To Reveal True Character

September 25, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Drama.

The word likely hits the part of your brain that says “negative” and “bad”.

Most people go through life avoiding drama and conflict.

Fuck that. I love drama.

Modern lexicon has sarcastically termed shallow emotional “why didn’t you answer your phone” girl bullshit as “drama”. That shit should be avoided and is not what I am talking about.

I’m talking about blood rushing, heart racing, palms sweating drama.

I’m talking about moments that make you fear for your life, livelihood, family and property.

Okay, I don’t go searching for it. But it is important.

Drama reveals who you are deep inside.

Drama reveals loyalties.

Drama reveals who you can trust.

Drama reveals truth.

Let’s talk for a moment about relationships.

Male friendships are built on common interests, respect, and time spent together. But those things are phony superficialities until you know how a man acts in the time of a crisis. The seemingly closest male friendship can become the deepest hate-filled rivalry in a single moment of betrayal or weakness. Any guy who has been in a bar fight or intense argument that needed backing up can attest to this.

Male-female relationships are built on attraction, value and good emotions. But the deepest passion and emotional connection cannot be forged until you go through a conflict together, a crisis, a gut check that strips you both down to raw emotionality and makes you acknowledge that only deep love can make you feel so intensely.

In a time of crisis your true colors are shown in blazing glory or dramatic failure. These true colors become attached to your identity and that identity is embedded in any witnesses brain. To them, how you act in a crisis is who you truly are. Your actions in times of heart thumping drama can’t be rationalized or explained away later in calmer times. Juries can be fooled, witnesses can’t.

This is one basis for the “shit test”. Girls need to find a man’s true character in order to see if she’s attracted to him or not. One way to do this is to bring him a little conflict and see how he responds.

But that’s well documented.

I’ll let you in on a little secret: guys shit test guys all the time.

You don’t think so?

Well one of the basic qualities of male friendships is the ability to take a joke and toss one back. It is also one of the best friendship filtering mechanisms.

If a guy takes friendly jokes or pranks at his expense too easily and doesn’t toss one back, he quickly becomes the whipping boy of the group. He is the designated butt of the joke who is not counted on,

called or thought of when shit hits the fan.

If a guy takes offense to friendly teasing, overreacts or ups the ante to personal insults and confrontation, nobody wants to be his friend as he is both unpleasant and a liability to go off the handle at future times of crisis.

Just like girls shit testing romantic prospects is natural and unconscious, so is guys teasing their friends.

It is a normal and necessary way to determine the value of an ally you may depend on for survival or livelihood one day.

Personally, I really like to know a guy's threshold for anger. I never intentionally piss someone off, but if he gets pissed off through some other organic means I am pleased. I don't know that I fully trust a guy until I see what gets him angry. If he's too quick on the trigger, he is a clown. Irrational anger is funny. However, if he's too reserved, if I think there's nothing that could make him clench his fists in fury, I'm skeptical of his ability to make his way in the world.

As far as girls, anyone who is experienced in relationships knows the importance of the First Big Fight.

Usually within 6 months, there is a make or break fight.

It starts when somebody's loyalty or commitment is questioned. Somebody disrespects the other in some way.

Until that fight happens you know nothing about your partner.

In the fallout of emotional firepower, you begin telling each other what you truly think of each other. It goes beyond the fight's trigger as you start spilling all the little things you dislike about each other and all the minor gripes that weren't previously brought up are shown the light of day. The girl starts confessing little things about herself that might meet the man with displeasure. She figures now is the time to get it all out and test his true devotion to her.

This big fight will either intensify the flames of passion of the relationship or extinguish them completely.

It is only after that fight that the relationship truly begins.

The woman needs to see strength and devotion to principles, but also passion and love from her man in this time. A man needs to see honest emotion and eventual submission from his woman during this fight.

Once both parties are satisfied, the sex is electric.

Is this big fight avoidable if the two parties have a civil respectful relationship and don't allow little things to get pent up? Maybe. But highly unlikely among humans.

Just like you don't know a guy's true character until you've seen him get checked, you don't really know a girl until you've fought with her.

Character is always bubbling below the surface, to be revealed by the inevitable drama of life.

Sometimes the drama is small and inconsequential, but the character of a man is remarkably consistent.

The guy who succumbs to approach anxiety is the same guy who will flee and desert his buddies in a bar fight, or get stiff with nervousness and miss the game-winning free throws, or fake a sickness

when his platoon is called to storm the beach of Normandy.

So who are you?

Do what gets your heart racing and find out.

**My dog is coping well and I appreciate everyone's support. Thanks to everyone who donated, if you haven't please consider doing so. I am also serious about offering up my labor for donations. A few people have contacted me with odd jobs they need done and I hope more do. I aint too proud to work.**

# How to Create a Natural

September 26, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Do you want kids?

Think about it, because if you do, you are facing a large obligation.

Protect, provide, teach, nurture.

Oh yeah, and also making sure your son can get laid.

The ability to get laid is important for a man's well-being. For many guys, this doesn't come easy and they end up needing to learn game in their late teens or twenties. Some never learn it at all.

Learned game from the internet has done many guys good, but most guys would have been saved a lot of time and frustration if they just had good fathers who taught them the basics.

With the right guidance and circumstances, any kid can become a natural with women.

Here's a quick guide:

**Choose his mother carefully.** You are only half responsible for the genetic outcome of your child.

You want a thin, young, healthy wife to help assure a healthy child. The mother should embrace the idea of wifely submission and a captain-first mate relationship in which she is not the captain. This will be your son's first relationship model and it should embed natural gender roles in his mind forever. Also, look at the men in her family. Is the thought that your son may turn out something like them palatable?

**Stay married.** If you're choosing to have kids in a legal system that is so comically slanted against fathers, your first task is maintaining access to your son so you can have the ability to influence him.

One hit from a judge's gavel and your influence can be confined to every other weekend while the rest of the time he's being indoctrinated by a bitter, overbearing single mother. She'll betaize him real quick. Therefore, the first step to being a good father is to have tight game.

**Being alpha is not enough.** There is the theory that alpha guys have strong alpha dads. Sometimes this plays out, but an alpha is dominating. Sometimes a strong alpha dominates his son. The son grows up being submissive to a strong man's orders and sees that as his place in the world. This will chip away at a young son's confidence, and turn him into a soft beta worker bee as an adult. If a son fears his alpha father, he may become a mamma's boy as he sees his mom as the "safe" person in the house. A high powered alpha concentrated on his own rise in business or other manly pursuit may not take his son under his wing and teach him the proper skills. The alpha father may also be a natural who possesses seduction skills, but is unable to verbalize and teach them. An alpha father is a necessary but not sufficient condition for raising a natural son. Some actual fathering is required.

**Confidence, not tactics.** I've seen some guys joke they'll be giving their son a copy of Mystery Method when he turns 14. The heart is in the right place, but you're better off focusing on natural confidence and a deep understanding of female nature instead. Don't teach him dork terminology like AMOGing and A3. Remember, Mystery wasn't a natural, he was just deconstructing the behavior of naturals. If you do it right, your son will be the guy that Mystery was trying to emulate, not a guy emulating Mystery.

**Develop his confidence over other men.** This is best done through sports and fighting. Get him going with baseball and football, boxing or BJJ. Keep him around the skill level where he can

compete and win. If he sucks at one sport, find another one where he flourishes. Athletic skill is the single best predictor of high school popularity (and by proxy, high school pussy getting), so you are crippling your son's future social status if you don't get him going in sports. Don't skip the trained fighting. A man who is fully confident in his ability to punch another man in the face is a man who will not be intimidated by social interaction. You should not fear the day your son has his first fight, you should embrace it.

**Give him space.** This is actually so important that a kid whose father deserts him can end up pretty alpha as long as his resultant single mother is not overbearing. Good parenting trumps absent parenting trumps overbearing parenting, when it comes to getting laid. For me personally, my parents made it their mission in life to make sure I didn't get laid. Curfews, strict rules, constant supervision. If you want your son to seize his destiny and finger some sluts before his 16th birthday, you're gonna have to stop planning out every second of his day and let him outside of your vision a little bit. Let him get in a little trouble while he's still a minor. If he does something society doesn't approve of but you know helps him as a man (like getting in a fight or fucking his teacher), tell him to take the heat like a man but let him know you're proud of him.

**Encourage leadership and responsibility.** Let him lead the way for a bit while hiking. Put him in charge of younger siblings or cousins every once in a while. When he plays a sport, encourage him to go for team captain, quarterback, pitcher. When talks about future ambitions, encourage him to be a doctor, not a nurse; an owner, not a worker; a fire chief, not a firefighter.

**Have him fight his own battles.** If he has problems with a "bully" at school, do not talk to the principal. Do not talk to the teacher. Do not talk to the bully's parents. Tell him he needs to stand up for himself. Give him the physical and verbal tools to do so, but tell him he has to fight his own fight.

**Discourage gossip.** Gossip is inherently feminine in nature. If he tattletales, give him the punishment he was hoping you'd give the person he's tattling on. A line must be toed here because he has to know that he can come to you if someone is doing something that could cause them harm, but its important he learn early in life not to be an officious gossipy fucknut. Snitches get stitches.

**Teach him skills.** Your son should have the following skills before his 17th birthday: fighting, grilling, shooting a gun, basic plumbing, driving stick shift, personal finance and budgeting, drilling, woodworking and home improvement, auto maintenance. Fishing and hunting if you're so inclined. Any unique skills you have should be passed on to your son. Inner game is great, but true self confidence is derived from mastery over one's environment. A man with useful skills is a self-confident man.

**Keep him around girls.** This may be the most important part. A little sister is optimal, but that's not always controllable. Whatever you do, keep him around girls his age. Cousins, playmates, neighbors, whatever.

**Have him approach girls.** When he's cute and pre-pubescent, take him to a park or farmers market and have him approach smoking hot babes. Give him cute stuff to say, he'll have a 0% blowout rate. Make it fun for him, not "daddy is making me talk to girls again". Use monetary incentives if necessary.

**Give him a manly name.** A kid's name tells you a lot about his parents. If his name is Aidan or Ashton, his parents are liberal status whore pussies who love telling people their kids name just to hear them coo, and the dad is beta as fuck to allow his wife to use his child as a tool for status-

whoring. Fuck that. Tried and true masculine names look and sound masculine. As a general rule, if the name didn't exist in 1940 it is a pussy name destined to get your kid wedgies and involuntary celibacy. The following is a quicklist of acceptable names for a son: Jack, Nick, Tom, George, Edward, James, Gary, Roger, Russell, Michael, Sam, etc. This is a list mostly with White America in mind and it is not comprehensive, but you get the point.

**Encourage him to be talkative.** Teach him storytelling and humor. This should be shown by example as well. Stay charming and let your natural personality rub off on him.

**Give him cool experiences to talk about.** Boring people are boring because they don't do cool things. Set your son up with skills, sports, hobbies and vacations to talk about and he'll develop into a good conversationalist.

**Drop in bits of knowledge when convenient.**

Scene: I'm with my girlfriend and her 9 year old cousin.

"Trevor give me a hug!" she commands. He goes to do it.

"No, no, wait Trevor. Before you hug her make her say three nice things about you." I say

He smiles and looks at her. She says "Trevor is cute. Trevor is smart. Trevor has a great smile".

"Okay", I say, "now you can hug her." He hugs her.

"She appreciates that hug a lot more now that you made her work for it", I say, "That's how you have to treat girls"

My girlfriend fakes outrage and playfully punches me on the arm.

"When a girl hits you like that, she likes you" I tell him.

**When he's the right age, lay it all out.** I guess this is known as "the talk". Most dads suck at it, some of our dads left it to our mothers to do (big mistake). As a father, you have to give the talk, and give it right. Lay out everything about female nature, what they really want and what he should do about it. Once again, you're not teaching tactics. The words "kino" and "false time constraint" shouldn't leave your lips. You're telling him chicks dig power and they like sex and being lead by a strong man makes them horny and he should go for what he wants. More likely, this is a series of talks. Buy him condoms and tell him never to jizz inside a girl unless he wants to get her pregnant, no matter what she says about birth control.

**Encourage health, fitness and nutrition.** Fat kids = child abuse. Growing kids need lots of calories, but lots of HEALTHY calories. His diet is high in protein and low in sugar/simple carbs. He drinks lots of milk during critical years to get taller. He should view exercise as good and healthy and an important part of being a man. He should know being fat is bad, fat people are subhuman and fat chicks are below his and your standard. He derives self-esteem from keeping himself looking and feeling good. Lead by example in this area.

**Ease back on the "do what your mother tells you" rhetoric.** A mother is an important nurturing and support figure to a growing child. However, unconditional subservience to a woman is not good for a boy after the age of 10 or so. When very young, he should obey her unconditionally for his own safety, but with puberty looming, he should respect her and obey her most of the time, but he and she both must know that you overrule her on the most important matters.

**Get a dog.** A dog teaches kids how to love and how to be in charge of something they love. The parallels between dog training and game are staggering. Maybe I'm biased here because I've had

amazing dogs my whole life.

**Don't let electronics babysit him.** Kids who spend all their time on TV and video games and computers end up boring adults who spend all their time on TV and video games and computers.

Instill an anti-porn, anti-fap mindset in favor of a pro-going outside, pro-chasing pussy mindset, and anti-video game mindset in favor of a pro-going outside and getting dirty mindset.

**Toss him a guitar.** Most rockstars get started early. If your son has some musical aptitude, it would be nice to have the option to hone it early. Even if he's not the next Slash, simply holding a guitar gets you laid.

**Set up some dominoes for him to topple.** This is fun. Buy a small piece of bar so he can easily be a bartender when he's 18. Befriend families in the neighborhood who have hot daughters so he can have an in to fuck them. Get him a car. Get status enough in your profession that you can get him a job through networking or nepotism. Be a regular at a bar or strip club and pass the status on to him. Give him some space on vacations so he can game in a new environment.

**Dose him with red pill politics.** Liberals are bed-wetting pussies. Don't let your son be a bed-wetting pussy. You must play defense against the liberal feminist school system that will indoctrinate him with bullshit and try to undo all of your hard work raising a man.

**Make him aware of your sacrifice.** As a guy with game, you will likely be passing up lots of pussy and fun times if you choose to have kids. Make him aware of this. He should realize his existence is a gift from you. This will make him respect you more, and a child who respects his father has higher self-worth because he instinctively understands that his father is his genes.

**Instill genetic pride.** Pride in one's bloodline and where one comes from is pride in oneself.

**Don't overdo it on the sex stuff.** Don't be the ex-high school athlete trying to live out his dreams of sports glory through his son. Just because getting pussy was hard for you doesn't mean your son has to make up for your lacking. Girls should only be a small but significant portion of your conversations with your son. You want to assist your son in getting laid, but don't be the dad forcing an interest on his son if it's not there. If you succeed in creating a natural, he'll likely not view sex as that big of a deal, so your obsession with pushing him to get laid will strike him as weird.

**Understand the ability to get laid anytime is just one ingredient in a man.** He must also learn to provide for himself, protect himself and his loved ones, find his mission, and manage and build on the fortune you pass down to him.



# How To Lose A Guy In One Fuck

October 1, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Girls, sit down. Be quiet.

Class is in session.

First, take out a sheet of paper and write 100 times:

My flaws are never more clear to a man than after the first time he has sex with me.

My flaws are never more clear to a man than after the first time he has sex with me.

My flaws are never more clear to a man than after the first time he has sex with me.

Men don't want it to be this way. A guy doesn't choose to be less attracted to a girl. That doesn't matter.

See, before sex a man thinks with his dick.

He is thinking of all your positive qualities and why he wants to fuck you.

He is conquest driven.

He doesn't consciously acknowledge or think of your flaws.

After that first sweet sexual release, a man is forced to use his brain to evaluate you for the first time.

Without a hard dick in his way, a man can more easily see a girl's flaws.

Understanding this one thing about men's sex drives could save women a ton of heart break: **You are always more beautiful and interesting BEFORE we have sex with you.**

Girls, your silver lining? Well, the dick has a short attention span. The longer a guy has to wait to have sex with you, the more he is forced to evaluate you using his brain and not his dick.

Guys who would ditch you after that first sex will ditch you just the same if forced to wait long enough. Successful, efficient players even admit to this as a strategy. Its the three date rule.

This is tough for women to truly grasp, since that first sex is likely to make them more attracted to the man. Then there's a lot of waiting by the phone, jumping at every text message and being disappointed when its from your sister. It doesn't have to be that way.

Of course, girls won't really take this advice because its the attractive guys who won't wait, but I'm putting it out there anyway.

To the players, take note gentlemen: We spend so much time thinking of the absolutely quickest way to get our dicks wet. We want to fuck in the bathroom in the club. Make the ho say no. One night stands. Bang her on the first date, if not then bang on the second date. If you don't get it fast, invoke the three date rule, ditch the bitch, and start over. This is a player's life, and it works.

HOWEVER, once a guy has seen a girl's beauty fade over post-coital glow a few too many times, he learns two things:

1) Raise your standards. There is less post-sex attraction drop with hotter girls,  
and

2) Enjoy, don't just tolerate, the time you spend with a woman before the first sex. Its the most you will ever desire her and its the most interesting she'll ever be to you. Cherish it.

# So Why Would Any Guy Sleep With a Cougar?

October 2, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Attainability.

Cougars are easy.

I've never gone out with a woman over 33 and not gotten at least a blow job on the first date.

This alone explains cougar-cub relationships: She's a girl who will spread her legs for him.

Not all guys who bang cougars are completely hopeless, though. Many guys up and coming in game go through a bit of a cougar phase.

This is multi-faceted.

- 1.) Guys feel less approach anxiety with cougars. When fertility is lower, so are the stakes. The result is [Veggie Burger Alphas](#) end up running some really tight game on cougars.
- 2.) Many cougars are thinner than early 20's girls of similar sexual market value. This is a depressing modern phenomenon, only girls dangling by a thread from the sexual market seize the incentive to get in shape. Guys who value body highly may choose a cougar. However, it is a fool's choice, because a cougar's body often looks thin and decent in clothes, where inelastic skin, out of place cellulite, and scars lie underneath waiting to be unveiled. An Equinox membership can not slow the aging process.
- 3.) Cougars are more receptive to direct game and sexual advances. This is both due to their lower sexual market value, desperation for attention, and because they've been uhhh "liberated" over the past few decades. Most PUAs go through a phase of experimenting with direct game, and they'll get far higher hit rates on older women.
- 4.) Cougars are sexually experimental. If you don't have enough game to get a 20 year old girl to lick your asshole, a 38 year old girl will probably do it.

This perfect storm of phenomenon means some guys at a certain level of game and a certain lack of self-respect may go through three or four cougars in a year before either ratcheting up a level of game, or getting into a LTR with a 6 his own age.

Women reaching a certain age will notice a decrease in serious male suitors her own age, and an increase in suitors in their early twenties. They will naturally reframe this as empowering, ignoring the fact that the younger suitors are either betas or up and coming alphas who haven't quite come into their own yet, looking for a quick secret fuck.

I'll never have sex with a woman over 30 again unless she's the mother of my kids. However, it is depressing for me to admit that I hooked up with around 5? cougars when I was younger. I was just building my game and did not have abundance mentality and [golden seed](#).

The thirstier you are, the lower your standards are for water purity.

When cougars start to become invisible to you, you have leaped to a new level in game.

\*\*\*\*\*

I speak from the perspective of a man in his twenties. Some older guys claim just the opposite of my experience, that [women over 33 are more difficult to bed](#). I trust Blackdragon's experience. After a girl reaches a certain age, potential providers near her own age are scarce gold in a dry soil market.

For guys with means, age, and a stable life, there is probably little they can do to turn the “provider” switch off in an aging woman’s brain.

# Don't Cut Off Part of Your Son's Penis

October 3, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

I stand with [Dagonet](#), [Heartiste](#), and several other red pill and dark enlightenment minds against circumcision.

To be clear, I am a male born in America, so I am circumcised.

I don't resent my parents for doing so, and I'm not about to restore my foreskin in some weird procedure. To be honest, I can't picture my penis any way other than it is right now.

However, if I ever have a son, there is no way in hell he is getting his foreskin chopped off.

Why not?

Well to me, the better question is why?

As Dagonet said, I believe in evolution, and so I believe in the foreskin.

If you are telling me you want a functional part of boy's penises cut off en masse, then the burden of why is on you. And you'd better have a damn good reason.

The evidence for circumcision preventing HIV transmission is inconclusive, but honestly I don't give a shit if it was ironclad. As a straight non-drug using American male your chance of getting HIV is zero. Even among homosexuals, the "catcher" is at a far higher risk, making the status of his foreskin moot.

Rational people who think about this quickly see that circumcision, is silly at best, barbaric at worst.

So why is circumcision still the norm?

Because its the norm.

People fear their son will be teased, or not fit in, or even get less sex if he is uncut.

However, if your son is equipped with game, foreskin teasing is just another shit test to pass. And pass it he must.

Just know that you are reading my blog because you are likely a truth-seeker. The truth about women and seduction is just the tip. Keep going and you discover that a lot of what you previously accepted as normal just because it was the status quo is complete bullshit.

Circumcision is one of those things.

A few centuries from now historians will look back on a few hundred years of circumcision and say "they used to do WHAT?"

# Why New Yorkers Hate New Jersey

October 8, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

New Yorkers hate Jersey.

It's not just beta Ted from How I Met Your Mother, it's a citywide phenomena. Jersey sucks. Why? Allow me to explain.

1.) **Bullshit Status Whoring.** Cutting right to the core, New Yorkers are status whores. They believe addresses matter. They name their neighborhoods cute things like "Soho" and "Alphabet City" and the first thing you learn about someone besides their name is what neighborhood they are currently claiming. It's why they are willing to live in an otherwise shitty building if a real estate broker has labeled it part of "Williamsburg", and it's why they believe living in an elevator shaft with four roommates on the Upper East Side is better than living in a house with a yard in Jersey.

Once I realized that this is the true root of all Jersey hate, I toned back my own Jersey hate quite a bit. There are, however, several other legitimate reasons one might dislike NJ.

2.) **The Bridge and Tunnel Crew.** Maybe New Yorkers don't hate Jersey, they just hate their representatives. I'm sure plenty of normal New Jerseyans come to Manhattan for nights out, but their reputation is poisoned by the worst among them. They go out of their way to be loud, stupid and retarded, then head back on the PATH and leave us to clean up their mess. They get drunk and fight with their ugly bronze girlfriend who needs to go vomit. The single guys come out in packs and are very much in "get laid or get in a fight" mode.

3.) **Irrational Jersey Pride.** As a reaction to Jersey hate, New Jersey people have developed a sort of defensive Jersey Pride. They really can't stop talking about how great Jersey is. Too bad it's really not. New Jersey people claim Hoboken is "pretty much Manhattan". Bon Jovi is merely decent, catchy at best, but to a New Jerseyan he is Jesus with a microphone. I call it how I see it: Jersey Pride is rooted in an inferiority complex. A rich man doesn't have to tell you he's rich, and when you live somewhere great, you can shut the fuck up about how great it is.

4.) **Every New Yorker has had a bad Jersey experience.** If you live in New York, going to Jersey involves hurdling through traffic, tolls and assholes and it's a whole day/night kind of thing. You can't just dip your toe into Jersey, you're either in or you're not. Most everyone has gone to Jersey for something and realized it's not worth it, and vowed to never go back. In short, getting to Jersey and back is a fight, and there's not much there worth it.

5.) **The Jersey Shore.** Let's face it, MTV didn't do the state of New Jersey any favors. Or Italians for that matter. Take the worst, dumbest people you can find from Long Island, Staten Island, The Bronx, Upstate NY and Jersey, and throw them in a house, say they are all from "Jersey" and say they are all "Italian", even though they're not. That's just unfair. The producers had a lot of stupid, tan people to pick from and label however they wanted. There is plenty of beautiful Jersey beach that is unpolluted by fist-pumping. Fuck MTV.

6.) **New Jersey drivers are the worst on earth.** I'm serious. I would rather be surrounded by old Asian ladies in SUV's than see a Jersey license plate. They'll go slow in the left lane then pass on the right, they tailgate you while you are driving 90, then pull ahead of you and drive 60. They seem to hang out in your blind spot on purpose, then they'll speed up and cut you off to make their exit.

Look, I never complain about drivers in NYC because NY driving is just efficient and assertive.

Even Manhattan in rush hour, no problem. But Jersey style driving is retarded with a side of asshole.

7.) **I can pump my own fucking gas.** I get that you're just doing your job, but don't expect a tip. If tying your own shoe was outlawed, I wouldn't tip the guy assigned to tie mine.

Okay, had to get all that out. Do you think I hate Jersey?

You might be surprised to hear that I don't.

Despite those perfectly valid reasons, my opinion of Jersey is actually "neutral".

Allow me to offer a few counter "Pro-Jersey" points:

1.) **The girls are cute.** I'm talking about the homegrown Jersey girls, not transplants to Hoboken and Jersey City. If a girl grew up in Clifton she's probably a safe bet. When you picture the kind of girl the media would like you to believe is ubiquitous in Jersey, that is actually a Staten Island. Native Jersey girls hold a respectable place in the New York Area Girl Hierarchy, in my opinion.

2.) **Atlantic City.** Relax, West Coast, we are all aware that Vegas reigns supreme. But AC is a worthy little brother. Reasonably priced debauchery. I recommend the Borgata.

3.) **Jersey has the closest Wegmans.** Sorry, NYC, your grocery stores sucks. Again, mostly status whore shit, people love to tell you they shop at Whole Foods. Wegmans is what Whole Foods wishes it was. If you have a car, the closest one is in Woodbridge (I think), but the deals and quality are worth the time and tolls if you have a big enough fridge or cupboard to store all the good shit you can buy. [www.wegmans.com](http://www.wegmans.com)

4.) **Houses and trees.** A lot of guys in the seduction community hate on the proverbial house with a picket fence. Not me. Trees, grass, and room for a big dog to run around is a good thing. Do'nt get me wrong, city living, especially New York, is great for certain periods of life but there's a reason why most people move to the suburbs if they can afford it.

5.) **Long Beach Island.** Easily the best part of New Jersey, and maybe its best kept secret. If you suck, please stay away.

There you have it.

New Jersey is not without its faults but anytime you hear someone hate on it a little too much be aware that they're status signalling, whether they realize it or not.

# Two Fortunes

October 14, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

## Brittany

Brittany inherits a large fortune when she turns 17.

She happily starts spending it on things that please her: a new car, designer clothes, Christian Lacroix shoes, nights out with her friends, lavish parties, and exciting vacations across the world. She wants to start her own company eventually, but for now she enjoys not working and living life like a movie star.

When Brittany hits her mid-twenties, she notices her fortune is close to half what it once was when she inherited it. It is still plenty, but she realizes it won't last forever and she should start investing some of it.

She takes meetings from many companies who are salivating for her money. Many pitchmen and executives wine and dine her and make her promises about what her return on investment will be.

She picks an exciting company- a high risk, high reward venture. She dreams of recovering all the riches she once had and then some. Unfortunately the company fails. It seems the pitchman may have lied to her, and frauded other investors as well.

Seeing more of her fortune dwindle, Brittany picks another high risk/high reward company to try to gain it back. When it fails, she tries another.

When Brittany crosses her thirtieth birthday, her fortune is about 1/9th what it once was when she inherited it.

Brittany realizes now she needs some guaranteed return. With her now rather small sum to invest, no executives are wining and dining her or competing for her money. She picks a stable, blue chip company to put her money in. To the company, her investment is modest and fairly replaceable.

Brittany has always dreamed of starting a small company of her own, but her financial advisor tells her she will probably have to take out a loan to do it. This makes her very sad.

She tries to start a company, but she can't find an angel investor to help it flourish, and it fails.

She withdraws money from her stable investment to live on throughout her late thirties and forties, occasionally hoping for a visit from an enthusiastic startup who can turn her modest money into the large fortune she once had, but that visit never comes.

Shortly after she turns fifty, Brittany's money is nearly gone, and she has to start working.

## Jacqueline

Jacqueline inherits a large fortune when she turns 17.

She holds it for a few years, putting it in an account and being very choosy about how to spend it.

After some time, she realizes that inflation and expenses are slowly eating away at her money, so she decides to invest.

Many executives and pitchmen are willing to wine and dine her for her money. She sees through the flashy salesman offering risky propositions and promising high returns. She chooses a stable company with a good reputation: Blue Chip, Inc.

The dividends are immediate: Modest but steady.

Being such a large investor, Blue Chip, Inc treats her like gold. Her money helps them enthusiastically expand operations and bring in new profits.

Occasionally a slick talking salesman comes around promising her billions for a small investment but she rebuffs them quickly, seeing a great future with Blue Chip, Inc.

In her twenties with the steady dividends coming in, Jacqueline decides to start her own small companies- 4 in all. Since she is such a profitable, trustworthy and loyal business partner, Blue Chip, Inc is happy to invest in Jacqueline's companies and offer business and legal expertise to help them thrive.

Her thirties are a happy time as she runs her four companies, bringing them towards profitability. It is tough but satisfying.

In her late forties and fifties, her small companies all grow profitable and strong enough to support offshoot companies of their own. She has some stock in these companies as well. Being a trusted partner for so long, Blue Chip, Inc invests as well.

Jacqueline has grown rich beyond her wildest dreams. She lives off the large dividends she still gets from Blue Chip, Inc and reinvests the rest in her companies.

She will never have to work again.



## “Please Tell Me I’m Pretty”

October 16, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Like it or love it, I was a twitter participant in [Fat Shaming Week](#), courtesy of Return of Kings.

Here was my favorite:



Succinct.

Judgmental.

... but could it possibly have been game in action?

Yes. Yes it was.

Why? Standards lube pussies.

A girl wants to know every guy she doesn't want to fuck wants to fuck her.

She wants to know that if no fucking is happening, it is because she is choosing not to fuck, not the other way around.

Mind you for game purposes, telling a girl “you’re ugly and I would never fuck you”, then walking away is not your best course of action. Just let the “I might not fuck you if given the chance” frame seep into your interactions.

As demonstration of this fact, I offer the massive amount of qualifying to me that happened after I tweeted that.

Girls sending me their measurements and pictures, all but begging me to tell them they are pretty and doable and not fat.





Her attached picture:



Yes, Megan, despite a nice face, you are chubby and if you lost twenty pounds, I'd bet your thighs wouldn't touch and you would have a more satisfying love life.



Here's an interesting one:



Remember guys, insecurity isn't just for ugly chicks. Those who have the most ego about their beauty will have the strongest emotional reaction when that beauty is challenged.

The punchline? Here's Madi's picture:



Relax, Madi. You pass the thigh gap test. If you want to know the real reason I don't think you're hot, email me at [laidnyc@gmail.com](mailto:laidnyc@gmail.com).

Here is an angle I found interesting. I got a few tweets like this:



As an obvious proponent of fat shaming week, how could I not love tweets like this? Obviously Randi Nichole believes being fat is a bad thing, and has chosen to shame. Thank you, Randi, for

participating in Fat Shaming Week.

I have chosen anonymity above proving to fat twitter chicks that I am not fat, so I guess you'll have to continue fantasizing about what I look like. Sorry, Randi.

Now I'll leave you with one that made me laugh out loud.



**Say that to my face  
fucker not online and  
see what happens**

Cousins?

# An Unacceptable Thought for the Weekend

October 18, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

In 1813, a wealthy American man wishes to communicate with a friend who lives far away. He writes a letter with ink and a quill, updating his friend on his life and asking him about his family.

The letter will arrive to his friend a little over a week later on horseback.

He bathes once a week with a basin of water shared by the entire family.

Fever, smallpox and cholera are a major source of worry. Getting sick can mean death.

In 2013, a poor American man wants to communicate with a friend who lives far away. He sends him a text on his iphone, it arrives on his friend's phone almost instantly. It is a picture of a butt.

If he wants to bathe, he hops in the shower.

If he gets hungry, there is a fast food restaurant with a dollar menu right down the road. Or if he is sensible, 30 servings of Oatmeal are like 3 bucks.

Vaccines and medicine like antibiotics take care of the devastating medical worries of the past.

Let's bring it back into focus:

Is our measure of how "rich" or "poor" someone is just relative to those around them? Does that make it pretty much irrelevant in determining actual quality of life?

and

How much sympathy do you have for "poor" people, really?



## Open This Set

October 21, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

You are on vacation with some friends.

Its Sunday morning, your stumblebum friends are hungover, asleep in their hotel rooms.

You decide to walk down to the beach. It's a quiet morning and as you reach the end of the boardwalk, you are greeted with this beautiful sight:



How do you open this set?

# A Tuesday Night Bang

October 22, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

It is a Tuesday night.

I'm hanging out at a girl's apartment when her roommate walks in, talking about some guy.

The roommate is not hard to look at, but not especially pretty in any way. Her nose is a little too big, as is her ass. Her thighs touch. A textbook 6, really.

She is going on and on about this guy.

She wants to show us a picture of him.

I know what's coming next.

She shows us a picture from his facebook. He is shirtless. The dude is probably around 6'4", and completely shredded. It is a beach picture, and his body language dominates the other guys in the picture.

The roommate then starts peppering us with other facts about him:

He is a semi-pro soccer player.

In case soccer doesn't work out, he is in school for an MBA.

His family is filthy stinking rich (private equity consulting...think Mitt Romney)

He has an apartment that overlooks the east side of Central Park (paid for by his family).

And that's not all.

She starts "complaining", with a smile on her face, about what a jerk he is. She shows us the text message conversation they are having. It is like being hit in the face with game. He's joking about threesoming her, push-pulling, not replying for hours.

I squash aside a little jealousy that this guy has better text game than me and remind myself to steal some of his quips. Shit was pretty good.

Anyways, she was about to go over to his apartment. To "hang out". On a Tuesday night. For their first "date". Modern courtship.

Here's the problem:

To her, this is the World Series of dating. Going to his apartment will be the tingliest of the tingles, the zenith of her lust life. The 5 minutes of alpha to which all future betas will be compared. An ideal man whose interactions she will analyze with her friends for months.

To him, she is a way to avoid jacking off on a weekday. A microwaveable Hot Pocket to satisfy hunger. A notch he may not even tell anyone about. A one-time splooge hole, maybe a few more if she is especially skilled or compliant.

A recipe for sex, a happy alpha male, and a heartbroken average girl.

That's the friction in the sexual marketplace. Girls, you can always have sex with a hotter guy than you can get commitment from.

So what if she wants the sex?

Fine. Bring back concubines and harems. Let these girls who want sex with alphas but don't have the goods to obtain full commitment take a lesser status to the alpha's wife. That is what is happening anyway, why not formalize it?

The hot alpha sex upfront, followed by commitment to a guy more at your market level when you're "ready", is a pyrrhic victory. That means it is not a victory. You will be less satisfied with your husband, he will be less satisfied with you, and you will have a lower quality husband than you otherwise could have got had you not spread your legs for the guy outside your league. Nobody wins, except the alpha pussy plunderer, for about 15 minutes.

The power a girl has is based not on which guy will fuck her, but on which guy will commit to her. And to what level he is willing to commit.

Take two 18 year old girls.

The first, before she ever has sex, gets a respected man of solid income potential to state before his God, family and community that he will protect her for all eternity.

The second has sex with the captain of lacrosse team in his dorm room. He never calls her again.

Which one would feminists say is empowered?

Which one actually is empowered?

Have a good Tuesday night.



# How To Date a Porn Star

October 23, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Tori Black enlightens you:

Haha. Good one, Tori.

The real question is: Who the fuck would want to date a porn star?

There's hilarity that a girl can give it away to numerous gentleman of questionable reputes, on camera, countless times, for the entire world to see and jack off to, and still think she should be treated like anything other than a dirty spunkhole.

Nobody wants to take you to Starbucks, Tori Black.

Any guy who dates a porn star is either:

- 1) Rich n' Beta
- 2) A member of the underclass with a checkered criminal past who is fucking other girls of questionable STD status concurrently
- 3) A male porn star

Nobody who reads my blog should have any notion of DATING a porn star. But...what if you just want to fuck one?

I got you, playa.

Here goes:

Purge all provider commitment signals. Commit as little time, emotions, and resources to a porn star as possible. Do not play white knight saving her from her shitty life. In fact, never express any empathy at all for how shitty her life is. Do not try to lure her with promises of a ride on your boat or an expensive dinner.

Don't be a fan of her work. Tori gets this part right when she describes the concept of the "fan zone". Awesome. The fanzone is the friendzone on steroids. When you approach a female celebrity as a fan, you are telling her that not only do you not have a mission yourself, you spend your free time fawning over how well she pursues her mission. Is there any bigger pedestal than the fan zone? The best way to deal with a female celebrity is to pretend you don't recognize her.

Swat away her sex talk. When a porn star brings up sex around an average guy, he may be intimidated by her experience, or creaming-in-his-pants excited to talk about it. Play down her sexual skill or ignore her sexual comments completely. If she starts bragging about how well she can slob on a dick, say "we'll see" and change the topic. Porn stars have no other source of validation in life besides being good at sex, so if you don't give her this, she'll have to get it from actually fucking you. Also, don't give physical compliments.

Up the uncaring asshole game. Girls who don't respect themselves don't respect guys who respect them.

Be completely non-judgmental. She must never for a second realize that you are aware of the fact that being a porn star makes her a subclass human. Pretend her profession is no more disgusting than if she were a Whole Foods cashier.

Be a jacked badass. There's probably nothing that turns a pornstar on more than beating the shit out

of a guy right in front of her. It will probably remind her of her father.

Play up your artistic/spiritual qualities. In a logical world, female porn stars are low value and disgusting, so they are allergic to all logic. The mysterious abstract becomes their reality. Say you're in a band, or you're a photographer, or you're into herbal energy healing or some bullshit. That old routine "The Cube" probably works like gangbusters on porn stars. Demonstrate authority over the abstract and you have authority over her.

The reality of "I fuck guys on camera for money" is probably too harsh for the female brain to accept, so a porn star will probably hamster hamster hamster that by saying she is an actress, or a performer.

Try not to laugh when she says this.

If all else fails, have drugs on you. Cocaine recommended.

Use a borrowed dick, if possible.

If you succeed in fucking a porn star, immediately schedule a visit to clinic for the health of your penis and consult your pastor or spiritual advisor for the health of your soul.

## What Rhymes With Hug Me?

October 24, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

I have no opinion on the song “Blurred Lines”.

Its catchy, but so is herpes.

I also didn’t read or care about the feminist backlash to the video, or the response to the feminist backlash, because I could give less than a fuck.

But I do want to discuss one thing about it, and I think you know what that one thing is.



You know you want it

The 10 that was dancing around, you know the one who made two other models look like the Golden Girls in comparison?

Here is what she said about the video:

“When I first saw the video, I was like, ‘Oh, Jesus Christ, I’m so naked. Not just naked, so revealed....my personality. There was no glamour involved. I was just silly and playful and kind of ridiculous—a big dork. And I only let my best friends see that. Or if I’ve had a

| couple of cocktails.”

To her, she isn't a sexy naked girl in this video, inspiration for boners and pause buttons.

She is a big dork.

And that is how you should see her, too.

Hot girls get it, they're hot. Everyone sees they're hot. The quicker you get past it and ignore it, the better.

She'll feel most validated, most qualified, if she thinks you see her how she sees herself. Whether she identifies as a singer or people pleaser or spiritualist or bitch or yes, a dork.

In Robert Cialdini's classic *Influence*, he says we like people who like us. I think more specifically we like people who like what we like about ourselves.

The hot chick from *Blurred Lines* sees herself as a dork, and likes her dorky side, and that's what she wants people to like. Obviously most guys won't get past the beauty, making it a tremendous filtering mechanism.

These are important questions to think about when seducing a girl though: How does she see herself? What does she like about herself?

## Donations Getting Kicked Back

October 25, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Several of you have noticed that your donations got kicked back to you in PayPal.

What happened was PayPal was a real bitch about letting me verify my account due to a mistake I made when signing up. I quickly made another account, but anyone who sent money the first day sent it to that first account that PayPal wouldn't let me verify, basically a black hole.

So if you donated that first day, you're getting your money back automatically.

Don't worry about re-donating, I'm doing fine and the dogs surgery is complete and paid for.

To help out my blind dog, you guys helped me raise about a thousand dollars in a little less than a week, obviously a huge help.

My little beagle's surgery was a success. Her eyesight was restored about 60%. She'll never be an Army Sharpshooter, but she no longer bumps into walls when she walks around.

If you donated, thank you. May God reward you with eternal salvation.

If you didn't donate: I'll see you in hell.

# When A Girl Brings Up Her Ex-Boyfriend

October 28, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

I have an archive of failed pickup interactions in my head.

I don't know why. I'd like to forget them. But they persist.

Take this, for example:

TEN years ago, I am in college, at a party talking to a hot Swedish girl.

I bring up the fact that I was a great sprinter in high school, and I say I am the fastest white guy she knows.

"No way, my ex-boyfriend is faster than you", she said.

Regrettably, I took the bait. We traded sprinting times, I tried explaining to her the difference between FAT and hand timing, and why that made my times better than his even though his were slightly lower, and its not my fault I ran at real track meets with sensitive timing equipment while he was being timed by some gym teacher in a windbreaker with a sundial. No avail.

The whole conversation was me qualifying myself, using logic, followed by her defending some dude.

Basically, I got AMOG'ed by a guy who wasn't in the room and might not even exist.

So since my response was clearly wrong, what is a correct response?

Well, it is kind of spergy to bring up an ex in convo with someone you've just met. At the very least it reveals you are not completely over them. The fact that she was using this guy's accomplishments as a trump card over other guys was also off-putting. It's as if she thought that by being fucked by the dude she co-opted his accomplishments.

So what do? Some options:

An all-purpose tactic is to ignore it, change topic entirely. "Yeah, check out that chubby girl eating Mike's face over there. Think she skipped dinner?"

Throw her on the defensive: "What is it with girls bringing up their ex boyfriends? I think a lot of girls go to college still in love with a guy from high school"

My favorite tactic when a girl brings up the alpha-on-her-mind is to defend him: "Yeah, well if thats true he sounds cool. Probably has a really hot new girlfriend".

Anyways, I didn't know it at the time but the girl happened to only be at the party because she had her vag sights locked to my male model friend (who I'll talk about in a future post), so I had almost no chance from the get-go. She also had a hyphenated name, so no real loss. My friend fucked her, she is now pushing 30 and is unmarried but has a great career. Par for the course, really.

# The King's Immigration Policy

October 29, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Wealth aint just measured in dollars and cents.

Beauty, for instance, has real value. It counts towards a country's standard of living. Why else would men find happiness traveling to Eastern European shitholes?

This is on my mind because an Irish bartender at my favorite local spot just had her Visa run out.

She has to leave.

She is gorgeous, 22, and apparently not welcome in the United States.

I ask: Is America really better off?

I say the Kingdom of LaidNYC would make screening for beauty a policy in immigration.

Have a STEM degree and want citizenship? Sorry, our men are capable enough of handling that work.

A beautiful young girl? Come in, please. Our men are looking for wives. Here is a Visa that is good until you are 25. No preference is given to female degree holders, in fact our immigration committee considers that a slight negative. Beauty is correlated with intelligence, degrees are only correlated with thinking you're better than you are.

The theory that mass die-offs of men led to high beauty in eastern european women is probably legit.

Women competing for men meant that only the most beautiful and feminine could have husbands.

Of course, as King I wish for no war or mass death of my population. Instead, consider my policy of eugenics via selective borders.

Over time, the men will accumulate wealth as their labor skill is highly valued with closed borders to their competition. The women get more beautiful as the ugly, fat and unpleasant cannot find husbands and find that the King has cut off welfare and child support for any of their out of wedlock spawn.

Let the revolution begin.

# “No, I Will Not Make Out With You”

October 31, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

**No I will not make out with you. Did ya hear that? this girl wants to make out with me in the middle of class. You got Chlorophyll Man up there talking about God knows what and all she can talk about is making out with me. I’m here to learn, everybody, not to make out with you. Go on with the chlorophyll. – Billy Madison**

There was a rumble through our little corner of the internet last week when some skirt disagreed with Rollo’s famous SMP graph.

To be honest, I kinda skimmed through all the Manosphere response posts on the topic, and I think they all contained the same fatal flaw: Using logic.

Remember, this is a woman you are arguing with. Logic ends where her feelings begin.

You can no sooner convince a 30 year old woman of her true value than you can convince a dog that he is a dog. It is simply not comprehensible to them. Trying is a fool’s errand.

But that brings out the real issue.

The FEAR of male standards.

Girl relationship bloggers are happy to play in the sandbox and give “advice”, as long as guys fit into her box of acceptable behavior, namely, we are just sex obsessed brutes. This means the pussy has power, yay!

But suddenly when reality hits, she’s all “what do you mean you don’t want to fuck me?”

Girl “dating” bloggers have no interest in relationship truth, or in helping anyone, they just want validation. Deny them that, and the claws come out.

You saw this when my tongue in cheek post [Your Seed is Gold](#) got locked onto by Jezebel and the femosphere latched onto it. Their message was clear: How dare you, a man, care where you put your dick? How dare you think you are better than fat sluts?

I got a message for you:

Fat, or even chubby girls: You are disgusting.

Sluts: You are vile.

Short haired girls: You all look like elves and lesbians.

Sarcastic girls: You are masculine.

Career girl: You are a bitch.

A man who refuses to fuck below his standards, one who is comfortable by himself without needing pussy, a man who refuses to put up with shit to get pussy, is a feminist’s worst enemy.

Even standards are just a shortcut to hitting a deeper fear. Break her down of fiat degrees, fancy job titles, divorce industrial complex backing, and you get the true female amygdala trigger: the fear of male desertion.

Also, stop debating with chicks.

There are certain topics a lady should not have an opinion on.

If she decides to express an opinion on such matters, she should be shunned, not entertained.



There aren't debates in patriarchy. Be the change you wish to see in the world.

# Virginity Stories Week: A Call to Action

November 1, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

I think its about time you told me how you lost your virginity.

Seriously, I am announcing Virginity Stories Week.

Crack open a cold one and gather round the campfire. It's story time.

**Bloggers, between now and next Friday please post the story of how you lost your virginity.**

**Commenters without a blog should post their story in the comments.**

**Lurkers, feel free to pop your comment cherry by posting your story.**

Were you a two-pump chump or an energizer bunny?

Did you capture lightning in a bottle and bang your oneitis, or did you bang a 5 while you were drunk and then avoid her for the next year?

Girls, did he tell you sweet little lies and then never call you again? Or was he a long time boyfriend?

Were you a strong liberated woman who lost your virginity in a tattoo parlor, or a princess who got deflowered in a castle on silk sheets?

Don't be shy, for once in my life, I am going judgment free because I want to hear good stories.

Please provide special emphasis on any lessons you learned from it, or anything particularly notable (like losing it in an ice cream truck or something). I ask that you don't lie about little details to make yourself sound cooler, I find authenticity very important for stories like this.

However, if you are going to lie, please go full tilt and make it hilarious, like a Penthouse Letters or Dr. Swole story.

**I'll link here to any bloggers who post their stories**, you can also link this post to give a pingback.

I posted before about **how I lost my virginity**. I hope you enjoy it as much as I did.

Lucky Lothario kicked things off nicely with **"My first sexual performance was critiqued by a cartoon taxi."**

Sploosh chimes in with a heart-warming tale: **"Sex instantly became my favorite activity"**

Wald gets his cherry popped on a greek Island. **"I don't even remember her name"**

Beppo Venerdi with a dehydrated same night lay. We've all been there. **"I was taken aback that she would let someone she barely knew raw dog her."**

Tin Man pens some Christian school erotica. Thou shalt bang the girl with the nice ass. **"I cum – right there inside her – I couldn't stop it – it just happened."**

Captain Crunch falls prey to shiksappeal. Oy vey! **"No one knew I was a virgin since I put this persona up that clearly said I wasn't."**

Dannyfrom504 with an afterschool special **"girl was KILLING IT by repeating, "don't cum inside me Danny." every 15 seconds"**

EmmatheEmo lives out every girl's dream: **"I emailed him and offered a FWB arrangement."**

Hollentunder with some virgin on virgin action: **"She cried, i fucked her for like an hour or more"**

The Shido gets high and bangs a girl in a truck. Classy. **"she whispers the magic words: "I want**

**you to fuck me.”**

Judge Miller slams it to a German. She reich-y very much. **“Despite me drinking the entire day, I go raw and last about 3 pumps”**

Introducing KaitlynSploosh, naughty secret slut. **“We only fucked for a few minutes, apparently I was so tight I almost instantly made him have to cum haha.”**

Rojo gets raped-o. **“I told her, I was not going to have sex with her”**

Also, speaking of high school shit, on twitter I posted this pic of me at age 17 at a house party. More specifically, this was taken in a garage at a house party where I thought we had privacy (my friends are dicks).



Hilarious.

Yes, the dark hair and tan is because I am part Italian, the apparent beta eagerness is because I WAS FUCKING 17, but I'll allow myself to chalk some of it up to novice drunkenness. Note how I am nearly falling off the couch to make out with this girl (who was a total sweetheart by the way).

I'm embarrassed and proud all at the same time. I can't look at this picture without laughing.

Being able to hook up in carpenter jeans should win me some sort of merit badge. Still have them.

Anyways, enough about me.

Spill it.

## A few more virginity stories

November 4, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

In accordance with [Virginity Stories Week](#), I talked to some friends this weekend and grilled them about their first dalliance with the pleasures of flesh.

Here are their stories, shared without permission, but under false names, so whatever:

My friend “Jim”:

“Me and (slut girlfriend) decided to do it, but our parents were strict, so one night we went and “parked” near this soccer field. I put on two condoms and we started going at it. Right when I was about to jizz we were blinded by bright lights. I realize it is a cop car. We scramble to get covered as he approaches the window.

He flashes his Maglite into our car and asks her if she is there “under her own free will”. She said “yes”, and he told us to get out of there. Apparently some local house had seen us park and called the cops. Happens a lot, he said. Fucking cockblocks. She freaked out and wouldn’t do it again for like 3 months. Does it still count as losing your virginity if you didn’t jizz?”

My friend “Jess”:

“I was a freshman in high school and the guy was 19- he lived in my neighborhood. It was so painful that I made him stop like every 30 seconds. He couldn’t have liked it. I thought we were in love but he broke up with me the next week.”

My friend “Erica”:

“The guy was a senior in my high school, my first boyfriend, very cute and popular but he had the worst premature ejaculation ever. He would start jizzing almost as soon as he stuck it in. We tried everything, I would even blow him to completion right before hand, and he’d still cum right away. We never fixed that problem, after he went to college we broke up. What a waste.”

My friend “Sam”:

“I had been flirting with this girl all of Freshman year (college), but she had a boyfriend. Finally, she wanted to hook up one night. I told her I wouldn’t do it until she broke up with her boyfriend. She told me they had broken up earlier that day. So I fucked her. Lasted a long time, too, like a half hour. I really didn’t expect to have that kind of stamina. Anyways, I found out the next day she had lied to me and hadn’t broken up with the guy yet. Fucking slut, I swear.”

Please submit your stories to the [Virginity Stories Week](#) post.

# How To Lose Your Virginity

November 5, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Virginity Stories Week has been a success thus far. I'm enjoying reading all the stories of sin and lost innocence. You fornicators are going to hell in good company.

If you haven't shared your story yet, please do so on the **[Virginity Stories Week](#)** post.

But how about some tips for those among us who haven't been lucky enough to take the Yellow Brick Road to Oz?

## **The Diamonds in the Rough Theory**

I want to give some advice to high schoolers, because many are frustrated virgins.

Firstly, No group is quicker to assort themselves into a rigid social hierarchy than high school students.

For the guys, it is athletes, good looking guys and badasses in the top social circles.

Guys are then sorted all the way down based on how athletic, good looking and badass they are.

Usually there are groups of 5-10 guys on the same social level, from the coolest Joe Quarterback and his running backs to the fat pimpled guy browsing Reddit and his A/V friends. The best confirmation of what social status you have is what lunch table you sit at.

For high school girls, hotness is the best predictor of female status, just as it is in real life.

Generally the 5-10 hottest girls hang out together, and the girls are then sorted all the way down into social groups based on beauty.

However, the sorting mechanisms are imperfect. There is always at least one fat or ugly girl who gets in with a more popular social group because she is "nice" and has name-brand style. Being in with the hot girls, the cool popular guys are forced to be nice to her, which gives her more status.

Don't lament this because the imperfect sorting mechanism works in your favor, too.

It is an immutable law of High School that you can easily hook up with people below your social status.

Well there are always some hot and cute girls who never reach popularity for whatever reason.

Maybe they have no interest in the popular girl activities like dance, cheerleading, soccer, or whatever. Maybe they are just really shy. It doesn't matter. What matters is that they are diamonds in the rough and if you are not a popular guy, they should be your primary target.

See, a dirty secret is that in high school, popular and near-popular guys like their status and will overlook an unpopular cute girl if she's more than a few branches beneath him on the social tree or doesn't make herself available at his drinking parties.

This is retarded. I was one of those guys and I can think of 15 hot girls, off the top of my head, that I should have hooked up with but didn't. A little flirting in class and a study date and I would have had my hand under C-cup Gina's sweater, but I was way too cool for that.

Yes, I was absolutely retarded until I was 22 years old. But trust me, it wasn't just me, I have talked to some other popular-ish guys from my high school who have shared the same thoughts (usually about the same girls).

The popular guys loss can be your gain.

Identify the cute, quiet, freshly blossomed girls who go right home after school and don't party.

Flirt with them.

Hang out with them.

Date them.

Fuck them.

Then, of course, shut up about it and fuck another one.

# Stand Up For Yourself, You Fucking Pussy

November 6, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

*This post is for men only. Sorry girls and democrats, you won't understand. Stop reading now.*

There was a buzz in the NFL when Jonathan Martin left the Dolphins, citing “emotional issues”. It turned out he was being “bullied” by some guys, most notably Richie Incognito.

Incognito, this big bad man, who dropped half an N word, picked up Martin by the ankles and shook his lunch money out of his pockets, among other things.

The whole world is now aghast at his actions. This racist, bigoted, bully. This MONSTER picking on a helpless, innocent victim.

Alright, Incognito is obviously a bit of a dick.

Take your schoolyard bully, give him steroids, and you get Richie Incognito. He's not the type of guy I'd invite over for a cigar.

But there's nothing special or particularly egregious about his bullying. Every school in America has a Richie Incognito. Many NFL teams probably have a Richie Incognito. It's not always national news.

So how did I end up watching this shit on ESPN?

Jonathan Martin is a pussy, that's how.

As the talking heads all condemned this vile big, bad white man, one voice of sanity was Mike Ditka who said “I would have taken the guy outside and had a swing at him”.

As anyone with an ounce of masculinity says “duh”.

Okay, maybe YOU wouldn't take a swing at 6'3", 320 lb Richie Incognito. Maybe the punter wouldn't.

But this guy should have:





Willingness to fight wins respect. Even if the bully kicks your ass, he's not going to want to fight again. Even a smaller guy can get a lucky shot in there.

Raise your fists, win respect and peace.

Most people who hang around guys know that it really does not often come to that. If you have a little wit and descended testicles, you stop this shit right in its tracks.

This shit always starts verbally.

If Incognito jokes about me, I laugh and get in a few good shots right back.

He keeps it up, I give his fatass the nickname "Little Debbie". He might find a box of Zebra Cakes in his locker the next day. If anyone else starts calling him that, you win.

He leaves me a "threatening" voicemail, I laugh it, play it for other guys on the team, then start calling their phones and saying it's "Richie" and leaving exaggerated threatening voicemails on their phones as a joke.

You take his tactic, and make him into a joke. Amused Mastery.

Like I said, you have to be willing to fight but its a last resort. It's a card you must play somewhere before crying and leaving your million dollar contract.

But when it comes down to it, whose fault is all this, really?

Ryan Tannehill.

Sorry, I can't explain why. You either understand or you don't.

P.S. – I think the glorification of hypermasculinity, sociopathic type shit in the Manosphere might lead us to conclude that Richie Incognito is a supreme alpha male. I disagree with that assessment to be honest. I mean, the guy gets pussy for sure, but I fully agree with Bart Scott's quote on the situation:

"You got to be some type of loser in your spare time away from the building you want to call me and leave threatening messages and text messages on my phone"



# Hey Everybody, We're All Gonna Get Laid

November 8, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

**“I told her forget this handjob shit, I’m 18 and I need to get laid” – My friend Rich, ten years ago talking about his girlfriend**

Virginity Stories Week is now coming to a close.

I want to thank you guys for making it so special.

This was my first Virginity Stories Week, so I’ll never forget you.

I’ll call you sometime.

If you still haven’t shared how you allowed your innocence to be taken, please do so on the original [post here](#).

For those of you who did share, don’t worry. Jesus died for your sins.

For those of you who are still virgins, and are thus at risk of being given to al-qaeda suicide bombers in the afterlife, I offer my final advice:

They’ll tell you to fake it til you make it.

It is repeated often for a reason: it’s excellent advice. If you meet some girl at a bar or house party and you want to get your pencil wet, you’re not going to blurt out that you’re a virgin.

BUT

You could just own it.

I had a friend in college who was actually good with girls. But he was a Virgin until Junior Year, never lied about it. One time he brought a girl back and they were making out and she suggested they fuck.

He told her no.

His exact words to her, “If I’m going to have sex with a girl I want it to be a girl who is really, really, hot or a girl that I really, really like”.

Jeez, sort of a nuclear neg, right?

She kept coming around though. A few of her friends started to become more interested in him as well.

Alright I’m not suggesting that as a game tactic. He wasn’t using it as one, he is just really stupid and was speaking his mind. But there’s a lesson there, isn’t there?

Fuck if I know. You figure it out.

The title of this post is an all time great quote that I still bust out at parties now and then.

# Why Do Feminists Think Women Are Only Good For Sex?

November 11, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

If somebody told me “Your 200 meter dash time isn’t as fast as it was in high school.”

I’d say, “Yeah, I’m still pretty fast, though. Besides, since then I’ve done this, this, this, and this. So I don’t care too much about the 200 meter.”

I would not respond: “No way, men’s 200 meter dash times get faster with age!”

See where I’m going with this?

A girl’s sexual value decreases dramatically after her early twenties. This is a fact, it is accepted everywhere by anyone whose ego is not damaged by it.

But please note the emphasis on SEXUAL. It is but one area of life. It implies nothing about a girl’s value as a human.

I have a cousin in Padua, Italy who is a nun. No shit, a real live nun. Kinda cool. I’ve seen pics of her in her youth, and she was pretty, but she is mid-forties now and her sex value is pretty damn close to zero.

Her actual, human value is pretty damn high, though. She is involved in charity, educating youth, and all sorts of good nun-ey activity.

Her value to a PUA’s dick – 0

Her value to the social cohesion of her family and community – 9 or 10

A bit extreme, huh? Surely I don’t advocate every woman become a nun.

But you sure as shit should have something in your life other than sex to make you happy.

For most women, this ends up being family.

Sane 32 year old woman – “I’m raising my kids not to be fuckups, I’m staying thin for my husband, and I took up art!”

Weird 32 year old feminist – “I’m as hot as a 22 year old and I give dating advice on my blog even though I don’t have a boyfriend!”

**Since the decline in female sexual value is an absolute, immutable law of nature, if you don’t take pride in something other than sex you are guaranteed to get sadder with age.**

What about a woman with a Great Career™?

The problem with this is most feminists conflate all value with the sexual.

It’s never about the career. It’s about how hot she thinks the career makes her.

Naturally, it doesn’t.

I harpooned a [\*\*commenter here\*\*](#) (Warning: Highly Entertaining), listen to part of her argument:

**| if a woman has other ‘cultural capital’, she may be more attractive than a 10**

Right, horny men across the globe click to porn sites and search “girl with cultural capital gives blow job” to rub one out.

Seriously, though its kind of hard to argue against “cultural capital” isn’t it? Your logical brain can’t do it. It’s almost as if its NOT ACTUALLY A REAL THING.

How about this one, “if a woman has other wharrgarrbbl, she may be more attractive than a 10.”

As I said before, **stop arguing with feminists**. You are wasting your logic.

Overton windows stay open because we won’t shut them.

When a feminist says “Women don’t lose hotness until they’re 35!!”, you don’t protest.

You don’t argue.

You smirk, turn back to your sane company, and say “Anyways, as I was saying....”

There are no debates in patriarchy.

# How To Be A Real Man and Buy Girls Drinks In Bars

November 12, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Her royal naughtiness, Kaitlyn Kitten, has a post about [how to score free drinks from suckers in bars](#). Her tips are probably great for getting the average striped shirt to pony up for a drink, but they won't work on you, my loyal reader.

I realize you are by now a master player who reads this blog during your refractory period between banging lingerie models, but it doesn't hurt to practice.

Let's go through some of the lines she uses on suckers.

## | What are you drinking?

A girl feeds this line to a beta and he says "Rum and Coke, do you want a sip? Do you want one?"

You say:

A straightforward answer: "Maker's Mark"

or a joke Answer: "Whole Milk. It helps me look good naked."

## | Why aren't you drinking?

Beta: Feels insecure and either qualifies himself, or is immediately pressured to buy a drink for himself, and the girl.

Alpha: "I'm on acid"

## | I'm going to the bar and get a drink

The beta, seeing that the cute girl is about to leave, jumps at this opportunity. I'm empty too, I'll come with you, lets get a rum and coke, put it on my tab, will you marry me, etc.

A guy with game handles this quite easily:

"Alright. Come find me later."

## | We should take a shot together!

The beta responds enthusiastically and is soon stuck with the bill.

Alpha accuses her of trying to get him drunk to take advantage of him.

## | "Will you buy me a drink?" "Will you get me one of whatever your drinking?"

You could just say no.

Or you could fight boldness with boldness.

"Make out with me."

Cuts through the bullshit. If she's just using you for a drink, she won't make out with you. If she does make out with you, don't buy her the drink. She's not a prostitute, after all, is she?

If a girl is really targeting you for a drink and isn't attracted to you at all, these responses won't necessarily flip the script, but they'll help you save some face.

If a girl thinks less of you because you won't buy her a drink, she didn't think that much of you in the

first place.

As Kaitlyn says in her post, if she can't get a drink out of a guy quickly, she'll move on. For this reason, I really don't have any problem buying a drink for a girl if I initiate, and if we've been talking for a while and have a genuine connection. Most gold-diggers simply won't hang in there that long, and if they do their lack of genuine warmth will be obvious if she's not attracted.

Playing it that way I've found it has no real impact on the success of the pick-up. If a guy says he never, ever buys a girl a drink it's a surefire sign of keyboard jockeying.

# The New York Ho Hierarchy

November 14, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Let's go ahead and generalize the shit out of the girls you'll meet in New York City, shall we?

Any objections?

Didn't think so.

**Westchester Girl:** Hot, Rich and Sweet. The cream of the crop.

**North Jersey Girl:** Good Looking, Usually nice. I've said before, Jersey girls really need better PR. They are nowhere near as bad as people think.

or maybe they are:

**South Jersey Girl:** Insufficient data. I have no experience with girls who grew up south of Princeton. Someone help me out. Could south Jerz bitches be dragging down the reps of their sisters up north?

**Long Island Girl:** Hot, Rich and Bitchy. They lead the league in shit tests per minute. But they're hot and wear tight cocktail dresses until december. You'll get used to the accent, but not the protective family.

**Transplant:** Meaning she grew up anywhere but the NY area and moved here for a job. Was probably an 8 in her hometown, but she is a 6 or 7 in NYC and is brunching her way to a 5. Likes Sex and the City. Enjoying the carousel. Not girlfriend material.

**Manhattan Girl:** If a girl grew up in Manhattan she is most likely Jewish, and a feminist. Not attractive or sweet.

**Queens, misc. ethnicity:** No data. There are plenty of asian, hispanic and indian sections of queens that I have no experience with. Fill me in.

**Italian Queens Girl:** If you think Italian looking girls are hot (I do), you'll like these girls. They tend to have attitudes like their fathers, but you could do a lot worse.

**Staten Island Girl:** This is what people think of when they hear "Jersey Shore". I swear they are all fucking hairdressers and bartenders. Take a pass, the Verrazano toll is up to \$15 and she's not worth it.

**Bronx Girl:** Fat shaniqua don't need no man. STD likely, job unlikely.

**Greenpoint girl:** The secret pocket of Polish and Russian slavic beauties in GP is a breath of fresh air.

So there you have it, everything you need to know about NY before visiting, so come on by and don't stop walking in the middle of the sidewalk.

Are you a girl who lives in NYC and sad that I missed your group? Please let me know so I can stereotype you immediately.

# Mr. President, Tear Down This Pedestal

November 15, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Ronald Reagan wrote a letter to his son Michael just days before his marriage.

Take a read.

A few excerpts:

It does take quite a man to remain attractive and to be loved by a woman who has heard him snore, seen him unshaven, tended him while he was sick and washed his dirty underwear.

.....

Any man can find a twerp here and there who will go along with cheating, and it doesn't take all that much manhood.

.....

There are more men griping about marriage who kicked the whole thing away themselves than there can ever be wives deserving of blame.

.....

P.S. You'll never get in trouble if you say "I love you" at least once a day.

.....

To claim Reagan was beta would be ridiculous. He wasn't. But he did have alpha tunnel vision.

The gist of his letter is basically this: Don't cheat and your innocent princess wife will never leave you.

Probably true if you're Ronald Reagan. Handsome hollywood actor turned most powerful man in the world.

Your average guy needs a little more advice than that, dad.

As a few blogs gushed over how nice and sweet the letter was, I'll remind them that **Michael Reagan's marriage ended in less than a year**. Probably not because she found lipstick on his collar.

# Avoiding False Rape Accusations: A Primer

November 21, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Rape is a horrible thing...you know, if it actually happens.

It's common knowledge among men and anyone who has had an actual conversation with an honest police officer that there are women out there who claim they have been raped even if they haven't.

Because false rape claims can destroy an innocent man's reputation, finances, freedom and future, they are as vicious and unjust as forcible rape itself. As a man, you must protect yourself against these claims with as much vigor as a woman should defend herself against actual rape.

The motivations behind false rape claims are almost invariably shame, regret, need for attention, and to protect social status. You should plan accordingly with the following strategies.

**Rule #1: Be Discreet.** When you bang a girl, shut the fuck up about it. Do what you can to make sure nobody finds out and that she knows nobody will find out. I believe the vast majority of false rape cases can be avoided by taking this alone into account. If a girl considers you a "mistake", you can at least afford her the right to deal with her shame and regret privately by not blabbing about it.

Before you bang, set the frame that you're a discreet guy. What happens in Vegas. Do nothing leading up to or after the hookup that will cause her to lose face or respect with her social circle or people she knows. This is why you should be especially cautious anywhere you are banging her where there are people around. It is not a coincidence that a large amount of the false rape stories I hear of are at house parties.

**Don't make her feel like a slut afterwards.** Cuddle, let her sleep over if she wants, get breakfast with her in the morning. Keep an unapologetic, non-judgemental frame. "That was hot, I'm unashamed about what we just did and you are not a slut and we're not telling anybody" is the unspoken subtext of your post-bang game. A woman who feels like a man used her for sex and then shunned her is far more likely to claim rape.

**Don't Gangbang** There's just something about getting gangbanged that triggers and "omg I'm a whore" moment in a girl the next day. Wonder why? Of course, she will have to rationalize not being a whore, and can very easily land on "I was raped". Two or more guys ganging up on a girl will trigger sympathy in police, white knights, and other authorities.

**Avoid girls who complain they've been raped/abused in the past.** As a general rule the faster a girl brings this up after you meet, the more likely it is to be a lie. The best predictor of future behavior is past behavior, so she will lie about it again. When a girl is actually raped or abused, it is a big deal for her to talk about it with someone. Bar whores who flaunt the "I was raped" thing are despicable because they are trivializing what girls who were actually raped go through. If a girl who was actually raped tells you, you will be able to tell she is telling the truth, because she won't talk about it at a table full of guys, baiting them for sympathy. Just say no to attention whores.

**Be careful with girls who have boyfriends/husbands.** It is especially important to be discreet with these girls, or avoid them altogether, because they will do anything to rationalize why the cheating is not their fault. There is little they can say to make it not their fault, so the rationalization process runs wild and can easily land on "I got raped". An important note: Beta males have a rationalization process similar to females and would rather believe their little tramp is a virtuous victim than confront the harsh nature of female hypergamy. Simply put: Her boyfriend will probably believe her



if she says you raped her, and he'll seek to inflict harm on you in some way. Police aren't your only enemy here.

**Get to know her first** One night stands are far more likely to cry rape. This is not a failsafe, but the better you know a girl the more signs you'll see that she's a rape-accusing psycho. I know you won't take my advice here, and I am a hypocrite on this point, but there it is.

**Be alpha.** If you are awesome, girls will feel a lot less shame and regret. Publicly alpha celebrities do get targeted for false rape claims but they are usually douchebags (Big Ben) or a quick payday for the accuser (Kobe) or actual rapists (Mike Tyson, probably). Also, sometimes girls who get pumped and dumped by celebrities are left feeling like, that's it? I fucked a celebrity, I should get a trophy! They want to milk it for all its worth: attention, money, whatever. You likely don't have that worry. Just be alpha.

**Be good in bed.** It is just my theory that most false rape claims are borne from quick, unsatisfying encounters. If you fuck her good multiple times and make her cum, she is a lot less likely to claim you raped her.

**Don't be all over her in public.** Sometimes good game is the best defense against a false rape charge. The last thing you need is witnesses saying you were feeling all over her and following her around. Don't get me wrong, physical escalation is a very important facet of game but while you are in public, keep her wanting more. Save the heavy hitting action for private, and if you are going to fuck in a club bathroom, she shouldn't know your real name or any personal information and her friends should not be aware of what is happening.

**Be aware that she can blame alcohol.** Clearly I am not saying you should never fuck a drunk girl, as that is my favorite thing on earth to do, but be aware that alcohol is a contributing factor in nearly all false rape accusations, especially in confluence with any number of the above factors.

**Do nothing creepy afterwards.** If it was a quick one night stand or fling, don't add her on facebook or text her anything needy. If she thinks you may cause drama, or remind her of her mistake, she may feel the need to villainize you before you can cause her any negative emotions or damage public perception of her.

**Anonymity** is a good option for one night stands. If you are playing the short game, there is a strong case for fake names (or first name only at the very least) and fake or no-exchange of phone numbers.

**Do NOT apologize** if she expresses regret or says she feels "weird" about what happened. Don't make her feel guilty or slutty for what happened. Don't try to justify your actions in any way, as that can be perceived as guilt. Don't criticize her emotions. Just blame society for being unfair about sex and say adults should be able to do what they want without feeling guilty. Reiterate discreet and non-judgmental frames. I recommend you save all texts and get an app that automatically records all your phone calls if you have a smart phone.

**Fuck at your place and film it discreetly.** Yes this is not always practical, it is illegal in some jurisdictions, and it may not even be admissible in court, but you have little to lose when faced with a "your word vs. hers" rape accusation in court. There are plenty of options for hiding a camera in plain sight.

**Get text confirmation.** Some players have thoughts on this. I do not have a standard anti-rape confirmation text routine but you are free to offer yours in the comment section.

If the police come knocking, **shut the fuck up** and consult an attorney. Don't say anything that will

help some slapdick DA looking to run for mayor build his case. Fuck tha police.

# Slut Shaming Is For Confident Men Only

November 27, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

I'm a complicated man. Chicks dig that.

One example is that I am an advocate for female virtue by day, but a pussy smashing player by night. That isn't a contradiction.

I'm confident in my ability to get laid no matter what the dominant level of female virtue (or lack thereof) in society. So I slut shame... hard.

If girls become less slutty I'm only helping myself... I'll be fucking better quality.

However, some guys aren't able to compete on this grass, so they want to lay down astroturf. They want girls to be sluttier, not more virtuous. Their answer is not to improve themselves, it is to drag the girls down to their level.

These "non-judgmental" guys are dogs who can't reach the table to eat so they are trying really hard to convince you to drop all the cheeseburgers on the floor. They're all the same anyway, right?

No.

Consider a scenario where the harder a lock is to pick, the greater the treasure that lies within. It just so happens I have expert lock-picking skills and I don't want any chump with a paperclip coming along and getting a share of my gold.

I don't want it to be easier to get laid.

I want it to be harder.

If slut shaming was ever so effective that it generated a perfectly monogamous society, then I'd marry the hottest girl around and enjoy the beautiful civilization. What a punishment that would be.

# No Really, What Does a Feminist Look Like?

December 4, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Drink up a Frost-y cold glass of wisdom over at Thumotic.

He does a helluva job breaking down who is attracted to feminism and why.

Let me toss in my two bitcoins:

Feminism is just another example of the destructive Progressive Principle in action.

What is the Progressive Principle?

As far as I can tell it has been touched on but largely skirted around by my fellow Dark Enlightenment bloggers, so I'm here to define it in plainspeak for you all:

**The Progressive Principle is a means by which a small group of elites team up with the loser dregs of society to exploit the traditional middle class for personal gain.**

**The elites win, the loser dregs win a pyrrhic victory and are made worse off, the traditional middle class gets robbed of culture, values, money and happiness.**

This principle is seen in every progressive cause throughout history.

Let's do an exercise, for each of these causes, figure out:

- (a) who is the elite class using the cause for a profit or power grab
- (b) who is the weak underclass supporting the elite class, but winning a pyrrhic victory in the process?
- (c) who are the traditional people getting robbed of value

Feminism

Immigration

War

Public Education

Corporate Welfare

Academia

Democracy

Universal Equal Rights

Fiat Currency

Gay Rights

When you open your eyes, it isn't hard to see, is it?

As long as there is value in the world being produced by a civilized group, you'll have a group of people looking to run the table and seize that value by teaming up with the numbers of a weaker class by convincing them they are being exploited.

Civilization is the exception to the rule.

Okay, lets back da fuck up.

Our topic today is feminism.

Given your newfound knowledge of the world, what does a feminist look like?

Well, who are the winning women? You have an elite group of women like Sheryl Sandberg gaining fame and fortune and TED talks and Slate writing gigs (while often having hypocritical home

**lives**). Power-suited TV and movie execs, and romance novelists profiting from vaginal tingles. Female politicians winning office with utopian vaginal promises. Ultra-hot young girls profiting with acting gigs, fame, and cash and prizes.

Who is the underclass shooting themselves in the face? A set of frumpy or marginal women, and even attractive but weak, high time preference women convincing themselves they deserve all the alpha cock they can eat. Their pyrrhic victory is they win their five minutes of alpha but are **unhappy for the rest of their life**, and their children and family life have worse outcomes. Also in this subset are the ugly, the old and STD ridden, who wish for all women to be ugly, old and STD ridden.

Who are the traditional class being eroded? Nice looking pleasant fertile young women who are finding men much less willing to give them the level of commitment they should get, because there's so much free sex going around. Their incentive to hold out for sex is gone. Put out or the only guy who will commit to you is a pussy-whipped chump. If you want to start having kids in your most fertile years you are considered weird and probably Mormon.

And the men?

Who are the winners? Alphas like Robin Thicke running the table on pussy, just let him liberate ya. Also, male politicians and movie/media execs sailing the menstrual flow for fun and profit. These men invented feminism. Like all smart men, they invented something that is useful for them. (I'll bet a little investigation would show the real power behind women's suffrage were profiteers who knew women would vote their interests money from the state coffers. Just a theory.)

The underclass is friendzoned stick figures and fat pimple faced video game playing cat owning white knights who believe supporting feminist causes might get an ounce of pussy thrown their way. Their pyrrhic victory is that their feminist cause wins, but they are only making it harder for themselves to get laid in a world where girls can easily fuck upwards in SMV.

Who is the traditional class getting fucked (only figuratively of course)? The good guys with low time preference who would make great dads and contribute to society if they have the incentive of a nice family. They get their status stripped from them, they have a decreasing pool of thin, fertile, chaste girls to choose a wife from and if they do get married, they're issued divorces and alimony bills for not being hawt enough.

Lets keep it real, niggas: A lot of you are probably in that last group, but are trying your best to alpha your way into the first group.

Without feminism a lot of you never would have learned game in the first place, you'd be too busy with a nice family.

But you're a 7 and that nice 7 who would have made a fine bride for you in 1870 fucked the Left Wing of the hockey team in college where a Federally subsidized loan paid for her to get a sociology degree, which allows her to look down on any man who works with his hands and now the thought of marrying her disgusts you.

It is what it is. You can't fight the terrain.

So what do you do?

You either keep trying to find a bride from a shrinking pool of prospects, and fight for your share of civilization.

or

You say fuck it, master the game, fuck the sluts and ruin other guy's potential wives, and kick your

feet up **poolside** as the world burns.

Choose your path.

Can anyone really blame you if you choose the latter? I can't. I may even join you. The world stopped caring first. Fuck it.

\*

Margaret Thatcher said the problem with socialism is eventually you run out of other people's money.

I'll go a few steps further, Mrs. Prime Minister: **The trouble with progressivism is eventually you run out of other people's civilization to plunder.**

So what's gonna happen? Who knows.

All I can say is it's gonna be one hell of a century.

Pass me a cigar.

# What will Gramma Selfie be like?

December 10, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

I had a dream that all the babies prevented by the pill showed up one day. Boy were they pissed off. – Steven Wright

The pill. Wingman of the century?

A girl was telling me about a very fertile problem one of her friends was having. In a candid moment I told her that maybe girls shouldn't have sex with a guy whose kids they wouldn't have. She looked at me as if I had just kicked her fluffy dog in the face.

“You're not serious, right?”

Weird. Such a statement was just common knowledge of every person throughout history. Until now.

Now it is a girl's right to fuck without consequences.

Well sorry, Rick Santorum, you can't fight the terrain and you look like an idiot trying.

The pill is here. It's staying.

Instead, let's all just take a deep breath and enjoy the selective pressure it is placing on us.

What type of people will still reproduce in a world with the pill?

Smart people who have very strong maternal and paternal instincts and really want kids, and people who don't want kids but are too dumb and high time preference to use birth control properly.

The rich get richer, the underclass get more underclass-y.

Smart people who like sex more than kids will breed themselves out. Sayonara. Or they'll wait so long to have kids that autism, down syndrome and 'weird-only-childism' rates will rise significantly. Flush that through a few generations and see what happens.

So what will Gramma Selfie be like? She won't be.

# One Of The Ones That Got Away

December 17, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

## College, Winter 2005

It's 1:50 a.m. and the bar closes at 2.

I slug the rest of my beer. I'm about to walk home alone, mildly depressed.

Then I see her.

The girl who had eye fucked me in the library earlier in the week is now standing by the coat rack, staring at me. I return the favor.

I give a little smile. She smiles back and looks at the ground, shyly.

I walk towards her, mind completely blank.

I stop in front of her, and search for an opener but my gears are gamelocked. "Hi" I say.

"Hi" She says, smiling again.

For a few seconds we are just looking at each other. She has this auburn-brown hair and great blue eyes. Very cute face, and she's skinny with a great rack.

There was a sort of electricity between us, I can't really describe it. I hadn't really felt anything like it before or since. There was just this deep two way attraction.

I don't know what spurred me to do it, but the next words out of my mouth were:

"I'm about to go back to my apartment. Do you want to come?"

"Yeah" she said, as if she had been waiting for me to ask.

Kids, don't try that at home.

We walk the four blocks back to my apartment, hand in hand (what can I say, I'm romantic). At one point I pin her against a car and start making out with her. She is an amazing kisser.

We get to my apartment. I give her the quick tour and take her to my room where she sits down on my bed, smiling.

We start making out, I lean her down on her back, but she resists and straightens back up.

We start making out again, I go to rub her tits but she pushes my hand away.

Contrary to what big meanies say about me online, I am not a rapist, so I stop.

I run through all the LMR tactics available at the time. Doesn't work.

We start kissing again and when I moved to escalate again, she says "I have to go".

She hurries towards my door, hurriedly putting her shoes on. It was already lost but I can't play it aloof because I don't even have her number so I follow her outside trying to convince her to come back inside.

It was just too soon.

I watch her walk down the street into the darkness.

I don't know what happened. She said she hadn't been drinking. She could have had a boyfriend. I could have done something clunky and uncharming that I'm unaware of. Or maybe she made a rational calculation that fucking a potential unreliable man was a bad evolutionary choice.



Either way, I would never see her again.

There's plenty of one-night stands that I've forgotten about but this girl pops into my head from time to time. I'd pay a large finders fee for anyone that could point me in her direction, but I don't even know her name.

Anyways after a solid 10 or so years in the game, it seems the girls I remember are the ones I loved, and the ones who didn't let me fuck them. So there's a lesson somewhere in there.

# A Home Worth Wrecking

December 18, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

When I moved to New York a while ago I messaged this girl who I knew also lived there.

She was just a girl I knew through some people and had met at a few parties. She is a very cute blond who was into partying, so ever the long term thinker, I decided I should try to friendzone her and go to bars/clubs with her and use her for social proof. Hot chicks are like currency in the night life scene.

Anyways, she made lots of promises to meet up, but kept flaking. No big deal as I wasn't trying to bang her anyway.

Some time later I sent her a message

"Hey you should come to X tomorrow. It's my girlfriend's birthday"

Like a nuclear bomb set off, she suddenly wants me.

OMG you have a girlfriend?!?

Shows up to the party dressed like her life depended on looking hot.

Starts grabbing my biceps when my girlfriend isn't looking.

Tells me I'm hot.

Invites me out for drinks the next day to "catch up".

Alright, of course I didn't fuck her even though I could have. I did actually have a girlfriend. In retrospect, a tactical error to invite her out in the first place.

I could say preselection works. I could also say women are hardwired to be homewreckers. Choose your own lesson.

# Monogamy, Beauty, and Peacocks

December 19, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

“Monogamy isn’t natural”

That’s what free-lovin PUAs will tell you, at least.

You know what, though?

For certain people who evolved from certain areas of the world, monogamy is natural. When tough environments gave women fewer opportunities for food gathering, provisioning from males was very important.

...and it was very costly for a man to support more than one mate.

Competition for men was high, so over time women became more beautiful.

Men who were not monogamous had worse outcomes as their kids and mates got less food from them.

This gave rise to K-selection, female beauty, and eventually modern civilization.

So yes, for certain men, monogamy is the most natural thing in the world. These men grow up with these instincts.

Without it, the term “oneitis” wouldn’t exist. For a guy who gets oneitis in his teens, this is his natural state. You may have been there.

The problem is monogamous K-selected men got a little bit too good at this civilization building thing, and they made things a little bit too comfortable for everyone.

Now the modern world is in an r-selected state. Women have all they need. They don’t need men right now for anything but thrills, hence they choose men for flashy alphaness rather than long-term provisioning potential.

The problem is this is exactly the type of selective pressure that produces the ugliest women.

The beauty and civilization that was forged over thousands of cold winters is being squandered by modern prosperity.

So yes, monogamy is natural. It is a good thing for the world. And as monogamy goes, so goes civilization and female beauty.

Remember, the peacock is the male.

Female beauty is the exception to the rule.

And it might be here for a limited time only.

# The Quickest Way to Win an Argument

December 20, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

You can destroy any argument with one sentence.

Ready?

“Correlation does not equal causation”

Got you, sucka! Get your “data” and “evidence” outta here.

Ever argue with someone, present data and then hear them spout this off, as if it INVALIDATES the data completely?

They get to say these magic words and \*poof\* your data no longer exists.

The phrase has been so misused that now it means “I don’t like your conclusion so your correlation means nothing”.

Yes, correlation does not defacto equal causation. But its either (1) a pretty fucking good hint or (2) a hint that some other closely related variable produces the causation.

Anyways, just a trend I’ve noticed that people who hate correlations tend to be on the wrong side of the argument. The two are correlated, you might say.

# What are you guys drinking, appletinis??

December 24, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Keanu dropped in a nice anecdote a while ago:

A friend of mine who has no idea what game is, but is fucking awesome at having fun when we are out, used this gem the other night to get some girls talking to us:

He saunters up to a table of several girls, and slaps his hand down really hard on the table.

“Just got a promotion, Ladies! What are you guys drinking, appletinis?? I got four appletinis coming up for ya! Be right back!”

He then walks away, and does the same to maybe 2 or 3 other tables.

He comes back, we hang out, and he never gets anyone any drinks. Inevitably at least one of the girls will come up to him or see him later and be all, “Heyy!! Where is my appletini??”

Annnnd there are a lot of directions you can go with that one if you want to run some game type shit.

Bottom line, he’s doing everything for his OWN entertainment, and not worrying about whatever other people are thinking.

I like it.

Now, you don’t have to go out and do the promotion-appletini opener.

What I do recommend is having fun and being creative.

I’ve said that the best wingman is a guy you have fun with who doesn’t read about game. One reason is that guys who don’t know there’s a script are forced to meet girls through whatever force of personality they have. This means blue balled betas hover in the corner with a beer shield, but fun guys are more likely to send a table of girls shot glasses filled with water.

The average guy with “learned game” doesn’t think of the creative shit that naturally fun guys do.

Duh, so are you saying just be friends with naturals?

Sort of. But understand there are different levels to naturals. The term has become sort of glorified in the PUA community. I just mean a guy who is confident and fun around women, not necessarily a guy who gets laid every night.

I’ve had several friends I’d describe as “natural” with women who are in relationships or married, but they’re great at winging.

Anyways, my point is if you are not witty enough to freeball it and go off book you’ll eventually fail at game anyway. Even for a beginner, working off scripted game is only like 1% of what you’ll say in set.

P.S. Rumor has it that Krauser will have a book coming out on daygame. I’ll do a review later but I’ll say for now that if you are a straight male, you’ll want this book. Add Krauser to your RSS feed or bookmark him or whatever and make sure to pay attention when he releases the book.

# You Sandbaggin' Son Of A Bitch

December 30, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

In ninth grade I'd sit at a lunch table with my friends Sean and Jake and play what we dubbed "The game", that is for every girl that passed by we would say whether we'd do her or not.

Sean had the lowest standards of us all, Jake and I usually agreed, but one thing didn't fail: we could all make our decision almost instantly.

And that is the problem.

A woman wants to EARN her man.

But since men can make a decision in a split second, based on beauty which is inherited and not earned, it is really hard if not impossible for a woman to actually earn attraction.

A woman starts with a beauty rating, and that is really her peak rating, she can only lose points through rudeness, sluttiness, or shamelessness, very rarely can her personality score her points above her beauty.

Yet if you've ever heard a group of girls deliberate on how to reply to an alpha's text message, you know that they think they are actually running game on these guys.

It's a weird thought to guys running who spend so much time learning game: Girls think THEY are the ones doing the seducing.

That's why "PUA" is inherently a creepy and repellant concept to girls: they want to be the ones earning your attentions, not the other way around.

So don't say "check, please!" as soon as you catch a glimpse of her cleavage. Relax, ignore her cuteness, and let her win you the fuck over.

One of the things I do is sandbag my attraction a little, I'll be a little lukewarm to a hot girl until she says something I like, and then I'll pretend like she just hooked me with that.

"Yeah I thought you were just a typical NY girl until you said X. I like that a lot. Make sure I get your number before I leave"

"Make sure I get your number before I leave" is a great line for house parties or any type of setting where you are "working the room" so to speak.

It's essentially a compliance test. Girls are very interested will flip out their phones immediately to exchange numbers. This is what Krauser calls a "yes girl"

Shyer girls may not immediately initiate the exchange but they will seek you out again and if you expertly seeded some type of plans they'll nudge you into taking their number.

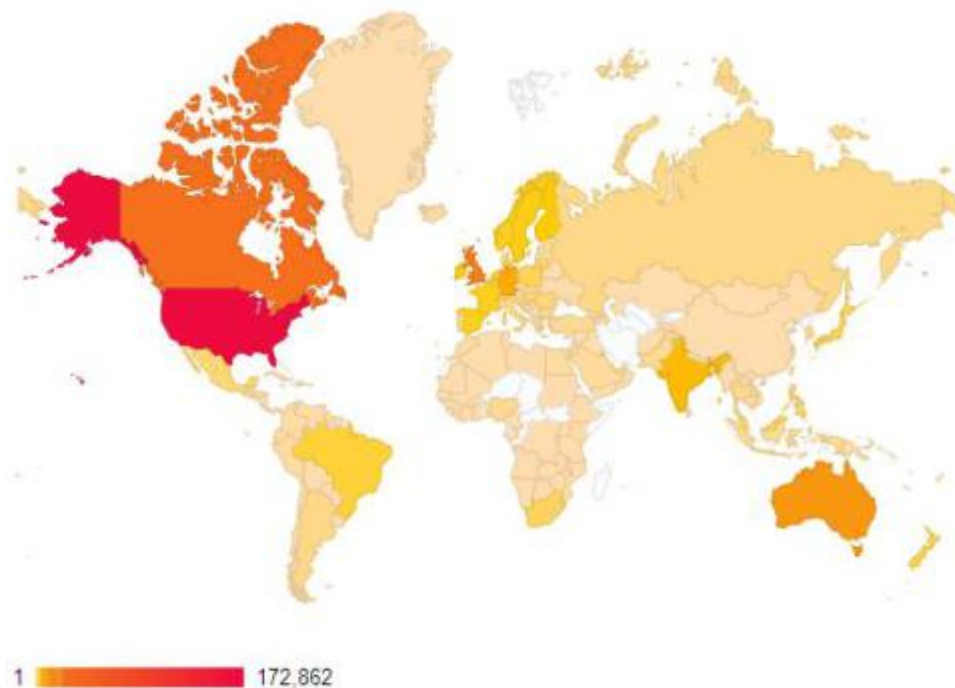
Note that if you misread a girl and she's not into you at all, there is little reason for her give you a flat out embarrassing rejection. You're simply offering to accept her number at a later time if she chooses to give it. There is no reason for her to say no. So she won't, she'll just avoid engrossing conversation with you for the rest of the night, which is a good thing. The last thing you need is a time waster, the last thing she needs is to be patronized with you pretending to be interested in her.

I like the way you read this post. Make sure to give me a comment before you leave.

# Laid Around the World

December 31, 2013 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---



Here is where I got traffic from this year.

It turns out the English-speaking anglosphere dominates the traffic for my webpage written in English. Couldn't have predicted that.

The rankings are USA, followed by Canada, UK and then Australia.

I am a little surprised but happy about my strong showing in Germany. Heil LaidNYC!

Looks like around 150 countries are represented but I'm way too lazy to count them all.

Still waiting on you, North Korea.

I only wish I could clone myself so I had more time to create brilliant insight.

Anyways, does my adoring audience have any suggestions for posts in 2014?

(Stole this post idea from [hbd\\*chick](#))

## Text Game: The Sarcastic Heart

January 2, 2014 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Heartiste has a series of posts about basically fucking with girls with aloof non-sequitur text game. [Ellipsis Game](#), [Pictogram text game](#), etc.

I'd like to toss in sarcastic heart game.

<3

Use it as the courtship equivalent of "you mad, bro?"

Every time I am in some sort of text or chat squabble where the girl starts getting emotional and unleashes a little on me, I respond only with a heart.

Here it is, in action:

**Her:** I can't believe you! ur such a dick

**Me:** <3

Stay thirsty, my friends.



# It's Not Her Fault

January 3, 2014 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Almost without exception, I've found that girls LOVE the movie Pretty Woman.

I've sat through this thing.

Basically the moral of the movie is that a woman deserves a rich handsome man to marry her even though she is LITERALLY A FUCKING WHORE.

Disgusting.

But this is the type of movie girls love.

It's not your fault you're a whore.

There are no consequences for being a whore.

You still deserve your alpha man.



She has a big fucking mouth

Movies, television, publishing, basically all media conspires to lie to women and give them false expectations.

In real life the Richard Gere character probably already married a babe when he was younger and has a family, or he is enjoying bachelorhood, fucking hot secretaries and would only marry a woman of class, if he ever gets married at all.

Life is one big judgement day and whores will not be saved.

But understand:

These media lies are fed to girls so much and often instilled by their parents as well that it's almost not their fault.

I can't get mad at girls for stuff like this.

I consider it took me until like age 22 to even start to figure the world was lying to me. If that happens to a girl she is already emotionally damaged with n=15 at that point.

Feminist indoctrination is a consistent, long-term form of child abuse.

By the time the damage is done, it is too late.

So while it is fun to shame hippos like [Lindy West who can't fit into an airplane seat](#).

But why don't we shame her de-balled father instead?

Patriarchy gives men responsibility. As such, a man has to answer for the behavior of the women he has influence over.

The blame for feminism lies not with the carb-loading shrills at Jezebel.

It lies with their sackless fathers.

# Why You Shouldn't Give A Shit About Your Conversion Rate

January 6, 2014 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Krauser put up [his 2013 stats](#).

There was a little grumbling in the comment section about his “conversion rate”. Seems he approached around 1000 girls but “only” fucked 27 of them.

That means this supposed master daygamer has a 2.7% chance of fucking a girl he approaches. Is Krauser just a big phony faker?

Of course not.

2.7% is a great fuck rate for daygame, especially for an average looking guy approaching girls obviously more physically attractive than himself, and up to 20 years younger. In some cases, the girls he's approaching are knockouts. Can you imagine Krauser's conversion rate on women his own age? Dear god.

And remember these are sober hot girls, approached flat cold on the street with the intent of sex. A big ask.

More telling is the 250 phone numbers he got. Approaching a hot girl on street cold and getting a number 25% of the time is huge feat. Anyone who daygames can attest to that.

We all have hotstreaks but to get that kind of percentage for a year is remarkable.

So yes, Krauser's got skill and you already knew that. Wait for his book.

But what I'll say is that the best part about a 2.7% conversion rate is that it isn't 0.

Spending a day or night trawling the streets and clubs, hitting up girl after girl only to get skunked and go home with your dick in your hands...now THAT is a bad conversion rate.

Of course, it has happened to me.

I'd bet it has happened to Krauser.

And it must happen to you before you can even sniff a 2.7% conversion rate.

It's only a “numbers game” if you have skill. Losers will always get zero pussy no matter how many girls they talk to.

Think approaching girls on the street is weird and inefficient, and night game has better conversion rates?

Cool. You might be right.

Just know that daygame is your only possible access to some girls. There are girls you'll never meet in the club or online or through your friends. Some of them are real sweethearts.

You'll either do what it takes to meet them or stay stuck in the high-skank bottlenecks of clubs and Plenty of Fish.

FINALLY:

I believe most guys don't have it in them to be a serious player. It takes dedication to constantly approach and it is a tradeoff for other areas of your life.

With some exceptions, most very accomplished men throughout history were either monogamous or celibate. Girls take time. (Of course, fucking lots of quality girls is an accomplishment itself, but

you get the point.)

Point being, most guys don't have it in them to fuck a new girl every night or even every week.

Beyond that, if a non-rockstar is fucking a new girl every night, I question the attractiveness of those girls. Most guys who get a beautiful girl will want to keep her around for a little while.

If you're going to be fucking the girl for an extended period, who gives a fuck about conversion rates.

If a sexless guy has to face a thousand rejections to fuck an 8 for the next year, I'd excuse him for not caring if he had a 0.1% conversion rate.

This isn't to pedestalize monogamous relationships as the One True Path. Just a reminder to be realistic about who you are and what you want.

Game is a tool and it cares not how you use it. It can be used to fuck one girl and bond her to you, or to fuck a thousand girls and never call them again, and everything in between.

It doesn't matter what you do with game.

You have to use it to find your own happiness.

But you must learn it or you will be lonely.

Game on.

(As a side note, my conversion rate for 2013 was 100%, with 365 new notches, 40 new flags, 3 girls impregnated, one child born. Daddy's coming home soon, Emma!)

# When Can A Man Cry?

January 8, 2014 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

I just lost my first love.

We were together since I was 17, each other's first everything.

She was beautiful, really put together. Never talked back to me, never said no when I was in the mood to get inside her.

She was with me for 11 years, through good times and bad. We traveled the country together, almost died together a few times.

She had health problems a few times and I stuck with her to nurse her back to health, at my own expense.

Sometimes we even shared a woman together.

And now she's gone.

(Yes, I am talking about my car.)

See, I was one of those spoiled brats whose parents bought them a car in high school.

(It's not my fault your parents were poor. )

But I was also one of those guys who treated his car like gold: washed it every chance I got, never missed an oil change, never let a woman drive it. The usual.

But my baby got sick: She couldn't hold her liquids. (Irreparably corroded gas tank.. among other problems). She would cost more to repair than her Blue Book Value.. much more.

So I sold her to my mechanic for an amount that couldn't even compare to her sentimental value.

I signed over the title, dropped the key in his greasy mitts and just stared at her sitting in the cracked auto repair driveway.

I was filled with emotion.

I wanted to cry.

I actually tried to cry, but I couldn't.

Weird, but I would have felt entirely justified. Until that point I wouldn't have considered "selling a car" as a moment that its okay for a guy to cry, but it is now on my free pass list.

If you ever sell a car you've had for over, say, 6 years, feel free to weep. I will defend your right to do so.

As it stands, I am currently on a four year no cry streak and I can pinpoint the exact date (grandmother's funeral).

And that's nothing, I have a buddy who has an 8-year no vomit streak. And he drinks.

## **So when else can a man cry?**

Death of a dog

Death of a family member

Extreme joy from accomplishing a long-fought mission (think Rudy crying when gets accepted to Notre Dame).

Joyful reunion with a long-lost family member (maybe?)

I've been lucky enough to never experience a devastating injury, but that might go on the list. I don't

know.

My list goes blank after that.

You could have persuaded me that a nice tear at the altar while getting married might be manly...until I was at a wedding where it actually happened: weirdest thing ever. The brides tears are expected. The grooms tears make everyone feel awkward.

Anyways, am I missing anything?

(For the record, I think if a guy needs to purge emotion through tears for whatever reason its okay, just do it alone and never speak of it.)

# No Short Men Need Apply

January 9, 2014 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

So apparently New York chicks don't date short men:

<http://www.thedatereport.com/dating/love/new-york-ladies-wont-date-short-men-says-a-new-study/>

**An analysis of 50,000 user interactions revealed that ladies in Manhattan and the Bronx respond to a mere 1.2 percent of men under five-feet, nine inches.**

Interesting.

One of the more ridiculous myths about pickup is that certain things don't matter.

Let's get this out there on the record:

Height matters.

Looks matter.

Race matters.

Money matters.

Age matters.

Jobs matter.

Status matters.

Everything matters.

Of course, game matters as well, hence the focus: For most guys, it is the most controllable thing in the short term.

Fix your game for good results, and have a long term plan for things like weight loss/style/money.

But height... certainly a particular sore spot, isn't it?

Because it can't be changed.

Sure, your dad could have forced you to eat meat and drink whole milk so you'd gain a few inches during puberty. But that time has passed. The die has cast and you're stuck with what you are.

So, fuck it.

Control your controllables and target shorter girls.

Side note: For a long time I didn't even know girls liked height.

In high school, the most popular guys were the athletes, and since high school sports favor speed more than length, and tall guys were kind of awkward and ungraceful at that age, the best athletes were usually pretty average height, and they tore it up with girls.

It wasn't until college when I had an ugly and sort of goofy friend who was KILLING it with chicks.

One day, I asked a girl what she saw in him and she said "he's so tall".

Another girl later explained to me that "Sometimes a guy who otherwise wouldn't be cute is only attractive because he's tall".

Overall, the general consensus is that women live by the "a few inches taller than me" rule.

I can't disagree with that too much but I will say that really tall girls seem to be more lenient on this rule because they have to be. I dated one girl who was taller than me, and she seemed very insecure

about her height, always scrunching up to look shorter that resulted in bad posture, never wearing heels (and not just because of me, she only owned one pair). Anyways how things ended with her is a great story that will be told another day.

Anyways, as someone who is neither tall nor short, I'm not sure I can contribute much more on the topic, but I do find it interesting that the pickup community seems to be overrepresented with shorter guys.

The reason being that shorter guys need to seek out an edge, whereas a taller guy is more likely to get a girlfriend just based on height alone. The silver lining is the short guy may end maxing out his other areas by necessity and may be more likely to reach his true potential.

P.S. Mangan and friends explored theories on increasing height, including the possibility that it may be sexually selected for, i.e. hypergamy may be increasing. [Take a read here.](#)



# The Long And Short of Online Dating

January 13, 2014 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Wald has some advice for “untall” online daters:

**Lie. Once you meet in person your other attractive qualities can come into play.**

Male height inflation online must be rampant. It is probably the most lied about thing online, besides women’s entire profiles.

So, probably not a big deal if you add an inch. It might be expected even.

But don’t lie about two or three inches unless you’re going to show up in cowboy boots.

But really you should just get offline.

Online dating has been one big continued downward spiral into an r-selected sewer. Sluts who are looking for “hawt abs”, thirsty betas, a few players running the table and putting themselves at risk for herpes.

Alright, if you have a nice niche online, by all means continue to use it. I ‘aint mad at ya.

But if online dating is your ONLY source of meeting women, it might be the best thing you could ever do for yourself to smash your computer into a million little pieces.

A lonely guy creates an online dating profile, soon he’s rushing home after work to browse low quality women for hours and cypypasta the same message to each, spurning interactions with real life women.

Beyond its anti-social nature, there are certain types of girls who create online dating profiles. Namely, attention whores and sluts.

I hate to go NAWALT here, but lets just say your sample set of girls will always veer towards the slutty and attention whore side of the bell curve if you are only meeting girls online.

I’ve used online dating in the past, mostly I’d create a profile with little effort, then I’d just skim and fuck around, not taking the interactions seriously at all.

Which is exactly how you get success online. Ironically there’s tons of online dating advice out there trying to duplicate that strategy, but they’ve obviously spent tons of time trying to break down and test exactly what works.

They message 10000 girls online trying to find the best exact wording and punctuation to convey that they aren’t taking online dating seriously.

Retarded.

If you use online dating at all, use it to fuck around. Finding real flesh and blood females should always be the bulk or whole of your courtship efforts.

**\*\*If a frequent online dater can break down the popular online sites by female stereotype, I’d appreciate it. Here’s my impression:**

POF: Skanks

OKCupid: Skanks of higher socioeconomic status and Feminists

EHarmony: Desperate

ChristianMingle: Commitment-minded Christian girls, looks probably across the board

Match.com: A slightly uglier and more desperate version of OKCupid

Tinder: ? I have no idea.

# Trust Me, I'm A Good-Looking White Guy

January 14, 2014 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Commenter edwinconan writes in with his situation:

**As a Chinese male come to Australia to study and then work and live in Australia, i found this “Everything Matters” particularly true, and in all the matters listed.**

**Height matters: I am 5 foot 5 (short, or in some girls word: mild disability, and I can't change that. Although you say Fuck it, but it still matters)**

**Looks matters: I am average looking Chinese, not muscular but I'm working on it, but due to height, and race, I will never be as good looking as other race**

**Race matters: I am Chinese born Chinese, so that's pretty much an off switch when it comes to white girls of any background, they will leave when I start to walk towards them, let alone starting a conversation. What about asian girls, asian girls in Australia is quite popular to males of all races as well, so they have better options.**

**Money, Job, Status matters: I don't have rich parents and they are in China, i work for my own living by myself in Australia, and as a recent graduate I am not exactly 6 figure money maker at the moment, not even close.**

I try to make most of my advice as general as possible, but you should always seek out someone who is as close to your situation as possible.

For example, I am a devilishly handsome white-privileged middle class guy living in New York City. Everything I write will be filtered through that reality.

I can write great advice to people in similar situations as me, but how cocky would I have to be to presume I could give impeccable advice to a short Chinese guy living in Australia? I can't.

General game advice applies across the board, but remember when you get advice from someone, it says as much about them as it does about your situation.

To this young man of the Orient, I said target asian girls and consider moving to somewhere like Singapore or Hong Kong.

Probably good advice. A wisdom-filled life hack it is not.

If anyone has been in a similar situation to this reader and has better advice feel free to share.

Overall though, you are always best served to get advice from someone who has shared your struggle and succeeded.

One can easily see the folly of the opposite: Leading female “dating experts” are always girls who aren't married or even in committed relationships. They are invariably cock-carouseling their way through a big city, a fate most girls definitely don't want.

Before you take advice, always consider the source. It is more important than the actual advice.

# You Just Can't Keep Up With Her

January 15, 2014 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

My [Don't Marry Any Woman Older Than 25](#) post continues to be hamster meth.

There are plenty of comments like this, ostensibly trying to flip reality and claim it is MEN who age poorly:

**Don't tar all women over the age of 25 with the same brush. I'm in my sexual prime and it's the guys that should be worried. Lucky for me that I like my toyboys as many guys my age now struggle with erectile dysfunction, impotence and lack of sexual excitement.**

Jesus, who've you been dating, Hans Moleman?

If you are female who is with a sober male under 60 and he has erectile dysfunction, he either has some type of serious medical issue, or it is your fault.

Whenever I read something like this I picture a fat unshowered whale of a woman berating a pencil-necked dweeb for not being able to keep up sexually. "You just can't keep up with a real woman!" she screams, as biscuit crumbs fly from her mouth. The image makes me laugh.

If you were hotter and tighter they'd keep up just fine.

Also, for the motherfuckin' record, "a woman's sexual prime is at 30" is spit-shined horseshit.

Women may get hornier as they age because for the first time in their life, hot men aren't lining up to please them sexually. They aren't at their sexual prime no more than a 15-year old boy is at his sexual prime.

If you believe in evolution, you understand it would be impossible for a woman's sexual prime to coincide with a time in her life that she is more likely to give birth to retarded children.

Women peak sexually when they are most fertile. Ovulate to confirm this, if you still can.

# Where The Fat People Aren't

January 16, 2014 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

If you are a self-improvement junkie like myself (and you probably are), you may have skimmed countless bullet-pointed blog posts about things you should do to improve your life.

Among them is usually “get a hobby”.

So vague.

So I'll give you a specific suggestion of a hobby: Skiing or Snowboarding.

I love skiing.

Great exercise and fun. Not a single fatty to be seen.

If you can meet a group of friends who like the slopes (preferably both guys and girls), then you'll have plenty of fun weekends.

Also, “snow bunnies” are real and they are as great as advertised. Tight bodies. And they tend to be disproportionately blond, which I have a penchant for.

There's something about the humility it takes to learn something like skiing that seems to repel the attention whore type girls. Most girls who I've met through the slopes are cool.

This same humility keeps most of the guys accepting of all skill levels. Not everyone is doing flips down black diamonds and people accept this and are happy to help out. (But take a lesson if you're just starting out. It WILL be worth it.) Some of the cutest girls will be on the bunny hill anyway.

(Also, I ripped my pants my first time skiing so your first time won't be as bad.)

Since I am an even-handed man, I will give you some of the cons as well: Expensive (this can be offset with a season pass) and may be a hobby limited to northern latitudes. Also, when its crowded, it fucking sucks.

This is just the latest development in “Guy who doesn't sit on the couch” game that I am pioneering. Skiing is not sitting on the couch so it qualifies. Do it and see if you like it.

# The Slut Project

January 20, 2014 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Watch this video:

Okay, what is your first reaction?

Mine: Where were this girl's parents while she was getting fingered as a 6th grader?

This is what I was getting to when I said "It's Not Her Fault".

At the root of this are parents who refused to properly supervise and educate their daughter.

They were unwilling or unable to educate their daughter on the ways of the world, so a group of middle schoolers had to do it for them.

Yes, being a slut is bad for you physically and emotionally.

No, an 11 year old girl should not "explore herself sexually".

Slutting around is bad for a girl, her family, and society.

Now, it is certainly unpleasant for an 11 year-old girl to be "slut shamed".

In an ideal world, this would never happen because girls would have better parenting.

Now, I read girls pretty well and I don't get a strong slut vibe from her. I could be wrong, but I'd be surprised if she's currently riding the cock carousel. So maybe the slut shaming worked.

But regardless of her N count, her loathsome organization sends a message to sluts: blame everyone else. This is deplorable.

Her parents probably encouraged this, and are probably even proud of their daughter for "being brave" enough to create this slut organization. But by supporting this, they are really just deflecting blame from where it belongs: on them.

Seems blaming others for your actions runs in the family.

You know, there's a lot of jokes about how guys just love tits and ass and don't care about a girl's personality. But really, they do.

Take the girl in question: Emily Lindin, founder of the UnSlut Project:



She is objectively pretty.

If she was pleasant and properly raised and had a chaste past, you'd be happy to date her.

Instead, she is a solipsistic drama queen who created an organization dedicated to empowering sluts. Any man who dates this girl is a fool. What if you fell in love and married her, can you imagine the type of things she'd teach your daughter?

Say you're on a first date with a girl and she casually drops in the fact that she runs an organization to make girls unashamed of being sluts. The choice becomes clear: Fuck her and Run.

See, defending your right to be sexually promiscuous without judgement only makes men more likely to fuck and chuck you.

It's a vicious cycle.

Instead, stop blaming.

If you're a girl who has made a sexual mistake in the past, just accept that it was wrong. Don't proclaim it to everybody or become a career slut. Don't worry about who is to blame. Just acknowledge that it was probably risky, it is not what men want, and you should change and save yourself if you want a long-term relationship with the best possible man.

That's it.

I expect that Public Service Announcement to fall on deaf ears. It takes a lot of humility to accept that you've done something that has lowered your value and can't be changed. As humility is the most lacked quality among western women today, I fully expect things like The UnSlut Project to keep getting funded, and for these girls to keep destroying themselves.

Western civilization is sinking fast, so its tough to blame anyone for kicking back poolside and tossing loads into Emily Lindin's disciples.

But for the noble men who think a civilized world is worth saving for our grandchildren, slut shaming will always be an integral tool.

# NO

January 21, 2014 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

If left to their own free will girls make decisions that are horrible for them.

Deep down, they know this and they crave for a man to tell them “No”.

It turns out, western women are operating under a serious “no” deficiency. Maybe daddy wasn’t around or didn’t do his job, maybe all the guys around her are dickless yes-men, maybe her tits are an ATM and her vagina is a magic lamp with unlimited wishes.

It doesn’t matter.

If you want a girl to respect and love you, you MUST tell her NO every now and then.

Can we get sushi instead of barbecue?

No.

Will you buy me a drink?

No.

Do you think I’d look good with short hair?

No.

Can I take out a loan for this Psychology degree?

No.

Can I have the right to vote?

No.

Only after a girl knows that you will not grant her every wish can she love you.

A girl needs “No” like you need water, protein and EFAs and today’s women are starving. Help stop the hunger.



# Love

January 22, 2014 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Love is a choice. There is a moment, or rather a series of moments, where you choose to love. You can choose to spend an extra night with her this week. You can choose to share your vulnerabilities and listen to her do the same. You choose to cancel other dates. You choose to trust. You make these choices enough times and gradually love builds. Love didn't just happen. You chose it.

You may be able to get sex every night of the week from a different girl but you can't find love every night of the week. Love is not like sex, it is far rarer, it takes far more time. It is scarce. Sure, there may be a girl with a nice ass in every bar in your city but finding one worthy of your time and emotions? Not quite so easy. Impossible, the jaded might say.

So love is living in scarcity. The girl who falls in mutual love with you is not easily replaceable. It would take time to build that with another girl.

That, the relationship experts will tell you, is bad. The one who has the most power is the one who needs the other one least. This is true. But the goal of making all relationships replaceable denies the human experience. You'll have all the power over relationships that don't matter at all. An autistic feels no love, is he then the most powerful man there is?

Alright, so girls don't love the way you were told they love. They're more opportunistic than Hollywood taught you. Their love for you is conditional. There are a ton of bad apples to sift through. The sum total of cautionary tales of men who have been burned by ill-fated trust can make you write the whole thing off as a sucker's game.

But it is only a man who has seen the sausage being made and witnessed the horror stories that dispel any notion of idealistic death-do-you-parts who can have any true appreciation for love. It is only after a man realizes love is actually highly conditional and opportunistic for both parties that he can free it from its unrealistic expectations. Only after you know it as something fleeting and elusive can you see the conditions that click it into place as a beautiful anomaly amidst a harsh unforgiving world.

So your brain is just tricking you because evo-biologically speaking love is two people of similar sexual market value chemically pairbonding to ensure sufficient parental investment.

So?

Knowing that hunger is just a way for your body to get sufficient nutrients and energy does not make filet mignon any less succulent.

And yet it is the hedonist who often spurns love to instead embrace the free pursuit of new conquest.

But any hedonist who willingly deprives himself of the deep, passionate pleasure of love is no hedonist at all. Sex on weed can make you feel tingly, but sex on love is something to which no drug, natural or synthesized, can compare.

Love is not marriage nor is marriage love. Love is not an endgame, it is not a contract, it is a beautiful thing to be experienced and enjoyed while it lasts, much like a sunset. It is not yours to capture and keep in a cage and the harder you try to do so the faster it fades.

So maybe today you leave your computer and make a human connection.

Maybe you meet a girl and take a leap.

Maybe love doesn't last forever.

But maybe that doesn't matter.

# Why Do Sluts Love Having Gay Friends?

January 23, 2014 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

“I want you to meet my friend Brandon!”, said Lindsay

This was our third “date”. I had banged her on the first and second and she had a clit ring and was a bartender. So yes, she was a slut. So no, I had no intention of meeting any of her friends, especially not a male friend.

But I ask you this: Why did I immediately know her friend Brandon was gay? With zero doubt in my mind.

The answer is, of course, because she was a slut. And sluts love having gay friends.

Not only that, ONLY sluts love having gay friends. It’s time to put to bed the myth that girls love gay guys. Normal girls with an intact emotion of disgust might vote for Obama and pay lip service to gay rights but they DO NOT want to spend an appreciable time around gays. A normal girl will find the constant sass annoying and the gay stories disgusting.

So sluts love gays.

But.... why?

I couldn’t come up with a theory that satisfied me and it sort of annoyed me. So I posed the question to my twitter followers:

| @LaidNYC Drama, attention and no judgement for actions. All the benefits of an orbiter and a girlfriend wrapped in one—  
Jesse Valentine (@JJstrut) [January 22, 2014](#)

Yes. All great. But a beta orbiter sort of brings attention and non-judgement. I like these reasons but its incomplete.

| @LaidNYC They can bond over their promiscuous nature. Great theory btw—  
Rivelino (@alpharivelino) [January 22, 2014](#)

...and there it is. They can bond over how much they like dick. Lots of dick. Lots of risky dick, quickly.

| @TruthfulTrouble @LaidNYC also no judgement for being a raging slut. Gays are part of the "secret society" that understands whores.—  
Sploosh (@JeremySploosh) [January 22, 2014](#)

But yes, the non-judgment part is still key. Any person with a normal, non-perverted sexual orientation and habits would find taking a “hawt guy’s cock” ten minutes after you meet him in a club bathroom to worthy of a sneer and spurn, but a gay man will understand you, sweetheart.

The non-judgement is also why sluts are the most outspoken about other liberal causes: always egalitarian, socialist, uncompetitive, everyone’s equal type rainbows and unicorn bullshit. They understand that a society who judges by any type of rational standard will judge sluts harshly so they want to rid society of ALL JUDGEMENT.

So, maybe I don’t want to end women’s suffrage. But I do want to end slut suffrage.

There's still another reason, though:

| @LaidNYC since they're so slutty, guys don't want to be their boyfriend. the gay guy is like having a boyfriend and she can still bang guys—  
babe ruth (@baberruth99) January 22, 2014

YES! Sluts can get all the alpha cock they can eat but nobody will stick around. The beta guys will stick around, but there's no excitement. So where is a girl to get her fill of alpha tingles after the hot club promoter won't return her text messages? From the gay guy who push/pulls, negs her, won't take her seriously, but will still be kind, sensitive, supportive and shop with her! The perfect man, besides the Hepatitis C!

A study made its rounds in the mano-reactosphere that said girls prefer not to be friends with sluts. So really, sluts might be friends with gays because NOBODY ELSE WILL HAVE THEM. Sluts and fags, a match made in heaven.

So really a girl who must turn to gays for attention is a girl who is being rejected by desirable men...and women.

While on the topic: It's probably a myth that gay guys are good-looking. Beyond meticulous style, gays look malnourished and their faces seem to age horribly. This is just anecdote, but remember I live in New York City. I can spot a gay from a half a block away.

# Game in Thirty Seconds

January 27, 2014 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Let's say you're with your cousin waiting for his bus. He's 18 and going away to college for the first time as a Freshman.

You see the bus pull around the corner and as you gather his luggage, you can see something weighing on his mind.

"What's the matter", you ask.

"Well, you always have a lot of girlfriends, right", He says.

"Yeah" you say

"Well, I know nothing about girls. I've never had a girlfriend or anything. I don't know anything about them or how to talk to them or anything... I really want to know how to get girls in college so I'm not a loser."

Let's say for sake of the exercise that his school has banned phones, mail correspondence and non-school sponsored web access. You'll have no way to educate him after this moment.

The bus is about to pull up and hit its brakes and you have around thirty seconds to teach him about women and game.

What do you say?

# Why Does Jesus Love PUAs?

January 28, 2014 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

A lot of people have noticed a seemingly contradictory alliance between Christian Reactionaries and “PUA’s”.

Of course, it is not a contradiction at all. We recognize in each other something that is missing all around us: Truth.

The truth that female sexuality is easily manipulated and taken advantage of. The truth that female power destroys both churches and attraction.

Don’t fight it, we fit together.

Of course, not ALL Christians think this way.

I smirk a little when I come across the occasional self-congratulatory more-Christian than thou guy in the Orthosphere who talks down upon game. They talk as if being a pussy who thinks a True Christian Girl is all sunshine, rainbows, puppies and innocence is what being a Christian requires. Because game only works on SLUTS, it wouldn’t work on your Christian wife, daughters, and cousins, right? Right??

That type of wishful thinking is what has eroded the church and will continue to erode it. If Christianity will succeed it has to stop pedestaling its women. Believe it. And that’s why we fit together. Because you’d rather have me in your church than a female minister.

Because you know you need strong men speaking the truth and if you see a strong man speaking a truth that benefits Christianity you’d be a fool to shut him up.

Of course, that is only step 1.

A Christian may cheer on my assessment of the state of gender relations but when I get to the part where I sleep with a girl on the first date, they’re left scratching their heads. [A Sunshine Mary quote](#):

**Their response to reality is to teach men to be pick up artists while at the same time complaining about what a mess society is. But they are trying to ride two horses. No one can be entirely self-focused while also being society-focused because there are times when the interests of the self are at odds with the interests of a healthy society.**

Touché.

If PUAs understand what damage unleashed female sexuality does to society, why do they spend all their time unleashing female sexuality?

Every guy has different reasons and there is overlap in many cases. But here are some of them:

1.) Guilty as charged. Society is broken and won’t be fixed any time soon so let the looting commence. We’re sitting back poolside chain smoking cigarettes because our Stage 4 Lung Cancer is terminal so instead of living with unpleasant chemotherapy we’re going out in flavor country. This is the group that Christian Reactionaries tend to reflexively box all PUAs into, but that would be a mistake.

2.) Male privilege. We want to get married with kids one day but since promiscuity is far less damaging to a man we are sowing wild oats. Due to mercy and time constraints, most promiscuous sex will be had with girls who already ruined themselves for marriage anyway, thus the net cost to

society is minimal. The rare girls who want commitment before sex are jettisoned until the time is right. (And no you fag, this doesn't mean game only works on sluts. It works on all girls, some just take longer).

3.) Society has failed the average man. The social structures that used to allow an average man to marry an average girl with only a career and good reputation no longer exist. The average guy with middling SES or worse finds his female peers the most effected by the obesity crisis, the divorce industrial complex, the lack of a good churchin'. If you saw the prospects the low-caste man is expected to consider for marriage you wouldn't blame him for saying fuck the grinding life of sacrifice, time for some conspicuous consumption and asshole game. What are his incentives to keep the barbarians from storming YOUR ivory tower? **Society has to be fixed from the top down**, you can't berate the pawns into kingly virtue. Don't hate the player, hate the progressives who destroyed his chance at a nice married life. The vast majority of guys who get heartbroken and then google around for tips on women are in this category.

4.) Weakness. We're human. It's never been this easy for a high-status man to run the table on pleasures of the flesh and with our sexual utopia dangled right in front of our dick it is hard to resist. Maybe you know gluten is bad for you but if you live on a wheat farm, what are you gonna eat?

5.) Male hamster. Some guys are high-time preference simpletons and rationalize this by framing their relentless pursuit of pussy as an ideal rather than accepting harsh truths that unleashed sexuality harms more people than it helps. "I leave them better than I found them!" is what these guys tell themselves. These are the guys who have eyes but do not see, guys like Mark Manson, RSD, YaReally, and Blackdragon. You would be a fool to ignore their highly proficient pickup advice, but if they gained any influence they would take us back to mudhuts as fast as the feminists. Many guys who do a quick Google for "how to get laid" will eventually click around to some of this advice. Luckily sanity is just a few more clicks away.

6.) As Jesus said, You shall always have the bad boys among you. Certain guys are destined for the player lifestyle but they understand that life is best lived and enjoyed in the confines of a civilized world. Just as the entrepreneur needs workers, the player needs to be surrounded by beta males content to keep society humming along. These guys understand a society's carrying capacity for true players is low and the world would quickly see warring alpha clans and a surfeit of unpleasant sluts if every guy's foremost intent was to arouse lust in as many women as possible. The best Manosphere example of this type of guy is Krauser who gives us the quote "When you're inside pussy paradise you are very glad there's fortified walls keeping the barbarian horde out." The higher and stronger you build those walls with religion, slut shaming and the like, the fewer guys will scale the wall. This post has ended, let us go in peace.

# The Google Search Mailbag

January 29, 2014 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

As anyone with a website can attest, its funny to see what Google searches lead people to your site. But I realized people sometimes search for questions I might not have answered yet, and I would hate for these people to continue to be knowledge deprived, so here is my first Google Search Mailbag, where I respond to searches people have found my site with.

Spelling and grammatical errors left in their original form for authenticity and hilarity.

## **“how to hook up with a cougar”**

Don't.

## **“how to make sure a girl doesnt acuse yiu of rpe”**

I wrote on this, but for the sake of streamlined linkage, [read Frost's take](#). He links my posts and a bunch of others as an addendum. If you are truly interested in this topic, read them all.

## **“why men slut shame”**

Because unrestrained female sexuality incentives the wrong behavior in men and erodes civilization. Because sluts are low quality and having to hang out with them long enough to fuck them is depressing.

Because men have an instinct to be disgusted by girls who've been turned out so as not to get cucked into raising their bastards.

Because [tons of reasons](#).

## **“laidnyc masturbating”**

My hands aren't big enough.

## **“www.old women sex wih youngby.com”**

Get the fuck out.

## **“how to tell her you dont want a relationship pua”**

“I don't want a relationship right now”. Honesty here works fine and is the most underrated part of relationship management. Lead a girl on and all you'll get is drama.

## **“how many women lie about their sexual past?”**

All of them who aren't virgins. What does that tell you?

## **“should i break up with my girlfriend she used to be a slut”**

Yes.

## **“how to tell how many sexual partners he has had”**

[Rule of 3, Oz](#). Didn't you learn anything in college?

## **“what happens to a womans body after age 25”**

Bad things, man.

## **“should u have sex with a guy who wants ti fuck u not date u”**

Probably not but I know you are going to anyway.

## **“cougar sex gives me anxiety”**



and? That is the healthy response. I need a Xanax just thinking about it.

**“should i jack off”**

Maybe. But don't be a wanker.

**“why would a girl not give u closure”**

So she can keep your balls in a Mason Jar under her sink indefinitely. Closure is bullshit. Rid yourself of needing it and attain freedom.

**“i'll love you forever until you turn 30”**

Yes, a LaidNYC original quip. The long version “I'll love you forever until you turn 30 unless you have 3 of my kids by then” was culled for the sake of brevity.

**“how to come on to an older girl shes 28 im 20”**

Step 1- Go hit on 18 year olds instead.

Step 2- Wait approximately 10-12 years before thinking about hitting on a 28 year old again.

You're welcome in advance.

**“this guy wont date me because i had alot of sexual partners”**

Good for him.

**“girl brings up ex boyfriend”**

The bitch! I don't converse about stuff like that with a girl I'm interested in. If its a girl you just met, politely sidestep it. If its a girlfriend, squash it and let her know that's an unacceptable topic

**“is it normal for a man to tell you how great your pussy is?”**

I suppose if you have a great pussy this could be a normal occurence. Giving pussy compliments is not something I really do, though. Guess I can't help you.

Seriously tho! ur pussy rocks!

**“why guys prefer girl younger then them and girls prefer boys older then them”**

younger girls= hotter, more residual fertility, less baggage

Older guys = more status

**“is she a slut”**

Probably.

**“why are NYers assholes?”**

Because you don't know how to walk in a crowd and you're in our way. Leave.

**“how to know if your girlfriend has had many sexual partners”**

Go through the list of slut tells, then keylog her passwords and go through her facebook and gmail chats. If you don't find anything that makes you want to vomit, your relationship just might make it. Send me an invite to your wedding.

**“what does it mean when your gf gives the biggest bull shit break up ever and says we can date later”**

I hear ya, dawg. She wants other cock. Don't take her back, ever.

**“how to make a single mom my slut”**

Don't. She's drama, and used up. Raise your standards.

and a personal favorite:

**“how to fist grandmother”**

Yup, these are my readers.

# I review my first Krauser book

February 4, 2014 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

**“Learn to enjoy the dance. That’s all it is- a dance. At the end of it she wants to fall over backwards with her legs open” – Krauser**

Krauser released his new book, Daygame Mastery.

My review, the short version: [Buy it.](#)

The Long Version:

This is basically Mystery Method for guys who don’t like nailpolish and magic tricks and clubs.

Look, Mystery Method was a seminal masterpiece, but if you’re like me you read it skeptically. You see it works but you think “I’m not fucking saying that” or “I’m not fucking wearing that” or you read “The Game” or saw “The Pickup Artist” and thought “this Mystery guy is actually pretty fucking weird”.

In short, Mystery was writing a book about how to get laid, Krauser writes about how to get laid while actually being a man. The difference is noticeable. Simply, most guys don’t like clubs and Krauser’s style of gaming will come much more naturally to most people.

So let’s go through what I personally consider the highlights of this book:

- The mystery of “how to stop a girl during the day and what the fuck do you say” is solved. After this, there is no more excuse. If you read this book and can’t approach a girl, the only thing that will be left to blame is your own fear and insecurity.
- In any good pickup the guy has to talk a lot at the beginning, but eventually the script flips and she’s doing most of the talking. Krauser is the first guy I’ve seen really break down how you balance this and lead her into talking. Sounds simple, but a hugely overlooked aspect in seduction is getting her to talk and listening to her words. There is way too much literature on DHVs and AMOGing and not nearly enough on conversing with a girl like a human, so this part of Krauser’s book is a breathe of fresh air.
- Wit made easy. Not everyone is a naturally silver-tongued casanova, but Krauser’s templates, mindsets and themes for opening, cold reads, texting, etc. will get you most of the way there. If you are an autistic looking for scripted game to fake your way into a girl’s pants, this isn’t the right book for you. Krauser gives plenty of examples, but he wants you to use your own creativity and words so that you come off normal and authentic.
- A masterful breakdown of long-game with real world examples. Most guys who have been approaching girls for a while have a few girls numbers who live in different cities or who stalled out for whatever reason. Just a read through of this chapter could end up paying huge dividends. There is one particular tactic to his texting that I was actually pissed I never discovered on my own. But I started using it immediately to great results. You know I don’t do Facebook game, but for guys doing eurotrips, it seems to be a necessity. Krauser’s playbook is better than anything out there.
- Date game. If I had to bet, I’d say most guys biggest sticking points are approach anxiety, and moving a date along towards sex. You know, it seems most guys have realized that one-night stands aren’t the apex of game but there has been a dearth of date game out there. Krauser is the first I’ve seen to break down in detail a plan to keep your date moving, both when to be patient and when to

escalate things properly. If you often run out of things to say on a date, or lean on the same two or three stories, you'll really want to pay attention here. That can be a thing of the past.

-Frame Crushing. My favorite part of the book, Krauser describes how to flip things around with really tough girls with a technique he calls Frame Crushing. I really can't say more without giving anything away but it will play really well as a save on girls you think are lost causes.

Questions I anticipate:

**This is great for guys running game in Europe, but will his style of game work in North America?**

Yes. Most of the book reads like it could just as easily be a guide to daygaming North America. Besides his European girl archetypes and british accent (I read the book in Krauser's voice), the book is field-ready for any major American city.

**What is this book's biggest flaw?**

It is a book. As such, it cannot actually approach girls for you. Do not buy this book if you're not going to approach girls. Let's face it, this book could be the gilded word of God, but if you aren't willing to get off your ass, walk up to a girl and say words, it will just be a paperweight for you. This may seem obvious, but really do a gut check. Make the decision now, are you a doer or a mental masturbator?

**What's with the high price tag?**

Cheaper than a prostitute and pays more dividends. The seduction community is currently a value-sucking machine. Guys torrent and read tons of free material and put almost none of it into practice. If you have a file full of game ebooks and audio on your hard drive and the high price tag throws you off... you're probably a value sucker. Nothing wrong with that, but understand that when you don't personally invest in a product beyond a 2 minute download wait time, you are far less likely to put the product into action or even read it all the way through. Paying for a product is a first step in forcing yourself to act.

Beyond that, I always found it ridiculous just how much information guys give away for free to their potential competition. A man's labor of blood and sweat should be given some evil capitalist compensation. Also, this is actually a textbook. Literally, it is built like your Calculus textbook but will provide you with far more pleasure.

---

For anyone who is interested in daygaming, this book is a solid buy, and that's really all there is to it. [Click here to buy.](#)

You may want to check out the [video here](#) where Krauser describes the book a little.

(For full disclosure I have NO monetary or affiliate interest in this book and Krauser and I don't even like each other. This post is raw opinion.)

# One Sure Way To Ruin Valentine's Day

February 6, 2014 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

It's 2001 and it's a cold Valentine's Day morning in Upstate NY. A young man walks down the hallway of his high school.

In his right hand, he is tightly gripping a handwritten poem. In his left hand, he holds a scratch n' sniff teddy bear. Yeah, that's an actual thing.

He stops at the locker of his beloved, a very pretty brunette. Her hair cascades as she turns around to greet him. She coos at the sight of the teddy bear and when he nervously forces out "also I wrote this for you", and hands her the poem, she says "awww". His offering is rewarded with a non-sexual hug and a smile. She walks away before he can find the balls to ask her out.

You know, if I had a time machine and only one chance to use it, I would not use it for great altruism or profit. I wouldn't go back to 1986 and buy Microsoft stock. I wouldn't go back to 1914 and save Archduke Franz Ferdinand from assassination to possibly help prevent the two worldwide bloodbaths that followed. Nay.

What I would do is go back to February 13, 2001 the night when I was buying that teddy bear and writing that poem, and beat the fucking shit out of myself.

I have plenty more to say about this but I'm getting sick to my stomach just thinking about it. I reserve the right to delete this post, not even my best friends know this story.

V-Day is a beta check. Romance is a scripted chore to the beta. Don't do flowers, jewelry, expensive dinners. If you have a steady girl, its champagne and lingerie. Or nothing. But if you take nothing else from my blog, take this: Do NOT write a girl a poem.

# Advice For The Virgins

February 10, 2014 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

An emailer writes:

Let's say your'e a 25 year old virgin and you just have no game (I've played around, but I've never fucked a girl.). Where should a guy like me start? Any simple resources to use? I don't drink or anything like that anymore, so I don't enjoy clubs/loud bars.

I remember with crystal clarity the first time I had sex. It was great for me and I can only assume it was transcendent for her, but it didn't CHANGE me. I still had the same problems, challenges, goals. I had gotten my pencil wet and my rocks off, but I was still the same guy.

I won't deny that getting that first slice of pie is important to a guy's self-worth, but a panacea it 'aint. Thinking there is an answer or a pot of golden treasures inside your first vagina is a mistake. Don't go to a prostitute, or fuck a cougar or dumpster dive with a fat chick just to get your first lay. That shit is depressing, and will likely harm your confidence in the long run.

The real answer is to stop focusing on how to get laid and start focusing on becoming a guy who gets laid. If you're a 25 year old virgin you have some serious issues to fix at your core. There's probably a major flaw, a problem. You may have an idea what it is. Maybe something you've been afraid to consciously acknowledge. I don't know what it is, but a vagina won't fix it.

Consider turning your computer off. I could link you a reading list a mile long but none of it will calibrate your social skills.

Go outside.

Dress Better.

Make new friends.

Reconnect with old friends.

Talk to girls every fucking day.

Work out.

Do fun things. Jetski or something.

Take a leadership role. Be a leader.

Get a better job. Make money, spend money.

Get interested in something and talk about what interests you.

Does this sound like truism feel-good bullshit? Possibly. But how much of it do you actually do? There is an endless list of fundamentals a guy needs to master before he gets to the "she said this, I say this" stage of game. There is a wealth of knowledge out there for you, but start focusing on action, not information acquisition. Not even the classic Roissy archive can make you a better man if you don't first get off your couch.

How many girls have you had a longer than ten minute face to face conversation with in the last year? Have you ever approached a girl you found attractive? Do people invite you places because they enjoy your company?

Fuck blogs. Fuck game. Stop reading. If you are a 25-year old virgin, you have likely spent too much time in front of screens in your life (TV, computer, phone). So stop that. There's no magic lines to learn, but there are things you KNOW you need to do to get better. So fucking do them.

Here's the playbook, turn off the computer, go do what you think being a man is for at least a month. Talk to some girls, have some fun, spend time with actual human beings in real life. Then come back. Read our blogs with the proper perspective. Only after you have exhausted your own ideas of manhood would I advise you to start reading. Start from the [first Heartiste post](#) and read onwards, click through [Frost](#) and [Krauser](#) and my archive. But don't click those links yet, you're not ready. Go forth and go for what you want unapologetically. If you're not willing to do that, nobody can help you.

# The One Obvious Problem

February 11, 2014 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

A girl once lamented to me that all her friends were single and she didn't know why. Having met her friends numerous times, I said okay, name your single friends and I'll tell you why they don't have a boyfriend.

"Dana" "Big nose."

"Courtney" "Outspoken feminist slut."

"Megan" "You're kidding right? Disgustingly ugly and chubby"

"Alexis" "Total cunt. Always has her head buried in her phone."

"Lisa...she's pretty" "Yeah, but she's a slut. Probably blows off any guy who wants a relationship so she can chase assholes who don't"

"Becca" "Always chasing a guy WAY out of her league. She's a 6. Needs to settle."

In fact, I said, the only one of your friends who has a boyfriend, Nicole, is sweet, thin, cute and not a slut. And her boyfriend is hilarious. Not a coincidence.

In the Manosphere we have a real nuanced understanding of the sexual market and as such we tend to overanalyze. But for the vast majority of people having trouble with the opposite sex, there is ONE OBVIOUS PROBLEM that is holding them back. This problem is obvious to any person who knows them and takes an objective look at the situation.

For girls its usually: you're fat, you're a slut, you refuse to settle, or you're a bitch

For guys: you're fat, you don't do anything interesting, you don't meet new people, you're a total pushover.

In my post yesterday on late virginity loss, a few guys commented that it was their being overweight that held them back. Listen, if you are fat there is no mystery why you struggle in the sexual market. You don't need to neg, you don't need to Yadstop. You need to close out my blog, go read The Paleo Manifesto and Starting Strength, then spend 6 months in the gym and kitchen and come back. Looks matter less for guys. The key word is LESS. They still matter. Most couples you see are pretty evenly matched up in looks and that 's not an accident.

Stop blaming the fact that you can't get laid on hypergamy while spending 12 hours a day on your computer.

Take a good look at yourself and pick out your OBVIOUS PROBLEM, then go work on it.



# How To Give Gifts And Still Keep Your Balls

February 12, 2014 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

If you have a special honeytits on a gift-giving occasion and are going to get her something bigger than bag of Skittles, the key element of gift giving is to get her something you can enjoy as well.

Champagne + Lingerie

A weekend at a bed and breakfast

A couple's massage

A cookbook for your new Paleo diet

Skiing Lesson/ Gun range/ some activity lesson

Ditch clothes, fiction books, jewelry, etc. and focus instead on things you'll enjoy as well. This is not purely selfish. Couples bond over shared enjoyment and "experience" gifts will be far better for your relationship than a trinket or scratch n' sniff teddy bear.

# You Have Pretty Eyes

February 13, 2014 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Our Comrade-in-arms Kyle over at [This is Trouble](#) posted a [Test of Your Game](#):

I'm walking down the street in between my two buddies. I'm rocking a navy blue blazer, sharp dress shoes, and perfectly groomed facial hair. As I'm walking, a cute girl makes eye contact with me. She's about 5'7", with a killer body and long, brown hair. As I walk closer to her, I flash a smile. She returns it. As I'm nearing her, about to walk past, she grabs my arm and stops me. I turn my body slowly, and look at her.

"Wow, you have...really pretty eyes," she says, in a coy manner.

What would you say?

I responded in his comment section with a game outline so perfect I had to fight off four horny girls just to finish writing it. Anyways, since I spent a good few minutes thinking about it and writing it, I am reposting here for you to print out and read to your grandchildren one day when they visit you and their wrinkled grandma to complain about how bad it smells in your house:

First thing, my "she wants to fuck" alarm would be going off.

Since she initiated the physical contact, I would escalate a bit, maybe put my hand on her hip.

I have no immediate witty remark off her opener so I'd say a simple "thank you" and comment on how confident/brave she was to approach me. Then flow into normal game, maybe a brief cold read or tease based on what she's wearing or her ethnicity, followed by the "what are you doing tonight" feeling out.

My friends would hopefully wait and talk amongst themselves until they were introduced, preferably around the 3 minute mark, any more might be socially awkward. It's good to have game-trained friends. But seeing how its 3-0n-1, if they swarm and both try to run game/get attention, they can blow it for you. Hopefully when they join the conversation they know enough to defer to my leadership and cut back a little on the friendly teasing until the girl is more assimilated into the group's vibe.

Then invite her to join where we're going (if possible) and run autopilot don't fuck it up game, she approached me for fucks sake. Make callback humor about my "pretty eyes" and frame her as the pursuer all night. Escalate physically while denying verbally "I'd never make out with a girl I met on the street"

This is same night lay material, so I'm pulling out all stops not to settle for a phone number. Condom up.

Of course, I have boring brown eyes so this situation wouldn't happen to me, a cute girl is far more likely to comment on my bulge.

# Grains of Salt

February 18, 2014 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

I have a shameful confession to make: I won “Best Smile” in high school.

I know, totally beta, right?? Not only smiling, but doing it so much that you become known for it?

I could try to up my mugshot game but my friends are fucking hilarious, to hang out with them and not show some teeth means you are likely humorless and a pain to be around. Plus, while a cynic in private, I am generally in a good mood when I’m around people. The lucky few of you who have met me in person might have noticed I smile more than you thought I would. And really, I don’t give a shit, I’m going to keep doing it.

There is tons of information out there on how to dress, act, talk, etc. but you have to calibrate it all to the grounded reality you live in. Some of it won’t be meant for you, some of it is just downright bad advice, and all of it is filtered through the possibly biased reality of the person who is writing it.

So girls rate photographs of unsmiling men as more attractive. Cool. That’s is actually pretty interesting. It doesn’t mean you should mean mug it the entire time you hang out with people. There’s a middle ground between smiling so much your cheeks hurt and being tight lipped serious face. Allow this middle ground to happen. That’s called being normal. This goes for a lot of advice you’ll read on the internet.

Some of you may say “duh”. No shit LaidNYC, you moron.

Easy, killer. I’m posting this advice because lots of newbies are socially uncalibrated and will take any advice they read as gospel. The internet is an easy place to buffer yourself from reality and I worry the manosphere is only a stone’s throw away from “how to keep pints of blood in your freezer so a girl thinks you’re a bad boy” type shit. So my advice to the impressionable minds thirsty for advice on socializing is to read less manosphere blogs and talk to more humans.

# Unnatural Selection

February 19, 2014 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Once upon a time the harsh winter of northern latitudes brought forth a great selective pressure upon its human inhabitants. The challenges of the terrain selected for the clever, and the cold climate allowed brains to expand with little metabolic cost. The minds it shaped brought forth innovation, first benefitting themselves and their spawn. Then capital, markets and money coevolved with agriculture and eventually developed into an Industrial Revolution to solve problems for the masses at a low price of \$19.95. Now western humanity has all the comfort and prosperity that 99.9% of humans did not have throughout history, with none of the brainpower required.

Today the threats of predators, vicious weather, starvation, and sexual excess have been solved by innovations built by great minds: Temperature controlled housing, superior technology and weaponry, mass produced food, medical innovation. It is only with these prosperous luxuries that this generation can consider progressive arguments that would get themselves laughed out of their village in shame throughout civilized history. Indeed, being a progressive has become a way to signal just how comfortable and high status you are. Thank you for the innovations in reproductive medicine, now stay out of my bedroom while I laugh at the religious ethics that was my ancestor's penicillin. Open your borders, disarm and share everything with the world or you're a backwards racist hick. This washing machine is great, now stop oppressing women like a caveman.

With these comforts, for the first time the selective pressures that will shape the genome of future generations is not coming from nature, it is coming from high verbal IQ shysters within the populace. But Darwin don't care. Threats to reproductive fitness can come from a bear running at you, or from a TV telling your daughter to never settle. You see the unfortunate story of a woman who spent the currency of her youth on degrees and contracepted sex with alpha males and then her IVF doesn't take at 35. What I see is a gazelle who got eaten by a cheetah because it couldn't run fast enough. To the universe, the result is just the same. There are those who won't reproduce by their own carelessness or choice. It isn't to be fought. It is evolution in action. It isn't sad, it is a beautiful thing to witness.

Those who are most susceptible to believe the slick liars when they preach equalism and egalitarianism and pathological altruism will see their reproductive fitness decline. Teach your daughter to be a strong independent feminist and you'll take your death rattle with no grandchildren at the side of your bed. Embrace the blank slate and don't say anything racist in front of your children, and your grandkids end up looking nothing like you. Refuse to extend a middle finger at the warm n' fuzzy everyone-gets-a-trophy philosophy and your son ends up a pussy. But with evolution, there are winners as well as losers. Some will resist these pressures. Indeed, the cultural marxists should be careful what they wish for: They're selecting for the smartest, most fertile, most racist, most patriarchal group the world has seen.

Of course, the high time preference underclass who can't summon the willpower to reach for a condom in the heat of the moment will continue to spawn above the carrying capacity of their earning power. But an Idiocracy can only be supported by the grace and altruism of wealth-producing hosts. The civilized world that they thief trust from is held together with precarious threads, not least of all being a novel fiat reserve currency. A black swan event will not be kind. When the greenback goes full Madoff and/or technological advances finally crush all the monkey-sorting-widget jobs and the

parasite class must be formalized with a Guaranteed Minimum Income, you will see flight on a massive scale. Secession, expatriation, high walls, immigration-by-genome and no apologies. So keep up the “progress”. Release those cheetahs and we’ll see which gazelle can run the fastest. You think each time a universal ballot or activist judge swings left you’ve won a battle when really you’re just creating more leg room for my grandkids in Elysium.

# Shall Broads Have the Vote?

February 20, 2014 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

From the Buffalo Courier, 1914:

Miss Chittenden's cardinal plea was the standard argument- that in getting the ballot suffragists will force an unwelcome burden upon the already heavily encumbered women of the nation, thereby jeopardizing the health of future babies and transforming women into office hounds and debilitated shadows of their former selves.

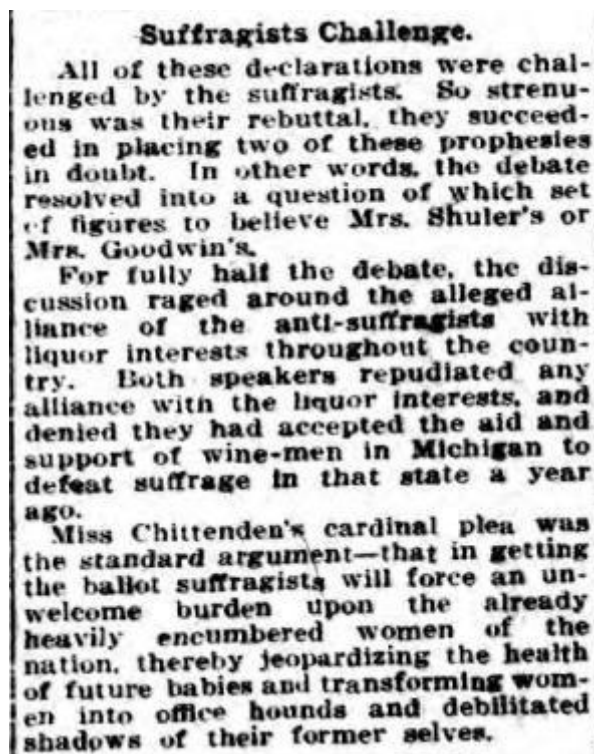
Sharp lady, that Miss Chittenden.

Given how unhappy, overworked and barren women are today, should it really come as a surprise that the leading voices AGAINST suffrage were women?

Indeed, Alice Hill Chittenden created the New York State Association Opposed to Women's Suffrage. A WASP woman (Moldbug overlooked this one... honest mistake I'm sure), quoted as saying "The women's suffrage movement is, in fact, the only women's movement in history which women themselves have banded together to oppose". Give a read to this New York Times column she wrote [here](#).

**I once penned** that an honest examination of the women's suffrage moment would find MEN behind it. Get that Susan B. Anthony Cady Stanton Pocahantas the Riveter stuff outta here. It is MEN who wanted gullible women voting them free stuff from the state's coffers. A few men at the top funding a movement that would bring them personal benefit, dragging mostly disinterested traditional middle class women along with them. So who exactly benefitted is the question. Cui bono?

I stumbled across that Courier article randomly while doing genealogy research. Imagine how many more there are like it. We haven't even begun to revise Whig history. Perhaps it is time.



## Wingman Skillz

February 24, 2014 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Chardonnay-chugging neoreactionary heartthrob Bryce Laliberte has a [good post](#) up about male hierarchy.

Always trying to be the One True Alpha is its own form of neediness. Nowhere is this clearer than in wingmanning.

An important part of guy friendships is making fun of each other. A guy who can't take a joke and throw one back is a pussy, a guy who overreacts and treats every joke like its pistols-at-high-noon is a psycho. Both would be culled from your social circle. In that sense, teasing guys is just a male shit-test. Its an important thing to do.

But, you scale it back when you're winging (at first). This is essentially a Game 101 lesson, you work with your friends, rather than against them. You talk them up. You don't AMOG your friends, you don't see every new girl as a chance to re-establish the pecking order. If you cut your friend down to low value, what does that say about you?

Later, once a girl is more in step with the vibe of your friend group, you tease and rip on each other just fine. Seeing a guy interact with his friends can entrench a girls attraction. But going full scale lockerroom right away is counterproductive. It is far more pussy lubing to have the girls be the playful butt of your jokes.

I hesitate to use these guys as an example because I've never met them and I've only listened to one of their [podcasts](#) (so far), but [Dagonet](#) and [Christian McQueen](#) have a good dynamic. McQueen is a witty, center of attention type guy and he teases Dagonet a lot. Dagonet gets his digs in but for the most part he goes with the flow. But you would never say "oh man, Dagonet is McQueen's bitch!"... because you know two things: First, McQueen would probably have his back in a fight, and vice versa, and Second, if girls were around, McQueen is helping Dagonet get the pink stink, not busting his chops just because he can.



# Dude, How Many Chicks Have You Banged?

February 26, 2014 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

So I put up an ask.fm profile when I was drunk a few weekends ago. [Throw your questions here](#). I will continue to answer questions I receive, but only when I'm wasted. It's more fun and honest that way.

The question I got most was some variation of "how many girls have you banged?".

When I was like 22 or so and first started to get some success with girls, I had this idea that when I got to 100 girls, I would throw a party for my best friends, pass out t-shirts that had "100" screenprinted on it with a caricature of me in sunglasses, and we would get drunk and I'd show a slide show of all the girls I banged. Hilarious. Never happened.

I completely forgot all about it because shortly thereafter I met a really pretty sweet girl who liked to do laundry and dated her exclusively for two years. I wasn't banging new girls, but I was happy.

So, I deny the "how many girls have you banged" as an implication of a guy's ability with women. The guy who derives self-esteem from how many girls he can bang is the same as the guy who derives his self-esteem from his girlfriend. Both are in for a Wile E. Coyote moment. To me the more pertinent questions are: Are you improving? Are you happy? Do you have power in your relationships and interactions? Of course, these are less quantifiable and harder to answer, but only the sex-starved think how many girls a guy has slept with can prove anything. Does it matter what [Vince Kelvin PUA's](#) lay count is? No. He's a faggot whether its 10 or 1000.

I've had two periods in my life where I racked up a ton of notches: The first was my senior year in college, when I first started figuring shit out with girls, the second was right when I moved to New York City, because you know, its fucking New York City. It was fun, but other areas of your life suffer. Your health and accomplishments in other areas goes down. You drink too much. You don't get enough sleep. You do things like skip the gym after work to meet a girl for happy hour on a Wednesday night, spend six hours with her, get her back to your apartment for some of "New York's finest tap water", bang her and then only get 4 hours of sleep before going to work the next morning and dragging ass all day, then skip the gym again so you can nap after work. Sometimes the sex isn't even that good and you try to glean happiness from it anyway because, you know, +1.

Beyond that, if a guy has a lot of one night stands I start to doubt the quality. Simply put: when you have sex with a really hot girl, you usually want to have sex with her again. And again. To pump and dump implies the girl is low quality. Look, some of the best stories are pump and dumps. The crazy slut, the vacation one-night stand, I mean, drive thru cheeseburgers are pretty good. It's cool. But if a guy only pumps and dumps without having pleasing relationships, you start ask two questions: What is wrong with these girls that you don't want them after one night, or what is wrong with you that you can't keep girls around?

Now, I'm not saying that guys who have had sex with a ton of women are unhappy. Those game-denying virgins would love that, wouldn't they? No, being a young single guy in a big city is fucking great, but most guys are not built for the player lifestyle long-term, it is exhausting. Girls take time and energy. There's opportunity cost. There are no answers to discover within the next pink-walled paradise. You are who you are already.

So while I have slept with more girls than Jesus would want, I haven't hit 100, nor do I particularly



care to. (After 30 you lose count anyway)

# When Was The Last Time You Saw A Happy Feminist?

February 28, 2014 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

A secretary in my office building who I have affectionately dubbed Annie Oakley is pregnant. She's quitting amicably after she gives birth so she can be a full-time mom. She's 23 and pretty and doesn't have a college degree (or debt). Her husband is a police lieutenant or something in some Jersey town. They met on ChristianMingle. They probably live in a smaller house than they would if she was a middle manager at PowerWoman, Inc, or he a tenured Sociology professor.

Feminists would say her marriage is doomed to failure because she didn't take 15 other cocks and she'll resent the lack of experience. Progressives would say her husband coming home to a warm meal after keeping his town's streets safe is an act of oppression. Mainstream media would say they're living an "alternative lifestyle" by spending their most fertile years breeding.

Hey, maybe they're right. In this upside down world I don't claim to have a monopoly on truth. I don't know what the future holds for little Annie Oakley and her husband, could be divorce and bankruptcy for all I know. All I can tell you is what I see when I look at her: Happiness. Joy, even. With the basketball under her blouse and the frequent bathroom trips, she glows.

That's what its all about, really. When was the last time you saw a happy feminist?

# The Fight With Dick

March 4, 2014 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

I'm hanging out on my couch with Dick when my phone buzzes with a new text message.

"Hey I'm gonna be in the city on the 27th are you free for a drink?"

Cheryl. I met her at a bar near Penn Station playing darts, took her home that night for a pleasure pumping and now she tells me whenever she's in the city on business so we can hook up. She has the best natural breasts that I've personally felt and she has a certain enthusiasm between the sheets since I'm her secret New York City bang. It's good to be the king.

Dick perks up. Only there's a problem, I tell him. This time I have a girlfriend.

**Problem**, asks Dick, *what problem? You can cheat.*

Yeah. I could. I could cheat.

Dick spurs me on, **Yeah, the 27th is perfect. It's a Thursday. Tell her you're gonna go out with Mike drinking. She'll go to her parents house for the night like she always does when you're out with your friends. No problem.**

Of course I can avoid getting caught. I'm not an idiot. It's not about that.

Dick is confused. He softens a bit at the lack of shared enthusiasm. **Then... what? This is free pussy. What you feel guilty or something?**

No. Remember that episode of Jerry Springer we watched where the guy named Jameer cheated on his whole-lotta-woman girlfriend Darhonda. We laughed for two minutes straight when she managed to get a good slap in. What a dumbass he was.

**Yeah, that was hilarious. So what?**

Well if I do this I am no better than Jameer. Sure, neither of MY girls are fat, but the principle is the same: If I cheat I will be low class trashy scum.

**You have a job and wear a belt you're already above that class. Besides, the president of France cheated. Bill Clinton cheated. You think those guys are lower class than you?**

You know what I mean.

**Do I?**

Alright think about this. Let's say she does find out somehow. She might leave. I like her. I'd rather it not end this way.

**You know you'd play it right so she wouldn't leave you. She'd be MORE attracted to you. Its simple preselection and dread game. Haven't you learned anything?**

So I'll just vaguely flirt with a girl at the next party we go to. I don't need to actually fuck someone else to have preselection for fucks sake. Integrity, Dick. Men have integrity. When I expect loyalty, I give it.

**Fuck that, it is a capital felony when women cheat. When men cheat, it is a misdemeanor, like pissing in an alleyway. You know this. They know this. Besides, girls are sluts. How long have you been dating her, six months? You haven't even hacked her email yet. What if shes cheating on you?**

If she ends up being a cheating slut, I'll cross that bridge when I get there, but this is about me. It's

about who I want to be. I'm not a cheater. Being a player is fine, at least you're not lying to anybody. I can always go back to that life. But being a cheater is something else. Besides, she's at least a full point prettier than Cheryl.

***Yeah, but her tits aren't as nice. And her blowjobs aren't as good.***

Yeah, well she hasn't had as much practice as Cheryl. I'm only the second guy she's slept with.

***So she says.***

Yeah... so she says.

Dick knows he has hit a nerve. He squints at me, still excited. He keeps talking about Cheryl's immaculate rack and how the girlfriend will never know. I may have to choke him to get him to shut up.

My phone buzzes again, this time with a new GChat from my girlfriend: "I miss you more than usual today".

I swipe back to my texts. I delete Cheryl's text and phone number hurriedly before I change my mind. Dick has been defeated. This time.

# The 80/20 Of Life And Game

March 5, 2014 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Tim Ferriss is like the 12 year old who stands on his head just to tell people he did.

But... he is one of the best minds out there on efficiency. I am indebted to him for many of the concepts he introduced to me in The Four Hour Work Week, not the least of which being the work of Italian economist Vilfredo Pareto.

The Pareto Principle in its rawest form states that 80% of the effects come from 20% of causes. This works in many other forms: 80% of the sales come from 20% of the clients. 80% of the land is owned by 20% of the people. 80% of the girls are banged by 20% of the men. These won't always be exact percentages, sometimes far from it, but the spirit of the law is the same: there a few inputs that cause disproportionate outputs.

**Nothing in life has been more productive and motivating than recognizing a Pareto input and pouring my energy into it.**

What are Pareto Inputs for the important areas of your life?

Fitness: **Lift weights. Eat Protein.** Tweaking your diet with Paleo, doing cool creative crossfit exercises or whatever else is great and can fill in the last 20% but for the vast majority of people, if you can't get under the bar at least three times a week or eat good protein daily, you won't make any progress.

Making Money: **Get product or skill that people want. Sell your balls off to people with money.** You can circlejerk over LLC vs. C-corp and create twitter accounts and blogs and apps and whatever the fuck else but nothing starts until you sell something. Cashflow is king.

Fighting: **Spar. Fight.** Watching tape and hitting the heavy bag is great but you'll find out more about yourself in two minutes in the ring or octagon with a wily opponent than you will in a year of running steps or shadow boxing.

Writing: **Put Pen to Paper. Write What you Know.** Sure, it would be nice to be a writer but if you're not actually putting thoughts into words you are nothing of the sort. Sure, it would be nice to have the most technically skilled paragraphs that would make Strunk and White throb with excitement but if you aren't writing about what you know (and hopefully have experienced personally), you will not be compelling, and nobody will want to read it.

**You can tweak and optimize other areas to try to get to the full 100% but in times of stress or uncertainty, you must always concentrate your forces on the essential 20% of inputs that will get you the most results.**

So how about pickup? I'll give you FOUR Pareto Inputs that you can focus on which if executed can render most of your seduction blog reading obsolete.

**Talk to girls.** Obviously, it had to be obvious. Find girls, open your mouth and say words and things will happen. I don't mean swiping right on Tinder, I mean real in the flesh take a deep breath and say something to her. Many guys get stuck on the approach anxiety stage. But even beyond that, mental masturbation is far to common in the seduction world. Field experience is your God, reading about game online is no better than playing Magic: the Gathering if you don't look real girls in the eye in real life. Mystery re-invented many wheels just by walking up to girls and seeing what

worked. What worked for someone else online may not work for you. You're a different person, and she is a different girl. Open your mouth and find out.

**Fix your one obvious problem.** You know what it is.

**Choose the right Target.** This means screening not just for beauty but for whether she is the type of girl you want for your goal. Venue counts. If you want a quick one night stand you'll do online dating or focus on club girls. Don't approach the girls entrenched in conversation with each other or a bachelorette party, instead find the two friends who are scanning the room sort of ignoring each other. A girl who goes out on Wednesday wants to get fucked more than a girl who goes out on Saturday. If you want a girlfriend or mother of your children, don't try to turn a hoe into a housewife. Accept your shrunken dating pool. Meet people through trusted circles or in places of good reputation and qualify them heavily before you commit any time or energy to them. Target selection is a very lacking, but very important part of "game" if I do say so myself. Might have more posts on this.

**Escalate.** Choose your goal with a woman and move towards it. For many... asking "is this date moving towards sex?" will keep you from wasting time like going on group dates or meeting a girl nowhere near a place you can bang her. For the sensible civilization builders who want a wife and kids, asking "is this moving towards the life I want?" will keep you from spending too much time or brainpower on an unsuitable girl. Escalation is your responsibility as a man. Own the outcome.

# A Quick Lesson On Being Cool

March 6, 2014 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

When I was in 9th grade I somehow got involved in a conversation with the coolest guy in my high school, a senior basketball star.

When you are talking to someone higher status than you, you often unconsciously try to fish for commonalities. Since most people my age didn't like their parents, I figured if I said I didn't like my parents he'd think I was cool or something like that. So, I mentioned something about not liking my mom. I actually did and do like my mother, she's a great person, but teen logic would not be denied.

He seemed confused and said "You don't like your mom?"

I said, still forcing it "No, she's annoying"

He shrugged and said, "That sucks. I love my mom."

I felt shame. I had sold out the woman who gave birth to me for a small momentary boost in popularity and didn't even get the boost. This dude just said he loved his mom and looked cool doing it. I never dissed mama LaidNYC like that again.

Now...is loving your mom cool? Not inherently. But he was cool, and he loved his mom. So loving your mom was cool.

That's the point... whatever it is you do or like, fucking own it. It is now cool. Play the flute? Wear purple shirts? Like to collect rare stamps? Guess what: **Anything you like or are interested in is cool.**

The flipside is also true: Being inauthentic or trying to hide something you like is the least cool thing you can do.

# The Virgin Diaries

March 11, 2014 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Ask.fm may be a male attention-whoring tool, but I like most of the **questions I've been getting**. Take this one, for example:

**I am a virgin. My friends made a big deal of it in uni but i couldnt bring myself to throw it away to sluts i had chances with. I still am a virgin and not ashamed, i have passed up plenty. I want to go out with someone worthwhile but the manosphere suggests as a virgin this is impossible. thoughts?**

“Virgin” is a misplaced concept when applied to men because it is first and foremost a way to classify women. It is a symbol of youth, innocence, femininity, ability to bond, and nulliparity.

A man’s sexual past, chaste or not, matters far less. “N-count” is an inefficient measure of a man.

Plenty of virgins stormed the beaches of Normandy, while plenty of unmuscled DJ’s who have never struggled a day in their life bang tons of women. The ability to get laid has always been admired on some level and promiscuity is far less damaging to a male, so provided there was no adultery, it never really damaged a man’s social status. For that reason, male virginity was never really thought of as a virtue, either. In this way, “virgin” is kind of like the word “slut”: loosely relevant but far less meaningful when applied to men.

Here is the stigma though: when we hear a guy is a “virgin”, we instantly associate it with him being socially maladjusted. It is simply assumed that in our sex-obsessed society, anyone who has not had sex before must be unable to obtain it. For the most part, it is true. But if you have the charisma and status needed to obtain sex and you simply want to wait for a suitable girl, I see no problem with that.

Now, if what I just said can be counted as a defense of male virginity, I must balance the score by saying I have never personally known a socially well-calibrated man who was a virgin past the age of 22 or so. While I’m not saying such a thing is impossible, be honest with yourself and make sure that “saving it for the right girl” isn’t just a defense mechanism. Don’t shit on my plate and tell me its chocolate cake.

For your situation though, hope is not lost. Virgin men can be attractive, or else how would any man lose his virginity? While some girls might find a virgin attractive, consider first the type of girl who would be very put off by the fact that you’ve never had sex before. It would most certainly be a girl who has had some sex partners in her past. As being the more sexually experienced one in a relationship is a masculine trait, naturally these girls will be put off by male virgins. It would not necessarily be you that turns them off, it is feeling masculine, feeling in control. You should then focus on girls who respond to your lead, your control, and to your touch. If this means focusing on girls who are virgins themselves or have thin sexual history, so be it. This may narrow your options in today’s world, but from this breakdown you can see the speciousness of the claim that high quality women are the most put off by virginity. Consider your ability to be a masculine presence to a feminine girl to be far more important than the number of vaginas your penis has penetrated.

Learning game is simply a tool to achieve your goals with women. Guys who have seed-spreading instincts may not relate to wanting to hold onto your virginity, but you don’t need to apologize for it. I’d simply stop talking about it if I were you, and live the life you want. I sympathize a bit here. Banging a well-worn slut of questionable attractiveness just for the sake of losing your virginity will



likely just be depressing, because who you have sex with is what you think of yourself.

Also, while much is said of the ubiquity of modern sluts, if you are really ONLY meeting sluts, consider the avenues you are using to meet girls are flawed. Also, if one these 'sluts' you meet has never tempted you into sex, consider the attractiveness level of these girls as well. Has your virtue really been tested, or are these girls simply not that hot? Food for thought.

# Introducing the Dimorphic Attractiveness Quotient

March 12, 2014 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

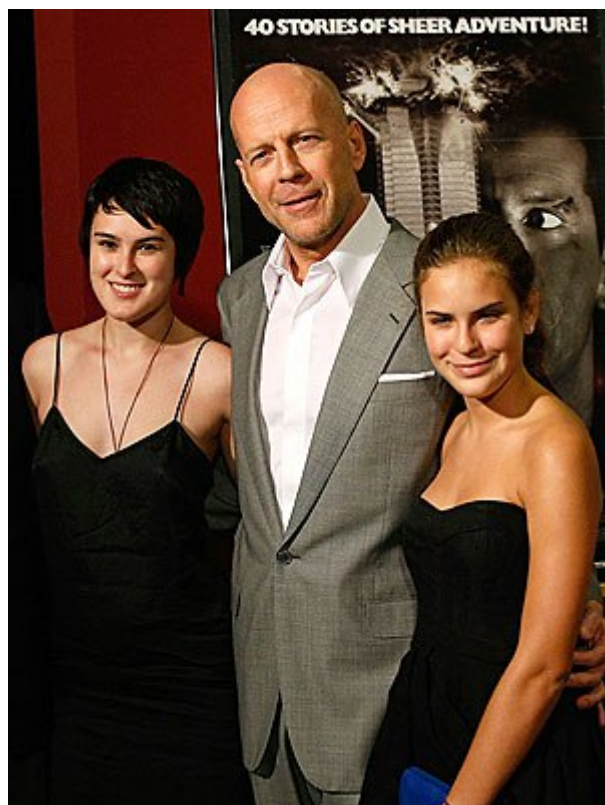
It's been repeatedly documented that people rate **composite faces as more attractive** than the faces used to create them. The "beauty is average!" conclusion is just lazy analysis, and I haven't really seen other theories to explain this, so I will posit one.

Composite "average" faces will essentially blend out features that are very feminine or very masculine. The resulting composite face is attractive to mates because it could conceivably parent an attractive child of either gender. An evolutionary hedging of bets, if you will, that increases the chance of their offspring being successful on the sexual market. I am dubbing this measure of beauty the **Dimorphic Attractiveness Quotient**. Its possible attractive faces simply have a high DAQ.

Think about a guy like **Pat Tillman**, a lantern-jawed alpha male (RIP). If he had fathered a son, the child would no doubt be a masculine wonder. But imagine if a daughter accidentally got his jaw? Yikes. If he had a daughter with a feminine looking woman, it could help bridge the gap, but the biological daughter of, say, **Leonardo DiCaprio**, would have no such handicap. And Pat Tillman isn't the best example here, his jaw is just the single most masculine feature I could think of but the rest of his face would be pretty **high in DAQ**. A better example of an extreme masculine face is **Andre the Giant**. Yeah, Andre makes the point much better. **He's also pretty symmetrical** by the way, the symmetry = beauty theory never made any sense outside of cases of deformity.

It works for women, as well: **A delicate flower of feminine neoteny** would most likely mother a pleasant looking daughter, but a weak son unable to compete for resources or mates.

This isn't to say very masculine or very feminine faces are de facto unattractive. It is merely that evolutionarily speaking, those faces are a gamble. Sometimes, those gambles fail:



Sexual dimorphism is a beautiful thing but it must toe a delicate balance.

I have a friend who is a dead ringer for Fred Flintstone with a chin the size of Texas and he's dating a tiny, mousey cute Greek/English girl. I'm rooting for them to have kids just to see what comes out. (Please note that I wrote this post in twenty minutes pre-gym while waiting for my creatine to fully absorb with one hand on my big balls, yet it still contains more original thought than most federally-subsidized grad students can muster in 6 years. I believe the term of art here is "suck it".)

## r vs. K Selection is not Alpha vs. Beta

March 13, 2014 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

I've only had a handful of true "holy shit" moments of clarity in my life. One was at age 17 when I realized girls want you more when you **pay less attention to them**. Another was finding Milton Friedman's **Free To Choose** series and realizing my college Econ professors were full of shit (The Chicago School is flawed but those videos still massacred sanctimonious progressivism). Another was reading Sperm Wars.

My most recent full stop holy shit moment was last year at some point when I stumbled upon r vs. K-selection theory. A good narrative **is here** (click the links and read in order). It has flaws, the author tries to box r-K into democrat-republican a little too transparently, and he tiptoes around the theory's more unpleasant implications (cough RUSHTON cough), but it is a hard-hitting work nonetheless.

Roughly speaking, the theory states that the K-selected mate with fewer partners, but are choosier about mate quality, and have fewer offspring but invest more parentally. The animal comparison is the wolf. In contrast, the r-selected mate a lot, and less discriminately, and have more offspring that they care less about. The animal comparison is the rabbit.

Now, obviously any "reproductive strategy" will be of interest to the game community, where everything gets broken down into terms of alpha and beta. But there's a problem, folks. Namely, r vs. K-selection does NOT parallel alpha vs. beta.

Consider the following assortment of people:

Bisexual men are r-selected. Traditionalists are K-selected.

**Antonio Cromartie** is r-selected. **Pat Tillman** was K-selected.

Feminists are r-selected. The Patriarchy is K-selected.

Rockstars are r-selected. The guy who invented bitcoin is probably K-selected.

Mystery is r-selected. Your grandfather was K-selected.

Ghengis Khan is r-selected. Ronald Reagan is K-selected.

The guy who bangs a fat chick on a dry spell is r-selected. The guy who'd rather jack off is K-selected.

Barney Stinson is r-selected. The other guy is K-selected.

Your mom is r-selected. My mom is K-selected.

Now note that these examples are mixed. This is not about r selection is good vs. K selection is bad, nor vice versa. A K-selected man can send tingles straight through every woman he meets, or he can be a shut-in AV Club nerd. An r-selected guy could be a master of picking up women, or he could be a porn addict. Remember, just because someone WISHES to pursue an r-selected strategy doesn't mean they will be successful at it. You can be r-selected and not be able to get laid. Likewise, you can be K-selected and pass up tons of pussy to raise a family.

The main applicability to game, though, is that the sexual market of today does seem to reward r-selected indicators:

Preselection.

Flashiness.

Extraversion.

But status is situational. These short term mating strategies matter today, and they may have mattered back on the african savannah when you needed to mate with as many women as possible before you got gored by a hippo. But true r-selects wouldn't last even 2 generations in a cold, scarce environment where creative problem solving and rearing children to adulthood rule the day. That's where K-selects come in. But then they got a little too good at problem solving. They created quick and easy warmth, food, communication, transportation. What happens when things are comfortable for everyone?



# Tucker Max Invents the Manosphere

March 18, 2014 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---



Tucker Max is launching a new site: **Mating Grounds**. It looks like it will essentially be about sex and dating, and general male self-improvement. It appears he will have a special focus on educating younger men. Sound familiar?

Tucker Max is an interesting guy. In my early twenties I had several moments of clarity from his writings and book recommendations. He was funny. He clearly knows a thing or two about women. He could have launched this type of website 8 years ago to a huge audience.

However, I can't shake the feeling that **Mating Grounds is going to be full of PC bullshit**. I want to be wrong, but I really think this site is going to be loaded with things you can say on television (not a compliment). The content that is already up does nothing to dispel my suspicion. It will probably be a bit like **Mark Manson** with more science.

The problem is Tucker is just controversial enough to think he is not PC. This may prove to be a fatal flaw. Gawker hates him. Publishers rejected him. **Talking heads** will continue to love bringing him on as the bad guy. He may write some things not 100% aligned with the feminist viewpoint, get an article written from Gawker called "11 Reasons why Tucker Max is still a Douchenozzle" or something like that, then call it a day and think he's being edgy. But I don't think he'll go to the real dark corners of the sexual marketplace.

I don't think he'll tell the **truth about sluts**.

I don't think he'll get down to the dirty facts about **relationship power dynamic**.

I don't expect truth about **The Wall**.

He'll happily talk about evolution, but he'll stop before **it gets uncomfortable**.

I don't think he'll address the implications of the **sexual market on civilization**.

**Okay, but you can still run a good self-improvement website without talking about**

**those things, right? Naturally.**

So let's get to the more insidious claim: That he will essentially just rebrand manosphere ideas and profit off them. Truth be told, I don't have a problem with anyone starting a profitable self-improvement site for men. I don't have a problem with them putting their unique voice on something that's already out there, provided they don't plagiarize. I can't claim he's stealing because nobody has a monopoly on truth. What I do have a problem with is the audacity to claim he is not standing on the shoulders of giants.

Those familiar with Tucker's work understand he has a penchant for megalomania. Nothing he does has ever been done before, in his view. Truth be told, It is easy to see why a guy with an established brand wouldn't want to claim he is part of a group of misfit toys like the Manosphere. **But this, taken from his site's "About" page, is just straight up runny donkeyshit:**

Geoff "I have looked, quite extensively, for a book or something that honestly and frankly addresses the entire spectrum of sex, dating, women and relationships, especially for men. I have never found one. I have to spend hours answering their very basic questions about these issues."

Tucker "No fucking way. This has to exist."

Geoff "It doesn't. I've looked."

Tucker spent the next 30 minutes on his phone, scouring the Internet. Geoff was right. There was nothing. This was a hole in the market so big, it was hard to see unless you stood far enough back.

Tucker "How could this not exist?"

This fucking guy. Look, if he really did have some great new information, we'd all be better for it. But look at the sample post titles he has up: **1,2,3,4**. I, right now, could write or link to a well-written post on all those topics to fill in the content on their website. A few other guys in the manosphere could as well. The idea that anything new or groundbreaking is coming out of Mating Grounds appears wishful.

Let's go through some Manosphere posts that provide free **scientific, ethical, actionable** advice for men in all areas of sex, dating, women and relationships.

**Tips on Approach Anxiety**

**Dropping the PUA stuff and just facilitating**

**How about good info on sex?**

**Preselection as a confirmed scientific concept.**

**Emotional health and control**

**Seduction is not about convincing**

**Science In Seduction**

**There is no One, depedestalizing women**

**How To Handle breakups better**

**Lifestyle Game**

**The Sixteen Commandments of Poon**

Read those links, Tucker. That's a very small slice of what a network of men on the web have been working on for the past half-decade. Tell me with a straight face you think there is not great



information out there. I could link a thousand more Manosphere posts about **women, relationships, fitness, Paleo and nutrition, fighting, finance and entrepreneurship**. Yes, much of it already backed by science. Fact is, there are a lot of wheels for you to reinvent. You might aggregate it or reword it artfully, you may even have a unique idea or two, but claiming you have an entire website full of new, never before articulated information is a hell of a large check to cash, especially considering what you currently have posted there. I, for one, am dubious.

Here's what to expect from Mating Grounds:

- An aggregation of good information that is nothing a veteran Google searcher couldn't find. So, roughly on par with Tucker's testosterone ebook.
- Some cool science that will basically confirm Manosphere principles, maybe some compelling experiments that produce some new stuff to look at, but nothing that makes any media members uncomfortable.
- A heavy handed comment section. Every time you link something that shows the same conclusions were drawn 4 years earlier, you'll get deleted.
- Sarcasm from Tucker with no actual rebuttal. "Right, the manosphere and heartiste invented everything there is to know about women"

If this website ends up truly groundbreaking or he decides to show uncharacteristic humility and give some credit where its due, I will happily recant this post. There is always room for new self-improvement information. But I'm not holding my breath.

**[Side note: I am happy to see Geoffrey Miller's involvement the project. Guys in the self-christened Dark Enlightenment know him as an intelligent guy. While I was disappointed to see how often he congratulated himself for being a liberal in his book "Spent", I still respect his science. That said, he's already been muzzled by his superiors once for telling a little too much truth. I don't see him sticking out his neck for what is essentially a Manosphere website.]**



# Fuck GDP

March 19, 2014 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Let's take two scenarios in different countries.

In Country A, this guy [Steven Hirsch](#) funds and shoots a porn film where two beautiful young blond women have sex with some dude. They're paid over a thousand bucks for the scene which they spend on vices. A desperate, lonely man coughs up his credit card information to watch it and jacks off. He gets depressed when finished. He forgets to cancel the membership he bought and ends up paying an extra month. This counts towards GDP.

In Country B, a beautiful young woman decides to get married. She has 5 kids, four of whom are daughters who inherit her beauty. She raises them to adulthood with her husband. When they come of age they are all healthy, well-mannered, and beautiful. They do not count towards GDP.

Who produced more wealth? Which country is better off?

Fuck GDP.

# Be The Resistor

March 20, 2014 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Hey I can only stay for a minute. (he talks to her the rest of the night)

“...that is why things would never work out between us” (then he takes her phone number)

Hands off this shit aint free (he touches her 30 seconds later)

You can come in but only for a minute (she sleeps over)

“We should stop” “Yeah, we should” (he keeps going)

It is like a hack or a cheat code to seduction: **You can physically and logistically escalate as long as you verbally deny it.** Its to the point where I’m convinced you can slide your hand up a girl’s skirt and as long as you say “I am not fingering you”, she’ll have no problem with it. It’s amazing how well this works. It’s like discovering a flaw in a video game that lets you beat it every time.

If I could sum up the concept it is this: be the resistor (verbally), be the escalator (physically).

Fundamentally speaking, this works because the one who wants the other less is in power. So being the resistor is a power play. The catch? Girls know this and do it, and they do it better than men.

We’re not going to have sex tonight.

Do you always talk to girls on the street?

Nothing’s going to happen, I’m a good girl.

Most guys don’t get that girls are grabbing the power with these statements so they switch into chase mode like a pussy-begging dullard, leaking more and more control over the interaction until the girl’s legs snap violently shut like a bear trap.

Don’t do that. Instead, you retake the control. Re-establish yourself as the resistor. When she steps back, you step back a little further. Every time she sets a boundary, you reset one in a different place. Every time she draws a line in the sand, you redraw one on your terms.

Her: I don’t kiss on the first date

You: Good, I don’t kiss before marriage

Her: We’re not having sex tonight

You: Relax, are you always thinking about sex?

Her: Let’s just be friends.

You: Nah I don’t see you as a friend. We shouldn’t hang out anymore.

Here is what this concept looks like in action:

# Why I Unfollowed You On Twitter

March 21, 2014 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Twitters a helluva drug.

Writing cool quips that get instantly rewarded with favorites, retweets and replies is addicting.

Getting tricked into thinking you have 1000 friends to talk to all day is deceiving. Add to that the fact that there are tons of smart guys out there in the manosphere and dark enlightenment constantly providing new information and jokes so you never get bored for more than 30 seconds. You get linked to articles with information you already know and confirm for yourself how smart you are. It's tough to look away.

But when I got disappointed because I forget to bring my smartphone into the bathroom with me to take a dump, I knew I had to cull my social media usage. This has been spoken about before. **Roosh. Frost.**

But twitter has provided me some value. There is good info on there, so I wasn't about to coldturkey it (yet). I needed a smart way to scale it back.

So, I noticed two things:

First, a handful of guys are not only smart, they are excellent retweeters. I could unfollow 60-70% of the people on my list and still get their best tweets retweeted to me.

Second: You can subscribe to LISTS. People aggregate tweets from a group of similar people on a shared timeline. You can glance at one of these and extract all the twitter value you need in about 3 minutes without feeling the need to read every last tweet like you do when you are following someone.

Here are a few lists I recommend:

**Dark Enlightenment**

**Reaction**

**Red Pill**

**Manosphere**

So, with those two points in mind, I did a slash and burn of my followers, deleting about 200 of them.

I left the landmark guys, guys I actually interact with, and the best retweeters. If you were among those deleted, its nothing personal. I probably still read your blog, but you can unfollow me out of spite if you want. Since you may not be able to send me a DM anymore, feel free to send me an email at laidnyc at gmail.

My plan is that instead of flipping over to my twitter feed every time I'm bored, I'm going to try to only check it twice a day, for ten minutes at most. **Popcorn Brain** must die.

# The Case For A Heartiste Donation Drive

March 21, 2014 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---



Free Northerner has a good post up analyzing the impending entryism of the manosphere. He gives an analysis of how a community might be hijacked, and how that could be avoided. I have my own take.

In ancient times, walled cities were built to protect against invading tribes. As populations grew, walls were built outwards in concentric circles. If they were attacked, the people withdrew behind the outermost wall. If that wall was breached, they would withdraw within the next wall, and so on, until they were forced into the center, the most heavily guarded part of the city: The Citadel. The Citadel contained all the town's treasures and housed the most important people: the king, nobles, officers. Defense of the Citadel was the key to the city's survival: as long as it could be held, the rest of the city could be recaptured and rebuilt.

So what is the manosphere's citadel? What must be defended at all costs?

## **Chateau Heartiste.**

You may not like the answer, but there it is. Almost all other manosphere blogs do not matter in the least. Sturgeon's Law defined. Now, people always have some minor gripe about CH: christians don't like that he's against marriage, pussies don't like that he's racist, reactionaries don't like that he doesn't speak out against suffrage, and some people hold against him that his writing quality declined a little since 2011. But look at the cumulative: There is no greater entry point for the curious man, no better archive, no blog more skilled and entertaining at truth telling, nobody overlaps the various worlds of truth better, nobody reduces the opposition to point and sputter better than CH. He doesn't sell products or ads or spam affiliate links. Nobody produces more value for so little cost.

I don't know if the original Roissy is still involved, I don't know if its one author or multiple authors, frankly it doesn't even matter. The fact is the best thing you can do if you care about the manosphere or the "red pill" is to donate money to Chateau Heartiste so that whoever it is keeps writing, and link as many people to it as possible.

How's this even: If you really want to advance the "redpill", don't write a dating or politics blog. Write about some other male interest: style, fitness, cars, and then start slipping in CH links to your readers. Don't force it or preach, let them ingest it and then follow the clickhole themselves. That's how everyone gets initiated. Almost every redpiller I've spoken to says they started with Roissy. The only other thing you could do is write so well that you move inside the Citadel yourself. Not

everybody has that ability.

Hierarchy is inevitable, and just because you don't acknowledge it doesn't mean it doesn't exist. If you are in the Manosphere, CH is your better (as a writer/influencer). It would be a good start for everyone to send CH a few bucks for all the good he/they have done over the years.

# The Best Way To Learn Game

March 23, 2014 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

From an emailer:

**What process does one take from being a beginner to expert. There's so many game concepts, how do you internalize them to the point where they are second nature? I hope the question is not too confusing, and hope you can help.**

**Thanks for your help in advance,**

**Player in Training**

The best thing you can do is forget about game concepts entirely while you are in the moment, talking to a girl. Allow yourself to fuck up and fail. It will happen. It has to happen. Players are made through failure, not success.

Then, analyze later what happened, why you failed. Next time you are in that same situation you will get a brief flash telling you the correct action to take. This is how you "run game" without feeling too weird in your own skin or too scripted.

Accept that don't have to ever be 100% prepared for an interaction with a girl. Reading stuff is great but you should always favor ACTION OVER INFORMATION ACQUISITION. Make your own mistakes. Forge your own strength. Create your own game from an archive of your experience.

# Linkage For Your Soul

March 24, 2014 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

## “I’ve always depended on the linkage of strangers” – Blanche DuBois

This blog is doing well on traffic, thanks in large part to getting linked from other popular writers. So I am going to pass on some of that karma and link to some guys who have helped me, taught me or entertained me somewhere along the way.

One of my favorite writers in our corner of the web was always Frost, he’s like my Canadian doppelganger, so I’m happy that he’s starting [Red Pill Review](#), an aggregator that will have a wider scope than the others. There’s been a little tension between the manosphere and reactionaries/dark enlightenment but there is still a ton of crossover interest, and Red Pill Review fills a need: providing immediate links to the latest posts of both in one webpage. Hit up [Frost](#) if you like it/hate it/have suggestions.

Paleo tribal leader [John Durant](#) is an honorary member of the manosphere/reactosphere whatever you call it. A lot of the things we say under pseudonyms, he says under his real name. Seriously, check out his [twitter stream](#) some time and follow him if you don’t already. Also, buy his book.

My favorite metric of how much I like a book is how fast I read it (scaled to its length/difficulty), and I got through [The Paleo Manifesto](#) in about 10 hours. I couldn’t put it down. He explains human history so clearly and easily that I would recommend this book to someone even if they were a dumbass. “This book changed my life” is an Oprah cliché, but it holds true for me here. I’ll never look at food the same way again. If I ever meet Durant, first drink is on me (to avoid waterborne pathogens of course).

Promising newcomers: [Henry Dampier](#) provides clear, articulate cultural analysis. [John Glanton](#) is one of the best writers I’ve ever read and that’s no small statement. And he maintains possibly the best [ask.fm profile](#) in existence as well.

If you are up for an intellectual challenge, check out [Bryce Laliberte](#) and [Aimless Gromar](#). There is no shame in using a dictionary when you read these guys. If you can get through Bryce’s book [What Is Neoreaction?](#) without putting a revolver in your mouth, then either your IQ is above 120 or you don’t own a revolver. As far as the neoreactionaries go, I am partial to these two guys because I’ve met them in person and they are cool.

If my favorite commenter [Yohami](#) ever starts posting more to his blog you’ll want to read it.

Branching out a bit from the usual manosphere clickhole, [Ben Settle](#) provides a masculine way to learn about copywriting and marketing. He’s a refreshing voice in a field that is usually populated almost entirely with faggots. I bought his book [Zombie Cop](#) but have not started reading it yet.

[Dennis Mangan](#), who might be a distant cousin of mine if the surnames of my 23andme matches are to be trusted, runs a blog that not only provides great reactionary commentary, it also has the best comment section on the web. He also posts to what I would call a [health science blog](#). Check out [his book](#) if you suffer from fatigue.

The manosphere’s resident style expert, [Tanner](#), deserves a mention. I also like the [Black Tie Guide](#).

If you have an iPhone you’ll want to get the [Glimpse app](#), it is like Snapchat except snapchat messages get stored on servers. Glimpse messages truly disappear. I’m looking forward to it coming

to Android, so I can spread it amongst my peer group and multiple baby mamas.

A couple guys I discovered at Return of Kings: **Runsonmagic** and **Trouble**.

I envision myself taking the plunge one day because I love kids, but if you are a guy with any blood in your veins, the original **scribes of Mark Minter** will make you question everything you think about marriage. I realize the guy got ganked from the manosphere for choosing happiness over integrity, but his words live on. I don't endorse his diatribes as they are anti-intimacy at their base, but an entertaining read nonetheless. Guy was a good writer.

There is skepticism over praising so-called "Red Pill Women", but of all the fillies I like **Sunshine Mary**. Anybody who feminists hate that much is speaking some truths.

I haven't seen the seemingly now inactive **Men Are Better Than Women** page get any 'sphere love, but it is hilarious (and really only sort of tongue in cheek).

For money guys, I like **Ramit**, **CoinDesk**, and **ZeroHedge**.

And of course, if you don't already follow **Heartiste**, **Roosh**, **Rollo**, and **Krauser** then I have no idea what you are doing on my blog.

Upset that I didn't link you or your favorite blog? Get a life.



# My Last Post: Why I'm Quitting Blogging

March 25, 2014 | by laidnyc | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

---

Here lies LaidNYC, we hardly knew ye. Square jaw, sharp tongue, and rumor has it he was that guy from Nantucket.

I'm done blogging. I may start a new project in the future, I may not. But if you want to be posted if I do, you should **sign up for my mailing list**. (Sorry the link opens on a new page. Apparently you can't embed a form into a wordpress hosted blog post)

Oh, and since guys who know this kind of thing tell me more people will sign up for your email list if you offer something for free, you'll get some nice goodies when you sign up:

**A free report I wrote last year on approach anxiety (5 pages)**

**- The LaidNYC Vault, (606 pages) a pdf file that contains every post on this blog**

**All of my tweets in a pdf file (361 pages) (I've deleted the archive and will delete the account soon)**

**- A pdf of all my ask.fm wisdom (39 pages) (account also now deleted)**

**-The "Ten Laws of Finding Your Mission" (15 pages), an ebook that I wrote, gave away for like a week and then took down. Reviewed here by Matt Forney. Also reviewed by Free Northerner.**

You'll get all that, which is pretty much everything I've ever written under the LaidNYC name, just for getting on my mailing list, which I may never email, Completely Free.

**[Edit: Just email me after you sign up and I will send you those files I promised. I am too short on time to troubleshoot aweber right now. Thanks.]**

Okay, wait, lets backdafuckup. Why am I retiring this blog and moniker? Many reasons. Here it goes:

**My writing has gone downhill.** You are no doubt an adoring fan who hasn't noticed anything negative about me but I believe if you go through my archive you'll see that most of my best posts are from months and months ago. Traffic has risen steadily, but that's not necessarily a metric of quality. My **three favorite posts** of mine are all from last summer. Yeah, yeah, I can still articulate and turn a phrase as well as a wily jew, but my subject matter has been largely derivative. I've been posting just to post, not bringing elite value. I lost the fire.

**I'm sick of anonymity.** In the ugly-truth-tell-o-sphere, the case for using a pseudonym is rock solid. It's just a pain in the ass (and as far as pen names go, LaidNYC is no Mark Twain, I cringe just looking at my pseudonym). The next work I pen will be under my real name. I am a proud man and I'd like credit for the delicious bon mots that I craft.

**I'm sick of writing about feminism.** Feminism is anti-civilization and a destroyer of beauty, as valid an enemy as there is. I'm just tired of using my brainpower on it. My best trafficked posts are always the anti-feminist screeds and that disappoints me. It's good writing, just not really something

I want to be known for.

**I don't think about game much anymore.** Obviously I will still use game in my daily life forever, but if you're trying to attain mastery, guys who are in the field making their bones (heh) are who you should listen to. I'm in a relationship now (top that, motherfuckers!), so I'm not your best source on game, I don't have the edge of urgency. Last week I listened to my manosphereradio interview from last summer, and it is all good information that I still largely believe in, but I was just a completely different person then. I'm in a different place now. As far as the relationship: A lot of guys in the 'sphere hate on monogamy, but different strokes. I screened well, I'm pairbonded, I like it and I'm gonna see where it leads. Come on now, you've read my stuff, does anyone honestly think I can't handle a relationship without getting played? Bitch please.

**I'm culling my technology usage.** I've spent way too much of my life in front of screens and its going to stop. I need to get rid of my stimulation-seeking popcorn brain. I'm not an internet addict or anything, but social media is definitely a prudent thing to cut. My twitter is getting deleted this week. I can catch up on twitter a month from now just by checking a handful of guy's feeds, and I don't even need an account to do that. Besides work related things, once a day email checking, and checking my Feedly once a week, I won't be surfing the web until after the summer, at least. This more than anything is biggest reason I'm quitting.

**This blog is small potatoes.** The bigger I dream, the smaller this blog seems. Its just a non-profitable time waster. So why not monetize? Well, I had an ebook on game almost completed, around 120 pages of mostly new content at the last draft, then I just fucking deleted it. I'm not putting out some game product just to make a quick thousand or two on launch, then get essentially handcuffed into continuing my blog just so I can keep selling products at ten bucks a pop here and there. I am NOT hating on anybody who sells things on their blog: it is just not for me at this time.

**The show will go on.** The Mount Rushmore guys of the manosphere are still standing, there are great websites and podcasts out there, and it seems like more keep popping up. Fight Club has moved out of the basement and its Project Mayhem now. I am not special.

Questions:

**Why not just keep the blog/twitter and post in a few months if the mood strikes? Aren't you being a little dramatic?**

Probably, but I like the idea of a clean break. It's freeing. We can still be friends though.

**Are you going to delete the blog?**

I won't scorch the earth but I'm not going to stop anything from happening to it, either. I probably just won't log in anymore.

**So what are you going to do now?**

You mean other than work, hang out with my friends and girlfriend and enjoy life outside the internet? Glad you asked.

First, I'm taking the time/creative energy I put into pickup and manosphere stuff and putting it into a few business opportunities. I can't go into details here, obviously.

Second, I'm putting more effort into fitness/health. Making sure to get gym time in, preparing paleo meals instead of ordering from Seamless, juicing, etc. This stuff takes time. As eye candy, I bear a certain responsibility to the world to be in my best shape for the summer.

Finally, I will continue to allot myself some time to write. Only it will be with a pen, paper and a

clear mind rather than tabbing back and forth between twitter and a wordpress draft. I don't know where its gonna lead but I have a few ideas and if you want to be kept posted, definitely **sign up for my email list**. If I do launch a new project it would benefit from a ready audience. I won't spam this list. In fact, as it stands right now I may never actually email this list. But if you like my writing you'll probably want to be on it just in case.

So there you have it. If you want to get at me for any personal or professional reason, I will continue to check my laidnyc@gmail.com account. There are some good people out there so don't be surprised if I contact some of you in the future as well. There are at least a few of you that I'd like to collaborate with on projects in the future if the opportunity arises.

Man plans, God laughs. I have no idea what the future holds for me. But I can't wait to find out.

**Sign up for the email list here.**